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THE CYCLOPÆDIA

OF

PRACTICAL QUOTATIONS

ENGLISH AND LATIN

WITH AN APPENDIX

CONTAINING

PROVERBS FROM THE LATIN AND MODERN FOREIGN LANGUAGES; LAW AND ECCLESIASTICAL TERMS AND SIGNIFICATIONS; NAMES, DATES AND NATIONALITY OF QUOTED AUTHORS, ETC.,

WITH

COPIOUS INDEXES.

J. K. HOYT AND ANNA L. WARD.

By necessity, by proclivity, and by delight, we quote.—
RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

TWELFTH EDITION.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
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1894

A book which hath been culled from the flowers of all books.—
GEORGE ELIOT.

They have been at a great feast of languages and stolen the scraps.—
SHAKESPEARE.

The art of quotation requires more delicacy in the practice than those conceive who can see nothing more in a quotation than an extract.

ISAAC DISRAELI.

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PREFACE.

The "Cyclopædia of Practical Quotations" now presented to the public, claims to be a novelty only in the abundance of its matter, and the peculiarities of its arrangement. Being, in a large measure, an outgrowth of literary needs, the Editors adopted the word "practical" as expressive of what they believe will be the mission of the book to others; a practical assistant in composition, and a useful addition to every library where books of reference hold a place. Many years of labor have been spent in gathering, proving and arranging the quotations in this volume, and great care has been given to the various indexes. Such explanations as may be necessary to facilitate search are herewith presented.

1. The English and Latin quotations are arranged under subject heads, and it will be noted that, throughout, the arrangement is alphabetical: the subjects first, then the authors, and lastly, the quotations under each name. Those who need merely suggestive thoughts will readily find what they wish under one of the numerous heads, and the same may possibly be the result when a definite quotation is sought, but otherwise a reference to the concordance will be necessary.

2. With each quotation is given the Name of the Writer and the Place where it may be found, thus enabling the reader, if he so desires, to ascertain the context. Very few books of quotations are so complete, in this respect, as the present.

3. The grouping of certain prominent subjects will be found new, attractive and useful. No collections such as those under "Birds," "Flowers," "Months," "Occupations," "Seasons," "Trees," etc., have ever before been made, and their practical value will, we are sure, be appreciated.

If the subjects in the Appendix do not cover quotations, strictly speaking, they certainly do cover much proverbial philosophy, and items of information that are far oftener wanted than found. The object has not been to treat exhaustively any one topic, but to glean what is likely to be most wanted, by popular writers and readers, in the ordinary current of life and work. Here, as elsewhere, usefulness has been studied rather than profuseness. Not a line has been knowingly added merely to expand the book.

INDEXES.

It has been wisely said that no good book is complete without an Index, and the compilers of this volume have a right to claim that, if a good index indicates quality, this book must be very good indeed. The concordance to the English quotations is very full and accurate, and the same may be said of the English translations of the Latin. They are a guide to those not perfectly familiar with that tongue, but who wish to illustrate modern thoughts by ancient wisdom. Any remembered word of prominence will almost surely bring a desired passage to light. A complete alphabetical Latin index is also given.

The attention of the reader is further called to two marked features of the Cyclopædia:

1. The italic letters *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, etc. These refer to corresponding letters in the page, and enable any person to locate the proper passage with the least possible delay.

2. The asterisk * indicates that the quotation is from Shakespeare, and this will also save time and trouble. The selections from that master of English thought and language are much more numerous than in any other volume of this character.

It will be observed that no one standard of English orthography or composition has been followed. Each author's peculiarities have been respected, as this seemed to be the only safe way to avoid almost insuperable difficulties. In Shakespeare, Knight's text has been adopted, with some slight and seemingly justifiable variations, and in nearly all cases the latest edition of each of the several authors has been taken. The name "Shakespeare" has been given as it has been written for nearly three hundred years. When antiquarians and critics unite upon another orthography, we will use it in a future edition.

A few quotations have been purposely retained under more than one head, where they seemed especially adapted to do double duty, and might be of actual service. In the many thousands of others these would hardly be noticed, even by the persevering critic, without this reference. For other things that may be discovered as actual faults—for sins of commission or omission—the editors beg kindly indulgence. With care and assiduity they have aimed at perfection—but to attain it, in the first edition of a work of this size, is next to an impossibility.

Thanks to those friends whose valuable aid has been a constant joy and sustaining power, through these long years of anxious labor. Their names would be gratefully mentioned, but for the reason that they are so numerous. The value to be set upon the work itself will determine our own and their honor.

New York, December, 1881.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

English Quotations, Classified..... 1
English Quotations, Unclassified..... 489
Latin Quotations..... 503
Latin Proverbs and Mottoes..... 579
French Proverbs and Mottoes..... 595
German Proverbs..... 607
Italian Proverbs..... 608
Portuguese Proverbs..... 610
Spanish Proverbs..... 610
Latin Law Terms and Phrases..... 612
Ecclesiastical Terms and Definitions—Christian Churches..... 624
Ecclesiastical Terms and Definitions—Jewish Church..... 633
Quoted Authors—Nativity, Birth and Death..... 635
Topical Index—English Subjects..... 650
Topical Index—Latin Subjects..... 654
Concordance to English Quotations..... 657
Concordance to Translations of the Latin..... 875
Index to Latin Quotations..... 892

SPECIAL SUBJECTS.

Birds..... 21
Flowers—Flora, Unclassified..... 125
Flora, Classified..... 132
Months, Classified..... 269
Occupations, Classified..... 293
The Seasons, Classified..... 370
Trees and Plants—Arbora, Unclassified..... 432
Arbora, Classified..... 434

NOTE.—Readers who seek merely for quotations of a general character will find them best under one of the topical heads. Those in search of a special verse or line should look for it in the concordance guided by some prominent word. If not thus traced it may possibly be found in the proverbs which are not indexed in the concordance but are arranged alphabetically. It will be observed that we give the Latin in two divisions: (*a*) Quotations, (*b*) Proverbs and Mottoes. The first are indexed by their *first lines*, in addition to the full concordance of translations; the second are arranged alphabetically, but are not indexed. There are no quotations from the Bible in this volume, the editors believing that book to be most amply provided for by a score or more of books devoted wholly to it.

THE

CYCLOPÆDIA OF PRACTICAL QUOTATIONS.

A.

ABHORRENCE.

The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for.
a. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto I. Line 220.

Justly thou abhorr'st
That son, who on the quiet state of men
Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue
Rational liberty ; yet know withal,
Since thy original lapse, true liberty
Is lost.
b. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XII. Line 79.

He will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors ; and cross gartered, a fashion she detests.
c. *Twelfth Night.* Act II. Sc. 5.

Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave unto me, rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring!
d. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Therefore I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea from my soul,
Refuse you for my judge ; whom yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.
e. *Henry VIII.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Whilst I was big in clamour, came there in a man,
Who having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society.
f. *King Lear.* Act V. Sc. 3.

For, if the worlds
In worlds enclosed should on his senses burst,
He would abhorrent turn.
g. THOMPSON—*The Seasons.* *Summer.* Line 313.

ABILITY.

Men who undertake considerable things, even in a regular way, ought to give us ground to presume ability.
h. BURKE—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

As we advance in life, we learn the limits of our abilities.
i. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Education.*

Every person is responsible for all the good within the scope of his abilities, and for no more, and none can tell whose sphere is the largest.
j. GAIL HAMILTON—*Country Living and Country Thinking. Men and Women.*

Conjugal affection
Prevailing over fear and timorous doubt,
Hath led me on, desirous to behold
Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,
If aught in my ability may serve
To lighten what thou suffer'st, and appease
Thy mind with what amends is in my power—
Though late, yet in some part to recompense
My rash but more unfortunate misdeed.
k. MILTON—*Samson Agonistes.* Line 739.

Whose skill was almost as great as his honesty ; had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work.
l. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly ; angels could no more.
m. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 91.

ABSENCE.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder.
n. THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY—*Isle of Beauty.*

I spread my books, my pencil try,
The lingering noon to cheer,
But miss thy kind approving eye,
Thy meek, attentive ear.

But when of morn or eve the star
Beholds me on my knee,
I feel, though thou art distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.
a. Bishop Heber—*Journal.*

In the hope to meet
Shortly again, and make our absence sweet.
b. Ben Jonson—*Underwoods. Miscellaneous Poems, LVIII.*

Ever absent, ever near;
Still I see thee, still I hear;
Yet I cannot reach thee, dear!
c. Francis Kazinczi—*Separation.*

What shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face?
How shall I charm the interval that lowers
Between this time and that sweet time of grace?
d. Frances Anne Kemble—*Absence.*

Since yesterday I have been in Alcalá.
Ere long the time will come, sweet Preciosa,
When that dull distance shall no more divide us;
And I no more shall scale thy wall by night
To steal a kiss from thee, as I do now.
e. Longfellow—*The Spanish Student.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Conspicuous by his absence.
f. Lord John Russell—*Quoted from Tacitus. Annals,* III., 76.

All days are nights to see till I see thee,
And nights bright days when dreams do show thee me.
g. *Sonnet XLIII.*

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
What old December's bareness everywhere.
h. *Sonnet XCVII.*

I dote on his very absence, and I wish them a fair departure.
i. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 2.

ACCIDENT.

Chapter of accidents.
j. Earl of Chesterfield—*Letter,* February 16, 1753.

Nothing with God can be accidental.
k. Longfellow—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. VI.

I have shot mine arrow o'er the house
And hurt my brother.
l. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Moving accidents by flood and field.
m. *Othello.* Act 1. Sc. 3.

The accident of an accident.
n. Lord Thurlow—*Speech in reply to Lord Grafton.*

ACTION.

Let's meet and either do or die.
o. Beaumont and Fletcher—*The Island Princess.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Laws and institutions are constantly tending to gravitate. Like clocks, they must be occasionally cleaned, and wound up, and set to true time.
p. Henry Ward Beecher—*Life Thoughts.*

Think that day lost whose (low) descending Sun
Views from thy hand no noble action done.
q. Bobart.

Fundamentally, there is no such thing as private action. All actions are public—in themselves or their consequences.
r. Bovee—*Summaries of Thought. Actions.*

Let us do or die.
s. Thos. Campbell—*Gertrude of Wyoming.* Pt. III. St. 37.
Burns—*Bruce's Address to his Army at Bannockburn.* St. 6

Our grand business is, not to *see* what lies dimly at a distance, but to *do* what lies clearly at hand.
t. Carlyle—*Essays. Signs of the Times.*

Every noble activity makes room for itself. A great mind is a good sailor, as a great heart is.
u. Emerson—*Voyage to England.*

Our acts, our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.
v. John Fletcher—*Upon an Honest Man's Fortune.* Line 37.

The doing right alone teaches the value or the meaning of right; the doing it willingly, if the will is happily constituted; the doing it unwillingly, or under compulsion, if persuasion fails to convince.
w. Froude—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. On Progress.* Pt. III.

A fiery chariot, borne on buoyant pinions,
Sweeps near me now! I soon shall ready be
To pierce the ether's high unknown dominions,
To reach new spheres of pure activity.
x. Goethe—*Faust.*

That action is best which procures the greatest happiness for the greatest numbers.
y. Hutchinson—*Inquiry; Concerning Moral Good and Evil.* See

Attack is the reaction; I never think I have hit hard unless it rebounds.
a. Sam'l Johnson—*Boswell's Life of Johnson*, An. 1775.

I have always thought the actions of men the best interpreters of their thoughts.
b. Locke—*Human Understanding.* Bk. I. Ch. 3.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.
c. Longfellow—*Psalm of Life.*

—Trust no future howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead past bury their dead!
Act,—act in the living present!
Heart within and God o'erhead!
d. Longfellow—*Psalm of Life.*

So much one man can do,
That does both act and know.
e. Marvell—*Upon Cromwell's return from Ireland.*

Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n.
f. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 830.

How my achievements mock me!
I will go meet them.
g. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly.
h. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 7.

In such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears.
i. *Coriolanus.* Act III. Sc. 2.

So smile the Heavens upon this holy act
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!
j. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 6.

Suit the action to the word, the word to the action.
k. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

The blood more stirs
To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.
l. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 3.

Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd.
m. *Henry VIII.* Act I. Sc. 2.

We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other then event doth form it.
n. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act II. Sc. 2.

We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers.
o. *Henry VIII.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Heaven never helps the men who will not act.
p. *Sophocles.* *Fragment* 288.

Rightness expresses of actions, what straightness does of lines; and there can no more be two kinds of right action than there can be two kinds of straight line.
q. Herbert Spencer—*Social Statics*, Ch. XXXII. Par. 4.

Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.
r. Tennyson—*The Charge of the Light Brigade.* St. 2.

A slender acquaintance with the world must convince every man, that actions, not words, are the true criterion of the attachment of friends; and that the most liberal professions of good-will are very far from being the surest marks of it.
s. George Washington—*Social Maxims. Friendship.*

Action is transitory, a step, a blow,
The motion of a muscle—this way or that.
t. Wordsworth—*The Borderers.* Act III.

All may do what has by man been done.
u. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night VI. Line 606.

ADMIRATION.

No nobler feeling than this, of admiration for one higher than himself dwells in the breast of man. It is to this hour, and at all hours, the vivifying influence in man's life.
v. Carlyle—*Heroes and Hero Worship.* Lecture I.

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.
w. Fitz-Greene Halleck—*On the death of Joseph R. Drake.*

Few men are admired by their servants.
x. Montaigne—*Essays.* Bk. III. Ch. 2.

We always like those who admire us, we do not always like those whom we admire.
y. Rochefoucauld—*Maxim* 294.

What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever.
z. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

ADVERSITY.

And these vicissitudes come best in youth;
For when they happen at a riper age,
People are apt to blame the fates forsooth,
And wonder Providence is not more sage.
Adversity is the first path to truth:
He who hath proved war, storm or woman's rage,
Whether his winters be eighteen or eighty,
Has won the experience which is deem'd so weighty.
aa. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto XII. St. 50.

Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man; but for one man who can stand prosperity, there are a hundred that will stand adversity.

a. Carlyle—*Heroes and Hero Worship.* Lecture V.

Aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance while they grow;
But crush'd or trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.

b. Goldsmith—*The Captivity.* Act I.

Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!

c. Gray—*Ode to Adversity.* St. 1.

In the adversity of our best friends we often find something which does not displease us.

d. Rochefoucauld—*Reflections. XV.*

Bold adversity
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions.
And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war wearied limbs.

e. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act IV. Sc. 4.

His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little.

f. *Henry VIII.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

g. *As You Like It.* Act. II. Sc. 1.

Then know, that I have little wealth to lose;
A man I am cross'd with adversity.

h. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

They can be meek that have no other cause,
A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry.

i. *Comedy of Errors.* Act II. Sc. 1.

ADVICE.

The worst men often give the best advice:
Our deeds are sometimes better than our thoughts.

j. Bailey—*Festus.* Sc. *A Village Feast.*

She had a good opinion of advice,
Like all who give and eke receive it gratis,
For which small thanks are still the market price,
Even where the article at highest rate is.

k. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto XV. St. 29.

Let him go abroad to a distant country; let him go to some place where he is not known. Don't let him go to the devil where he is known.

l. Sam'l Johnson—*Boswell's Life of Johnson.*

Be loving and you will never want for love; be humble, and you will never want for guiding.

m. D. M. Mulock—*Olive.* Ch. XXIV.

Be niggards of advice on no pretense;
For the worst avarice is that of sense.

n. Pope—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 578.

Direct not him, whose way himself will choose;
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

o. *Richard II.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.

p. *Measure for Measure.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

I pray thee cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve.

q. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act V. Sc. 1.

When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again.

r. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 4.

AFFECTION.

Affection is the broadest basis of a good life.

s. George Eliot—*Daniel Deronda.* Bk. V. Ch. 35.

As for murmurs, mother, we grumble a little now and then to be sure. But there's no love lost between us.

t. Goldsmith—*She Stoops to Conquer.* Act IV.

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;
That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.

u. Longfellow—*Evangeline.* Pt. II. St. 1.

Affection is a coal that must be cool'd;
Else suffer'd it will set the heart on fire.

v *Venus and Adonis.* Line 387.

So loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly.

w. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Such affection and unbroken faith
As temper life's worst bitterness.

x. Shelley—*The Cenci.* Act. III. Sc. 1.

AFFLICTION.

Affliction, like the iron-smith, shapes as it smites.

y. Bovee—*Summaries of Thought.*

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.
a. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Henceforth I'll bear
Affliction till it do cry out itself,
Enough, Enough. and die.
b. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 6.

Thou art a soul in bliss ; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire ; that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.
c. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 7.

Affliction is not sent in vain
From that good God who chastens whom he loves.
d. SOUTHEY—*Madoc.* Pt. III. Line 74.

With silence only as their benediction,
God's angels come
Where in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul sits dumb !
e. WHITTIER—*To my friend on the death of his sister.*

Affliction is the good man's shining scene ;
Prosperity conceals his brightest ray ;
As night to stars, woe lustre gives to man.
f. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IX. Line 406.

AGE (OLD.)

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years !
I am so weary of toil and of tears,—
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain—
Take them, and give me my childhood again !
g. ELIZABETH AKERS—*Rock Me to Sleep.*

Weak withering age no rigid law forbids
With frugal nectar, smooth and slow with balm
The sapless habit daily to bedew,
And give the hesitating wheels of life
Glibblier to play.
h. JOHN ARMSTRONG—*Art of Preserving Health.* Bk. II. Line 486

Men of age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business home to the full period, but content themselves with a mediocrity of success.
i. BACON—Essay XLII. *Of Youth and Age.*

Old age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.
j. BEATTIE—*The Minstrel.* Bk. I. St. 25.

To resist with success, the frigidity of old age, one must combine the body, the mind, and the heart ; to keep these in parallel vigor, one must exercise, study and love.
k. BONSTETTEN—*In Abel Stevens' Madame de Stael.* Ch. XXVI.

No chronic tortures racked his aged limb,
For luxury and sloth had nourished none for him.
l. BRYANT—*The Old Man's Funeral.*

Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon.
m. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto II. St. 88.

Just as old age is creeping on apace,
And clouds come o'er the sunset of our day,
They kindly leave us, though not quite alone,
But in good company—the gout or stone.
n. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto III. St. 59.

My days are in the yellow leaf ;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone ;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone !
o. BYRON—*On my Thirty-sixth Year.*

Dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal :
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
p. CAMPBELL—*Lochiel's Warning.* Line 53.

As I approve of a youth that has something of the old man in him, so I am no less pleased with an old man that has something of the youth.
q. CICERO.

Life's shadows are meeting Eternity's day.
r. JAMES G. CLARKE—*Leona.*

The spring, like youth, fresh blossoms doth produce,
But autumn makes them ripe and fit for use:
So age a mature mellowness doth set
On the green promises of youthful heat.
s. Sir JOHN DENHAM—*Cato Major.* Pt. IV.

Boys must not have th' ambitious care of men,
Nor men the weak anxieties of age.
t. WENTWORTH DILLON (Earl of Roscommon)—Trans. *Horace. Of the Art of Poetry.* Line 212.

We do not count a man's years, until he has nothing else to count.
u. EMERSON—*Society and Solitude. Old Age.*

Old age is courteous—no one more :
For time after time he knocks at the door,
But nobody says, "Walk in, sir, pray!"
Yet turns he not from the door away,
But lifts the latch, and enters with speed,
And then they cry, "A cool one, indeed."
v. GOETHE—*Old Age.*

Alike all ages : dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisked beneath the burden of threescore.
w. GOLDSMITH—*The Traveller.* Line 251.

O blest retirement ! friend to life's decline—
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease !
x. GOLDSMITH—*The Deserted Village.* Line 97.

Slow-consuming age.
a. GRAY—*Ode on Eton College.* St. 9.

When he is forsaken,
Withered and shaken,
What can an old man do but die?
b. HOOD—*Ballad.*

Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage,
Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.
c. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Vanity of Human Wishes.* Line 308.

Age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.
d. LONGFELLOW—*Morituri Salutamus.* Line 284.

And the bright faces of my young companions
Are wrinkled like my own, or are no more.
e. LONGFELLOW—*Spanish Student.* Act III. Sc. 3.

How far the gulf-stream of our youth may flow
Into the arctic regions of our lives,
Where little else than life itself survives.
f. LONGFELLOW—*Morituri Salutamus.* Line 250.

The course of my long life hath reached at last,
In fragile bark o'er a tempestuous sea,
The common harbor, where must rendered be,
Account of all the actions of the past.
g. LONGFELLOW—*Old Age.*

The sunshine fails, the shadows grow more dreary,
And I am near to fall, infirm and weary.
h. LONGFELLOW—*Canzone.*

Whatever poet, orator, or sage may say of it, old age is still old age.
i. LONGFELLOW—*Morituri Salutamus.* Line 264.

Age is not all decay; it is the ripening, the swelling, of the fresh life within, that withers and bursts the husk.
j. GEORGE MACDONALD—*The Marquis of Lossie.* Ch. XL.

Set is the sun of my years;
And over a few poor ashes,
I sit in my darkness and tears.
k. GERALD MASSEY—*A Wail.*

The ages roll
Forward; and forward with them, draw my soul
Into time's infinite sea.
And to be glad, or sad, I care no more:
But to have done, and to have been, before
I cease to do and be.
l. OWEN MEREDITH—*The Wanderer.* Bk. IV. *A Confession and Apology.* St. 9.

So may'st thou live till like ripe fruit thou drop
Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd, for death mature.
m. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XI. Line 535.

So Life's year begins and closes;
Days, though short'ning, still can shine;
What though youth gave love and roses,
Age still leaves us friends and wine.
n. MOORE—*Spring and Autumn.*

Thyself no more deceive, thy youth hath fled.
o. PETRARCH—*To Laura in Death. Sonnet LXXXII.*

Why will you break the Sabbath of my days?
Now sick alike of Envy and of Praise.
p. POPE—*First Book of Horace.* Ep. I. Line 3.

Through the sequester'd vale of rural life,
The venerable patriarch guileless held
The tenor of his way.
q. PORTEUS—*Death.* Line 109.

What makes old age so sad is, not that our joys, but that our hopes cease.
r. RICHTER.

O, roses for the flush of youth,
And laurel for the perfect prime;
But pluck an ivy branch for me
Grown old before my time.
s. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*Song.* St. 1.

On his bold visage middle age
Had slightly press'd its signet sage.
t. SCOTT—*Lady of the Lake.* Canto I. Pt. XXI.

Thus pleasures fade away;
Youth, talents, beauty thus decay,
And leave us dark, forlorn, and gray;
u. SCOTT—*Marmion.* Introduction to Canto II. St. 2.

Old friends are best. King James us'd to call for his old shoes, they were easiest for his feet.
v. SELDEN—*Table Talk. Friends.*

And his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound.
w. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 7.

An old man is twice a child.
x. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

As you are old and reverend, should be wise.
y. *King Lear.* Act I. Sc. 4.

At your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment.
z. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Begin to patch up thine old body for heaven.
aa. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act II. Sc. 4.

For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals ere we can effect them.
a. *All's Well that Ends Well.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Give me a staff of honor for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world.
b. *Titus Andronicus.* Act 1. Sc. 2.

His silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds.
c. *Julius Cæsar.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Men shut their doors against a setting sun.
d. *Timon of Athens.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this!
e. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act II. Sc. 5.

My way of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses not loud, but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
f. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 3.

O father Abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of State,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity.
g. *Henry VIII.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

O, heavens,
If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if you yourselves are old,
Make it your cause.
h. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
i. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 7.

Some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time.
j. *King Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act I. Sc. 2.

Superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.
k. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 2.

The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory,
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth maiest know,
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
l. *Sonnet LXXII.*

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.
m. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 3

Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzle snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory.
n. *Comedy of Errors.* Act V. Sc. 1.

What should we speak of
When we are old as you? When we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December.
o. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 3.

When the age is in, the wit is out.
p. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 5.

You are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine.
q. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 4.

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both.
r. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Every man desires to live long; but no man would be old.
s. SWIFT—*Thoughts on Various Subjects, Moral and Diverting.*

Age, too, shines out, and garrulous recounts the feats of youth,
t. THOMSON—*The Seasons.* *Autumn.* Line 1229

O good gray head which all men knew,
u. TENNYSON—*On the Death of the Duke of Wellington.* St. 4

A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free.
v. WORDSWORTH—*The Fountain.*

But an old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave.
w. WORDSWORTH—*To a Young Lady.*

Thus fares it still in our decay,
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind.
x. WORDSWORTH—*The Fountain.* St. 9.

Shall we—shall aged men, like aged trees,
Strike deeper their vile root, and closer cling,
Still more enamour'd of their wretched soil?
y. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IV. Line 111.

AGONY.

Just prophet, let the damn'd one dwell
Full in the sight of Paradise,
Beholding heaven and feeling hell.
z. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. Fire Worshippers.* Line 1028

Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.
aa. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Many flowering islands lie
In the waters of wide Agony.
bb. SHELLEY—*Lines written among the Enganean Hills.* Line 66.

AMBITION.

All ambitions, upward tending,
Like plants in mines, which never saw the sun.

a. Robert Browning—*Paracelus.*

My hour at last is come;
Yet not ingloriously or passively
I die, but first will do some valiant deed,
Of which mankind shall hear in after time.

b. Bryant's *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. XXII. Line 375.

No man is born without ambitious worldly desires.

c. Carlyle—*Essays. Schiller.*

Thy danger chiefly lies in acting well;
No crime's so great as daring to excel.

d. Churchill—*Epistle to Hogarth.* Line 51.

The noblest spirit is most strongly attracted by the love of glory.

e. Cicero.

I had a soul above buttons.

f. George Coleman, Jr.—*Sylvester Daggerwood, or New Hay at the Old Market.* Sc. 1.

Wit, seeking truth, from cause to cause ascends,
And never rests till it the first attain;
Will, seeking good, finds many middle ends;
But never stays till it the last do gain.

g. Sir John Davies—*The Immortality of the Soul.*

Wild ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.

h. Dryden—*Absalom and Achitophel.* Pt. I. Line 190.

The lover of letters loves power too.

i. Emerson—*Clubs.*

All may have,
If they dare try, a glorious life or grave.

j. Herbert—*The Temple. The Church-Porch.*

My name is Norval; on the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home.

k. John Home—*Douglas.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Studious to please, yet not asham'd to fail.

l. Sam'l Johnson—*Prologue to the Tragedy of Irene,*

I see, but cannot reach, the height
That lies forever in the light.

m. Longfellow—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. II. *A Village Church.*

Most people would succeed in small things if they were not troubled with great ambitions.

n. Longfellow—*Drift-Wood. Table-Talk.*

What else remains for me?
Youth, hope, and love;
To build a new life on a ruined life.

o. Longfellow—*Masque of Pandora.* Pt. VIII. *In the Garden.*

Ambition has no rest.

p. Bulwer-Lytton—*Richelieu.* Act III. Sc. 1.

The man who seeks one thing in life, and but one,
May hope to achieve it before life be done;
But he who seeks all things, wherever he goes,
Only reaps from the hopes which around him he sows.
A harvest of barren regrets.

q. Owen Meredith—*Lucile.* Pt. I. Canto II. St. 10.

Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven.

r. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 263.

But what will not ambition and revenge
Descend to? who aspires must down as low
As high he soar'd; obnoxious first or last
To basest things.

s. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 168.

Here may we reign secure, and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell.

t. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 261.

If at great things thou would'st arrive,
Get riches first, get wealth, and treasure heap,
Not difficult, if thou hearken to me;
Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand,
They whom I favor thrive in wealth amain,
While virtue, valor, wisdom, sit in want.

u. Milton—*Paradise Regained.* Bk. II. Line 426.

Such joy ambition finds.

v. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 92.

Onward, onward may we press
Through the path of duty;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty;
Minds are of supernal birth,
Let us make a heaven of earth.

w. James Montgomery—*Aspirations of Youth.* St. 3.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea.

x. Moore—*Remember Thee.*

From servants hasting to be gods.

y. Pollok—*Course of Time.* Bk. II. *Just and Unjust Rulers.*

But see how oft ambition's aims are cross'd,
And chiefs contend 'till all the prize is lost!

z. Pope—*Rape of the Lock.* Canto V. Line 108.

Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
a. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 123.

Oh, sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains pil'd on mountains to the skies?
Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.
b. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 74.

Who knows but he, whose hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves old ocean, and who wings the storms;
Pours fierce Ambition in a Cæsar's mind.
c. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 157.

Be always displeased at what thou art, if thou desire to attain to what thou art not; for where thou hast pleased thyself, there thou abidest.
d. Quarles—*Emblems.* Bk. IV. Emblem 3.

A threefold measure dwells in Space—
Restless Length, with flying race;
Stretching forward, never endeth,
Ever widening, Breadth extendeth
Ever groundless, Depth descendeth.

Types in these thou dost possess;—
Restless, onward thou must press,
Never halt nor languor know,
To the Perfect wouldst thou go;—
Let thy reach with Breadth extend
Till the world it comprehend—
Dive into the Depth to see
Germ and root of all that be.
Ever onward must thy soul;—
'Tis the progress gains the goal;
Ever widen more its bound;
In the Full the clear is found,
And the Truth—dwells under ground.
e. Schiller—*Sentences of Confucius.* *Space.*

Ambition is no cure for love.
f. Scott—*Lay of the Last Minstrel.* Canto I. St. 27.

Ambition's debt is paid.
g. *Julius Cæsar.* Act. III. Sc. 1.

I am not covetous for gold;
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honor
I am the most offending soul alive.
h. *Henry V.* Act. IV. Sec. 3.

I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition; which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other—
i. *Macbeth.* Act. I. Sc. 7.

Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough.
j. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act. V. Sc. 4.

It were all one
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me.
k. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act. I. Sc. 1.

Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition,
By that, sin, fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
l. *Henry VIII.* Act. III. Sc. 2.

The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
m. *Julius Cæsar.* Act. III. Sc. 2.

There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than war or women have.
n. *Henry VIII.* Act. III. Sc. 2.

The very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.
o. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

'Tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend.
p. *Julius Cæsar.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition.
q. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 1.

How many a rustic Milton has pass'd by,
Stifling the speechless longings of his heart,
In unremitting drudgery and care!
How many a vulgar Cato has compelled
His energies, no longer tameless then,
To mould a pin, or fabricate a nail!
r. Shelley—*Queen Mab.* Pt. V. St. 9.

I was born to other things.
s. Tennyson—*In Memoriam.* Pt. CXIX.

How like a mounting devil in the heart,
Rules the unreined ambition.
t. Willis—*Parrhasius.*

Mad ambition trumpeteth to all.
u. Willis—*From a Poem delivered at Yale College in* 1827.

Press on! for it is godlike to unloose
The spirit, and forget yourself in thought;
Bending a pinion for the deeper sky,
And, in the very fetters of your flesh,
Mating with the pure essences of heaven!
Press on!—"for in the grave there is no work
And no device."—Press on! while yet you may!

a. Willis—*From a Poem delivered at Yale College in* 1827.

Ambition has but one reward for all:
A little power, a little transient fame,
A grave to rest in, and a fading name!

b. William Winter—*The Queen's Domain.* Line 90.

Talents angel-bright,
If wanting worth, are shining instruments
In false ambition's hand, to finish faults
Illustrious, and give infamy renown.

c. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night VI. Line 273.

Too low they build who build beneath the stars.

d. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night VIII. Line 215.

ANGELS.

Angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in.

e. Campbell—*Pleasures of Hope.* Pt. II. Line 357.

Angel visits, few and far between.

f. Campbell—*Pleasures of Hope.* Pt. II. Line 386.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!

g. Longfellow—*Footsteps of Angels.*

The good one, after every action closes
His volume, and ascends with it to God.
The other keeps his dreadful day-book open
Till sunset, that we may repent; which doing,
The record of the action fades away,
And leaves a line of white across the page.
Now if my act be good, as I believe,
It cannot be recalled. It is already
Sealed up in heaven, as a good deed accomplished.
The rest is yours.

h. Longfellow—*Christus, The Golden Legend.* Pt. VI.

All God's angels come to us disguised;
Sorrow and sickness, poverty and death,
One after other lift their frowning masks,
And we behold the seraph's face beneath,
All radiant with the glory and the calm
Of having looked upon the front of God.

i. Lowell—*On the Death of a Friend's Child.* Line 21.

An angel stood and met my gaze,
Through the low doorway of my tent;
The tent is struck, the vision stays;—
I only know she came and went.

j. Lowell—*She Came and Went.*

In this dim world of clouding cares,
We rarely know, till 'wildered eyes
See white wings lessening up the skies,
The Angels with us unawares.

k. Gerald Massey—*The Ballad of Babe Cristabel.*

As far as Angel's ken.

l. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. 1. Line 59.

God will deign
To visit oft the dwellings of just men
Delighted, and with frequent intercourse
Thither will send his winged messengers
On errands of supernal grace.

m. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VII. Line 569.

Sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smiled!

n. Milton—*Comus.* Line 249.

The helmed Cherubim,
And sworded Seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd.

o. Milton—*Hymn on the Nativity.* St. 110.

Angel voices sung
The mercy of their God, and strung
Their harps.

p. Moore—*Loves of the Angels. Third Angel's Story.*

A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing.

q. Rogers—*Human Life.*

And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.

r. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.

s. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

We hold the keys of Heaven within our hands,
The gift and heirloom of a former state,
And lie in infancy at Heaven's gate,
Transfigured in the light that streams along the lands!
Around our pillow's golden ladders rise,
And up and down the skies,
With winged sandals shod,
The angels come, and go, the Messengers of God!

t. Stoddard—*Hymn to the Beautiful.* St. 3

ANGER.

Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

u. Burns—*Tam O'Shanter.* Line 5.

But curb thou the high spirit in thy breast,
For gentle ways are best, and keep aloof
From sharp contentions.

v. Bryant's *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. IX. Line 317

Beware the fury of a patient man.
a. DRYDEN—*Absalom and Achitophel.* Pt. I. Line 1005.

A man deep-wounded may feel too much pain
To feel much anger.
b. GEORGE ELIOT—*Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. I.

Anger seeks its prey,—
Something to tear with sharp-edged tooth and claw,
Likes not to go off hungry, leaving Love
To feast on milk and honeycomb at will.
c. GEORGE ELIOT—*Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. I.

Anger is one of the sinews of the soul.
d. FULLER—*The Holy and Profane States. Anger.*

Anger wishes that all mankind had only one neck; love, that it had only one heart; grief, two tear-glands; pride, two bent knees.
e. RICHTER. *Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces.* Ch. IV.

Alas why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame;
These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
f. *Othello.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Anger is like
A full-hot horse; who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him.
g. *Henry VIII.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.
h. *Coriolanus.* Act. IV. Sc. 2.

Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart.
i. *Coriolanus.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Come not within the measure of my wrath.
j. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act V. Sc. 4.

If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye,
I can tell who should down.
k. *As You Like It.* Act I. Sc. 2.

In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.
l. *Richard II.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Put him to choler straight; He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction.
m. *Coriolanus.* Act III. Sc. 3.

That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.
n. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Touch me with noble anger!
And let not women's weapon, water drops
Stain my man's cheeks.
o. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 4

What, drunk with choler?
p. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 3.

Senseless, and deformed,
Convulsive anger storms at large; or, pale
And silent settles into fell revenge.
q. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 280

ANGLING.

Of recreation there is none
So free as fishing, is, alone;
All other pastimes, do no less
Than mind and body, both possess:
My hand alone my work can do;
So, I can fish and study too.
r. WILLIAM BASSE—*The Angler's Song.*

The first men that our Saviour dear
Did choose to wait upon him here,
Blest fishers were; and fish the last
Food was, that He on earth did taste:
I therefore strive to follow those,
Whom he to follow him hath chose.
s. WILLIAM BASSE—*The Angler's Song.*

In genial spring, beneath the quivering shade,
Where cooling vapors breathe along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand;
With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork, and bending reed.
t. POPE—*Windsor Forest.* Line 135.

Give me mine angle, we'll to the river; there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawney-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws.
u. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act II. Sc. 5.

3 *Fish.* Master I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.
1 *Fish.* Why, as men do a-land: the great ones eat up the little ones.
v. *Pericles.* Act II. Sc. 1.

The pleas'nt angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait.
w. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Trail'st thou the puissant pike?
x. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Angling is somewhat like Poetry, men are to be born so.
y. WALTON—*The Complete Angler.* Pt. I. Ch. I.

I am, Sir, a Brother of the angle.
z. WALTON—*The Complete Angler.* Pt. I. Ch. I.

I shall stay him no longer than to wish * * * that if he be an honest angler, the east wind may never blow when he goes a fishing.

a. WALTON—*The Complete Angler. The Author's Preface.*

Thus use your frog: put your hook, I mean the arming wire, through his mouth, and out at his gills, and then with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg with only one stitch to the arming wire of your hook, or tie the frog's leg above the upper joint to the armed wire; and in so doing use him as though you loved him.

b. WALTON—*The Complete Angler.* Pt. I. Ch. V.

We may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries: "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did;" and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling.

c. WALTON—*The Complete Angler.* Pt. I. Ch. V.

ANIMALS.

The jackal's troop, in gather'd cry,
Bay'd from afar complainingly,
With a mix'd and mournful sound,
Like crying babe, and beaten hound.

d. BYRON—*Siege of Corinth.* Pt. XXXIII.

His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest.

e. CAMPBELL—*Pleasures of Hope.* Pt. I. Line 86.

I hold a mouse's hert not worth a leek,
That hath but oon hole to sterte to.

f. CHAUCER—*Prologue of the Wyfe of Bathe,* V. 572.

If 'twere not for my cat and dog,
I think I could not live.

g. EBENEZER ELLIOTT—*Poor Andrew.* St. I.

The lion is not so fierce as painted.

h. FULLER—*Of Expecting Preferment.*

The gazelles so gentle and clever,
Skip lightly in frolicsome mood.

i. HEINE—*Book of Songs, Lyrical.* Interlude No. 9.

The lion is not so fierce as they paint him.

. HERBERT—*Jacula Prudentum.*

The mouse that hath but one hole is quickly taken.

k. HERBERT—*Jacula Prudentum.*

The swift stag from underground
Bore up his branching head.

l. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VII. Line 469.

They rejoice
Each with their kind, lion with lioness,
So fitly them in pairs thou hast combined.

m. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VIII. Line 392.

Th' unwieldy elephant,
To make them mirth, us'd all his might, and wreathed
His lithe proboscis.

n. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 345.

Who knows not Circe,
The daughter of the Sun? whose charmed cup
Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a groveling swine.

o. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 50.

The mountain sheep were sweeter,
But the valley sheep were fatter.

p. THOS. L. PEACOCK—*The Misfortunes of Ephur.* (P. 141.)

But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

q. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 111.

How Instinct varies in the grov'ling swine.

r. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 221.

I am his Highness' dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?

s. POPE—*On the Collar of a Dog.*

The hog that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

t. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. III. Line 41.

The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.

u. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. III. Line 44.

The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole,
Can never be a mouse of any soul.

v. POPE—*The Wife of Bath. Her Prologue.* Line 298.

Rouse the lion from his lair.

w. SCOTT—*The Talisman.* Ch. VI.

A horse, a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

x. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 4.

Give me another horse, bind up my wounds.

y. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire.

z. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 7.

Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs,
Piercing the night's dull ear.

aa. *King Henry V.* Chorus to Act IV.

The Elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy; his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

bb. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act II. Sc. 3.

The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanche, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.
a. *King Lear.* Act III. Sc. 6.

The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.
b. *Coriolanus.* Act I. Sc. 6.

Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?
c. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 6.

Spit on a serpent, and his vigor flies,
He straight devours himself, and quickly dies.
d. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Serpents.*

ANTIQUITY.

Among so many things as are by men possessed or pursued in the whole course of their lives, all the rest are baubles besides (*sic.*), old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to converse with, and old books to read.
e. ALFONSO, KING OF ARAGON.
(Quoted by Sir William Temple.)

I love everything that's old. Old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine.
f. GOLDSMITH—*She Stoops to Conquer.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Old wood to burn! Old wine to drink!
Old friends to trust! Old authors to read!
g. MELCHIOR—*Floresta Española de Apothegmaso sentencais*, 11, 1, 20.
BACON—*Apothegms*, 97.

With sharpen'd sight pale Antiquaries pore,
Th' inscription value, but the rust adore.
This the blue varnish, that the green endears;
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years.
h. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. V. Line 35.

My copper-lamps, at any rate,
For being true antique, I bought;
Yet wisely melted down my plate,
On modern models to be wrought;
And trifles I alike pursue,
Because they're old, because they're new.
i. PRIOR—*Alma.* Canto III.

In an age
When men were men, and not ashamed of heaven.
j. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night VIII. Line 2.

APPAREL.

Dress drains our cellar dry
And keeps our larder clean; puts out our fires,
And introduces hunger, frost, and woe,
Where peace and hospitality might reign.
k. COOPER—*The Task.* Bk. II. Line 614.

He that is proud of the rustling of his silks, like a madman, laughs at the rattling of his fetters. For, indeed, clothes ought to be our remembrancers of our lost innocency.
l. FULLER—*The Holy and Profane States. Apparel.*

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast,
Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd.
m. BEN JONSON—*The Silent Woman.* Act I. Sc. 5 (*Song*)

So tedious is this day,
As in the night before some festival
To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
And may not wear them.
n. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

The soul of this man is his clothes.
o. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act II. Sc. 5.

With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
p. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

O fair undress, best dress! it checks no vein,
But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
And heightens ease with grace.
q. THOMSON—*Castle of Indolence.* Canto I. St. 26.

APPETITE.

Gazed around them to the left and right
With the prophetic eye of appetite.
r. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto V. St. 50.

Govern well thy appetite, lest Sin
Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.
s. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VII. Line 546.

Appetite comes with eating, says Angeston.
t. RABELAIS—*Works.* Bk. I. Ch. 5.

Doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age.
u. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Epicurean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite.
v. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
w. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Read o'er this;
And after, this; and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.
x. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 2

Who can cloy the hungry edge of appetite?
a. *Richard II.* Act I. Sc. 3.

And through the hall there walked to and fro,
A iolly yeoman, marshall of the same,
Whose name was Appetite; he did bestow
Both guestes and meate, whenever in they came,
And knew them how to order without blame.
b. SPENSER—*Faerie Queene.* Bk. II. Canto IX. St. 28.

APPLAUSE.

Applause is the spur of noble minds, the end and aim of weak ones.
c. C. C. COLTON—*Lacon.*

The silence that accepts merit as the most natural thing in the world, is the highest applause.
d. EMERSON—*An Address.* July 15, 1838.

I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes;
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and *aves* vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
That does affect it.
e. *Measure for Measure.* Act I. Sc. 1.

I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.
f. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 3.

They threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting their emulation.
g. *Coriolanus.* Act I. Sc. 1.

ARGUMENT.

Much may be said on both sides.
h. ADDISON—*Spectator.* No. 122.

I've heard old cunning stagers say, fools for arguments use wagers.
i. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. II. Canto I. Line 297.

Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
For every why he had a wherefore.
j. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto I. Line 131.

A knock-down argument: 'tis but a word and a blow.
k. DYRDEN—*Amphitryon.* Act I. Sc. 1.

In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For, e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still.
l. GOLDSMITH—*Deserted Village.* Line 211.

His conduct still right with his argument wrong.
m. GOLDSMITH—*Retaliation.* Line 46.

I have found you an argument, I am not obliged to find you an understanding.
n. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Boswell's Life of Johnson.* An. 1784.

If he take you in hand, sir, with an argument,
He'll bray you in a mortar.
o. BEN JONSON—*The Alchemist.* Act II. Sc. 1.

In argument with men a woman ever
Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.
p. MILTON—*Samson Agonistes.* Line 903.

Reason not impossibility, may meet
Some specious object by the foe suborn'd
And fall into deception unaware.
q. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 360.

Subdue
By force who reason for their law refuse—
Right reason for their law.
r. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VI. Line 40[illegible]

In argument
Similes are like songs in love:
They must describe; they nothing prove.
s. PRIOR—*Alma.* Canto III.

And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
t. *Henry V.* Act III. Sc. 1.

His reasons are two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them; and, when you have them, they are not worth the search..
u. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 1.

If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion.
v. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 4.

I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.
w. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act I. Sc 2.

Leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method.
x. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear.
y. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 2.

She hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.
z. *Measure for Measure.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Strong reasons make strong actions.
aa. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 4.

There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things.
bb. *Henry V.* Act V. Sc. 1.

They are yet but ear-kissing argument.
a. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 1.

If thou continuest to take delight in idle argumentation thou mayest be qualified to combat with the sophists, but never know how to love with men.
b. Socrates.

ART.

The art of a thing is, first, its aim, and next, its manner of accomplishment.
c. C. N. Bovee—*Summaries of Thought. Art and Artists.*

Nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature; they being both the servants of his providence. Art is the perfection of nature. Were the world now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a chaos. Nature hath made one world, and art another. In brief, all things are artificial; for nature is the art of God.
d. Sir Thomas Browne—*Religio Medici.* Sec. 16.

There is an art of reading, as well as an art of thinking, and an art of writing.
e. Isaac Disraeli—*Literary Character.* Ch. XI.

The conscious utterance of thought by speech or action, to any end, is art.
f. Emerson—*Society and Solitude. Art.*

The power depends on the depth of the artist's insight of that object he contemplates.
g. Emerson—*Essay on Art.*

The perfection of an art consists in the employment of a comprehensive system of laws, commensurate to every purpose within its scope, but concealed from the eye of the spectator; and in the production of effects that seem to flow forth spontaneously, as though uncontrolled by their influence, and which are equally excellent, whether regarded individually, or in reference to the proposed result.
h. Good—*The Book of Nature.* Series I. Lecture IX.

There are two kinds of artists in this world; those that work because the spirit is in them, and they cannot be silent if they would, and those that speak from a conscientious desire to make apparent to others the beauty that has awakened their own admiration.
i. Anna Katharine Green—*The Sword of Damocles.* Bk. I. Ch. V.

The temple of art is built of words. Painting and sculpture and music are but the blazon of its windows, borrowing all their significance from the light, and suggestive only of the temple's uses.
j. Holland—*Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects. Art and Life.*

The one thing that marks the true artist is a clear perception and a firm, bold hand, in distinction from that imperfect mental vision and uncertain touch which give us the feeble pictures and the lumpy statues of the mere artisans on canvas or in stone,
k. Holmes—*The Professor at the Breakfast Table.* Ch. IX.

Piety in art—poetry in art—puseyism in art, let us be careful how we confound them.
l. Mrs. Jameson—*Memoirs and Essays. The House of Titian.*

Art is Power.
m. Longfellow—*Hyperion.* Bk. 3. Ch. V.

Art is the child of Nature: yes,
Her darling child in whom we trace
The features of the mother's face;
Her aspect and her attitude.
n. Longfellow—*Kéramos.* Line 382.

The counterfeit and counterpart
Of Nature reproduced in art.
o. Longfellow—*Kéramos.* Line 380.

Art in fact is the effort of man to express the ideas which Nature suggests to him of a power above Nature, whether that power be within the recesses of his own being, or in the Great First Cause of which Nature, like himself, is but the effect.
p. Bulwer Lytton—*Caxtoniana. On the Moral Effect of Writers.*

Artists may produce excellent designs, but they will avail little, unless the taste of the public is sufficiently cultivated to appreciate them,
q. George C. Mason—*Art Manufactures* Ch. XIX.

One of the first principles of decorative art is, that in all manufactures, ornament must hold a place subordinate to that of utility; and when, by its exuberance, ornament interferes with utility, it is misplaced and vulgar.
r. George C. Mason—*Art Manufactures.* Ch. XIX.

Art is Nature made by Man
To Man the interpreter of God.
s. Owen Meredith—*The Artist.* St. 26.

The perfection of art is to conceal art.
t. Quintilian.

Greater completion marks the progress of art, absolute completion usually its decline.
u. Ruskin—*True and Beautiful. Architecture. The Lamp of Beauty.*

Seraphs share with thee
Knowledge: But Art, O Man, is thine alone!
v. Schiller—*The Artist.* St. 2.

His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed.
w. *Venus and Adonis* Line 292.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light.
a. *King John.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

It was Homer who gave laws to the artist.
b. Francis Wayland—*The Iliad and the Bible.*

AURORA.

Aurora had but newly chased the night,
And purpled o'er the sky with blushing light.
c. Dryden—*Palamon and Arcite.* Bk. I. Line 186.

Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a maying.
d. Milton—*L'Allegro.* Line 19.

See now, that radiant bow of pillared fires
Spanning the hills like dawn, until they lie
In soft tranquillity,
And all night's ghastly glooms asunder roll.
e. D. M. Mulock—*The Aurora on the Clyde.*

For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to churchyards:
f. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings.
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty bin:
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise.
g. *Cymbeline.* Act II. Sc. 3. *Song.*

The wolves have prey'd: and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about,
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray.
h. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act V. Sc. 3.

At last, the golden orientall gate
Of greatest heaven gan to open fayre,
And Phœbus, fresh as brydegroome to his mate,
Came dauncing forth, shaking his drawie hayre;
And hurl'd his glistering beams through gloomy ayre.
i. Spenser—*Fœrie Queene.* Ch. V. St. 2.

Aurora doth with gold adorn
The ever beauteous eyelids of the morn.
j. Roger Walcott—*A Brief Account of the Agency of the Hon. John Winthrop.*

AUTHORITY.

All authority must be out of a man's self, turned * * either upon an art, or upon a man.
k. Bacon—*Natural History. Century X. Of the Secret Virtue of Sympathy.*

All people said she had authority.
l. Tennyson—*The Princess.* Pt. V. Line 221.

Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
That bow'd the will.
m. Tennyson—*Morte d'Arthur.* Line 121.

See that some one with authority
Be near her still.
n. Tennyson—*The Princess.* Pt. VI. Line 219.

And though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold.
o. *A Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sec. 3.

There is no fettering of authority.
p. *All's Well that Ends Well.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Those he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel the title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.
q. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar.
And the creature run from the cur: There,
There, thou might'st behold the great image of authority;
A dog's obey'd in office.
r. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 6.

Thus can the demi-god, Authority
Make us pay down for our offense by weight.
s. *Measure for Measure.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Keep cool and you command everybody.
t. St. Just.

AVARICE.

So for a good old gentlemanly vice,
I think I must take up with avarice.
u. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto I. St. 210.

Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill;
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still.
v. Goldsmith—*The Traveller.*

The unsunn'd heaps
Of miser's treasures.
w. Milton—*Comus.* Line 398.

He sat among his bags, and, with a look
Which hell might be ashamed of, drove the poor
Away unalmsed; and midst abundance died—
Sorest of evils!—died of utter want.
x. Pollok—*Course of Time.* Bk. III. Line 276.

Be niggards of advice on no pretense;
For the worst avarice is that of sense.
a. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 578.

'Tis strange the miser should his cares employ
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy;
Is it less strange the prodigal should waste
His wealth to purchase what he ne'er can taste?
b. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. IV. Line 1.

Decrepit miser; base, ignoble wretch;
I am descended of a gentler blood.
c. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 4.

There grows,
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands.
d. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls.
e. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

This avarice
Strikes deeper, grows with more pernicious root.
f. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Poverty is in want of much, but avarice of everything.
g. PUBLIUS SYRUS.

B.

BALLADS.

Thespis, the first professor of our art,
At country wakes sung ballads from a cart.
h. DRYDEN—*Prologue to Lee's Sophonisba.*

I knew a very wise man that believed that, if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation.
i. ANDREW FLETCHER—*Letter to the Marquis of Montrose, the Earl of Rothes.*

I have a passion for ballads.
* * * * * * *
They are the gypsy-children of song, born under green hedgerows, in the leafy lanes and by-paths of literature,—in the genial Summer-time.
j. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. II. Ch. II.

I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew!
Than one of these same meter ballad-mongers.
k. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act III. Sc. 1.

I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.
l. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

BEAUTY.

Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and pales upon the sense.
m. ADDISON—*Cato.* Act I. Sc. 4.

There's nothing that allays an angry mind
So soon as a sweet beauty.
n. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—*The Elder Brother.* Act. III. Sc. 5.

Thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty.
o. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 42.

Who doth not feel, until his failing sight
Faints into dimness with its own delight,
His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess,
The might the majesty of Loveliness?
p. BYRON—*The Bride of Abydos.* Canto I. St. 6.

We do love beauty at first sight; and we do cease to love it, if it is not accompanied by amiable qualities.
q. LYDIA MARIA CHILD—*Beauty.*

A delusion, a mockery, and a snare.
r. LORD DENMAN—*O'Connell. The Queen. Clark and Finnelly.*

Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet,
Which once inflam'd my soul, and still inspires my wit.
s. DRYDEN—*Cymon and Iphigenia.* Line 1.

The beautiful rests on the foundations of the necessary.
t. EMERSON—*Essay. On the Poet.*

In beauty, faults conspicuous grow;
The smallest speck is seen on snow.
u. GAY—*Fable. The Peacock, Turkey and Goose.* Line 1.

'Tis impious pleasure to delight in harm,
And beauty should be kind as well as charm.
v. GEO. GRANVILLE (Lord Lansdowne)—*To Myra.* Line 21.

Beauty was lent to nature as the type
Of heaven's unspeakable and holy joy,
Where all perfection makes the sum of bliss.
w. S. J. HALE—*Beauty. In Dict. of Poetical Quotations.*

Cheeks like the mountain-pink that grows
Among white-headed majesties.
x. JEAN INGELOW—*Reflections.* Pt. II.

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
a. KEATS—*Endymion.* Bk. I. Line 1.

Beauty is truth, truth beauty.
b. KEATS—*Ode on a Grecian Urn.*

'Tis beauty calls, and glory shows the way.
c. NATHANIEL LEE—*Alexander the Great.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Beautiful in form and feature,
Lovely as the day,
Can there be so fair a creature
Formed of common clay?
d. LONGFELLOW—*Masque of Pandora. The Workshop of Hephæstus. Chorus of the Graces.*

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.
e. LONGFELLOW—*The Wreck of the Hesperus.* St. 2.

Beauty like wit, to judge should be shown;
Both most are valued where they best are known.
f. LYTTLETON—*Soliloquy of a Beauty.* Line 11.

O, thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars.
g. MARLOWE—*Faustus.*

Beauty stands
In the admiration only of weak minds
Led captive; cease to admire, and all her plumes
Fall flat, and shrink into a trivial toy,
At every sudden slighting quite abash'd.
h. MILTON—*Paradise Regained.* Bk. II. Line 220.

Beauty, which, neither waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces.
i. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. V. Line 14.

Not more the rose, the queen of flowers,
Outblushes all the bloom of bowers,
Than she unrivall'd grace discloses
The sweetest rose, where all are roses.
j. MOORE—*Odes of Anacreon. Ode LXVI.*

To weave a garland for the rose,
And think thus crown'd 'twould lovelier be,
Were far less vain than to suppose
That silks and gems add grace to thee.
k. MOORE—*Songs from the Greek Anthology. To Weave a Garland.*

'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.
l. POPE—*Essay. On Criticism.* Pt. II. Line 45.

For when with beauty we can virtue join,
We paint the semblance of a point divine.
m. PRIOR—*To the Countess of Oxford.*

Is she not more than painting can express,
Or youthful poets fancy when they love?
n. ROWE—*The Fair Penitent.* Act III. Sc. 1.

The beauty that addresses itself to the eyes is only the spell of the moment; the eye of the body is not always that of the soul.
o. GEORGES SAND—*Handsome Lawrence.* Ch. I.

What as *Beauty* here is won
We shall as *Truth* in some hereafter know.
p. SCHILLER—*The Artists.* St. 5.

Beauty comes, we scarce know how, as an emanation from sources deeper than itself.
q. SHAIRP—*Studies in Poetry and Philosophy. Moral Motive Power.*

Beauty doth varnish age.
r. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
s. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues.
t. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good;
A shining gloss that vadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud;
A brittle glass that's broken presently;
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are seld or never found,
As vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,
So beauty blemish'd once's forever lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.
u. *The Passionate Pilgrim.* St. 13.

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.
v. *As You Like It.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
w. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act V. Sc. 3.

For her own person,
It beggar'd all description.
x. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
y. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act. V. Sc. 3.

I'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
z. *Othello.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Of Nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose.
a. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 1.

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
b. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act I. Sc. 5.

Say that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew.
c. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act II. Sc. 1.

See where she comes, apparell'd like the Spring.
d. *Pericles.* Act. I. Sc. 1.

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.
e. *Tempest.* Act I. Sc. 2.

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white,
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.
f. *Twelfth Night.* Act 1. Sc. 5.

I pray thee, O God, that I may be beautiful within.
g. Socrates.

Her face so faire, as flesh it seemed not,
But hevenly pourtraict of bright angels hew,
Cleare as the skye withouten blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexion's dew.
h. Spenser—*Faerie Queene.* Canto III. St. 22.

Her face is like the milky way i' the sky,
A meeting of gentle lights without a name.
i. Sir John Suckling—*Brennoralt.* Act III.

She stood a sight to make an old man young.
j. Tennyson—*The Gardener's Daughter.*

Loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
k. Thomson—*The Seasons.* *Autumn.* Line 204.

Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self.
l. Thomson—*The Seasons.* *Autumn.* Line 209.

Beauty with a bloodless conquest, finds
A welcome sov'reignty in rudest minds.
m. Waller—*Upon His Majesty's Repairing of St. Paul's.*

And beauty born of murmuring sound.
n. Wordsworth—*Three Years she Grew in Sun and Shower.*

What's female beauty but an air divine
Through which the mind's all-gentle graces shine.
o. Young—*Satire VI.* Line 151.

BED.

In bed we laugh, in bed we cry,
And born in bed, in bed we die;
The near approach a bed may show
Of human bliss to human woe.
p. Isaac De Benserade—*Translated by Dr. Johnson.*

The bed has become a place of luxury to me! I would not exchange it for all the thrones in the world.
q. Napoleon.

Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.
r. Richard Saunders (Benj. Franklin) *Poor Richard's Almanac.*

BEGGARS.

Beggars should (must) be no choosers.
s. Beaumont and Fletcher—*Scornful Lady.* Act V. Sc. 3.

A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.
t. Sir Walter Raleigh—*The Silent Lover.*

Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks.
u. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

I see, Sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.
v. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Speak with me, pity me, open the door,
A beggar begs that never begg'd before.
w. *Richard II.* Act V. Sc. 3.

The old adage must be verified,
That beggars mounted, run their horse to death.
x. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act I. Sc. 4.

Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say,—there is no sin but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say,—there is no vice but beggary.
y. *King John.* Act II. Sc. 2.

BELIEF.

They that deny a God destroy man's nobility, for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body; and if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature.
z. Bacon—*Essays.* *Of Atheism.*

O how far removed,
Predestination! is thy foot from such
As see not the First Cause entire: and ye,
O mortal men! be wary how ye judge:
For we, who see the Maker, know not yet
The number of the chosen; and esteem
Such scantiness of knowledge our delight:
For all our good is, in that primal good,
Concentrate; and God's will and ours are one.
aa. Dante—*Vision of Paradise.* Canto XX. Line 122.

You can and you can't,
You will and you won't;
You'll be damn'd if you do,
You'll be damn'd if you don't.
bb. Lorenzo Dow—*Chain* (*Definition of Calvinism*)

Belief consists in accepting the affirmations of the soul; unbelief, in denying them.
a. EMERSON—*Montaigne.*

The practical effect of a belief is the real test of its soundness.
b. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Calvinism.*

When in God thou believest, near God thou wilt certainly be!
c. LELAND—*The Return of the Gods.* Line 150.

O thou, whose days are yet all spring,
Faith, blighted once is past retrieving;
Experience is a dumb, dead thing;
The victory's in believing.
d. LOWELL—*To* ———

A man may be a heretic in the truth; and if he believe things only because his pastor says so, or the assembly so determines, without knowing other reason, though his belief be true, yet the very truth he holds becomes his heresy.
e. MILTON—*Areopagitica.*

Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
f. MOORE—*Come Send Round the Wine.*

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.
g. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. III. Line 305.

If I am right thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way!
h. POPE—*Universal Prayer.*

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God.
i. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Line 330.

And when religious sects ran mad,
He held, in spite of all his learning,
That if a man's belief is bad,
It will not be improved by burning.
j. PRAED—*Poems of Life and Manners.* Pt. II. *The Vicar.* St. 9.

"Orthodoxy, my Lord," said Bishop Warburton, in a whisper,—"orthodoxy is my doxy,—heterodoxy is another man's doxy."
k. JOSEPH PRIESTLY—*Memoirs.*

No one is so much alone in the universe as a denier of God. With an orphaned heart, which has lost the greatest of fathers, he stands mourning by the immeasurable corpse of nature, no longer moved or sustained by the Spirit of the universe, but growing in its grave; and he mourns, until he himself crumbles away from the dead body.
l. RICHTER—*Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces. First Flower Piece.*

I always thought,
It was both impious and unnatural,
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.
m. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 1.

Stands not within the prospect of belief.
n. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 3.

To add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.
o. *Henry VIII.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

What ardently we wish, we soon believe.
p. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night VII. Pt. II. Line 1311.

BELLS.

How sweet the tuneful bells' responsive peal!
q. BOWLES—*Fourteen Sonnets. Ostend. On Hearing the Bells at Sea.*

But just as he began to tell,
The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell,
Some wee short hour ayont the twal,
Which raised us baith.
r. BURNS—*Death and Dr. Hornbook.* St. 31.

That all-softening, overpowering knell,
The tocsin of the Soul—the dinner bell.
s. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto V. St. 49.

How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet.
t. COWPER—*The Task. Winter Walk at Noon.* Line 1

The church-going bell.
u. COWPER—*Alexander Selkirk.*

Wanwordy, crazy, dinsome thing,
As e'er was framed to jow or ring!
What gar'd them sic in steeple hing,
They ken themsel;
But weel wot I, they couldna bring
Waur sounds frae hell.
v. FERGUSSON—*To the Ton-Kirk Bell.*

I call the Living—I mourn the Dead—
I break the Lightning.
w. *Inscribed on the Great Bell of the Minster of Schaffhausen—also on that of the Church of Art, near Lucerne.*

The cheerful Sabbath bells, where ever heard,
Strike pleasant on the sense, most like the voice
Of one, who from the far-off hills proclaims
Tidings of good to Zion.
x. LAMB—*The Sabbath Bells.* Line 1.

He heard the convent bell,
Suddenly in the silence ringing
For the service of noonday.
y. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. II.

I heard
The bells of the convent ringing
Noon from their noisy towers.
a. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. II.

Seize the loud, vociferous bells, and
Clashing, clanging, to the pavement
Hurl them from their windy tower!
b. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Prologue.

These bells have been anointed,
And baptized with holy water!
c. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Prologue.

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells!
d. MOORE—*Those Evening Bells.*

With deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.
e. FATHER PROUT (Francis Mahony). *The Bells of Shandon.*

Sweet bells jangled, out of time and harsh.
f. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Then get thee gone; and dig my grave thyself;
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
g. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act. IV. Sc. 4.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
* * * *
Ring in the Christ that is to be.
h. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. CV.

Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light.
i. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. CV.

Hark! the loud-voiced bells
Stream on the world around
With the full wind, as it swells,
Seas of sound!
j. FREDERICK TENNYSON—*The Bridal.* Pt. V.

Softly the loud peal dies,
In passing wind it drowns,
But breathes, like perfect joys,
Tender tones.
k. FREDERICK TENNYSON—*The Bridal.* Pt. VII.

How like the leper, with his own sad cry
Enforcing his own solitude, it tolls!
That lonely bell set in the rushing shoals,
To warn us from the place of jeopardy!
l. CHARLES (TENNYSON) TURNER—*The Traveller and His Wife's Ringlet.*

BIRDS.

Hear how the birds, on ev'ry blooming spray,
With joyous musick wake the dawning day!
m. POPE—*Spring.* Line 23.

Come, all ye feathery people of mid air,
Who sleep midst rocks, or on the mountain summits
Lie down with the wild winds; and ye who build
Your homes amidst green leaves by grottos cool;
And ye who on the flat sands hoard your eggs
For suns to ripen, come!
n. BARRY CORNWALL—*An Invocation to Birds.*

Do you ne'er think what wondrous being these?
Do you ne'er think who made them, and who taught
The dialect they speak, where melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought?
Whose household words are songs in man keys,
Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught!
o. LONGFELLOW—*The Birds of Killingworth.*

ALBATROSS.

And a good south wind sprung up behind,
The albatross did follow,
And every day for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;

Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moonshine.

"God save thee, ancient mariner,
From the fiends that plague thee thus!
Why look'st thou so?" "With my cross-bow
I shot the albatross."
p. COLERIDGE—*Ancient Mariner.* Pt. I.

Great albatross !—the meanest birds
Spring up and flit away,
While thou must toil to gain a flight,
And spread those pinions grey;
But when they once are fairly poised,
Far o'er each chirping thing
Thou sailest wide to other lands,
E'en sleeping on the wing.
a. LELAND—*Perseverando.*

BAT.

The sun was set; the night came on apace,
And falling dews bewet around the place,
The bat takes airy rounds on leathern wings,
And the hoarse owl his woeful dirges sings.
b. GAY—*Shepherd's Week. Wednesday; or, The Dumps.*

Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight.
c. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 2.

BEACH-BIRD.

Thou little bird, thou dweller by the sea,
Why takest thou its melancholy voice,
And with that boding cry
Along the breakers fly?
d. DANA—*The Little Beach-Bird.*

BLACKBIRD.

And from each hill let music thrill
Give my fair love good morrow,
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow.
e. THOMAS HEYWOOD. 1640.

The birds have ceased their songs,
All save the blackbird, that from yon tall ash,
'Mid Pinkie's greenery, from his mellow throat,
In adoration of the setting sun,
Chants forth his evening hymn.
f. MOIR—*An Evening Sketch.*

A slender young Blackbird built in a thorn-tree:
A spruce little fellow as ever could be;
His bill was so yellow, his feathers so black,
So long was his tail, and so glossy his back,
That good Mrs. B., who sat hatching her eggs,
And only just left them to stretch her poor legs,
And pick for a minute the worm she preferred,
Thought there never was seen such a beautiful bird.
g. D. M. MULOCK—*The Blackbird and the Rooks.*

O Blackbird! sing me something well:
While all the neighbors shoot thee round,
I keep smooth plats of fruitful ground
Where thou may'st warble, eat and dwell.
The espaliers and the standards all
Are thine: the range of lawn and park:
The unnetted black-hearts ripen dark,
All thine against the garden wall.
h. TENNYSON—*The Blackbird.*

How sweet the harmonies of the afternoon!
The Blackbird sings along the sunny breeze
His ancient song of leaves, and summer boon;
Rich breath of hayfields streams thro' whispering trees;
And birds of morning trim their bustling wings,
And listen fondly—while the Blackbird sings.
i. FREDERICK TENNYSON—*The Blackbird.* St. 1.

BLUEBIRD.

"So the Bluebirds have contracted, have they, for a house?
And a nest is under way for little Mr. Wren?
Hush, dear, hush! Be quiet, dear; quiet as a mouse.
These are weighty secrets, and we must whisper them."
j. SUSAN COOLIDGE—*Secrets.*

In the thickets and the meadows
Piped the bluebird, the Owaissa,
On the summit of the lodges
Sang the robin, the Opechee.
k. LONGFELLOW—*Hiawatha.* Pt. XXI.

BOBOLINK.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note;
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat.
l. BRYANT—*Robert of Lincoln.*

Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding-coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest.
m. BRYANT—*Robert of Lincoln.*

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings.
n. BRYANT—*Robert of Lincoln.*

The broad blue mountains lift their brows
Barely to bathe them in the blaze;
The bobolinks from silence rouse
And flash along melodious ways!
o. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD—*Daybreak.*

CANARY.

Thou should'st be carolling thy Maker's praise,
Poor bird! now fetter'd, and here set to draw,
With graceless toil of beak and added claw,
The meagre food that scarce thy want allays!
And this—to gratify the gloating gaze
Of fools, who value Nature not a straw,
But know to prize the intraction of her law
And hard perversion of her creature's ways!
Thee the wild woods await, in leaves attired,
Where notes of liquid utterance should engage
Thy bill, that now with pain scant forage earns.
p. JULIAN FANE—*Poems. Second Edition, with Additional Poems. To a Canary Bird.*

Sing away, ay, sing away,
Merry little bird
Always gayest of the gay,
Though a woodland roundelay
You ne'er sung nor heard ;
Though your life from youth to age
Passes in a narrow cage.
a. D. M. Mulock—*The Canary in his Cage.*

COCK.

Good-morrow to thy sable beak,
And glossy plumage, dark and sleek;
Thy crimson morn and azure eye—
Cock of the heath, so wildly shy !
b. Joanna Baillie—*The Black Cock.* St. 1.

The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the God of day.
c. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 1.

The early village cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn.
d. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 3.

The morning cock crew loud;
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.
e. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

CROW.

To shoot at crows is powder flung away.
f. Gay. Ep. IV. Last line.

Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood.
g. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 2.

The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark.
h. *Merchant of Venice.* Act V. Sc. 1.

CUCKOO.

"Cuckoo—Cuckoo!" no other note,
She sings from day to day;
But I, though a poor cottage-girl,
Can work, and read, and pray.
i. Bowles—*Spring. Cuckoo.* St. 2.

The Attic warbler pours her throat.
Responsive to the cuckoo's note.
j. Gray—*Ode on the Spring.*

Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.
k. John Logan—*To the Cuckoo.*

The Cuckoo then on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he, Cuckoo!
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! O word of fear,
Unpleasing to married ear.
l. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act. V. Sc. 2.

List—'twas the Cuckoo. O with what delight
Heard I that voice ! and catch it now, though faint,
Far off and faint, and melting into air,
Yet not to be mistaken. Hark again!
Those louder cries give notice that the Bird,
Although invisible as Echo's self,
Is wheeling hitherward.
m. Wordsworth—*The Cuckoo at Laverna.*

O blithe New-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice;
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice?
n. Wordsworth—*To the Cuckoo.*

CYGNET.

Cygnets following through the foamy wake,
Picking the leaves of plants, pursuing insects.
o. Montgomery—*Pelican Island.* Canto IV. Line 236.

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death;
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.
p. *King John.* Act V. Sc. 7.

DOVE.

Oh! when 'tis summer weather,
And the yellow bee, with fairy sound,
The waters clear is humming round,
And the cuckoo sings unseen,
And the leaves are waving green—
Oh! then 'tis sweet,
In some retreat,
To hear the murmuring dove,
With those whom on earth alone we love,
And to wind through the greenwood together.
q. Bowles—*The Greenwood.*

The dove returning bore the mark
Of earth restored to the long labouring ark;
The relics of mankind, secure of rest,
Oped every window to receive the guest,
And the fair bearer of the message bless'd.
r. Dryden—*To Her Grace of Ormond.* Line 70.

Listen, sweet Dove, unto my song,
And spread thy golden wings on me;
Hatching my tender heart so long,
Till it get wing, and flie away with thee.
s. Herbert—*The Church. Whitsunday.*

See how that pair of billing doves
With open murmurs own their loves;
And, heedless of censorious eyes,
Pursue their unpolluted joys:
No fears of future want molest
The downy quiet of their nest.
t. Lady Montagu—*Verses. Written in a Garden.* St. 1.

The Dove,
On silver pinions, wing'd her peaceful way.
u. Montgomery—*Pelican Island.* Canto I. Line 173.

Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly,
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling doves.
a. POPE—*Windsor Forest.* Line 185.

So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows.
b. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act I. Sec. 5.

The dove and very blessed spirit of peace.
c. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 1.

I heard a stock-dove sing or say
His homely tale this very day;
His voice was buried among trees,
Yet to be come-at by the breeze:
He did not cease; but cooed—and cooed;
And somewhat pensively he wooed:
He sang of love, with quiet blending,
Slow to begin, and never ending;
Of serious faith, and inward glee;
That was the song,—the song for me!
d. WORDSWORTH.—*O Nightingale! Thou Surely Art.*

EAGLE.

So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft that quivered in his heart.
e. BYRON—*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.* Line 826.

Tho' he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Thro' the azure deep of air.
f. GRAY—*The Progress of Poesy.*

The bird of Jove, stoop'd from his airy tour,
Two birds of gayest plume before him drove.
g. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XI. Line 184.

Bird of the broad and sweeping wing,
Thy home is high in heaven,
Where wide the storm their banners fling,
And the tempest clouds are driven.
h. PERCIVAL—*The Eagle.*

So in the Libyan fable it is told
That once an eagle, stricken with a dart,
Said when he saw the fashion of the shaft,
"With our own feathers, not by other's hands
Are we now smitten."
i. PLUMPTRE'S *Aeschylus.* Fragm. 123.

Little eagles wave their wings in gold—
j. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. V. Line 30.

All furnish'd, all in arms;
All plum'd, like estridges that with the wind
Bated,—like eagles having lately bath'd;
Glittering in golden coats, like images.
k. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act IV. Sc. 1.

But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.
l. *Timon of Athens.* Act I. Sc. 1.

I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spungy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams.
m. *Cymbeline.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby.
n. *Titus Andronicus.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

Around, around, in ceaseless circles wheeling
With clang of wings and scream, the Eagle sailed
Incessantly.
o. SHELLEY—*Revolt of Islam.* Canto I. St. 10.

He clasps the crag with hooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls:
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.
p. TENNYSON—*The Eagle.*

Shall eagles not be eagles? wrens be wrens?
If all the world were falcons, what of that?
The wonder of the eagle were the less,
But he not less the eagle.
q. TENNYSON—*The Golden Year.* Line 37.

The eagle, with wings strong and free,
Builds her home with the flags in the towering crags
That o'erhang the white foam of the sea.
r. JOHN H. YATES—*A Song of Home.*

ESTRIDGE.

All furnish'd, all in arms;
All plum'd, like estridges that wing the wind
Bated, like eagles having lately bath'd;
Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
Wanton as the youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
s. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act IV. Sc. 1.

FALCON.

I know a falcon swift and peerless
As e'er was cradled in the pine;
No bird had ever eye so fearless,
Or wing so strong as this of mine.
t. LOWELL—*The Falcon.*

Will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?
Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?
u. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. III. Line 53.

A falcon tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.
v. *Macbeth.* Act II. Sc. 4.

My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty;
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
a. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

FOWL, WILD.

The wildfowl nestled in the brake
And sedges, brooding in their liquid bed.
b. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto XIII. St. 57.

GOLDFINCH.

A goldfinch there I saw, with gaudy pride
Of painted plumes, that hopped from side to side.
c. Dryden—*The Flower and the Leaf.* Line 106.

GOOSE.

As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky.
d. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act III. Sc. 2.

GULL, SEA.

Lack-lustre eye, and idle wing,
And smirchéd breast that skims no more,
White as the foam itself, the wave—
Hast thou not even a grave
Upon the dreary shore,
Forlorn, forsaken thing?
e. D. M. Mulock—*A Dead Sea-Gull.*

HAWK.

The winds are pillow'd on the waveless deep,
And from the curtain'd sky the midnight moon
Looks sombred o'er the forest depths, that sleep
Unstirring, while a soft, melodious tune
Nature's own voice, the lapsing stream, is heard,
And ever and anon th' unseen, night-wandering bird.
f. Moir—*The Night Hawk.*

Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark.
g. *Taming of the Shrew.* *Induction.* Sc. 2.

JAY.

What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
h. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

KINGFISHER.

She rears her young on yonder tree;
She leaves her faithful mate to mind 'em;
Like us, for fish, she sails to sea,
And, plunging, shows us where to find 'em.
Yo, ho, my hearts! let's seek the deep,
Ply every oar, and cheerly wish her,
While the slow bending net we sweep,
God bless the Fish-bank and the fisher!
i. Alexander Wilson—*The Fisherman's Hymn.*

LAPWING.

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.
j. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 1.

LARK.

Oh, stay, sweet warbling woodlark, stay,
Nor quit for me the trembling spray;
A hapless lover courts thy lay,
Thy soothing, fond complaining.

* * * * * *

Thou tells o' never-ending care,
O' speechless grief and dark despair:
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!
Or my poor heart is broken!
k. Burns—*Address to the Woodlark.* Sts. 1 and 4.

The lark, that holds observance to the sun,
Quaver'd his clear notes in the quiet air,
And on the river's murmuring base did run,
Whilst the pleas'd Heavens her fairest livery wears.
l. Drayton—*Legend of the Duke of Buckingham.* Line 1.

Bird of the wilderness
Blithesome and cumberless
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place.
m. Hogg—*The Skylark.*

Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!
Then, when the gloaming comes
Low in the heather blooms
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!
n. Hogg—*The Skylark.*

Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed.
o. Hurdis—*The Village Curate.*

None but the lark so shrill and clear;
Now at heaven's gate she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.
p. Lyly—*The Songs of Birds.*

Hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull Night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise.
q. Milton—*L'Allegro.* Line 41.

The bird that sings on highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest:
In lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath humility.
r. Montgomery—*Humility.*

I said to the sky poised Lark:
"Hark—hark!
Thy note is more loud and free
Because there lies safe for thee
A little nest on the ground."
s. D. M. Mulock—*A Rhyme About Birds.*

No more the mounting larks, while Daphne sings,
Shall, list'ning in midair suspend their wings.
a. POPE—*Winter.* Line 53.

O earliest singer! O care-charming bird!
Married to morning, by a sweeter hymn
Than priest e'er chanted from his cloister dim
At midnight,—or veiled virgin's holier word
At sunrise or the paler evening heard.
b. PROCTER—*The Flood of Thessaly.*

O happy skylark springing
Up to the broad, blue sky,
Too fearless in thy winging,
Too gladsome in thy singing,
Thou also soon shalt lie
Where no sweet notes are ringing.
c. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*Gone Forever.* St 2.

The sunrise wakes the lark to sing.
d. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*Bird Raptures.* Line 1.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies.
e. *Cymbeline*—Act II. Sc. 3. *Song.*

It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
f. *Romeo amd Juliet.* Act III. Sc. 5.

It was the lark, the herald of the morn.
g. *Romeo and Juliet*—Act III. Sc. 5.

Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty.
h. *Venus and Adonis*—Line 853.

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.
i. *Hamlet*—Act I. Sc. 1.

Then my dial goes not true; I took the lark for a bunting.
j. *All's Well That Ends Well*—Act II. Sc. 5.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!
k. SHELLEY—*To a Skylark.*

Day had awakened all things that be,
The larks and the thrush and the swallow free,
And the milkmaid's song, and the mower's scythe,
And the matin-bell, and the mountain bee.
l. SHELLEY—*The Boat on the Serchio.*

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.
m. SHELLEY—*To a Skylark.*

Up springs the lark,
Shrill-voiced and loud, the messenger of morn;
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations.
n. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 587.

The lark sung loud; the music at his heart
Had called him early; upward straight he went,
And bore in nature's quire the merriest part,
As to the lake's broad shore my steps I bent.
o. CHARLES (TENNYSON) TURNER—*Sonnet. An April Day.*

The lark that shuns on lofty boughs to build
Her humble nest, lies silent in the field.
p. WALLER—*Of the Queen.*

Come, let us seek the dewy lawns,
And watch the early lark arise.
q. WHITE—*Pastoral Song.*

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest, which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still!
r. WORDSWORTH—*To a Skylark.*

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine:
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine:
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam:
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!
s. WORDSWORTH—*To a Skylark.*

Thou hast a nest, for thy love and thy rest,
And, though little troubled with sloth,
Drunken lark! thou wouldst be loth
To be such a traveller as I.
t. WORDSWORTH—*To a Skylark.*

LINNET.

Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own, and raptures swell the note.
a. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. III. Line 33.

I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing.
b. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. XXI.

Linnets * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * sit
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock.
c. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Autumn.* Line 974.

Hail to Thee, far above the rest
In joy of voice and pinion!
Thou, Linnet! in thy green array,
Presiding Spirit here to-day,
Dost lead the revels of the May;
And this is thy dominion.
d. WORDSWORTH—*The Green Linnet.*

MARTLET.

The martlet
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
e. *Merchant of Venice.* Act II. Sc. 9.

This guest of Summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here; no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made its pendent bed, and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd,
The air is delicate.
f. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 6.

MOCKING-BIRD.

Then from the neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen.
g. LONGFELLOW—*Evangeline.* Pt. II.

Living echo, bird of eve,
Hush thy wailing, cease to grieve;
Pretty warbler, wake the grove,
To notes of joy, to songs of love.
h. THOMAS MORTON—*Pretty Mocking-bird.*

Winged mimic of the woods! thou motley fool!
Who shall thy gay buffoonery describe?
Thine ever-ready notes of ridicule
Pursue thy fellows still with jest and jibe:
Wit, sophist, songster, Yorick of thy tribe,
Thou sportive satirist of Nature's school;
To thee the palm of scoffing we ascribe,
Arch-mocker and mad abbot of misrule!
i. WILDE—*Sonnet. To the Mocking-bird.*

NIGHTINGALE.

Hark! ah, the nightingale—
The tawny-throated!
Hark from that moonlit cedar what a burst!
What triumph! hark!—what pain!
* * * * * * * *
Listen, Eugenia—
How thick the bursts come crowding through the leaves!
Again—thou hearest?—
Eternal passion!
Eternal pain!
j. MATTHEW ARNOLD—*Philomela.* Line 1.

As nightingales do upon glow-worms feed,
So poets live upon the living light.
k. PHILIP J. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Home.*

It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lov'rs' vows
Seem sweet in every whisper'd word.
l. BYRON—*Parisina.* St. 1.

"Most musical, most melancholy" bird!
A melancholy bird! Oh, idle thought!
In nature there is nothing melancholy.
m. COLERIDGE—*The Nightingale.* Line 13.

'Tis the merry Nightingale
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul
Of all its music!
n. COLERIDGE—*The Nightingale.* Line 43.

Sweet bird that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past or coming void of care,
Well pleaséd with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet smelling flowers.
o. DRUMMOND—*Sonnet. The Nightingale.*

Like a wedding-song all-melting
Sings the nightingale, the dear one.
p. HEINE—*Book of Songs. Donna Clara.*

The nightingale appear'd the first,
And as her melody she sang,
The apple into blossom burst,
To life the grass and violets sprang.
q. HEINE—*Book of Songs. New Spring.* No. 9.

The nightingales are singing
On leafy perch aloft.
r. HEINE—*Book of Songs. New Spring.* No. 5.

The nightingale's sweet music
Fills the air and leafy bowers.
s. HEINE—*Book of Songs. New Spring.* No. 31.

Adieu! Adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?
t. KEATS—*To a Nightingale.*

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown.
a. KEATS—*To a Nightingale.*

Where the nightingale doth sing
Not a senseless, tranced thing,
But divine melodious truth.
b. KEATS—*To the Poets.*

To the red rising moon, and loud and deep
The nightingale is singing from the steep.
c. LONGFELLOW—*Keats.*

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still;
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill
While the jolly Hours lead on propitious May.
d. MILTON—*Sonnet. To the Nightingale.*

Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical most melancholy!
Thee, chantress, oft, the woods among,
I woo, to hear thy evening-song.
e. MILTON—*Il Penseroso.* Line 61.

Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day;
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love;
f. MILTON—*Sonnet. To the Nightingale.*

The nightingale now wanders in the vines:
Her passion is to seek roses.
g. LADY MONTAGU.

The bird that sings on highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest:
In lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath humility.
h. MONTGOMERY—*Humility.*

I said to the Nightingale;
"Hail, all hail!
Pierce with thy trill the dark,
Like a glittering music-spark,
When the earth grows pale and dumb."
i. D. M. MULOCK—*A Rhyme About Birds.*

Yon nightingale, whose strain so sweetly flows,
Mourning her ravish'd young or much-loved mate,
A soothing charm o'er all the valleys throws
And skies, with notes well tuned to her sad state.
j. PETRARCH—*To Laura in Death. Sonnet XLVII.*

Hark! that's the nightingale,
Telling the self-same tale
Her song told when this ancient earth was young:
So echoes answered when her song was sung
In the first wooded vale.
k. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*Twilight Calm.* St. 7.

Make haste to mount, thou wistful moon,
Make haste to wake the nightingale:
Let silence set the world in tune
To harken to that wordless tale
Which warbles from the nightingale.
l. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*Bird Raptures.* St. 2.

The sunrise wakes the lark to sing,
The moonrise wakes the nightingale.
Come darkness, moonrise, everything
That is so silent, sweet, and pale:
Come, so ye wake the nightingale.
m. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*Bird Raptures.* St. 1.

The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection!
n. *Merchant of Venice.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.
o. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act. III. Sc. 5.

One nightingale in an interfluous wood
Satiate the hungry dark with melody.
p. SHELLEY—*The Woodman and the Nightingale.*

O Nightingale,
Cease from thy enamoured tale.
q. SHELLEY—*Scenes from "Magico Prodigioso."* Sc. 3.

Lend me your song, ye nightingales! O, pour
The mazy-running soul of melody
Into my varied verse!
r. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 573.

O honey-throated warbler of the grove!
That in the glooming woodland art so proud
Of answering thy sweet mates in soft or loud,
Thou dost not own a note we do not love.
s. CHARLES (TENNYSON) TURNER—*Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces. To the Nightingale.*

The rose looks out in the valley,
And thither will I go,
To the rosy vale, where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.
t. GIL VICENTE—*The Nightingale.*

—Under the linden,
On the meadow,
Where our bed arranged was,
—There now you may find e'en
In the shadow
Broken flowers and crushed grass.
—Near the woods, down in the vale,
Tandaradi!
Sweetly sang the nightingale.
u. WALTER VON DER VOGELWEIDE—*Trans. in The Minnesinger of Germany. Under the Linden*

OWL.

The large white owl that with eye is blind,
That hath sate for years in the old tree hollow,
Is carried away in a gust of wind!
a. E. B. Browning—*Isobel's Child.* St. 19.

The Roman senate, when within
The city walls an owl was seen,
Did cause their clergy, with lustrations
* * * * * *
The round-fac'd prodigy t' avert,
From doing town or country hurt.
b. Butler—*Hudibras.* Pt. II. Canto III. Line 709.

In the hollow tree, in the old gray tower,
The spectral Owl doth dwell;
Dull, hated, despised in the sunshine hour,
But at dusk he's abroad and well!
Not a bird of the forest e'er mates with him—
All mock him outright, by day;
But at night, when the woods grow still and dim,
The boldest will shrink away!
Oh, when the night falls, and roosts the fowl,
Then, then, is the reign of the Horned Owl!
c. Barry Cornwall—*The Owl.*

The startled bats flew out—bird after bird—
The screech-owl overhead began to flutter,
And seem'd to mock the cry that she had heard
Some dying victim utter.
d. Hood—*The Haunted House.* Pt. II. St. 2.

St. Agnes' Eve—ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold.
e. Keats—*The Eve of St. Agnes.*

The screech-owl, with ill-boding cry,
Portends strange things, old women say
Stops every fool that passes by,
And frights the school-boy from his play.
f. Lady Montagu—*The Politicians.* St. 4.

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good night.
g. *Macbeth.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note.
h. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act V. Sc. 2. *Song.*

The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits.
i. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act II. Sc. 3.

O thou precious owl!
The wise Minerva's only fowl.
j. Sir Philip Sidney—*A Remedy for Love.*

When cats run home and light is come,
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round,
And the whirring sail goes round;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.
k. Tennyson—*Song. The Owl.*

The lady Cynthia, mistress of the shade,
Goes, with the fashionable owls, to bed.
l. Young—*Love of Fame.* Satire V. Line 209.

BIRD OF PARADISE.

Those golden birds that, in the spice time drop
About the gardens, drunk with that sweet food
Whose scent hath lur'd them o'er the summer flood;
And those that under Araby's soft sun
Build their high nests of budding cinnamon.
m. Moore—*Lalla Rookh. The Veiled Prophet of Korassan.*

PARTRIDGE.

Ah, nut-brown partridges! Ah, brilliant pheasants!
And ah, ye poachers!—'Tis no sport for peasants.
n. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto XIII. St. 75.

Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unblooded beak?
o. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 2.

PEACOCK.

For everything seem'd resting on his nod,
As they could read in all eyes. Now to them,
Who were accustom'd, as a sort of god,
To see the sultan, rich in many a gem,
Like an imperial peacock stalk abroad
(That royal bird, whose tail's a diadem,)
With all the pomp of power, it was a doubt
How power could condescend to do without.
p. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto VII. St. 74.

To frame the little animal, provide
All the gay hues that wait on female pride:
Let Nature guide thee; sometimes golden wire
The shining bellies of the fly require;
The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,
Nor the dear purchase of the sable's tale.
q. Gay—*Rural Sports.* Canto I. Line 177.

To Paradise, the Arabs say,
Satan could never find the way
Until the peacock led him in.
r. Leland—*The Peacock.*

PELICAN.

Nature's prime favourites were the Pelicans;
High-fed, long-lived, and sociable and free.
a. MONTGOMERY—*Pelican Island.* Canto V. Line 144.

Nimbly they seized and secreted their prey,
Alive and wriggling in the elastic net,
Which nature hung beneath their grasping beaks;
Till, swol'n with captures, the unwieldy burden
Clogg'd their slow flight, as heavily to land,
These mighty hunters of the deep return'd.
There on the cragged cliffs they perch'd at ease,
Gorging their hapless victims one by one;
Then full and weary, side by side, they slept,
Till evening roused them to the chase again.
b. MONTGOMERY—*The Pelican Island.* Canto IV. Line 141.

The nursery of brooding Pelicans,
The dormitory of their dead, had vanish'd,
And all the minor spots of rock and verdure,
The abodes of happy millions, were no more.
c. MONTGOMERY—*Pelican Island.* Canto VI. Line 74.

PHEASANT.

See, from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
d. POPE—*Windsor Forest.* Line 113.

PIGEON.

Wood-pigeons cooed there, stock-doves nestled there;
My trees were full of songs and flowers and fruit,
Their branches spread a city to the air.
e. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*From House to Home.* St. 7.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed.
f. SHENSTONE—*A Pastoral.* Part II. *Hope.*

On the cross-beam under the Old South bell
The nest of a pigeon is builded well.
In summer and winter that bird is there,
Out and in with the morning air.
g. WILLIS—*The Belfry Pigeon.*

'Tis a bird I love, with its brooding note,
And the trembling throb in its mottled throat;
There's a human look in its swelling breast,
And the gentle curve of its lowly crest;
And I often stop with the fear I feel—
He runs so close to the rapid wheel.
h. WILLIS—*The Belfry Pigeon.*

QUAIL.

The song-birds leave us at the summer's close,
Only the empty nests are left behind,
And pipings of the quail among the sheaves.
i. LONGFELLOW—*The Harvest Moon.*

RAVEN.

The raven once in snowy plumes was drest,
White as the whitest dove's unsully'd breast,
Fair as the guardian of the Capitol,
Soft as the swan; a large and lovely fowl;
His tongue, his prating tongue had chang'd him quite
To sooty blackness from the purest white.
j. ADDISON—*Translations. Ovid's Metamorphoses. Story of Coronis.*

The raven was screeching, the leaves fast fell,
The sun gazed cheerlessly down on the sight.
k. HEINE—*Book of Songs. Lyrical Interludes.* No. 26.

And the Raven, never flitting,
Still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas
Just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming
Of a demon that is dreaming
And the lamplight o'er him streaming
Throws the shadow on the floor
And my soul from out that shadow
That lies floating on the floor,
Shall be lifted—never more.
l. POE—*The Raven.* St. 18.

Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
m. *Titus Andronicus.* Act III. Sc. 1.

O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infectious house,
Boding to all.
n. *Othello.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.
o. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements.
p. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 5.

ROBIN.

Poor Robin sits and sings alone,
When showers of driving sleet,
By the cold winds of winter blown,
The cottage casement beat.
q. BOWLES—*Winter. Redbreast.*

The wood-robin sings at my door,
And her song is the sweetest I hear
From all the sweet birds that incessantly pour
Their notes through the noon of the year.
r. JAMES G. CLARKE—*The Wood Robin.*

The redbreast oft, at evening hours,
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gathered flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.
a. William Collins—*Odes. Dirge in Cymbeline.*

There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
The Redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And light footsteps lightly print the ground.
b. Gray—*Elegy.* Last St. (*Early Edition.*)

Bearing His cross, while Christ passed forth forlorn,
His God-like forehead by the mock crown torn,
A little bird took from that crown one thorn.
To soothe the dear Redeemer's throbbing head,
That bird did what she could; His blood 'tis said,
Down dropping, dyed her tender bosom red.
Since then no wanton boy disturbs her nest;
Weasel nor wild cat will her young molest;
All sacred deem the bird of ruddy breast.
c. Hoskyns-Abrahall—*The Redbreast. A Briton Legend. In English Lyrics.*

The sobered robin, hunger-silent now,
Seeks cedar-berries blue, his autumn cheer.
d. Lowell—*An Indian Summer Reverie.*

Poor robin, driven in by rain-storms wild
To lie submissive under household hands
With beating heart that no love understands,
And scaréd eye, like a child
Who only knows that he is all alone
And summer's gone.
e. D. M. Mulock—*Summer Gone.* St. 2.

On fair Brittannia's isle, bright bird,
A legend strange is told of thee,—
'Tis said thy blithesome song was hushed
While Christ toiled up Mount Calvary,
Bowed 'neath the sins of all mankind;
And humbled to the very dust
By the vile cross, while viler man
Mocked with a crown of thorns the Just.
Pierced by our sorrows, and weighed down
By our transgressions,—faint, and weak,
Crushed by an angry Judge's frown,
And agonies no word can speak,—
'Twas then, dear bird, the legend says
That thou, from out His crown, didst tear
The thorns, to lighten the distress,
And ease the pain that he must bear,
While pendant from thy tiny beak
The gory points thy bosom pressed,
And crimsoned with thy Saviour's blood
The sober brownness of thy breast!
Since which proud hour for thee and thine,
As an especial sign of grace
God pours like sacramental wine
Red signs of favor o'er thy race!
f. Delle W. Norton—*To the Robin Redbreast.*

The Robin-red-breast till of late had rest,
And children sacred held a Martin's nest.
g. Pope—*Second Book of Horace.* Satire II. Line 37.

They'll come again to the apple tree—
Robin and all the rest—
When the orchard branches are fair to see
In the snow of the blossoms dressed,
And the prettiest thing in the world will be
The building of the nest.
h. Margaret E. Sangster—*The Building of the Nest.*

The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets, leaves
His shivering mates and pays to trusted man
His annual visit.
i. Thomson—*The Seasons. Winter.* Line 246.

Call for the robin-red-breast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
j. John Webster—*The White Devil; or, Vittoria Corombona. A Dirge.*

Each morning, when my waking eyes first see,
Through the wreathed lattice, golden day appear,
There sits a robin on the old elm-tree,
And with such stirring music fills my ear,
I might forget that life had pain or fear,
And feel again as I was wont to do,
When hope was young, and life itself were new.
k. Anna Maria Wells—*The Old Elm Tree.*

Art thou the bird whom Man loves best,
The pious bird with the scarlet breast,
Our little English robin;
The bird that comes about our doors
When Autumn winds are sobbing?
l. Wordsworth—*The Redbreast Chasing the Butterfly.*

Now when the primrose makes a splendid show,
And lilies face the March-winds in full blow,
And humbler growths as moved with one desire
Put on, to welcome spring, their best attire,
Poor Robin is yet flowerless; but how gay
With his red stalks upon this sunny day!
m. Wordsworth—*Poor Robin.*

Stay, little cheerful Robin! stay,
And at my casement sing,
Though it should prove a farewell lay
And this our parting spring.
* * * * * * *
Then, little Bird, this boon confer,
Come, and my requiem sing,
Nor fail to be the harbinger
Of everlasting Spring.
n. Wordsworth—*To a Redbreast. In Sickness.*

ROOK.

Those Rooks, dear, from morning till night
They seem to do nothing but quarrel and fight,
And wrangle and jangle, and plunder.
a. D. M. Mulock—*Thirty Years. The Blackbird and the Rooks.*

The building rook'ill caw from the windy tall elm-tree.
b. Tennyson—*The May Queen. New Year's Eve.*

The rook who high amid the boughs
In early Spring, his airy city builds,
And ceaseless caws amusive.
c. Thomson—*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 765.

SEA-BIRD.

Hush! a young sea-bird floats, and that quick cry
Shrieks to the levelled weapon's echoing sound:
Grasp its lank wing, and on, with reckless bound!
Yet, creature of the surf, a sheltering breast
To-night shall haunt in vain thy far-off nest,
A call unanswered search the rocky ground.
d. Hawker—*Records of the Western Shore. Pater Vester Pascit Illa.*

Between two seas the sea-bird's wing makes halt,
Wind-weary; while with lifting head he waits
For breath to reinspire him from the gates
That open still toward sunrise on the vault
High-domed of morning.
e. Swinburne—*Songs of the Spring-Tides.*

SEDGE-BIRD.

Fixed in a white-thorn bush, its summer guest,
So low, e'en grass o'er-topped its tallest twig,
A sedge-bird built its little benty nest,
Close by the meadow pool and wooden brig.
f. Clare—*The Rural Muse. Poems. The Sedge-Bird's Nest.*

SPARROW.

Blithe wanderer of the wintry air,
Now here, now there, now everywhere,
Quick drifting to and fro,
A cheerful life devoid of care,
A shadow on the snow.
g. George W. Bungay—*The English Sparrow.*

In thy own sermon, thou
That the sparrow falls dost allow,
It shall not cause me any alarm,
For neither so comes the bird to harm,
Seeing our Father, thou hast said,
Is by the sparrow's dying bed;
Therefore it is a blessed place,
And the sparrow in high grace.
h. George MacDonald—*Paul Faber. Consider the Ravens.* Ch. XXI.

The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud
Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be.
i. Longfellow—*The Birds of Killingworth.* St. 2.

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young.
j. *King Lear.* Act I. Sc. 4.

Behold, within the leafy shade,
Those bright blue eggs together laid!
On me the chance-discovered sight
Gleamed like a vision of delight.
k. Wordsworth—*The Sparrow's Nest.*

SWALLOW.

The little comer's coming, the comer o'er the sea,
The comer of the summer, all the sunny days to be.
l. Thomas Aird—*The Swallow.*

Down comes rain drop, bubble follows;
On the house top one by one
Flock the synagogue of swallows,
Met to vote that autumn's gone.
m. Theophile Gautier—*Life, a Bubble. A Bird's-Eye View Thereof.* Trans. F. M.

When Jesus hung upon the cross
The birds, 'tis said, bewailed the loss
Of Him who first to mortals taught,
Guiding with love the life of all,
And heeding e'en the sparrows' fall.

But, as old Swedish legends say,
Of all the birds upon that day,
The swallow felt the deepest grief,
And longed to give her Lord relief,
And chirped when any near would come,
'*Hugswala swala swal honom!*'
Meaning, as they who tell it deem,
Oh, cool, oh, cool and comfort Him!
n. Leland—*The Swallow.*

I said to the little Swallow:
Who'll follow?
Out of thy nest in the eaves
Under the ivy leaves.
o. D. M. Mulock—*A Rhyme about Birds*

It's surely summer, for there's a swallow:
Come one swallow, his mate will follow,
The bird race quicken and wheel and thicken.
p. Christina G. Rossetti—*A Bird Song.* St. 2.

There goes the swallow,—
Could we but follow!
Hasty swallow stay,
Point us out the way;
Look back swallow, turn back swallow, stop swallow.
q. Christina G. Rossetti—*Songs in a Cornfield.* St. 7.

The swallow twitters about the eaves;
Blithely she sings, and sweet, and clear;
Around her climb the woodbine leaves
In a golden atmosphere.
a. CELIA THAXTER—*The Swallow.* St. 1.

The swallow sweeps
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house.
b. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 651.

SWAN.

And over the pond are sailing
Two swans all white as snow;
Sweet voices mysteriously wailing
Pierce through me as onward they go.
They sail along, and a ringing
Sweet melody rises on high,
And when the swans begin singing,
They presently must die.
c. HEINE—*Early Poems. Evening Songs.* No. 2.

The swan in the pool is singing,
And up and down doth he steer,
And, singing gently ever,
Dips under the water clear.
d. HEINE—*Book of Songs. Lyrical Interlude.* No. 64.

The swan, like the soul of the poet,
By the dull world is ill understood.
e. HEINE—*Early Poems. Evening Songs.* No. 3.

The swan with arched neck
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her state with oary feet.
f MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VII. Line 438.

The white swan, as he lies on the wet grass, when the
Fates summon him, sing at the fords of Mæander.
g. RILEY'S *Ovid.* Ep. VII.

All the water in the ocean,
Can never turn a swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
h. *Titus Andronicus.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.
i. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act. I. Sc. 4.

The swan's down feather,
That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.
j. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act III. Sc. 2.

The stately-sailing swan
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale;
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier-isle,
Protective of his young.
k. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 775.

THROSTLE.

The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill.
l. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act II. Sc. 1.

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher:
Come forth into the light of things,
Let nature be your teacher.
m. WORDSWORTH—*The Tables Turned.*

THRUSH.

Within a thick and spreading hawthorn bush
That overhung a molehill large and round,
I heard from morn to morn a merry thrush
Sing hymns of rapture, while I drank the sound
With joy—and oft an unintruding guest,
I watch'd her secret toils from day to day;
How true she warp'd the moss to form her nest,
And modell'd it within with wood and clay.
n. CLARE—*The Thrush's Nest.*

I said to the brown, brown Thrush:
"Hush—hush!
Through the wood's full strains I hear
Thy monotone deep and clear,
Like a sound amid sounds most fine."
o. D. M. MULOCK—*A Rhyme About Birds.*

There the thrushes
Sing till latest sunlight flushes
In the west.
p. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*Sound Sleep.* St. 2.

When rosy plumelets tuft the larch,
And rarely pipes the mounted thrush.
q. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. XC.

At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,
Hangs a Thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three years.
r. WORDSWORTH—*Reverie of Poor Susan.*

WHIP-POOR-WILL.

All day in silence thou dost hide,
At eve thy call is drifted wide,
Scarce melody, a tender trill,
And sad, oh, strange, wild whip-poor-will.
s. MARIE LE BARON—*The Whip-Poor-Will.*

Where deep and misty shadows float
In forests depths is heard thy note.
Like a lost spirit, earthbound still,
Art thou, mysterious whip-poor-will.
t. MARIE LE BARON—*The Whip-Poor-Will.*

But the whip-poor-will wails on the moor.
And day has deserted the west:
The moon glimmers down thro' the vines at my door
And the robin has flown to her nest.
u. JAMES G. CLARKE—*The Wood-Robin.*

WHITE-THROAT.

The happy white-throat on the swaying bough,
Rocked by the impulse of the gadding wind
That ushers in the showers of April, now
Carols right joyously; and now reclined,
Crouching, she clings close to her moving seat,
To keep her hold.

c. CLARE—*The Rural Muse. Poems. The Happy Bird.*

WREN.

I took the wren's nest;—
Heaven forgive me!
Its merry architects so small
Had scarcely finished their wee hall,
That, empty still, and neat and fair,
Hung idly in the summer air.

b. D. M. MULOCK—*The Wren's Nest.*

The poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.

c. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Among the dwellings framed by birds
In field or forest with nice care,
Is none that with the little Wren's
In snugness may compare.

d. WORDSWORTH—*A Wren's Nest.*

YELLOW-BIRD.

Yellow-bird, where did you learn that song,
Perched on the trellis where grape-vines clamber,
In and out fluttering, all day long,
With your golden breast bedropping with amber?

e. CELIA THAXTER—*Yellow-Bird.*

BIRTHDAY.

My birthday!—"How many years ago?
Twenty or thirty?" Don't ask me!
"Forty or fifty?"—How can I tell?
I do not remember my birth, you see!

f. JULIA C. R. DORR—*My Birthday.*

A birthday:—and now a day that rose
With much of hope, with meaning rife—
A thoughtful day from dawn to close:
The middle day of human life.

g. JEAN INGELOW—*A Birthday Walk.*

I am old, so old, I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no better;
They are only one times one.

h. JEAN INGELOW—*Songs of Seven. Seven Times One.*

Show me your nest with the young ones in it;
I will not steal them away;
I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet—
I am seven times one to-day.

i. JEAN INGELOW—*Songs of Seven. Seven Times One.*

As this auspicious day began the race
Of ev'ry virtue join'd with ev'ry grace;
May you, who own them, welcome its return,
Till excellence, like yours, again is born.
The years we wish, will half your charms impair;
The years we wish, the better half will spare,
The victims of your eyes will bleed no more,
But all the beauties of your mind adore.

j. JEFFERY—*Miscellanies. To a Lady on her Birthday.*

This is my birthday, and a happier one was never mine.

k. LONGFELLOW—*The Divine Tragedy. The Second Passover.* Pt. II.

Believing hear, what you deserve to hear:
Your birthday, as my own, to me is dear.
Blest and distinguish'd days! which we should prize
The first, the kindest, bounty of the skies.
But yours gives most; for mine did only lend
Me to the world, yours gave to me a friend.

l. MARTIAL—IX. 53.

Every anniversary of a birthday is the dispelling of a dream.

m. ZSCHOKKE.

BLESSINGS.

'Tis not for mortals always to be blest.

n. ARMSTRONG—*Art of Preserving Health.* Bk. IV. Line 260.

Blessings star forth forever; but a curse
Is like a cloud—it passes.

o. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Hades.*

Blest
Is he whose heart is the home of the great dead,
And their great thoughts.

p. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *A Village Feast.*

God bless you! I have nothing to tell, sir.

q. CANNING—*The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder.*

For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.

r. CONGREVE—*The Mourning Bride.* Act V. Sc. 7.

What is remote and difficult of success we are apt to overrate; what is really best for us lies always within our reach, though often overlooked.

s. LONGFELLOW—*Kavanagh.* Ch. XXX.

A man's best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet.

t. RICH. MONCKTON MILNES—*The Men of Old.*

The blest to-day is as completely so,
As who began a thousand years ago.
a. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 75.

God bless the King! God bless the faith's defender!
God bless—No harm in blessing the Pretender,
Who that Pretender is, and who that King——
God bless us all!—Is quite another thing.
b. Scott—*Redgauntlet.* Ch. VII.

Jove bless thee, master parson.
c. *Twelfth Night.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew.
d. *Cymbeline.* Act V. Sc. 5.

Like birds, whose beauties languish half concealed,
Till, mounted on the wing, their glossy plumes
Expanded, shine with azure, green and gold;
How blessings brighten as they take their flight.
e. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 599.

BLINDNESS.

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrevocably dark! total eclipse,
Without one hope of day.
f. Milton—*Samson Agonistes.* Line 80.

He that is stricken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.
g. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act I. Sc. 1.

And when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!
h. Wordsworth—*Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have Frowned.*

BLISS.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind.
i. Goldsmith—*The Traveller.* Line 423.

The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
Chastis'd by sabler tints of woe.
j. Gray—*Ode on the Pleasure arising from Vicissitude.* Line 45.

But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now.
k. Milton—*Comus.* Line 262.

I know I am—that simplest bliss
The millions of my brothers miss.
I know the fortune to be born,
Even to the meanest wretch they scorn.
l. Bayard Taylor—*Prince Denkalion.* Act IV.

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very Heaven!
m. Wordsworth—*The Prelude.* Bk. XI.

BLUSHES.

Blushed like the waves of hell.
n. Byron—*The Devil's Drive.* St. 5.

Pure friendship's well-feigned blush.
o. Byron—*Stanzas to Her who can Best Understand Them.* St. 12.

'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone which fades so fast,
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself be past.
p. Byron—*Stanzas for Music.*

A blush is no language: only a dubious flag-signal which may mean either of two contradictories.
q. George Eliot—*Daniel Deronda.* Bk. V. Ch. XXXV.

Such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.
r. Hood—*Ruth.*

Mantling on the maiden's cheek
Young roses kindled into thought.
s. Moore—*Evenings in Greece.* Evening II. *Song.*

And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus.
t. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Come, quench your blushes; and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast.
u. *A Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions start
Into her face; a thousand innocent shames,
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes.
v. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act. IV. Sc. 1.

I have no one to blush with me,
To cross their arms and hang their heads with mine.
w. *The Rape of Lucrece.* Line 792.

I will go wash;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush or no.
x. *Coriolanus.* Act I. Sc. 9.

Prolixious blushes that banish what they sue for.
y. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Two red fires in both their faces blazed;
She thought he blush'd, * * * *
And blushing with him, wistly on him gazed.
z. *The Rape of Lucrece.* Line 1354.

Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so betrayed.
a. *The Passionate Pilgrim.* Pt. XIX. Line 53.

How pretty
Her blushing was, and how she blush'd again.
b. TENNYSON—*The Princess.* Pt. III. Line 83.

The man that blushes, is not quite a brute.
c. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night VII. Line 496.

BOATING.

Spread the thin oar and catch the driving gale.
d. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. III. Line 177.

The oars were silver:
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke.
e. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act II. Sc. 2.

BOOKS.

Books are the legacies that a great genius leaves to mankind, which are delivered down from generation to generation, as presents to the posterity of those who are yet unborn.
f. ADDISON—*The Spectator.* No. 166.

One cannot celebrate books sufficiently. After saying his best, still something better remains to be spoken in their praise.
g. ALCOTT—*Table-Talk.* Bk. I. *Learning-Books.*

That is a good book which is opened with expectation and closed with profit.
h. ALCOTT—*Table-Talk.* Bk. I. *Learning-Books.*

The books that charmed us in youth recall the delight ever afterwards; we are hardly persuaded there are any like them, any deserving equally our affections. Fortunate if the best fall in our way during this susceptible and forming period of our lives.
i. ALCOTT—*Table-Talk.* Bk. I. *Learning-Books.*

Books are delightful when prosperity happily smiles; when adversity threatens, they are inseparable comforters. They give strength to human compacts, nor are grave opinions brought forward without books. Arts and sciences, the benefits of which no mind can calculate, depend upon books.
j. RICHARD AUNGERVYLE (Richard De Bury)—*Philobiblon.*

You, O Books, are the golden vessels of the temple, the arms of the clerical militia with which the missiles of the most wicked are destroyed; fruitful olives, vines of Engaddi, fig-trees knowing no sterility; burning lamps to be ever held in the hand.
k. RICHARD AUNGERVYLE (Richard De Bury)—*Philobiblon.*

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.
l. BACON—*Essay. Of Studies.*

The images of men's wits and knowledges remain in books, exempted from the wrong of time, and capable of perpetual renovation.
m. BACON—*Advancement of Learning.* Bk. I. *Advantages of Learning.*

They are true friends, that will neither flatter nor dissemble: be you but true to yourself, applying that which they teach unto the party grieved, and you shall need no other comfort nor counsel.
n. BACON—*An Expostulation to the Lord Chief-Justice Coke.*

Worthy books
Are not companions—they are solitudes:
We lose ourselves in them and all our cares.
o. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *A Village Feast.*

Books are life-long friends whom we come to love and know as we do our children.
p. S. L. BOARDMAN—*Library Economy.*

Books are embalmed minds.
q. BOVEE—*Summaries of Thought.* *Books.*

Books, books, books!
I found the secret of a garret-room
Piled high with cases in my father's name;
Piled high, packed large,—where, creeping in and out
Among the giant fossils of my past,
Like some small nimble mouse between the ribs
Of a mastadon, I nibbled here and there
At this or that box, pulling through the gap,
In heats of terror, haste, victorious joy,
The first book first. And how I felt it beat
Under my pillow, in the morning's dark,
An hour before the sun would let me read!
My books!
At last, because the time was ripe,
I chanced upon the poets.
r. E. B. BROWNING—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. I. Line 830.

We get no good
By being ungenerous, even to a book,
And calculating profits—so much help
By so much reading. It is rather when
We gloriously forget ourselves, and plunge
Soul-forward, headlong, into a book's profound,
Impassioned for its beauty, and salt of truth—
'Tis then we get the right good from a book.
s. E. B. BROWNING—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. I. Line 700.

Some said, "John, print it," others said, "Not so,"
Some said, "It might do good," others said "No."
t. BUNYAN—*Apology for his Book.*

'Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print;
A book 's a book, although there's nothing in't.

a. BYRON—*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.* Line 51.

All that Mankind has done, thought, gained or been * * is lying as in magic preservation in the pages of Books. They are the chosen possession of men.

b. CARLYLE—*Heroes and Hero Worship.* Lecture V.

If a book come from the heart, it will contrive to reach other hearts; all art and authorcraft are of small amount to that.

c. CARLYLE—*Heroes and Hero Worship.* Lecture II.

If time is precious, no book that will not improve by repeated readings deserves to be read at all.

d. CARLYLE—*Essays. Goethe's Helena.*

In the poorest cottage are Books: is one Book, wherein for several thousands of years the spirit of man has found light, and nourishment, and an interpreting response to whatever is Deepest in him.

e. CARLYLE—*Essays. Corn-Law Rhymes.*

God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levellers. They give to all, who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am, no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling. If the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof, if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakespeare, to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man though excluded from what is called the best society, in the place where I live.

f. CHANNING—*On Self-Culture.*

It is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds, and these invaluable means of communication are in the reach of all. In the best books, great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours.

g. CHANNING—*On Self-Culture.*

And as for me, though than I konne but lyte,
On bokes for to rede I me delyte,
And to hem yeve I feyth and ful credence,
And in myn herte have hem in reverence
So hertely, that ther is game noon,
That fro my bokes maketh me to goon,
But yt be seldome on the holy day,
Save, certeynly, whan that the monthe of May
Is comen, and that I here the foules synge,
And that the floures gynnen for to sprynge,
Farwel my boke, and my devocion.

h. CHAUCER—*Legende of Goode Women.* Prologue. Line 29.

For out of the old fieldes, as men saithe
Cometh all of this new corne fro yere to yere,
And out of old bookes, in good faithe,
Cometh all this new science that men lere.

i. CHAUCER—*The Assembly of Foules.* Line 22.

It is saying less than the truth to affirm, that an excellent book (and the remark holds almost equally good of a Raphael as of a Milton) is like a well-chosen and well-tended fruit tree. Its fruits are not of one season only. With the due and natural intervals, we may recur to it year after year, and it will supply the same nourishment and the same gratification, if only we ourselves return to it with the same healthful appetite.

j. COLERIDGE—*Literary Remains. Prospectus of Lectures.*

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night.

k. COWLEY—*Of Myself.*

Books cannot always please; however good;
Minds are not ever craving for their food.

l. CRABBE—*The Bourough.* Letter XXIV. *Schools.*

The monument of vanished mindes,

m. Sir WM. DAVENANT—*Gondibert.* Bk. II. Canto V.

Remember, we know well only the great nations whose books we possess; of the others we know nothing, or but little.

n. DAWSON—*Address on opening the Birmingham Free Library.* Oct. 26, 1866.

Books should to one of these four ends conduce,
For wisdom, piety, delight, or use.

o. Sir JOHN DENHAM—*Of Prudence.*

Golden volumes! richest treasures,
Object of delicious pleasures!
You my eyes rejoicing please,
You my hands in rapture seize!
Brilliant wits and musing sages,
Lights who beam'd through many ages!
Left to your conscious leaves their story,
And dared to trust you with their glory;
And now their hope of fame achiev'd,
Dear volumes! you have not deceived!

p. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Curiosities of Literature. Libraries.*

Great collections of books are subject to certain accidents besides the damp, the worms, and the rats; one not less common is that of the *borrowers*, not to say a word of the *purloiners*.

q. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Curiosities of Literature. The Bibliomania.*

Living more with books than with men, which is often becoming better acquainted with man himself, though not always with men, the man of letters is more tolerant of opinions than opinionists are among themselves.

r. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Literary Character of Men of Genius.* Ch. XXI. *Living with Books.*

Books are the best things, well used; abused, among the worst.

a. EMERSON—*The American Scholar.*

In every man's memory, with the hours when life culminated are usually associated certain books which met his views.

b. EMERSON—*Letters and Social Aims. Quotation and Originality.*

There are many virtues in books—but the essential value is the adding of knowledge to our stock, by the record of new facts, and, better, by the record of intuitions, which distribute facts, and are the formulas which supersede all histories.

c. EMERSON—*Letters and Social Aims. Persian Poetry.*

We prize books, and they prize them most who are themselves wise.

d. EMERSON—*Letters and Social Aims. Quotation and Originality.*

Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost.

e. FULLER—*The Holy and the Profane State. Of Books.*

Some books are only cursorily to be tasted of.

f. FULLER—*The Holy and the Profane State. Of Books.*

A taste for books, which is still the pleasure and glory of my life.

g. GIBBON—*Letter to Lord Sheffield.*

Books are necessary to correct the vices of the polite; but those vices are ever changing, and the antidote should be changed accordingly—should still be new.

h. GOLDSMITH—*The Citizen of the World.* Letter LXXV.

I armed her against the censures of the world, showed her that books were sweet unreproaching companions to the miserable, and that if they could not bring us to enjoy life, they would at least teach us to endure it.

i. GOLDSMITH—*Vicar of Wakefield.* Ch. XXII.

In proportion as society refines, new books must ever become more necessary.

j. GOLDSMITH—*The Citizen of the World.* Letter LXXV.

Of every wisdom the parfit
The highe god of his spirit
Yaf to men in erthe here
Upon the forme and the matere
Of that he wolde make hem wise.
And thus cam in the first apprise
Of bokes and of alle good
Through hem, that whilom understood
The lore, which to hem was yive,
Wherof these other, that now live,
Ben every day to lerne new.

k. JOHN GOWER—*Confessio Amantis.* Bk. IV.

I have even gained the most profit, and the most pleasure also, from the books which have made me think the most: and, when the difficulties have once been overcome, these are the books which have struck the deepest root, not only in my memory and understanding, but likewise in my affections.

l. J. C. and A. W. HARE—*Guesses at Truth.*

Starres are poore books, and oftentimes do misse;
This book of starres lights to eternal blisse.

m. HERBERT—*The Temple. The Holy Scriptures.*

Thou art a plant sprung up to wither never,
But, like a laurell, to grow green for ever.

n. HERRICK—*Hesperides. To His Booke.*

The foolishest book is a kind of leaky boat on a sea of wisdom; some of the wisdom will get in anyhow.

o. HOLMES—*The Poet at the Breakfast-Table.* Ch. XI.

Medicine for the soul.

p. *Inscription over the door of the Library at Thebes. Diodorus Simlus.* 1.

Books have always a secret influence on the understanding; we cannot at pleasure obliterate ideas: he that reads books of science, though without any desire of improvement, will grow more knowing; he that entertains himself with moral or religious treatises, will imperceptibly advance in goodness; the ideas which are often offered to the mind, will at last find a lucky moment when it is disposed to receive them.

q. SAM'L JOHNSON—*The Adventurer.* No. 137.

Pray thee, take care, that tak'st my book in hand,
To read it well; that is to understand.

r. BEN. JONSON—*Epigram* 1.

When I would know thee * * * * my thought looks
Upon thy well-made choice of friends and books;
Then do I love thee, and behold thy ends
In making thy friends books, and thy books friends.

s. BEN JONSON—*Epigram* 86.

Books which are no books.

t. LAMB—*Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading.*

I love to lose myself in other men's minds. When I am not walking, I am reading; I cannot sit and think. Books think for me.

u. LAMB—*Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading.*

A book is a friend whose face is constantly changing. If you read it when you are recovering from an illness, and return to it years after, it is changed surely, with the change in yourself.

v. ANDREW LANG—*The Library.* Ch. I.

As companions and acquaintances books are without rivals; and they are companions and acquaintances to be had at all times and under all circumstances. They are never out when you knock at the door; are never "not at home" when you call. In the lightest as well as in the deepest moods they may be applied to, and will never be found wanting. In the good sense of the phrase, they are all things to all men, and are faithful alike to all.

a. LANGFORD—*The Praise of Books. Preliminary Essay.*

As friends and companions, as teachers and consolers, as recreators and amusers books are always with us, and always ready to respond to our wants. We can take them with us in our wanderings, or gather them around us at our firesides. In the lonely wilderness, and the crowded city, their spirit will be with us, giving a meaning to the seemingly confused movements of humanity, and peopling the desert with their own bright creations.

b. LANGFORD—*The Praise of Books. Preliminary Essay.*

A wise man will select his books, for he would not wish to class them all under the sacred name of friends. Some can be accepted only as acquaintances. The best books of all kinds are taken to the heart, and cherished as his most precious possessions. Others to be chatted with for a time, to spend a few pleasant hours with, and laid aside, but not forgotten.

c. LANGFORD—*The Praise of Books. Preliminary Essay.*

Books are also among man's truest consolers. In the hour of affliction, trouble, or sorrow, he can turn to them with confidence and trust.

d. LANGFORD—*The Praise of Books. Preliminary Essay.*

Books *are* friends, and what friends they are! Their love is deep and unchanging; their patience inexhaustible; their gentleness perennial; their forbearance unbounded; and their sympathy without selfishness. Strong as man, and tender as woman, they welcome you in every mood, and never turn from you in distress.

e. LANGFORD—*The Praise of Books. Preliminary Essay.*

Books are friends which every man may call his own. * * * * The friendship of books never dies; it grows by use, increases by distribution, and possesses an immortality of perpetual youth. It is the friendship, not of "dead things" but of ever-living souls; and books are friends who, under no circumstances, are ever applied to in vain. They can be relied on, whoever else, or whatever else may fail.

f. LANGFORD—*The Praise of Books. Preliminary Essay.*

Gentlemen use books as Gentlewomen handle their flowers, who in the morning stick them in their heads, and at night strawe them at their heeles.

g. LYLY—*Euphues. To the Gentlemen Readers.*

All books grow homilies by time; they are Temples, at once, and Landmarks.

h. BULWER-LYTTON—*The Soul of Books.* Pt. IV. Line 1.

Hark, the world so loud,
And they, the movers of the world, so still

i. BULWER-LYTTON—*The Soul of Books.* Pt. III. Line 14.

In you are sent
The types of Truths whose life is THE TO-COME;
In you soars up the Adam from the fall;
In you the FUTURE as the PAST is given—
Ev'n in our death ye bid us hail our birth;—
Unfold these pages, and behold the Heaven,
Without one grave-stone left upon the Earth?

j. BULWER-LYTTON—*The Soul of Books* St. 5.

Laws die, Books never.

k. BULWER-LYTTON—*Richelieu.* Act I. Sc. 2.

There is no Past, so long as Books shall live!

l. BULWER-LYTTON—*The Soul of Books.* St. 4.

The Wise
(Minstrel and Sage,) *out* of their books are clay;
But *in* their books, as from their graves they rise.
Angels—that, side by side, upon one way,
Walk with and warn us!

m. BULWER-LYTTON—*The Soul of Books.* Pt. III. Line 9.

We call some books immortal! *Do they live?*
If so, believe me, TIME hath made them pure.
In Books, the veriest wicked rest in peace.

n. BULWER-LYTTON—*The Soul of Books.* St. 3.

As you grow ready for it, somewhere or other you will find what is needful for you in a book.

o. GEORGE MACDONALD—*The Marquis of Lossie.* Ch. XLII.

A good book is the precious lifeblood of a masterspirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond.

p. MILTON—*Areopagitica.*

As good almost kill a man as a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were in the eye.

q. MILTON—*Areopagitica.*

Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them.

a. MILTON—*Areopagitica.*

For books are as meats and viands are; some of good, some of evil substance.

b. MILTON—*Areopagitica.*

Silent companions of the lonely hour,
Friends, who can alter or forsake,
Who for inconstant roving have no power,
And all neglect, perforce, must calmly take.

c. Mrs. NORTON—*Sonnet. To My Books.*

Next o'er his books his eyes began to roll,
In pleasing memory of all he stole.

d. POPE—*Dunciad.* Bk. I. Line 127.

Chiefs of elder Art!
Teachers of wisdom! who could once beguile
My tedious hours, and lighten every toil,
I now resign you.

e. WILLIAM ROSCOE—*Poetical Works. To my Books on Parting with Them.*

Within that awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries!

f. SCOTT—*The Monastery.* Vol. I. Ch. XII.

No book can be so good, as to be profitable when negligently read.

g. SENECA.

Deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book.

h. *The Tempest.* Act V. Sc. 1.

I had rather than forty shillings,
I had my book.

i. *The Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Keep thy pen from lender's books, and defy the foul fiend.

j. *King Lear.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnished me with volumes that I prize above my dukedom.

k. *The Tempest.* Act I. Sc. 2.

O, let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presager of my speaking breast;
Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.

l. *Sonnet XXIII.*

O, sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners.

m. *As You Like It.* Act V. Sc. 4.

Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book.

n. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

That book, in many's eyes doth show the glory,
That in gold clasps, locks in the golden story.

o. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act I. Sc. 3.

We turn'd o'er many books together.

p. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

You shall see them on a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall meander through a meadow of margin.

q. SHERIDAN—*School for Scandal.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Books like proverbs, receive their chief value from the stamp and esteem of ages through which they have passed.

r. Sir WM. TEMPLE—*Ancient and Modern Learning.*

But every page having an ample marge,
An every marge enclosing in the midst
A square of text that looks a little blot.

s. TENNYSON—*Idyls of the King. Vivien.* Line 520.

A small number of choice books are sufficient.

t. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Books.* Sec. 1.

Books are made from books.

u. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Books.* Sec. 1.

It is with books as with men; a very small number play a great part; the rest are confounded with the multitude.

v. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Books.* Sec. 1.

You despise books; you whose whole lives are absorbed in the vanities of ambition, the pursuit of pleasure, or in indolence; but remember that all the known world, excepting only savage nations, is governed by books.

w. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Books.* Sec. 1.

They are for company the best friends in Doubts Counsellors, in Damps Comforters, Time's Prospective, the Home Traveller's Ship or Horse, the busie Man's best Recreation, the Opiate of idle Weariness, the Mindes best Ordinary, Nature's Garden and Seed-plot of Immortality.

x. BULSTRODE WHITELOCK—*Zootamia.* 1654.

Books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good:
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.

y. WORDSWORTH—*Poetical Works. Personal Talk.*

Some future strain, in which the muse shall tell
How science dwindles, and how volumes swell.
How commentators each dark passage shun,
And hold their farthing candle to the sun.

z. YOUNG—*Love of Fame.* Satire VII. Line 94.

BORES.

Society is now one polished horde,
Form'd of two mighty tribes, the *Bores* and *Bored*.
a. Byron—*Don Juan*. Canto XIII. St. 95.

The bore is usually considered a harmless creature, or of that class of irrational bipeds who hurt only themselves.
b. Maria Edgeworth—*Thoughts on Bores*.

That old hereditary bore,
The steward.
c. Rogers—*Italy. A Character*. Line 13.

BORROWERS.

Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
d. *Hamlet*. Act I. Sc. 3.

Who goeth a borrowing,
Goeth a sorrowing.
e. Tusser—*Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry. Inne's Abstract*.

Who borrow much, then fairly make it known,
And damn it with improvements not their own.
f. Young—*Love of Fame*. Satire III. Line 23.

BRAVERY.

Better to sink beneath the shock
Than moulder piecemeal on the rock!
g. Byron—*The Giaour*. Line 969.

The truly brave,
When they behold the brave oppressed with odds,
Are touched with a desire to shield and save;—
A mixture of wild beasts and demi-gods
Are they—now furious as the sweeping wave,
Now moved with pity; even as sometimes nods
The rugged tree unto the summer wind,
Compassion breathes along the savage mind.
h. Byron—*Don Juan*. Canto VIII. St. 106.

Toll for the brave—
The brave that are no more!
i. Cowper—*On the Loss of the Royal George*.

So that my life be brave, what though not long?
j. Drummond—*Sonnet*.

And dashed through thick and thin.
k. Dryden—*Absalom and Achitophel*. Pt. II. Line 414.

The brave
Love mercy, and delight to save.
l. Gay—*Fable. The Lion, Tiger and Traveller*. Line 33.

We bear it calmly, though a ponderous woe,
And still adore the hand that gives the blow.
m. Pomfret—*To His Friend*.

True bravery is shown by performing without witness what one might be capable of doing before all the world.
n. Rochefoucauld.

The Guard dies, but never surrenders.
o. Rougemont—*Invented Days after the Battle of Waterloo*.

He that climbs the tall tree has won right to the fruit;
He that leaps the wide gulf should prevail in his suit.
p. Scott—*The Talisman*. Ch. XXVI.

He did not look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipled of the bravest; he hasted long,
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act.
q. *All's Well That Ends Well*. Act I. Sc. 2.

Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
r. *Taming of the Shrew*. Act I. Sc. 2.

Whoever is brave, should be a man of great soul.
s. Yonge's *Cicero. The Tusculan Disputations*.

BROOKS.

The streams, rejoiced that winter's work is done,
Talk of to-morrow's cowslips as they run.
t. Ebenezer Elliott—*The Village Patriarch. Love and Other Poems. Spring*.

Sweet are the little brooks that run
O'er pebbles glancing in the sun,
Singing to soothing tones.
u. Hood—*Town and Country*. St. 10.

Thou hastenest down between the hills to meet me at the road,
The secret scarcely lisping of thy beautiful abode
Among the pines and mosses of yonder shadowy height,
Where thou dost sparkle into song, and fill the woods with light.
v. Lucy Larcom—*Friend Brook*.

See, how the stream has overflowed
Its banks, and o'er the meadow road
Is spreading far and wide!
w. Longfellow—*Christus. The Golden Legend*. Pt. III. *The Nativity*.

The music of the brook silenced all conversation.
a. LONGFELLOW—*Kavanagh.* Ch. XXI.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.
b. TENNYSON—*The Brook.*

Brook! whose society the Poet seeks,
Intent his wasted spirits to renew;
And whom the curious Painter doth pursue
Through rocky passes, among flowery creeks,
And tracks thee dancing down thy water-breaks.
c. WORDSWORTH—*Brook! Whose Society the Poet Seeks.*

C.

CALUMNY.

Whenever you would ruin a person or a government, you must begin by spreading calumnies to defame them.
d. BUSENBAUM.

Calumny is only the noise of madmen.
e. DIOGENES.

A nickname a man may chance to wear out; but a system of calumny, pursued by a faction, may descend even to posterity. This principle has taken full effect on this state favorite.
f. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Amenities of Literature. The First Jesuits in England.*

There are calumnies against which even innocence loses courage.
g. NAPOLEON.

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.
h. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Calumny will sear
Virtue itself;—these shrugs, these hums, and ha's.
i. *Winter's Tale.* Act II. Sc. 1.

No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes.
j. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes.
k. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 3.

CANDOR.

Candor is the seal of a noble mind, the ornament and pride of man, the sweetest charm of woman, the scorn of rascals, and the rarest virtue of sociability.
l. BENTZEL-STERNAU.

As frank as rain
On cherry blossoms.
m. E. B. BROWNING—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. III.

Give me the avowed, the erect, the manly foe;
Bold I can meet—perhaps may turn his blow;
But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh! save me from the candid friend.
n. GEORGE CANNING—*New Morality.*

CARE.

Begone, dull Care, I prithee begone from me;
Begone, dull Care, thou and I shall never agree.
Begone, old Care.
o. PLAYFORD'S *Musical Companion.*

Care is no care, but rather a corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
p. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act III. Sc. 3.

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.
q. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 3.

He cannot long hold out these pangs;
The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through and will break out.
r. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 4.

I am sure, care's an enemy to life.
s. *Twelfth Night.* Act I. Sc. 3.

O polished perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night.
t. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 4.

Some must watch, while some must sleep;
So runs the world away.
u. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne, and yet must bear.
v. SHELLEY—*Stanzas written in Dejection, near Naples.*

Care will kill a cat.
a. George Wither—*Poem on Christmas.*

Care to our coffin adds a nail no doubt;
And every grin, so merry, draws one out.
b. John Wolcot—*Expostulatory Odes. Ode* 15.

CAUSE.

To all facts there are laws,
The effect has its cause, and I mount to the cause.
c. Owen Meredith—*Lucile.* Pt. II. Canto III. St. 8.

Find out the cause of this effect:
Or, rather say, the cause of this defect;
For this effect defective, comes by cause.
d. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

God befriend us, as our cause is just.
e. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 1.

Mine's not an idle cause.
f. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Your cause doth strike my heart.
g. *Cymbeline.* Act I. Sc. 7.

CAUTION.

And by a prudent flight and cunning save
A life, which valour could not, from the grave.
A better buckler I can soon regain,
But who can get another life again?
h. Archilochus—*Plutarch's Morals. Essay on the Laws, &c., of the Lacedemonians.* Pt. I.

Then, my good girls, be more than women, wise:
At least be more than I was; and be sure
You credit anything the light gives light to,
Before a man.
i. Beaumont and Fletcher—*The Maid's Tragedy.* Act II. Sc. 2.

And look before you ere you leap;
For as you sow, y' are like to reap.
j. Butler—*Hudibras.* Pt. II. Canto II. Line 502.

Consider the end.
k. Chilo of Sparta,

The cautious seldom err.
l. Confucius—*Analects.*

Beware of desperate steps. The darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have pass'd away.
m. Cowper—*The Needless Alarm.* Line 132.

Learn to live well that thou may'st die so too;
To live and die is all we have to do.
n. Sir John Denham—*Of Prudence.*

According to her cloth she cut her coat.
o. Dryden—*Cock and the Fox.* Line 20.

Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day.
p. Benj. Franklin—*Poor Richard.*

Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore.
q. Benj. Franklin—*Poor Richard.*

Keep nothing that is transitory about you.
r. Ben. Jonson—*The Alchemist.* Act III. Sc. 1.

In ancient times all things were cheape,
'Tis good to looke before thou leape,
When corn is ripe 'tis time to reape.
s. Martin Parker—*An Excellent New Medley.* (*The Roxburghe Ballads.*)

He knows to live who keeps the middle state,
And neither leans on this side nor on that.
t. Pope—Bk. II. Satire II. Line 61.

Be prudent, and if you hear, * * * * some insult or some threat, * * * have the appearance of not hearing it.
u. Georges Sand—*Handsome Lawrence.* Ch. II.

All these you may avoid, but the Lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as, If you said so, then I said so; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If.
v. *As You Like It.* Act V. Sc. 4.

But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul.
w. *Hamlet*—Act I. Sc. 5.

It engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
x. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act. IV. Sc. 1.

Know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till it run o'er
In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be advis'd.
y. *Henry VIII.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Let every eye negotiate for itself. And trust no agent.
z. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then.
aa. *Merchant of Venice.* Act II. Sc. 5.

Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power, than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech.
a. *All's Well that Ends Well.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous;
And kill him in the shell.
b. *Julius Cæsar.* Act II. Sc. 1.

We may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by overrunning.
c. *Henry VIII.* Act I. Sc. 1.

When me mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model,
And, then we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection;
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then, but draw anew the model
In fewer offices, or, at least desist
To build at all?
d. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act I. Sc. 3.

A prudent man must neglect no circumstance.
e. Sophocles—Œd. Col. 1152.

Look ere thou leap, see ere thou go.
f. Thos. Tusser—*Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry.*

Safe bind, safe find.
g. Thos. Tusser—*Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry.*

CEREMONY.

Ceremony was but devis'd at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown.
h. *Timon of Athens.* Act. I. Sc. 2.

O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is thy soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
i. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

To feed, were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.
j. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 4.

What art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers.
k. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect
That private men enjoy?
And what have kings that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
l. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony;
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.
m. *Julius Cæsar.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

CHANCE.

Next him high arbiter
Chance governs all.
n. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 909.

"Chance, though blind, is the sole
Author of the creation."
o. J. X. B. Saintine—*Picciola.* Ch. III.

Discouragement seizes us only when we can no longer count on chance.
p. Georges Sand—*Handsome Lawrence.* Ch. II.

Chance will not do the work—chance sends the breeze;
But if the pilot slumber at the helm,
The very wind that wafts us towards the port
May dash us on the shelves. The steersman's part
Is vigilance, blow it rough or smooth.
q. Scott—*Fortunes of Nigel.* Ch. XXII. *Old Play.*

Against ill chances, men are ever merry;
But heaviness foreruns the good event.
r. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 2.

I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance.
s. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act V. Sc. 2.

And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance.
t. Tennyson—*In Memoriam.* Pt. LXIII.

Naught venture, naught have.
u. Thos. Tusser—*Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry.* *October's Extract.*

Chance is a word void of sense; nothing can exist without a cause.
v. Voltaire—*A Philosophical Dictionary.*

CHANGE.

Joy comes and goes, hope ebbs and flows
Like the wave;
Change doth unknit the tranquil strength of men,
Love lends life a little grace,
A few sad smiles; and then,
Both are laid in one cold place,
In the grave.
w. Matthew Arnold—*A Question.* St. 1.

Like the race of leaves
Is that of humankind. Upon the ground
The winds strew one year's leaves; the sprouting grove
Puts forth another brood, that shoot and grow
In the spring season. So it is with man:
One generation grows while one decays.
a. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. VI. Line 186.

All that's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the sweetest;
All that's sweet was made,
But to be lost when sweetest.
b. MOORE—*All That's Bright Must Fade.*

Perhaps it may turn out a song,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.
c. BURNS—*Epistle to a Young Friend.*

Full from the fount of joy's delicious springs
Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom flings.
d. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto I. St. 82.

I am not now
That which I have been.
e. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 185.

Shrine of the mighty! can it be
That this is all remains of thee?
f. BYRON—*The Gaiour.* Line 106.

To-day is not yesterday: we ourselves change; how can our Works and Thoughts, if they are always to be the fittest, continue always the same? Change, indeed, is painful; yet ever needful; and if Memory have its force and worth, so also has hope.
g. CARLYLE—*Essays. Characteristics.*

Sancho Panza am I, unless I was changed in the cradle.
h. CERVANTES—*Don Quixote.* Pt. II. Bk. II. Ch. XIII.

Still ending, and beginning still.
i. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. III. Line 627.

Variety 's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.
j. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. II.
" *The Timepiece,* I., 606.

Heaven gave him all at once; then snatched away,
Ere mortals all his beauties could survey;
Just like the flower that buds and withers in a day.
k. DRYDEN—*On the Death of Amyntas.*

Everything lives, flourishes, and decays: everything dies, but nothing is lost: for the great principle of life only changes its form, and the destruction of one generation is the vivification of the next.
l. GOOD—*The Book of Nature.* Series I. Lecture VIII.

"Passing away" is written on the world, and all the world contains.
m. MRS. HEMANS—*Passing Away.*

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying,
And this same flower, that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.
n. HERRICK—*To the Virgins to make much of Time.*

Now stamped with the image of Good Queen Bess,
And now of a Bloody Mary.
o. HOOD—*Miss Kilmansegg. Her Moral.*

As the rolling stone gathers no moss, so the roving heart gathers no affections.
p. MRS. JAMESON—*Studies. Detached Thoughts.*

Time fleeth on,
Youth soon is gone,
Naught earthly may abide;
Life seemeth fast,
But may not last,—
It runs as runs the tide.
q. LELAND—*Many in One.* Pt. II. St. 21.

All things must change
To something new, to something strange.
r. LONGFELLOW—*Kéramos.* Line 32.

But the nearer the dawn, the darker the night,
And by going wrong all things come right;
Things have been mended that were worse,
And the worse, the nearer they are to mend.
s. LONGFELLOW—*The Baron of St. Castine.* Line 264.

Nothing that is can pause or stay;
The moon will wax, the moon will wane,
The mist and cloud will turn to rain,
The rain to mist and cloud again,
To-morrow be to-day.
t. LONGFELLOW—*Kéramos.* Line 34

Do not think that years leave us and find us the same!
u. OWEN MEREDITH—*Lucile.* Pt. II. Canto II. St. 3.

Weary the cloud falleth out of the sky,
Dreary the leaf lieth low.
All things must come to the earth by and by,
Out of which all things grow.
v. OWEN MEREDITH—*The Wanderer. Earth's Havings.* Bk. III.

This world
Is full of change, change, change,—nothing but change!
w. D. M. MULOCK—*Immutable.*

My merry, merry, merry roundelay
Concludes with Cupid's curse:
They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods, they change for worse!
x. GEORGE PEELE—*Cupid's Curse; From the Arraignment of Paris.*

Alas! in truth, the man but chang'd his mind,
Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not dined.
a. Pope—*Moral Essays.* Ep. I. Line 127.

Extremes in nature equal good produce,
Extremes in man concur to general use.
b. Pope—*Moral Essays.* Ep. III. Line 161.

From the mid-most the nutation spreads
Round and more round, o'er all the sea of heads.
c. Pope—*The Dunciad.* Bk. II. Line 410.

Manners with Fortunes, Humours turn with Climes,
Tenets with Books, and Principles with Times.
d. Pope—*Moral Essays.* Ep. I. Line 172.

See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving vegetate again;
All forms that perish other forms supply;
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die.)
e. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. III. Line 15.

Hope and fear alternate chase
Our course through life's uncertain race.
f. Scott—*Rokeby.* Canto VI. St. 2.

When change itself can give no more,
'Tis easy to be true.
g. Sir Chas. Sedley—*Reasons for Constancy.*

All things that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments, to melancholy bells:
Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.
h. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
i. *Tempest.* Act I. Sc. 2.

I am not so nice,
To change true rules for odd inventions.
j. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.
k. *Tempest.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

That we would do,
We should do when we would; for this "*would*" changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this "*should*" is like a spendthrift's sigh,
That hurts by easing.
l. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 7.

The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear, to hate; and hate turns one or both,
To worthy danger, and deserved death.
m. *Richard II.* Act V. Sc. 1.

This is the state of man; To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him.
n. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 2.

This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not strange.
That even our loves should with our fortunes change.
o. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling: Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
p. *Julius Cæsar.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

When we were happy, we had other names.
q. *King John.* Act V. Sc. 4.

Men must reap the things they sow,
Force from force must ever flow,
Or worse; but 'tis a bitter woe
That love or reason cannot change.
r. Shelley—*Lines Written among the Euganean Hills.* Line 232.

The loppéd tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower,
The sorriest wight may find release from pain,
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower;
Time goes by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.
s. Southwell—*Time Go by Turns.*

His honour rooted in dishonour stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.
t. Tennyson. *Idyls of the King. Elaine.* Line 885.

Life is arched with changing skies:
Rarely are they what they seem:
Children we of smiles and sighs—
Much we know but more we dream.
u. William Winter—*Light and Shadow.*

As high as we have mounted in delight
In our dejection do we sink as low.
v. Wordsworth—*Resolution and Independence.* St. 4.

Early, bright, transient, chaste, as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhal'd, and went to heaven.
a. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night V. Line 600.

CHAOS.

Temple and tower went down, nor left a site:—
Chaos of ruins!
b. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 80.

The chaos of events.
c. BYRON—*The Prophecy of Dante.* Canto II. Line 6.

The world was void,
The populous and the powerful was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless—
A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.
d. BYRON—*Darkness.* Line 69.

Chaos, that reigns here
In double night of darkness and of shades.
e. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 334.

Fate shall yield
To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife.
f. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 232.

Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
g. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 894.

Then rose the seed of Chaos, and of Night,
To blot out order, and extinguish light.
h. POPE—*The Dunciad.* Bk. IV. Line 13.

Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.
i. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

CHARACTER.

Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts;
Old age is slow in both.
j. ADDISON—*Cato.* Act II. Sc. 5.

No great genius was ever without some mixture of madness, nor can anything grand or superior to the voice of common mortals be spoken except by the agitated soul.
k. ARISTOTLE.

Both man and womankind belie their nature
When they are not kind.
l. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Home.*

Many men are mere warehouses full of merchandise—the head, the heart, are stuffed with goods. * * * * * * There are apartments in their souls which were once tenanted by taste, and love, and joy, and worship, but they are all deserted now, and the rooms are filled with earthy and material things.
m. HENRY WARD BEECHER—*Life Thoughts.*

Many men build as cathedrals were built, the part nearest the ground finished; but that part which soars toward heaven, the turrets and the spires, forever incomplete.
n. HENRY WARD BEECHER—*Life Thoughts.*

In a wicked man there is not wherewithal to make a good man.
o. DE LA BRUYERE—*Of Judgments and Opinions.*

Incivility is not a Vice of the Soul, but the effect of several Vices; of Vanity, Ignorance of Duty, Laziness, Stupidity, Distraction, Contempt of others, and Jealousy.
p. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Vol. II. Ch. XI.

All men that are ruined are ruined on the side of their natural propensities.
q. BURKE—*On a Regicide Peace.*

He was not merely a chip of the old block, but the old block itself.
r. BURKE—*On Pitt's First Speech.*

Everywhere in life, the true question is, not what we *gain*, but what we *do*.
s. CARLYLE—*Essays. Goethe's Helena.*

It is in general more profitable to reckon up our defects than to boast of our attainments.
t. CARLYLE—*Essays. Signs of the Times.*

Every one is as God made has made him and oftentimes a great deal worse.
u. CERVANTES—*Don Quixote.* Pt. II. Bk. I. Ch. IV.

Every one is the son of his own works.
v. CERVANTES—*Don Quixote.* Pt. I. Bk. IV. Ch. XX.

Ourselves are to ourselves the cause of ill;
We may be independent if we will.
w. CHURCHILL—*Independence.* Line 471.

There is the love of firmness without the love of learning; the beclouding here leads to extravagant conduct.
x. CONFUCIUS—*Analects.*

What the superior man seeks is in himself; what the small man seeks is in others.
y. CONFUCIUS—*Analects.*

His mind his kingdom, and his will his law.
z. COWPER—*Truth.* Line 405.

Let thy labors one by one go forth:
Some happier scrap capricious wits may find
On a fair day, and be profusely kind;
Which, buried in the rubbish of a throng,
Had pleased as little as a new-year's song.
a. CRABBE—*The Candidate.*

O could I flow like thee! and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme;
Tho' deep yet clear, tho gentle yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.
b. Sir JOHN DENHAM—*Cooper's Hill.* Line 189.

Plain without pomp, and rich without a show.
c. DRYDEN—*The Flower and the Leaf.* Line 187.

There is a great deal of unmapped country within us which would have to be taken into account in explanation of our gusts and storms.
d. GEORGE ELIOT—*Daniel Deronda.* Bk. III. Ch. XXIV.

Character is higher than intellect. * * * * * * * A great soul will be strong to live, as well as to think.
e. EMERSON—*The American Scholar.*

Character is the centrality, the impossibility of being displaced or overset.
f. EMERSON—*Essay. On Character.*

No circumstances can repair a defect of character.
g. EMERSON—*Essay. On Character.*

Belief and practice tend in the long run, and in some degree, to correspond; but in detail and in particular instances they may be wide asunder as the poles.
h. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. On Progress.* Pt. II.

Every one of us, whatever our speculative opinions, knows better than he practices, and recognizes a better law than he obeys.
i. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. On Progress.* Pt. II.

Human improvement is from within outwards.
j. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Dirus Cæsar.*

Our thoughts and our conduct are our own.
k. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Education.*

In every deed of mischief, he had a heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute.
l. GIBBON—*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.* Ch. XLVIII.

Handsome is that handsome does.
m. GOLDSMITH—*The Vicar of Wakefield.* Ch. I.

Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.
n. GRAY—*Elegy in a Country Churchyard.* St. 12.

Rugged strength and radiant beauty—
These were one in nature's plan;
Humble toil and heavenward duty—
These will form the perfect man.
o. SARAH J. HALE—*Iron.*

None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise.
p. FITZ-GREENE HALLECK—*On the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake.*

Most painters have painted themselves. So have most poets; not so palpably indeed and confessedly, but still more assidiously. Some have done nothing else.
q. J. C. and A. W. HARE—*Guesses at Truth.*

Any one must be mainly ignorant or thoughtless, who is surprised at everything he sees; or wonderfully conceited, who expects everything to conform to his standard of propriety.
r. WM. HAZLITT—*Lectures on the English Comic Writers. Wit and Humour.*

Only a sweet and vertuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.
s. HERBERT—*The Church. Vertue.*

'Tis the same with common natures:
Use 'em kindly, they rebel;
But be rough as nutmeg-graters,
And the rogues obey you well.
t. HILL—*Verses Written on a Window in Scotland.*

We must have a weak spot or two in a character before we can love it much. People that do not laugh or cry, or take more of anything than is good for them, or use anything but dictionary-words, are admirable subjects for biographies. But we don't care most for those flat-pattern flowers that press best in the herbarium.
u. HOLMES—*The Professor at the Breakfast Table.* Ch. III. *Iris.*

The love of moral beauty, and that retention of the spirit of youth, which is implied by the indulgence of a poetic l taste, are evidences of good disposition in any man, and argue well for the largeness of his mind in other respects.
v. LEIGH HUNT—*Men, Women and Books. Of Statesmen Who Have Written Verses.*

A Soul of power, a well of lofty Thought,
A chastened Hope that ever points to Heaven.
w. JOHN HUNTER—*Sonnet. A Replication of Rhymes.*

Conflict, which rouses up the best and highest powers in some characters, in others not only jars the whole being, but paralyzes the faculties.

a. Mrs. Jameson—*The Communion of Labor; The Influence of Legislation on the Morals and Happiness of Men and Women.*

Where the vivacity of the intellect and the strength of the passions, exceed the development of the moral faculties, the character is likely to be embittered or corrupted by extremes, either of adversity or prosperity.

b. Mrs. Jameson—*Studies. On the Female Character.*

Heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, or the hand to execute.

c. Junius—Letter XXXVII.

He is truly great that is little in himself, and that maketh no account of any height of honors.

d. Thomas à Kempis—*Imitation of Christ.* Bk. I. Ch. III.

When a man dies they who survive him ask what property he has left behind. The angel who bends over the dying man asks what good deeds he has sent before him.

e. *Koran.*

They eat, and drink, and scheme, and plod,
And go to church on Sunday;
And many are afraid of God,
And more of Mrs. Grundy.

f. Frederick Locker—*The Jester's Plea.*

A tender heart; a will inflexible.

g. Longfellow—*Christus.* Pt. III. *John Endicott.* Act III. Sc. 2.

In this world a man must either be anvil or hammer.

h. Longfellow—*Hyperion.* Bk. IV. Ch. VII.

Not in the clamor of the crowded street,
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat.

i. Longfellow—*The Poets.*

Sensitive, swift to resent, but as swift in atoning for error.

j. Longfellow—*Courtship of Miles Standish.* Pt. IX. *The Wedding Day.*

Thou hast the patience and the faith of Saints.

k. Longfellow—*Christus.* Pt. III. *John Endicott.* Act III. Sc. 3.

A nature wise
With finding in itself the types of all,—
With watching from the dim verge of the time
What things to be are visible in the gleams
Thrown forward on them from the luminous past,—
Wise with the history of its own frail heart,
With reverence and sorrow, and with love,
Broad as the world, for freedom and for men.

l Lowell—*Prometheus.* Line 221.

To judge human character rightly, a man may sometimes have very small experience provided he has a very large heart.

m. Bulwer-Lytton—*What Will He Do With It.* Bk. V. Ch. IV.

The hearts of men are their books; events are their tutors; great actions are their eloquence.

n. Macaulay—*Essay. Conversation Touching the Great Civil War.*

Now will I show myself to have more of the serpent than the dove; that is, more knave than fool.

o. Marlowe—*The Jew of Malta.* Act II.

Rather the ground that's deep enough for graves,
Rather the stream that's strong enough for waves,
Than the loose sandy drift
Whose shifting surface cherishes no seed
Either of any flower or any weed,
Whichever way it shift.

p. Owen Meredith—*The Wanderer.* Bk. IV. *A Confession and Apology.* St. 14.

Who knows nothing base,
Fears nothing known.

q. Owen Meredith—*A Great Man.* St. 8

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air;
His very foot has music in't,
As he comes up the stair.

r. Mickle—*The Sailor's Wife.*

Great thoughts, great feelings, came to them,
Like instincts, unawares,

s. Rich. Monckton Milnes—*The Men of Old.*

Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,
That would be wooed, and not unsought be won.

t. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VIII. Line 502.

He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.

u. Milton—*Comus.* Line 381.

Where an equal poise of hope and fear
Does arbitrate the event, my nature is
That I incline to hope rather than fear,
And gladly banish squint suspicion.

v. Milton—*Comus.* Line 410.

To those who know thee not, no words can paint!
And those who know thee, know all words are faint!

w. Hannah More—*Sensibility.*

I see the right, and I approve it too,
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.

x. Ovid—*Metamorphoses,* VII. 20.

Every man has at times in his mind the Ideal of what he should be, but is not. This ideal may be high and complete, or it may be quite low and insufficient; yet in all men that really seek to improve, it is better than the actual character. * * * Man never falls so low, that he can see nothing higher than himself.

a. THEODORE PARKER—*Critical and Miscellaneous Writings.* Essay I.

Yet, if he would, man cannot live all to this world. If not religious, he will be superstitious. If he worship not the true God, he will have his idols.

b. THEODORE PARKER—*Critical and Miscellaneous Writings.* Essay I.

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

c. POPE—*Rape of the Lock.* Canto V. Line 123.

Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one Man's weakness grows the strength of all.

d. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. II. Line 250.

Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance,

e. POPE—*Windsor Forest.* Line 293.

Men, some to business, some to pleasure take;
But every woman is at heart a rake.
Men, some to quiet, some to public strife;
But every lady would be queen for life.

f. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. II. Line 215.

Oh! blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day;
She, who can own a sister's charms, and hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
And if she rules him, never shows she rules.

g. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. II. Line 257.

See the same man, in vigour, in the gout;
Alone, in company; in place or out:
Early at Bus'ness and at Hazard late;
Mad at a Fox-chase, wise at a debate;
Drunk at a borough, civil at a Ball;
Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.

h. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. I. Line 71.

'Tis from high Life high Characters are drawn;
A Saint in Crape is twice a Saint in Lawn;
A Judge is just, a Chanc'llor juster still;
A Gown-man, learn'd; a Bishop, what you will;
Wise, if a minister; but, if a King,
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more ev'ry thing.

i. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. I. Line 135.

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry Man must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise;
And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.

j. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. II. Line 231.

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow,
The rest is all but leather or prunella.

k. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 203.

No man's defects sought they to know,
So never made themselves a foe.
No man's good deeds did they commend;
So never rais'd themselves a friend.

l. PRIOR—*An Epitaph.*

It is of the utmost importance that a nation should have a correct standard by which to weigh the character of its rulers.

m. LORD JOHN RUSSELL—*Introduction to the Correspondence of the Duke of Bedford.*

Be absolute for death; either death, or life, shall thereby be the sweeter.

n. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.

o. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 3.

But I have that within which passeth show;
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

p. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

But I remember now
I am in this earthly world; where, to do harm,
Is often laudable; to do good, sometime,
Accounted dangerous folly.

q. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
* * * * *
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

r. *Othello.*—Act III. Sc. 3.

He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly.

s. *Othello.* Act V. Sc. 1.

He wants wit that wants resolved will.

t. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act II. Sc. 6

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
* * * * * * *
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

u. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act II. Sc. 7.

How this grace
Speaks his own standing! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth! How big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.
a. *Timon of Athens.* Act I. Sc. 1.

I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly, that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight, when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.
b. *King Lear.* Act I. Sc. 4.

I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind.
c. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blur'd those lines of favour
Which he wore.
d. *Cymbeline.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the lightness of you common men.
e. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act III. Sc. 1.

Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st;
Suppose the singing birds, musicians;
The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence strew'd;
The flowers, fair ladies; and thy steps, no more
Than a delightful measure, or a dance.
f. *Richard II.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues we write in water.
g. *Henry VIII.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

My nature is subdued
To what it works in.
h. *Sonnet CXI.*

Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bagpiper:
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.
i. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be current gold indeed.
j. *Richard III.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Now the melancholy god protect thee: and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal.
k. *Twelfth Night.* Act II. Sc. 4.

O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us.
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.
l. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 3.

They say, best men are moulded out of faults.
And, for the most, become much more the better,
For being a little bad.
m. *Measure for Measure.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Thou art, most rich, being poor;
Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd.
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon.
n. *King Lear.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Though I am not splenetive and rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous.
o. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Unknit that threat'ning unkind brow;
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor;
It blots thy beauty, as frosts do bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds.
p. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act V. Sc. 2.

What thou would'st highly,
That would'st thou holily; would'st not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly win.
q. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 5.

Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even, from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before.
r. *Othello.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

I'm called away by particular business, but I leave my character behind me.
s. Sheridan—*School for Scandal.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Daniel Webster struck me much like a steam engine in trousers.
t. Sydney Smith—*Lady Holland's Memoir.*

The most reasoning characters are often the easiest abashed.
u. Madame De Staël—*Corinne.* Bk. I. Ch. III.

Nothing can work me damage, except myself; the harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and never am a real sufferer but by my own fault.
v. St. Bernard.

A man's body and his mind (with the utmost reverence to both I speak it) are exactly like a jerkin, and a jerkin's lining; rumple the one, you rumple the other.

a. STERNE—*Tristam Shandy.* Ch. XLVIII.

The True Grandeur of Nations is in those qualities which constitute the true greatness of the individual.

b. CHARLES SUMNER—*Oration on the True Grandeur of Nations.*

Fame is what you have taken,
Character's what you give;
When to this truth you waken,
Then you begin to live.

c. BAYARD TAYLOR—*Improvisations.* St. II.

The hearts that dare are quick to feel;
The hands that wound are soft to heal.

d. BAYARD TAYLOR—*Soldiers of Peace.* St. 1.

Such souls,
Whose sudden visitations daze the world,
Vanish like lightning, but they leave behind
A voice that in the distance far away
Wakens the slumbering ages.

e. HENRY TAYLOR—*Philip Van Artevelde.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 5.

He makes no friend who never made a foe.

f. TENNYSON—*Idyls of the King. Elaine.* Line 1109.

None but himself can be his parallel.

g. LOUIS THEOBALD—*The Double Falsehood.*

Whoe'er amidst the sons
Of reason, valour, liberty, and virtue,
Displays distinguished merit, is a noble
Of Nature's own creating.

h. THOMSON—*Coriolanus.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Though lone the way as that already trod,
Cling to thine own integrity and God!

i. TUCKERMAN—*Sonnet. To One Deceived.*

I hope I shall always possess firmness and virtue enough, to maintain, what I consider the most enviable of all titles, the character of an "Honest Man."

j. GEO. WASHINGTON—*Moral Maxims. Virtue and Vice. The Most Enviable of Titles.*

Charity and personal force are the only investments worth anything.

k. WALT WHITMAN—*Leaves of Grass. Manhattan's Streets I Sauntered, Pondering.* St. 6.

Nothing endures but personal qualities.

l. WALT WHITMAN—*Song of the Broad-Axe.* Pt. 4. St. 5.

Formed on the good old plan,
A true and brave and downright honest man!
He blew no trumpet in the market-place,
Nor in the church, with hypocritic face
Supplied with cant the lack of Christian grace;
Loathing pretence, he did with cheerful will
What others talked of, while their hands were still.

m. WHITTIER—*Daniel Neall.*

Whom neither shape of anger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray.

n. WORDSWORTH—*Character of the Happy Warrior.*

And let men so conduct themselves in life
As to be always strangers to defeat.

o. YONGE's *Cicero—A precept of Atreus. Tusculan Disp.* Bk. V. Div. 18.

The man that makes a character, makes foes.

p. YOUNG—*Epistles to Mr. Pope.* Ep. 1. Line 28.

CHARITY.

Charity is a virtue of the heart, and not of the hands.

q. ADDISON—*The Guardian.* No. 166.

Gifts and alms are the expressions, not the essence of this virtue.

r. ADDISON—*The Guardian.* No. 166.

The desire of power in excess caused the angels to fall; the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall; but in charity there is no excess, neither can angel or man come in danger by it.

s. BACON—*Essay. On Goodness.*

No sound ought to be heard in the church but the healing voice of Christian charity.

t. BURKE—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.* 1790.

Now, at a certain time, in pleasant mood,
He tried the luxury of doing good.

u. CRABBE—*Tales of the Hall.* Bk. III.
GOLDSMITH—*The Traveller.* Line 22.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side.

v. GOLDSMITH—*The Deserted Village.* Line 163.

Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!

w. HOOD—*The Bridge of Sighs.*

In silence, * * *
Steals on soft-handed Charity,
Tempering her gifts, that seem so free,
By time and place,
Till not a woe the bleak world see,
But finds her grace.

x. KEBLE—*The Christian Year. Sunday After Ascension.* St. 6.

He is truly great, that is great in charity.
a. THOMAS A KEMPIS—*Imitation of Christ.* Bk. I. Ch. III.

Act a charity sometimes.
b. LAMB—*Complaint of the Decay of Beggars in the Metropolis.*

Shut not thy purse-strings
Always against painted distress.
c. LAMB—*Complaint of the Decay of Beggars in the Metropolis.*

With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right.
d. LINCOLN—*Second Inaugural Address.*

O chime of sweet Saint Charity,
Peal soon that Easter morn
When Christ for all shall risen be,
And in all hearts new-born!
That Pentecost when utterance clear
To all men shall be given,
When all can say My Brother here,
And hear My Son in heaven!
e. LOWELL—*Godminster Chimes.*

The soul of the truly benevolent man does not seem to reside much in its own body. Its life, to a great extent, is a mere reflex of the lives of others. It migrates into their bodies, and, identifying its existence with their existence, finds its own happiness in increasing and prolonging their pleasures, in extinguishing or solacing their pains.
f. HORACE MANN—*Lectures on Education.* Lecture IV.

To pity distress is but human; to relieve it is Godlike.
g. HORACE MANN—*Lectures on Education.* Lecture VI.

They serve God well,
Who serves His creatures.
h. MRS. NORTON—*The Lady of La Garaye. Conclusion.* Line 9.

With one hand he put
A penny in the urn of poverty,
And with the other took a shilling out.
i. POLLOK—*Course of Time.* Bk. VIII. Line 632.

In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity.
j. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. III. Line 307.

So much his courage and his mercy strive,
He wounds to cure, and conquers to forgive.
k. PRIOR—*Ode in Imitation of Horace.* Bk. III. Ode II.

An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!
l. *Henry VIII.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.
m. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 2.

For his bounty
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping. His delights
Were dolphin like.
n. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act V. Sc. 2.

For this relief, much thanks; 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.
o. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 1.

So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
p. *Henry VIII.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

We are born to do benefits. * * * O, what a precious comfort 'tis to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes!
q. *Timon of Athens.* Act I. Sc. 2.

'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment; drain'd by fever'd lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarean juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.
r. TALFOURD—*Ion.* Act I. Sc. 2.

CHASE, THE.

Broad are these streams—my steed obeys,
Plunges, and bears me through the tide.
Wide are these woods—I thread the maze
Of giant stems, nor ask a guide.
I hunt till day's last glimmer dies
O'er woody vale and grassy height;
And kind the voice, and glad the eyes
That welcome my return at night.
s. BRYANT—*The Hunter of the Prairies.*

Soon as Aurora drives away the night,
And edges eastern clouds with rosy light,
The healthy huntsman, with the cheerful horn,
Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled morn.
t. GAY—*Rural Sports.* Canto II. Line 93.

Love's torments made me seek the chace;
Rifle in hand, I roam'd apace.
Down from the tree, with hollow scoff,
The raven cried: "head off! head off!"
u. HEINE—*Book of Songs. Youthful Sorrows.* No. 8.

Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield.
v. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 9.

Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
w. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 1.

CHASTITY.

So dear to Heaven is saintly Chastity,
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand hovered angels lacky her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
x. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 453.

'Tis Chastity, my brother, Chastity;
She that has that is clad in complete steel,
And, like a quiver'd nymph, with arrows keen,
May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds;
Where, through the sacred rays of Chastity,
No savage fierce, bandite, or mountaineer,
Will dare to soil her virgin purity.
a. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 420.

As chaste as unsunn'd snow,
b. *Cymbeline.* Act II. Sc. 5.

Chaste as the icicle,
That's curded by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple.
c. *Coriolanus.* Act V. Sc. 3.

My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from my ancestors.
d. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

The very ice of chastity is in them.
e. *As You Like It.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.
f. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

To the pure all things are pure!
g. SHELLEY—*The Revolt of Islam.* Canto VI. St. 30.

Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity:
The deep air listen'd round her as she rode,
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
h. TENNYSON—*Godiva.* Line 53.

CHEERFULNESS.

A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured.
i. ADDISON—*The Tattler.* No. 192,

Cheerfulness is an offshoot of goodness and of wisdom.
j. BOVEE—*Summaries of Thought. Cheerfulness.*

And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
'Tis that I may not weep.
k. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto IV. St. 4.

Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes.
l. GOLDSMITH—*The Traveller.* Line 185.

A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.
m. *A Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might have been a grandam ere she died;
And so may you; for a light heart lives long.
n. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act V. Sc. 2.

He makes a July's day short as December;
And, with his varying childness, cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.
o. *A Winter's Tale.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am.
p. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.
q. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

We keep the day. With festal cheer,
With books and music.
r. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. CVI.

CHILDREN.

'Tis not a life;
'Tis but a piece of childhood thrown away.
s. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—*Philaster.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
And that cannot stop their tears.
t. E. B. BROWNING—*The Cry of the Children.*

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn!
Gay as the gilded summer sky,
Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
Dear as the rapture thrill of joy.
u. BURNS—*Address to Edinburgh.*

Better to be driven out from among men, than to be disliked of children.
v. DANA—*The Idle Man. Domestic Life.*

They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise.
w. CHARLES M. DICKINSON—*The Children.*

Childhood has no forebodings; but then, it is soothed by no memories of outlived sorrow.
x. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Mill on the Floss.* Bk. I. Ch. IX.

Children are what the mothers are.
y. LANDOR—*Children.*

Ah! what would the world be to us,
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.
z. LONGFELLOW—*Children.* St. 4.

O child! O new-born denizen
Of life's great city! on thy head
The glory of the morn is shed
Like a celestial benison!
Here at the portal thou dost stand,
And with thy little hand
Thou openest the mysterious gate
Into the future's undiscovered land.
aa. LONGFELLOW—*To a Child.*

He seemed a cherub who had lost his way
And wandered hither, so his stay
With us was short, and 'twas most meet
That he should be no delver in earth's clod,
Nor need to pause and cleanse his feet
To stand before his God:
O blest word—Evermore!
a. Lowell—*Threnodia.*

A sweet, new blossom of Humanity,
Fresh fallen from God's own home to flower on earth.
b. Massey—*Wooed and Won.*

Ay, these young things lie safe in our hearts just so long
As their wings are in growing; and when these are strong
They break it, and farewell! the bird flies!
c. Owen Meredith—*Lucile.* Canto VI. Pt. II. St. 29.

As children gath'ring pebbles on the shore.
d. Milton—*Paradise Regained.* Bk. IV. Line 330.

The childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day.
e. Milton—*Paradise Regained.* Bk. IV. Line 220.

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle tickled with a straw.
f. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. II. Line 275.

Pointing to such, well might Cornelia say,
When the rich casket shone in bright array,
"These are my jewels!" Well of such as he,
When Jesus spake, well might the language be,
"Suffer these little ones to come to me!"
g. Rogers—*Human Life.*

Children know,
Instinctive taught, the friend and foe.
h. Scott—*Lady of the Lake.* Canto. II. St. 14.

I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too.
i. *Twelfth Night*—Act II. Sc. 4.

O lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure.
j. *King John*—Act III. Sc. 4.

We have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of her's again; therefore begone
Without our grace, our love, our benizon.
k. *King Lear.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
l. *Richard III.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

A truthful page is childhood's lovely face,
Whereon sweet Innocence has record made,—
An outward semblance of the young heart's grace,
Where truth, and love, and trust are all portrayed.
m. Shillaber—*On a Picture of Lillie.*

A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure.
n. Tupper—*Of Education.*

A garland, of seven lilies wrought.
o. Wordsworth—*The Seven Sisters.*

A simple Child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb.
What should it know of death.
p. Wordsworth—*We Are Seven.*

Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.
q. Wordsworth—*To A Butterfly.*

The child is father of the man.
r. Wordsworth—*My Heart Leaps Up.* Line 7.

CHOICE.

Be ignorance thy choice, where knowledge leads to woe.
s. Beattie—*The Minstrel.* Bk. II. St. 30.

He that will not when he may,
When he will he shall have nay.
t. Burton—*Anat. of Mel.* Pt. III. Sec. 2. Mem. 5. Subs. 5.

Life often presents us with a choice of evils, rather than of goods.
u. C. C. Colton—*Lacon.*

The strongest principle of growth lies in human choice.
v. George Eliot—*Daniel Deronda.* Bk. VI. Ch. XLII.

God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose.
w. Emerson—*Essay. Intellect.*

Give house-room to the best; 'tis never known
Vertue and pleasure both to dwell in one.
x. Herrick—*Hesperides.*

Rather than be less
Cared not to be at all.
y. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 47.

Who would not, finding way, break loose from Hell,
* * * * *
And boldly venture to whatever place
Farthest from pain?
z. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. 889.

Of two evils I have chose the least.
a. PRIOR—*Imitation of Horace.*

Choose always the way that seems the best, however rough it may be. Custom will render it easy and agreeable.
b. PYTHAGORAS.

I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
c. *Merchant of Venice.* Act II. Sc. 9.

Preferment goes by letter, and affection.
d. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 1.

There's a small choice in rotten apples.
e. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive.
f. *King Lear.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Great God? I'd rather be
A Pagan, suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses, that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.
g. WORDSWORTH—*Miscellaneous Sonnets.* Pt. I. *Sonnet XXXIII.*

A strange alternative * * *
Must women have a doctor or a dance?
k. YOUNG—*Love of Fame.* Satire V. Line 192.

CHRIST.

Star unto star speaks light, and world to world
Repeats the passage of the universe
To God; the name of Christ—the one great word
Well worth all languages in earth or Heaven.
i. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Heaven.*

Lovely was the death
Of Him whose life was Love! Holy, with power.
He on the thought-benighted Skeptic beamed
Manifest Godhead.
j. COLERIDGE—*Religious Musings.* Line 29.

He was the Word that spake it;
He took the bread and brake it;
And what that Word did make it,
I do believe and take it.
k. DONNE—*Divine Poems. On the Sacrament.*

In darkness there is no choice. It is light, that enables us to see the differences between things; and it is Christ, that gives us light.
l. J. C. and A. W. HARE—*Guesses at Truth.*

Who did leave his Father's throne,
To assume thy flesh and bone?
Had he life, or had he none?

If he had not liv'd for thee,
Thou hadst died most wretchedly;
And two deaths had been thy fee.
m. HERBERT—*The Temple. Business.*

One name above all glorious names
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.
n. KEBLE—*Septuagesima Sunday.*

All the glory and beauty of Christ are manifested within, and there he delights to dwell; his visits there are frequent, his condescension amazing, his conversations sweet, his comforts refreshing; and the peace that he brings passeth all understanding.
o. THOMAS À KEMPIS.

God never gave man a thing to do concerning which it were irreverent to ponder how the Son of God would have done it.
p. GEORGE MACDONALD—*The Marquis of Lossie.* Ch. LIX.

The pilot of the Galilean lake.
q. MILTON—*Lycidas.* Line 109.

Thou,
Whom soft-eyed Pity once led down from Heaven
To bleed for Man, to teach him how to live,
And oh! still harder lesson, how to die!
r. BISHOP PORTEUS—*Death.* Line 316.

In those holy fields
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
Which fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross.
s. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 1.

And so the Word had breath, and wrought
With human hands the creed of creeds
In loveliness of perfect deeds,
More strong than all poetic thought;

Which he may read that binds the sheaf,
Or builds the house or digs the grave,
And those wild eyes that watch the waves
In roarings round the coral reef.
t. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. XXXVI.

His love at once, and dread instruct our thought;
As man he suffer'd and as God he taught.
u. WALLER—*Of Divine Love.* Line 41.

CHRISTIAN.

A Christian is God Almighty's gentleman.
v. J. C. and A. W. HARE—*Guesses at Truth*

Look in, and see Christ's chosen saint
In triumph wear his Christ-like chain;
No fear lest he should swerve or faint;
"His life is Christ, his death is gain."
w. KEBLE—*St. Luke.*

Of simple understandings, little inquisitive, and little instructed, are made good Christians, who by reverence and obedience implicitly believe, and are constant in their belief.

a. Montaigne—*Essays.* Bk. I. Ch. LIV. *Of Vain Subtleties.*

A sad, good Christian at her heart.

b. Pope—*Moral Essay.* Ep. II. Line 68.

A Christian is the highest style of man.

c. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night IV. Line 788.

CHRISTMAS.

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall.
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall.

d. Bayly—*The Mistletoe Bough.*

We ring the bells and we raise the strain,
We hang up garlands everywhere
And bid the tapers twinkle fair,
And feast and frolic—and then we go
Back to the same old lives again.

e. Susan Coolidge—*Christmas.*

Like circles widening round
Upon a clear blue river,
Orb after orb, the wondrous sound
Is echoed on forever:
Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
And love towards men of love—salvation and release.

f. Keble—*Christmas Day.*

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

g. Longfellow—*Flower de Luce. Christmas Bells.*

Shepherds at the grange,
Where the Babe was born,
Sang with many a change,
Christmas carols until morn.

h. Longfellow—*By the Fireside. A Christmas Carol.*

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
(If ye have power to touch our senses so:)
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the bass of Heaven's deep organ blow,
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

i. Milton—*On the Morning of Christ's Nativity.* St. 13.

This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded maid, and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring,
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

j. Milton—*On the Morning of Christ's Nativity.* St. 1.

'Twas the night before Christmas.

k. Clement C. Moore—*A Visit from St. Nicholas.*

God rest ye, little children; but nothing you affright,
For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born this happy night;
Along the hills of Galilee the white flocks sleeping lay,
When Christ, the Child of Nazareth, was born on Christmas day.

l. D. M. Mulock—*Thirty Years. A Christmas Carol.*

It is the Christmas time:
And up and down 'twixt heaven and earth,
In the glorious grief and solemn mirth,
The shining angels climb.

m. D. M. Mulock—*Thirty Years. A Hymn for Christmas Morning.*

England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

n. Scott—*Marmion.* Canto VI. Introduction

At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows.

o. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Be merry all, be merry all,
With holly dress the festive hall;
Prepare the song, the feast, the ball,
To welcome merry Christmas.

p. W. R. Spencer—*The Joys of Christmas.*

The time draws near the birth of Christ:
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

q. Tennyson—*In Memoriam.* Pt. XXVIII.

With trembling fingers did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth;
A rainy cloud possess'd the earth,
And sadly fell our Christmas-eve.

r. Tennyson—*In Memoriam.* Pt. XXX.

At Christmas play, and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.

s. Tusser—*Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry.* Ch. XII.

CHURCH, THE.

Where God hath a temple, the Devil will have a chapel.

t. Burton—*Anatomy of Melancholy.* Pt. III. Sc. 4.

Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The devil always builds a chapel there.

u. Defoe—*The Trueborn Englishman.* Line 1.

God never had a church but there men say,
The devil a chapel hath raised by some wyles,
I doubted of this saw, till on a day
I westward spied great Edinburgh's Saint Gyles.
a. DRUMMOND—*Posthumous Poems.*

No sooner is a temple built to God, but the devil builds a chapel hard by.
b. HERBERT—*Jacula Prudentum.*

She (the Roman Catholic Church) may still exist in undiminished vigour, when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.
c. MACAULAY—*Review of Ranke's History of the Popes.*

And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
d. MILTON—*Il Penseroso.* Line 159.

No silver saints, by dying misers giv'n,
Here brib'd the rage of ill-requited heav'n:
But such plain roofs as Piety could raise,
And only vocal with the Maker's praise.
e. POPE—*Eloisa to Abelard.* Line 137.

Who builds a church to God, and not to Fame
Will never mark the marble with his Name.
f. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. III. Line 285.

CIRCLES.

Circles and right lines limit and close all bodies, and the mortal right-lined circle must conclude and shut up all.
g. Sir THOS. BROWNE—*Hydriotaphia.* Ch. V.

The eye is the first circle; the horizon which it forms is the second; and throughout nature this primary figure is repeated without end. It is the highest emblem in the cipher of the world.
h. EMERSON—*Essays. Circles.*

The small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The circle mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads.
i. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 364.

I'm up and down and round about,
Yet all the world can't find me out;
Though hundreds have employ'd their leisure,
They never yet could find my measure.
j. JONATHAN SWIFT—*On a Circle.*

I watch'd the little circles die;
They past unto the level flood.
k. TENNYSON—*The Miller's Daughter.* St. 10.

On the lecture slate
The circle rounded under female hands
With flawless demonstration.
l. TENNYSON—*The Princess.* Pt. II. Line 359.

Circles are praised, not that abound
In largeness, but th'exactly round.
m. WALLER—*Long and Short Life.*

CIRCUMSTANCES.

No man lives without jostling and being jostled; in all ways he has to *elbow* himself through the world, giving and receiving offence.
n. CARLYLE—*Essays. Memoirs of the Life of Scott.*

The objects that we have known in better days are the main props that sustain the weight of our affections, and give us strength to await our future lot.
o. WM. HAZLITT—*Table Talk. On the Past and Future.*

Sprinkled along the waste of years
Full many a soft green isle appears:
Pause where we may upon the desert road,
Some shelter is in sight, some sacred safe abode.
p. KEBLE—*The Christian Year. Advent Sunday.* St. 8.

Occasions do not make a man frail, but they shew what he is.
q. THOMAS À KEMPIS—*Imitation of Christ.* Bk. I. Ch. XVI.

Condition, circumstance is not the thing.
r. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 57.

If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid.
s. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Leave frivolous circumstances.
t. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act V. Sc. 1.

My circumstances
Being so near the truth as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe.
u. *Cymbeline.* Act II. Sc. 4.

What means this passionate discourse,
This peroration with such circumstance.
v. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act I. Sc. 1.

So runs the round of life from hour to hour.
w. TENNYSON—*Circumstance.*

CITIES.

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand;
I saw from out the wave her structure rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
O'er the far times when many a subject land
Look'd to the wingèd Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles!
x. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 1.

When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls—the World.
a. Byron—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 145.

At Dresden on the Elbe, that handsome city,
Where straw hats, verses, and cigars are made,
They've built (it well may make us feel afraid)
A music-club and music warehouse pretty.
b. Heine—*Book of Songs. Sonnets. Dresden Poetry.*

Even cities have their graves!
c. Longfellow—*Amalfi.* St. 6.

What land is this? Yon pretty town
Is Delft, with all its wares displayed:
The pride, the market-place, the crown
And centre of the Potter's trade.
d. Longfellow—*Kéramos.* Line 66.

Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men.
e. Milton—*L'Allegro.* Line 117.

See the wild Waste of all-devouring years!
How Rome her own sad Sepulchre appears,
With nodding arches, broken temples spread!
The very Tombs now vanish'd like their dead!
f. Pope—*Moral Essays.* Ep.V. Line 1.

I am in Rome! Oft as the morning ray
Visits these eyes, waking at once I cry,
Whence this excess of joy? What has befallen me?
And from within a thrilling voice replies,
Thou art in Rome! A thousand busy thoughts
Rush on my mind, a thousand images;
And I spring up as girt to run a race!
g. Rogers—*Rome.*

CLEANLINESS.

Cleanliness of body was ever esteemed to proceed from a due reverence to God.
h. Bacon—*Advancement of Learning.* Bk. I.

Certainly this is a duty, not a sin. "Cleanliness is indeed next to godliness."
i. John Wesley. *Sermon XCII. On Dress.*

CLOUDS.

O it is pleasant, with a heart at ease,
Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,
To make the shifting clouds be what you please,
Or let the easily-persuaded eyes
Own each quaint likeness issuing from the mould
Of a friend's fancy.
j. Coleridge—*Poetical Works. Sonnet.*

The sky is filled with rolling, fleecy clouds, whose flat receding bases seem to float upon a transparent amber sea.
k. W. Hamilton Gibson—*Pasloral Days. Autumn.*

Die down, O dismal day! * * *
And come, blue deeps! magnificently strown
With coloured clouds—large, light, and fugitive—
By upper winds through pompous motions blown.
l. David Gray—*The Luggie and Other Poems. In the Shadows. Sonnet XX.*

The cloudlets are lazily sailing
O'er the blue Atlantic sea.
m. Heine—*Early Poems. Evening Songs.* No. 4.

See yonder little cloud, that, borne aloft
So tenderly by the wind, floats fast away
Over the snowy peaks!
n. Longfellow—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. V.

The louring element
Scowls o'er the darkened landscip.
o. Milton—*Paradise Losl.* Bk. II. Line 490.

There does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And casts a gleam over this tufted grove.
p. Milton—*Comus.* Line 223.

Clouds on clouds, in volumes driven,
Curtain round the vault of heaven.
q. Thos. Lore Peacock—*Rhododaphne.*

Clouds on the western side
Grow gray and grayer, hiding the warm sun.
r. Christina G. Rossetti—*Twilight Calm.* St. 1.

We often praise the evening clouds,
And tints so gay and bold,
But seldom think upon our God,
Who tinged these clouds with gold.
s. Scott—*The Setting Sun.*

Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds.
t. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.
u. Shelley—*The Cloud.* St. 1.

Yonder cloud
That rises upward always higher,
And onward drags a laboring breast,
And topples round the dreary west,
A looming bastion fringed with fire.
v. Tennyson—*In Memoriam.* Pt. XV.

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun;
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow;
* * * * *
Tranquil its spirit seemed and floated slow;
Even in its very motion there was rest;
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous West.
a. JOHN WILSON—*Isle of Palms and Other Poems. The Evening Cloud.*

COMPARISONS.

To liken them to your auld-warld squad,
I must needs say comparisons are odd.
b. BURNS—*Brigs of Ayr.* Line 177.

Comparisons are odious.
c. BURTON—*Anatomy of Melancholy.* Pt. III. Sec. 3.
DONNE—*Elegy* 8. Line 54.
GEORGE HERBERT—*Jacula Prudentum.*
HEYWOOD—*A Woman Killed With Kindness.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Comparisons are offensive.
d. CERVANTES—*Don Quixote.* Pt. II. Ch. I.

O God, show compassion on the wicked,
The virtuous have already been blessed by Thee in being virtuous.
e. *Prayer of a Persian Dervish.*

Comparisons are odorous.
f. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 5.

What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
g. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

COMPENSATION.

What we gave, we have:
What we spent, we had:
What we left, we lost,
h. *Epitaph of Edward, Earl of Devon.*

O weary hearts! O slumbering eyes!
O drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again.
i. LONGFELLOW—*Endymion.* St. 7.

Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us;
The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,
We bargain for the graves we lie in;
At the devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking,
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer.
j. LOWELL—*The Vision of Sir Launfal.* Prelude to Pt. I.

When fate has allowed to any man more than one great gift, accident or necessity seems usually to contrive that one shall encumber and impede the other.
k. SWINBURNE—*Essays and Studies.* The Poems of DANTE, GABRIEL ROSSETTI

Not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivel'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.
l. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. LIII.

COMPLIMENTS.

Though all compliments are lies, yet because they are known to be such, nobody depends on them, so there is no hurt in them: you return them in the same manner you receive them; yet it is best to make as few as one can.
m. LADY GETHIN.

A compliment is usually accompanied with a bow, as if to beg pardon for paying it.
n. J. C. and A. W. HARE—*Guesses at Truth*

What honour that,
But tedious waste of time, to sit and hear
So many hollow compliments.
o. MILTON—*Paradise Regained.* Bk. IV. Line 122.

'Twas never merry world
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment.
p. *Twelfth Night.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Current among men
Like coin, the tinsel clink of compliment.
q. TENNYSON—*The Princess.* Pt. II. Line 40.

CONFESSION.

Confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath
Cannot remove, or choke, the strong conception
That I do groan withal.
r. *Othello.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come.
s. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 4.

I own the soft impeachment.
t. SHERIDAN—*The Rivals.* Act V. Sc. 3.

CONCEIT.

I've never any pity for conceited people, because I think they carry their comfort about with them.
u. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Mill on the Floss.* Bk. V. Ch. VI.

When self-esteem expresses itself in contempt of another, be it the meanest, it must be repellant. A flippant, frivolous man may ridicule others, may controvert them, scorn them; but he who has any respect for himself seems to have renounced the right of thinking meanly of others.
v. GOETHE—*Lewes Life of Goethe.* Bk. V.

In men this blunder still you find,
All think their little set mankind.
a. HANNAH MORE—*Florio.* Pt. I.

We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.
b. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 438.

If she undervalue me,
What care I how fair she be.
c. Sir WALTER RALEIGH—*Oldy's Life of Raleigh.*

Conceit may puff a man up, but never prop him up.
d. RUSKIN—*True and Beautiful. Morals and Religion. Functions of the Artist.*

Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.
e. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 4.

I am not in the roll of common men.
f. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act III. Sc. 1.

CONFIDENCE.

He who does not respect confidence, will never find happiness in his path. The belief in virtue vanishes from his heart, the source of nobler actions becomes extinct in him.
g. AUFFENBERG.

He who has lost confidence can lose nothing more.
h. BOISTE.

Confidence is a plant of slow growth.
i. EARL OF CHATHAM—*Speech.* January 14, 1766.

Confidence is that feeling by which the mind embarks in great and honourable courses with a sure hope and trust in itself.
j. CICERO—*Rhetorical Invention.*

Self-trust is the essence of heroism.
k. EMERSON—*Essay. On Heroism.*

The hearing ear is always found close to the speaking tongue; and no genius can long or often utter anything which is not invited and gladly entertained by men around him.
l. EMERSON—*Race.*

Trust men, and they will be true to you; treat them greatly, and they will show themselves great.
m. EMERSON—*Essay. On Prudence.*

In tracing the shade, I shall find out the sun.
Trust to me!
n. OWEN MEREDITH—*Lucile.* Pt. II. Canto VI. St. 15.

Though Wisdom wake, Suspicion sleeps
At Wisdom's gate, and to Simplicity
Resigns her charge, while Goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems.
o. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. III. Line 686.

Be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.
p. *Titus Andronicus.* Act I. Sc. 1.

I renounce all confidence.
q. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 2.

I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly.
r. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 5.

Trust not him that hath once broken faith.
s. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act IV. Sc. 4.

Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence
Do not go forth to-day.
t. *Julius Cæsar.* Act II. Sc. 2.

CONSCIENCE.

A good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body: it preserves a constant ease and serenity within us, and more than countervails all the calamities and afflictions which can possibly befal us. I know nothing so hard for a generous mind to get over as calumny and reproach, and cannot find any method of quieting the soul under them, besides this single one, of our being conscious to ourselves that we do not deserve them.
u. ADDISON—*The Guardian.* No. 135.

Why should not conscience have vacation
As well as other courts o' th' nation?
Have equal power to adjourn,
Appoint appearance and return?
v. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. II. Canto II. Line 317.

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell,
And there hath been thy bane.
w. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 42.

Nor ear can hear, nor tongue can tell
The tortures of that inward hell!
x. BYRON—*The Giaour.* Line 748.

There is no future pang
Can deal that justice on the self condemn'd
He deals on his own soul.
y. BYRON—*Manfred.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Yet still there whispers the small voice within,
Heard through Gain's silence, and o'er Glory's din;
Whatever creed be taught or land be trod,
Man's conscience is the oracle of God.
z. BYRON—*The Island.* Canto I. St. 6.

The great theatre for virtue is conscience.
aa. CICERO.

The still small voice is wanted.
bb. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. V. Line 685.

Conscience is harder than our enemies,
Knows more, accuses with more nicety.
cc. GEORGE ELIOT—*Spanish Gypsy.* Bk 1.

Conscience is a coward, and those faults it has not strength to prevent, it seldom has justice enough to accuse.
a. GOLDSMITH—*Vicar of Wakefield.* Ch. XIII.

'Tis the first constant punishment of sin,
That no bad man absolves himself within.
b. JUVENAL—XIII. 2.

Let his tormentor, conscience, find him out.
c. MILTON—*Paradise Regained.* Bk. IV. Line 130.

Now conscience wakes despair
That slumbered; wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what he is, and what must be
Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue!
d. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 23.

O conscience! into what abyss of fears
And horrors hast thou driven me; out of which
I find no way, from deep to deeper plunged!
e. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. X. Line 842.

The hell within him.
f. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. III. Line 20.

Whom conscience, ne'er asleep,
Wounds with incessant strokes, not loud, but deep.
g. MONTAIGNE—*Essays.* Bk. II. Ch. V. *Of Conscience.*

Despotic conscience rules our hopes and fears.
h. OVID—*Fast.* I. 485.

Let Joy or Ease, let Affluence or Content,
And the gay Conscience of a life well spent,
Calm ev'ry thought, inspirit ev'ry grace,
Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face.
i. POPE—*To Mrs. M. B.*

One self-approving hour whole years outweighs.
j. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 255.

Some scruple rose, but thus he eas'd his thought,
"I'll now give sixpence where I gave a groat;
Where once I went to Church, I'll now go twice—
And am so clear too of all other vice."
k. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. III. Line 365.

True, conscious Honour, is to feel no sin,
He's arm'd without that's innocent within;
Be this thy screen, and this thy wall of Brass.
l. POPE—*First Book of Horace.* Ep. I. Line 93.

What Conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than Hell to shun,
That, more than Heav'n pursue.
m. POPE—*Universal Prayer.*

There is a higher law than the constitution.
n. WM. SEWARD—*Speech.* March 11, 1850.

Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!
o. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act. III. Sc. 3.

Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstacy.
p. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Conscience is a blushing shame-faced spirit
That mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills
One full of obstacles.
q. *Richard III.* Act. I. Sc. 4.

Conscience is a word that cowards use,
Devised at first to keep the strong in awe.
r. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own.
s. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour;
With Cain go wander through the shade of night,
And never show thy head by day, nor light.
t. *Richard II.* Act V. Sc. 6.

I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities;
A still and quiet conscience.
u. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 2.

I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee called conscience;
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe.
v. *Titus Andronicus.* Act V. Sc. 1.

My conscience had a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
w. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.
x. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Soft, I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
y. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 3.

The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors whilst thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
a. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.
b. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Trust that man in nothing, who has not a conscience in everything.
c. STERNE—*Tristram Shandy.* Ch. XVII.

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, called Conscience.
d. GEO. WASHINGTON—*Moral Maxims. Virtue and Vice. Conscience.*

CONSIDERATION.

A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant.
e. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Consideration like an angel came,
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him;
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelope and contain celestial spirits.
f. *Henry V.* Act I. Sc. 1.

What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear; and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer.
g. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 2.

CONSISTENCY.

Of right and wrong he taught
Truths as refin'd as eves Athens heard;
And, strange to tell, he practic'd what he preached.
h. JOHN ARMSTRONG—*Art of Preserving Health.* Bk. IV. Line 302.

Tush! tush! my lassie such thoughts resigne,
Comparisons are cruele:
Fine pictures suit in frames as fine
Consistencie's a jewell.
For thee and me coarse cloathes are best
Rude folks in homelye raiment drest
Wife Joan and goodman Robin.
i. *Jolly Robyn-Roughhead. From Murtagh's Collection of Scotch Ballads, Pub. in* 1754. (*Doubted.*)

CONSOLATION.

All are not taken! there are left behind
Living Beloveds, tender looks to bring,
And make the daylight still a happy thing,
And tender voices, to make soft the wind.
j. E. B. BROWNING—*Consolation.*

The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore.
k. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto VIII. St. 3.

God has commanded time to console the unhappy.
l. JOUBERT.

Empty heads console with empty sound.
m. POPE—*The Dunciad.* Bk. IV. Line 542.

Grief is crowned with consolation.
n. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act. I. Sc. 2.

I will be gone;
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To consolate thine ear.
o. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act III. Sc. 2.

CONSPIRACY.

Conspiracies no sooner should be formed
Than executed.
p. ADDISON—*Cato.* Act I. Sc. 2.

I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life.
q. *Tempest.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

O conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dang'rous brow by night,
When evils are most free?
r. *Julius Cæsar.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Open-eye Conspiracy
His time doth take.
s. *Tempest.* Act II. Sc. 1. *Song.*

Take no care
Who chafes, who frets, and where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be.
t. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
As stranger to thy thoughts.
u. *Othello.* Act III. Sc. 3.

CONSTANCY.

Death cannot sever
The ties that bind our souls through mortal years—
They last forever!
v. KATE B. W. BARNES—*The Departed.*

Thro' perils both of wind and limb,
Thro' thick and thin she follow'd him.
w. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto II. Line 369.

True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shined upon:
x. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. III. Canto II. Line 175.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives.
a. HERBERT—*Virtue.*

'Tis often constancy to change the mind.
b. HOOLE's *Anastatio. Sieves.*

Keep your love true, I can engage that mine
Shall, like my soul, immortal prove.
c. JOHN MORRIS—*Damon and Pythias. On Friendship and Perfection.*

Be true to your word and your work and your friend.
d. JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY—*Rules of the Road.*

Abra was ready ere I call'd her name;
And, though I call'd another, Abra came.
e. PRIOR—*Solomon on the Vanity of the World.* Bk. II. Line 364.

He that parts us, shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence, like foxes.
f. *King Lear.* Act V. Sc. 3.

I could be well nerv'd if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me;
But I am constant as the northern star
Of whose true fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
g. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 1.

If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me;
For such as I am all true lovers are:
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd.
h. *Twelfth Night.* Act II. Sc. 4.

I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be everything, and their intent everywhere; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing.
i. *Twelfth Night.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant: now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.
j. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act V. Sc. 2.

O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
k. *Julius Cæsar.* Act II. Sc. 4.

O heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect; that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all th' sins.
Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.
l. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act V. Sc. 4.

Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
m. *Sonnet CXVI.*

Out upon it! I have lov'd
Three whole days together;
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.
n. Sir JOHN SUCKLING—*Constancy.*

CONTAMINATION.

The sun, too, shines into cess-pools, and is not polluted.
o. DIOGENES LAERTIUS—Lib. VI. Sec. 63.

Shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
p. *Julius Cæsar.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

They that touch pitch will be defiled.
q. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 3.

CONTEMPLATION.

The act of contemplation then creates the thing contemplated.
r. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Literary Character.* Ch. XII.

But first, and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne,
The cherub Contemplation.
s. MILTON—*Il Penseroso.* Line 51.

In discourse more sweet,
For Eloquence the Soul, Song charms the sense,
Others apart sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned high
Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will and Fate,
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute;
And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost.
t. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 555.

Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him! how he jets
Under his advanced plumes!
u. *Twelfth Night.* Act II. Sc. 5.

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence;
So sweet is zealous contemplation.
v. *Richard III.* Act III. Sc. 7.

CONTEMPT.

He hears
On all sides, from innumerable tongues
A dismal universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn.
w. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. X. Line 506.

Most contemptible to shun contempt.
a. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. I. Line 196.

Becomes it thee to taunt this valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
b. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act III. Sc. 2.

But, (alas!) to make me
A fixed figure, for the hand of Scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at.
c. *Othello.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.
d. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Get thee glass eyes;
And, and like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.
e. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 6.

He talks to me that never had a son.
f. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 4.

I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon;
Than such a Roman.
g. *Julius Cæsar.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail to strike to thee.
h. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act V. Sc. 1.

O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
i. *Twelfth Night.* Act III. Sc. 1.

CONTENT.

I have a heart with room for every joy.
j. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *A Mountain.*

Ah, sweet Content, where dost thou safely rest?
k. BARNABE BARNES—*Parthenophil and Parthenophe.*

Ah, sweet Content, where doth thine harbour hold?
l. BARNABE BARNES—*Parthenophil and Parthenophe.*

Ah, sweet Content, where is thy mild abode?
m. BARNABE BARNES—*Parthenophil and Parthenophe.*

From labour health, from health contentment spring:
Contentment opes the source of every joy.
n. JAMES BEATTIE—*The Minstrel.* Bk. I.

There was a jolly miller
Lived on the river Dee;
He danced and sang from morn to night—
No lark so blithe as he;
And this the burden of his song
For ever used to be—
"I care for nobody, no not I,
If nobody cares for me."
o. BIRKERSTAFF—*Love in a Village.* Act I. Sc. 4.

One contented with what he has done, stands but small chance of becoming famous for what he will do. He has laid down to die. The grass is already growing over him.
p. BOVEE—*Summaries of Thought.* *Contentment.*

I'll be merry and free,
I'll be sad for nae-body;
If nae-body cares for me,
I'll care for nae-body.
q. BURNS—*Nae-body.*

I would do what I pleased, and doing what I pleased, I should have my will, and having my will, I should be contented; and when one is contented, there is no more to be desired; and when there is no more to be desired, there is an end of it.
r. CERVANTES—*Don Quixote.* Pt. I. Bk. IV. Ch. XXIII.

We'll therefore relish with content,
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our pow'r;
For, if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudent to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.
s. NATHANIEL COTTON—*The Fireside.* St. 10.

Enjoy the present hour, be thankful for the past,
And neither fear nor wish th' approaches of the last.
t. COWLEY—*Imitations. Martial.* Lib. X. Ep. XLVII.

'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the Great Babel, and not feel the crowd.
u. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. IV. Line 88.

This floating life hath but this port of rest,
A heart prepar'd, that fears no ill to come.
v. SAMUEL DANIEL—*An Epistle to the Countess of Cumberland.*

Content with poverty, my soul I arm;
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.
w. DRYDEN—*Second Book of Horace.* *Ode* 29.

He trudged along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of thought.
x. DRYDEN—*Cymon and Iphigenia.* Line 84.

With equal minds what happens let us bear.
Nor joy, nor grieve too much for things beyond our care.
y. DRYDEN—*Palemon and Arcite.* Bk. III. Line 883.

Map me no maps, sir; my head is a map, a map of the whole world.
z. FIELDING—*Rape upon Rape.* Act 1. Sc. 5.

What happiness the rural maid attends
In cheerful labour while each day she spends!
She gratefully receives what Heav'n has sent,
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content.
a. GAY—*Rural Sports.* Canto II. Line 148.

His best companions, innocence and health
And his best riches ignorance of wealth.
b. GOLDSMITH—*Deserted Village.* Line 61.

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.
c. GOLDSMITH—*The Hermit.* St. 8.

Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd.
d. GOLDSMITH—*The Traveller.* Line 210.

Happy the man, of mortals happiest he
Whose quiet mind from vain desires is free;
Whom neither hopes deceive nor fears torment,
But lives at peace, within himself content;
In thought or act accountable to none
But to himself and to the gods alone.
e. GEO. GRANVILLE (Lord Lansdowne.)—*Epistle to Mrs. Higgins.*

Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind.
f. GRAY—*Elegy in a Country Church Yard.* St. 22.

Obscurèd life sets down a type of bliss:
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.
g. ROBERT GREENE—*Song. Farewell to Folly.*

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content;
The quiet mind is richer than a crown;
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent;
The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown:
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.
h. ROBERT GREENE—*Song. Farewell to Folly.*

Praise they that will times past, I joy to see
My selfe now live: this age best pleaseth mee.
i. HERRICK—*Hesperides*

Of little meddling cometh rest,
The busy man ne'er wanted woe:
The best woe is in all worlds sent,
See all, say nought, hold thee content.
j. JASPER HEYWOOD—*Look ere you Leap.* St. 4.

Let the world slide, let the world go;
A fig for care and a fig for woe!
If I can't pay, why I can owe,
And death makes equal the high and low.
k. JOHN HEYWOOD—*Be Merry Friends.*

Yes! in the poor man's garden grow,
Far more than herbs and flowers,
Kind thoughts, contentment, peace of mind,
And joy for weary hours.
l. MARY HOWITT—*The Poor Man's Garden.*

Contentment furnishes constant joy. Much covetousness, constant grief. To the contented, even poverty is joy. To the discontented, even wealth is a vexation.
m. MING SUM PAOU KEËN. *In Chinese Repository.* (Trans. by Dr. Milne).

O what a glory doth this world put on,
For him who, with a fervent heart goes forth,
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed and days well spent.
n. LONGFELLOW—*Autumn.*

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage,
Minds innocent and quiet, take
That for a hermitage.
o. LOVELACE—*To Althea from Prison.* Percy's Rel. 343.

I rest content; I kiss your eyes,
I kiss your hair in my delight:
I kiss my hand and say, "Good-night."
p. JOAQUIN MILLER—*Songs of the Sun-Lands. Isles of the Amazons.* Pt. V.

Whate'er the Passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbor with himself.
q. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. II. Line 261.

For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours.
r. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 1.

He is well paid that is well satisfied.
s. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. I.

I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate; envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm.
t. *As You Like It.* Act III. Sc. 2.

If it were now to die,
'Twere to be most happy; for, I fear
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.
u. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 1.

I'm glad of't with all my heart;
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers.
v. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act III. Sc. 1.

My crown is in my heart, not on my head,
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is called content;
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.
w. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act III. Sc. 1

My more-having, would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more.
x. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Our content
Is our best having.
a. *Henry VIII.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Shut up
In measureless content.
b. *Macbeth.* Act II. Sc. 1.

The shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leathern bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.
c. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act II. Sc. 5.

'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glittering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.
d. *Henry VIII.* Act II. Sc. 3.

'Tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a hcurch door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve.
e. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Fear not the future, weep not for the past.
f. Shelley—*Revolt of Islam.* Canto XI. St. 18.

The noblest mind the best contentment has.
g. Spenser—*Faerie Queene.* Bk. I. Canto II. Line 35.

Dear little head, that lies in calm content
Within the gracious hollow that God made
In every human shoulder, where He meant
Some tired head for comfort should be laid.
h. Celia Thaxter—*Song.*

An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labor, useful life
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven!
i. Thomson—*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 1158.

There is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy,
No chemic art can counterfeit;
It makes men rich in greatest poverty,
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,
The homely whistle to sweet music's strain;
Seldom it comes—to few from heaven sent—
That much in little—all in nought—content.
j. Wilbye—*Madrigal.*

A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident to-morrows.
k. Wordsworth—*The Excursion.* Bk. VII.

Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.
l. Sir Henry Wotton—*The Character of a Happy Life.*

CONTENTION.

Contention is a hydra's head; the more they strive the more they may: and as Praxiteles did by his glass, when he saw a scurvy face in it, brake it in pieces: but for that one he saw many more as bad in a moment.
m. Burton—*Anat. of Mel.* Pt. II. Sec. 3. Mem. 7.

Have always been at daggers-drawing,
And one another clapper-clawing.
n. Butler—*Hudibras.* Pt. II. Canto II. Line 79.

That each pull'd different ways with many an oath,
"Arcades ambo," *id est*—blackguards both.
o. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto IV. St. 96.

Dissensions, like small streams, are first begun,
Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run:
So lines that from their parallel decline,
More they proceed the more they still disjoin.
p. Sir Sam'l Garth—*The Dispensary.* Canto III. Line 184.

Those who in quarrels interpose,
Must often wipe a bloody nose.
q. Gay—*Fable. The Mastiffs.* Line 1.

Seven cities warr'd for Homer being dead;
Who living, had no roofe to shrowd his head.
r. John Heywood—*The Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels.*

Contentions fierce,
Ardent, and dire, spring from no petty cause
s. Scott—*Peveril of the Peak.* Ch. XL.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?
Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring.
t. *Merchant of Venice.* Act. V. Sc. 1.

Greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake.
u. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

In a false quarrel there is no true valour.
v. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act V. Sc. 1.

The Retort Courteous; the Quip Modest; the Reply Churlish; the Reproof Valiant; the Counter check Quarrelsome; the Lie with Circumstance; the Lie Direct.
w. *As You Like It.* Act V. Sc. 4.

Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason, but because thou hast hazel eyes.
x. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat.
y. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act III. Sc. 1.

The quarrel is a very pretty quarrel as it stands; we should only spoil it by trying to explain it.

a. SHERIDAN—*The Rivals.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

O we fell out I know not why,
And kiss'd again with tears.

b. TENNYSON—*The Princess.* Canto I. *Song.*

Weakness on both sides is, as we know, the motto of all quarrels.

c. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Weakness on Both Sides.*

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too.

d. WATTS—*Divine Songs. Song XVI.*

CONTRAST.

'Tis light translateth night; 'tis inspiration
Expounds experience; 'tis the west explains
The east; 'tis time unfolds eternity.

e. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *A Ruined Temple.*

And homeless near a thousand homes I stood,
And near a thousand tables pined and wanted food.

f. WORDSWORTH—*Guilt and Sorrow.* St. 41.

The rose and the thorn, sorrow and gladness, are linked together.

g. SAADI.

Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.

h. *Cymbeline.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court.

i. *As You Like It.* Act III. Sc. 2.

The little may contrast with the great, in painting, but cannot be said to be contrary to it. Oppositions of colors contrast; but there are also colors contrary to each other, that is, which produce an ill effect because they shock the eye when brought very near it.

j. VOLTAIRE—*Essay. Contrast.*

CONVERSATION.

Method is not less requisite in ordinary conversation than in writing, providing a man would talk to make himself understood.

k. ADDISON—*The Spectator.* No. 476.

When with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talked like other folk.
For all a Rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.

l. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto I. Line 89.

Discourse may want an animated "No,"
To brush the surface, and to make it flow;
But still remember, if you mean to please,
To press your point with modesty and ease.

m. COWPER—*Conversation.* Line 101.

Abstruse and mystic thoughts you must express
With painful care, but seeming easiness,
For truth shines brightest thro' the plainest dress.

n. WENTWORTH DILLON (Earl of Roscommon)—*Miscellanies. Essay on Translated Verse.* Line 217.

Conversation is a game of circles.

o. EMERSON—*Essays. Circles.*

Conversation is the laboratory and workshop of the student.

p. EMERSON—*Society and Solitude. Clubs.*

I never, with important air,
In conversation overbear.
* * * * *
My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much must talk in vain.

q. GAY—*Fables.* Pt. I. Introduction. Line 53.

With thee conversing I forget the way.

r. GAY—*Trivia.* Bk. II. Line 480.

Men of great conversational powers almost universally practice a sort of lively sophistry and exaggeration, which deceives, for the moment, both themselves and their auditors.

s. MACAULAY—*Essay. On the Athenian Orators.*

With thee conversing, I forget all time.

t. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 639.

Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe.

u. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 379.

Equality is the life of conversation; and he is as much out who assumes to himself any part above another; as he who considers himself below the rest of the society.

v. Sir RICHARD STEELE—*Tatler.* No. 225.

COQUETRY.

Like a lovely tree
She grew to womanhood, and between whiles
Rejected several suitors, just to learn
How to accept a better in his turn.

w. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto II. St. 128.

'Tis good in every case, you know,
To have two strings unto your bow.

x. CHURCHILL—*The Ghost.* Bk. IV. *Heywood's Proverbs*, 1546; *Letters of Queen Elizabeth to James VI.*, June, 1585; *Hooker's Polity*, Bk. V., Ch. LXXX; *Butler's Hudibras*, Pt. III., Ch. I., Line 1; *Fielding. Love in Several Masques*, Sc. 13.

Coquetry whets the appetite; flirtation depraves it. Coquetry is the thorn that guards the rose — easily trimmed off when once plucked. Flirtation is like the slime on water-plants, making them hard to handle, and when caught only to be cherished in slimy waters.

a. Ik Marvel—*Reveries of a Bachelor.*

COUNTRIES.

Give me but one hour of Scotland,
Let me see it ere I die.

b. Aytoun—*A Scotch Ballad. Charles Edward at Versailles.*

America! half brother of the world!
With something good and bad of every land.

c. Bailey—*Festus.* Sc. *The Surface.*

England! my country, great and free!
Heart of the world, I leap to thee!

d. Bailey—*Festus.* Sc. *The Surface.*

Egypt! from whose all dateless tombs arose
Forgotten Pharaohs from their long repose,
And shook within their pyramids to hear
A new Cambyses thundering in their ear;
While the dark shades of forty ages stood
Like startled giants by Nile's famous flood.

e. Byron—*The Age of Bronze.* Pt. V.

Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!
Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great!

f. Byron—*Childe Harold.* Canto II. St. 73.

The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free.

g. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto III. St. 86.

Be England what she will,
With all her faults she is my country still.

h. Churchill—*The Farewell.*

The noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high-road that leads him to England.

i. Sam'l Johnson—*Boswell's Life of Johnson.* An. 1763.

The Americans equally detest the pageantry of a King, and the supercilious hypocrisy of a Bishop.

j. Junius—*Letter No.* 35.

Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

k. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 1.

O England!—model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,—
What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault!

l. *Henry V.* Act II. Chorus.

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress built by nature for herself,
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea.

m. *Richard II.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Your isle, which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters.

n. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Month after month the gather'd rains descend,
Drenching yon secret Ethiopian dells,
And from the Desert's ice-girt pinnacles,
Where Frost and Heat in strange embraces blend
On Atlas, fields of moist snow half depend.

o. Shelley—*Sonnet. To the Nile.*

In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book? or goes to an American play? or looks at an American picture or statue?

p. Sydney Smith—*Review on Seybert's Annals of the United States.*

Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves;
Britons never shall be slaves.

q. Thompson—*Alfred.* Act II. Sc. 5.

COUNTRY LIFE.

God Almighty first planted a garden.

r. Bacon—*Essays. Of Gardens.*

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid nature.

s. Cowper—*The Task.* Bk. I. Line 181.

I hate the countrie's dirt and manners, yet
I love the silence; I embrace the wit
A courtship, flowing here in full tide.
But loathe the expence, the vanity, and pride.
No place each way is happy.

t. William Habington—*To my Noblest Friend, I. C., Esquire.*

To one who has been long in city pent,
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.

u. Keats—*Sonnet I.* Line 1.

As I read
I hear the crowing cock, I hear the note
Of lark and linnet, and from every page
Rise odors of ploughed field or flowery mead.

v. Longfellow—*Chaucer.*

Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the old-fashion'd country seat.
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar-trees their shadows throw;
And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all,
"Forever! never!
Never—forever!"

w. Longfellow—*Old Clock on the Stairs.* St. 1.

Far from the gay cities and the ways of men.
a. POPE'S *Homer's Odyssey.* Bk. XIV. Line 410.

Ye sacred Nine! that all my soul possess,
Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless
Bear me, O bear me to sequester'd scenes,
The bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens.
b. POPE—*Windsor Forest.* Line 260.

Mine be a cot beside the hill;
A bee hive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall, shall linger near.
c. ROGERS—*A Wish.*

Now the summer's in prime
Wi' the flowers richly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
A' the moorlands perfuming.
To own dear native scenes
Let us journey together,
Where glad innocence reigns
'Mang the braes o' Balquhither.
d. ROBERT TANNAHILL—*The Braes o' Balquhither.*

COUNTRY, LOVE OF

There ought to be a system of manners in every nation which a well-formed mind would be disposed to relish. To make us love our country, our country ought to be lovely.
e. BURKE—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

My dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heav'n is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
f. BURNS—*Cotter's Saturday Night.* St. 20.

Their groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume;
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.
g. BURNS—*Caledonia.*

I can't but say it is an awkward sight
To see one's native land receding through
The growing waters; it unmans one quite,
Especially when life is rather new.
h. BYRON.—*Don Juan.* Canto II. St. 12.

Oh, Christ! it is a goodly sight to see
What Heaven hath done for this delicious land.
i. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto I. St. 15.

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin;
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing,
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
j. CAMPBELL.—*The Exile of Erin.*

O beautiful and grand
My own my Native Land!
Of thee I boast:
Great Empire of the West,
The dearest and the best,
Made up of all the rest,
I love thee most.
k. ABRAHAM COLES—*My Native Land.*

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still,
My country! and, while yet a nook is left
Where English mind and manners may be found,
Shall be constrain'd to love thee.
l. COWPER—*The Task.* Line 206.

Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations, may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong.
m. STEPHEN DECATUR—*Toast given at Norfolk.*

The loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native shore.
n. GOLDSMITH—*The Traveller.* Line 217.

Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the God of storms,
The lightning and the gale.
o. HOLMES—*A Metrical Essay.*

Down to the Plymouth Rock, that had been to their feet as a doorstep
Into a world unknown,—the corner-stone of a nation!
p. LONGFELLOW—*Courtship of Miles Standish.* Pt. I.

Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, are all with thee.
q. LONGFELLOW—*The Building of the Ship.*

Sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
r. LONGFELLOW—*The Building of the Ship.*

Sweet the memory is to me
Of a land beyond the sea,
Where the waves and mountains meet.
s. LONGFELLOW—*Amalfi.* St. 1.

Hail, dear country! I embrace thee, seeing thee after a long time.
t. MENANDER. Piscat 8

If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own.
a. MOORE—*Dear Harp of My Country.* St. 2.

Who dare to love their country, and be poor.
b. POPE—*On his Grotto at Twickenham.*

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand!
c. SCOTT—*Lay of the Last Minstrel.* Canto VI. St. 1.

Land of my sires! what mortal hand,
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
d. SCOTT—*Lay of the Last Minstrel.* Canto VI. St. 2.

My foot is on my native heath, and my name is MacGregor.
e. SCOTT—*Rob Roy.* Ch. XXXIV.

I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate.
f. *Coriolanus.* Act III. Sc. 3.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,—
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.
g. SAM'L F. SMITH—*National Hymn.*

I was born an American; I live an American; I shall die an American.
h. DANIEL WEBSTER—*Speech.* July 17, 1850.

Let our object be, our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country.
i. DANIEL WEBSTER—*An address delivered at the laying of the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill Monument.*

Our country—whether bounded by the St. John's and the Sabine, or however otherwise bounded or described, and be the measurements more or less;—still our country, to be cherished in all our hearts, to be defended by all our hands.
j. ROBT. C. WINTHROP—*Toast at Faneuil Hall on the 4th of July,* 1845.

COURAGE.

The soul, secured in her existence, smiles at the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
k. ADDISON—*Cato.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Where life is more terrible than death, it is then the truest valour to dare to live.
l. Sir THOMAS BROWNE—*Religio Medici.* Pt. XLIV.

O friends, be men; so act that none may feel
Ashamed to meet the eyes of other men.
Think each one of his children and his wife,
His home, his parents, living yet or dead.
For them, the absent ones, I supplicate,
And bid you rally here, and scorn to fly.
m. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. XV. Line 843.

And let us mind faint heart ne'er wan
A lady fair.
n. BURNS—*To Dr. Blacklock.*

None but the brave deserves the fair.
o. DRYDEN—*Alexander's Feast.* St. 1.

The charm of the best courages is that they are inventions, inspirations, flashes of genius.
p. EMERSON—*Society and Solitude. Courage.*

Courage the highest gift, that scorns to bend
To mean devices for a sordid end.
Courage—an independent spark from Heaven's bright throne,
By which the soul stands raised, triumphant, high, alone.
Great in itself, not praises of the crowd,
Above all vice, it stoops not to be proud.
Courage, the mighty attribute of powers above,
By which those great in war, are great in love.
The spring of all brave acts is seated here,
As falsehoods draw their sordid birth from fear.
q. FARQUHAR—*Love and a Bottle. Part of dedication to the Lord Marquis of Carmarthen.*

Courage is, on all hands, considered as an essential of high character.
r. FROUDE—*Representative Men.*

Few persons have courage enough to appear as good as they really are.
s. J. C. and A. W. HARE—*Guesses at Truth.*

Tender handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.
t. AARON HILL—*Verses written on a Window in Scotland.*

"Be bold!" *first gate;* "Be bold, be bold, and evermore be bold," *second gate;* "Be not too bold!" *third gate.*
u. *Inscription on the Gates of Busyrane.*

There's a brave fellow! There's a man of pluck!
A man who's not afraid to say his say,
Though a whole town's against him.
v. LONGFELLOW—*Christus.* Pt. III. *John Endicott.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Write on your doors the saying wise and old,
"Be bold! be bold!" and everywhere—"Be bold;
Be not too bold!" Yet better the excess
Than the defect; better the more than less;
Better like Hector in the field to die,
Than like a perfumed Paris turn and fly.
a. LONGFELLOW—*Morituri Salutamus.* Line 100.

What! shall one monk, scarce known beyond his cell,
Front Rome's far-reaching bolts, and scorn her frown?
Brave Luther answered, "Yes"; that thunder swell
Rocked Europe, and discharged the tripple crown.
b. LOWELL—*To W. L. Garrison.*

How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.
c. MACAULAY—*Lays of Ancient Rome. Horatius* 70.

'Tis more brave
To live, than to die.
d. OWEN MEREDITH—*Lucile.* Pt. II. Canto VI. St. 11.

I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward.
e. MILTON—*Sonnet. To Cyriack Skinner.*

Stand fast and all temptation to transgress repel.
f. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VIII. Line 640.

Courage in danger is half the battle.
g. PLAUTUS.

Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base, as soon as I.
h. SCOTT—*Lady of the Lake.* Canto V. St. 10.

But how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence:
For courage mounteth with occasion.
i. *King John.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Come let us take a muster speedily:
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.
j. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act IV. Sc. 1.

Fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
k. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act IV. Sc. 7.

He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion.
l. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act I. Sc. 1.

He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe.
m. *Timon of Athens.* Act III. Sc. 5.

I dare do all that may become a man:
Who dares do more, is none.
n. *Macbeth.* Act 1. Sc. 7.

I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.
o. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 4.

In that day's feats
* * * * * * *
He prov'd the best man i' the field; and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak.
p. *Coriolanus.* Act II. Sc. 2.

The blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare.
q. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 3.

The thing of courage,
As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathise,
And, with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
Returns to chiding fortune.
r. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
* * * * * * *
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
* * * * * * *
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to hear,
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
s. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act I. Sc. 2.

'Tis much he dares;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety,
t. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 1.

To be, or not to be, that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or, to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?
u. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 1.

We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail.
v. *Macbeth* Act I. Sc. 7.

What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble.
w. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.
x. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act V. Sc. 4.

Wise men ne'er wail their present woes,
But presently prevent the ways to wail.
y. *Richard II.* Act III. Sc. 2.

A man of courage is also full of faith.
z. YONGE'S *Cicero. The Tusculan Disputations.*

COURTESY.

A moral, sensible, and well-bred man
Will not affront me; and no other can.
a. COWPER—*Conversation.* Line 193.

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy.
b. EMERSON—*Social Aims.*

In thy discourse, if thou desire to please:
All such is courteous, useful, new or wittie:
Usefulness comes by labour, wit by ease;
Courtesie grows in court; news in the citie.
c. HERBERT—*The Church. Church Porch.* St. 49.

Shepherd I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry hall
And courts of princes.
d. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 322.

I am the very pink of courtesy.
e. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 4.

The thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth Civility.
f. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 7.

Too civil by half.
g. SHERIDAN—*The Rivals.* Act III. Sc. 4.

COWARDICE

For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.
h. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. III. Canto III. Line 243.

For those that run away, and fly,
Take place at least o' th' enemy.
i. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto III. Line 609.

That all men would be cowards if they dare,
Some men we know have courage to declare.
j. CRABBE—Tale I. *The Dumb Orators.*

That same man, that runnith awaie,
Maie again fight another daie.
k. ERASMUS—*Apothegms.* Trans. by Udall.

He who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day.
l. GOLDSMITH—*The Art of Poetry on a New Plan.*

When desp'rate ills demand a speedy cure,
Distrust is cowardice, and prudence folly.
m. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Irene.* Act. IV. Sc. 1.

He
That kills himself to 'void misery, fears it,
And, at the best, shows but a bastard valour.
This life's a fort committed to my trust,
Which I must not yield up, till it be forced:
Nor will I. He's not valiant that dares die,
But he that boldly bears calamity.
n. MASSINGER—*Maid of Honour.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Cowards (may) fear to die; but courage stout
Rather than live in snuff, will be put out.
o. Sir WALTER RALEIGH—*On the Snuff of a Candle the night before he died.*

He that fights and runs away
May turn and fight another day;
But he that is in battle slain
Will never rise to fight again.
p. RAY—*History of the Rebellion.* Bristol, 1752.

Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land!
q. SCOTT—*Marmion.* Canto IV. St. 30.

When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on.
r. Dr. SEWELL—*The Suicide.* Bk. XI. Ep. LV.

By this good light, this is a very shallow monster:—I afear'd of him?—a very weak monster:—The man i' the moon?—a most poor credulous monster:—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.
s. *Tempest.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.
t. *Julius Cæsar.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.
u. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 1.

How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk?
v. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 2.

I hold it cowardice,
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love.
w. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act. IV. Sc. 2.

I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry.
x. *Henry IV.* Pt I. Act V. Sc. 1.

It was great pity, so it was,
That villainous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns
He would himself have been a soldier.
y. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 3.

I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety.
z. *Henry V.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him.

a. *Twelfth Night.* Act III. Sc. 4.

So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,
Are from their hives, and houses, driven away.
They call'd us, for our fierceness, English dogs;
Now, like whelps, we crying run away.

b. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act. I. Sc. 5.

So cowards fight when they can fly no further;
As doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

c. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act I. Sc. 4.

What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done; and then say, it was in fight.

d. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 4.

Who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass.

e. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Would'st thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem;
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

f. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 7.

You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat!

g. *Coriolanus.* Act I. Sc. 4.

My valour is certainly going! it is sneaking off! I feel it oozing out, as it were, at the palms of my hands.

h. Sheridan—*The Rivals.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Ah, Fool! faint heart fair lady n'er could win.

i. Spenser—*Britain's Ida.* Canto V. St. I.

The man that lays his hand on woman, save in the way of kindness, is a wretch whom 'twere gross flattery to name a coward.

j. Tobin—*The Honeymoon.* Act II. Sc. 1.

CREATION.

Creation is great, and cannot be understood.

k. Carlyle—*Essays. Characteristics.*

Silently as a dream the fabric rose;
No sound of hammer or of saw was there.

l. Cowper—*The Task.* Bk. V. Line 144.

O mighty nothing! unto thee,
Nothing, we owe all things that be;
God spake once when he all things made,
He saved all when he nothing said,
The world was made of nothing then;
'Tis made by nothing now again.

m. Crashaw—*Steps to the Temple.*

Then tower'd the palace, then in awful state
The Temple rear'd its everlasting gate:
No workman's steel, no ponderous axes rung!
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung.

n. Bishop Heber—*Palestine.* Line 137.

Open, ye heavens, your living doors! let in
The great Creator, from his work returned
Magnificent, his six days' work, a world.

o. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VII. Line 566.

To recount almighty works
What words of tongue or seraph can suffice,
Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?

p. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VII. Line 112.

What cause
Moved the Creator, in his holy rest
Through all eternity, so late to build
In Chaos; and, the work begun, how soon
Absolvéd.

q. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VII. Line 89.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.

r. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 267.

No man saw the building of the New Jerusalem, the workmen crowded together, the unfinished walls and unpaved streets; no man heard the clink of trowel and pickaxe; it descended out of heaven from God.

s. Seeley—*Ecce Homo.* Ch. XXIV.

Through knowledge we behould the World's creation,
How in his cradle first he fostred was,
And judge of Nature's cunning operation,
How things she formed of a formless mass.

t. Spenser—*Tears of the Muses. Urania.* Line 499.

CRIME.

If Poverty is the Mother of Crimes, want of Sense is the Father.

u. De La Bruyere—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Vol. II. Ch. II.

Responsibility prevents crimes.

v. Burke—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

Blood only serves to wash Ambition's hands.

w. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto IX. St. 59.

Crime is not punished as an offense against God, but as prejudicial to society.

x. Froude—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Reciprocal Duties of State and Subjects.*

A man who has no excuse for crime is indeed defenceless!
a. BULWER-LYTTON—*The Lady of Lyons.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.
b. *King John.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.
c. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capital crimes, chew'd swallow'd, and digested,
Appear before us?
d. *Henry V.* Act II. Sc. 2.

If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.
e. *Othello.* Act V. Sc. 2.

O, would the deed were good!
For now the devil, that told me—I did well.
Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.
f. *Richard II.* Act V. Sc. 5.

There shall be done a deed of dreadful note.
g. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 2.

The times have been
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools.
h. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 4.

The villainy you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.
i. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Tremble thou wretch,
That has within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice.
j. *King Lear.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
k. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Do evil deeds thus quickly come to end?
O, that the vain remorse which must chastise
Crimes done, had but as loud a voice to warn
As its keen sting is mortal to avenge!
O, that the hour when present had cast off
The mantle of its mystery, and shown
The ghastly form with which it now returns
When its scared game is roused, cheering the hounds
Of conscience to their prey!
l. SHELLEY—*The Cenci.* Act V. Sc. 1.

CRITICISM.

When I read rules of criticism I inquire immediately after the works of the author who has written them, and by that means discover what it is he likes in a composition.
m. ADDISON—*Guardian.* No. 115.

He was in Logic a great critic,
Profoundly skill'd in Analytic;
He could distinguish, and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side.
n. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto I. Line 65.

A man must serve his time to every trade,
Save censure—critics all are ready made.
Take hackney'd jokes from Miller, got by rote,
With just enough of learning to misquote;
A mind well skill'd to find or forge a fault,
A turn for punning, call it Attic salt;
To Jeffrey go, be silent and discreet,
His pay is just ten sterling pounds per sheet;
Fear not to lie, 'twill seem a lucky hit;
Shrink not from blasphemy, 'twill pass for wit;
Care not for feeling—pass your proper jest,
And stand a critic, hated yet caress'd.
o. BYRON—*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.* Line 63.

As soon
Seek roses in December—ice in June,
Hope, constancy in wind, or corn in chaff;
Believe a woman or an epitaph,
Or any other thing that's false, before
You trust in critics.
p. BYRON—*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.* Line 75.

A servile race
Who, in mere want of fault, all merit place;
Who blind obedience pay to ancient schools,
Bigots to Greece, and slaves to rusty rules.
q. CHURCHILL—*The Rosciad.* Line 183.

But spite of all the criticizing elves,
Those who would make us feel—must feel themselves.
r. CHURCHILL—*The Rosciad.* Line 322.

Though by whim, envy, or resentment led,
They damn those authors whom they never read.
s. CHURCHILL—*The Candidate.* Line 57.

Too nicely Jonson knew the critic's part,
Nature in him was almost lost in art.
t. COLLINS—*Epistle to Sir Thomas Hanmer on his Edition of Shakspere.*

There are some critics so with spleen diseased,
They scarcely come inclining to be pleased:
And sure he must have more than mortal skill,
Who pleases one against his will.
u. CONGREVE—*The Way of the World.* Epilogue.

I would beg the critics to remember, that Horace owed his favour and his fortune to the character given of him by Virgil and Varus; that Fundamus and Pollio are still valued by what Horace says of them; and that, in their golden age, there was a good understanding among the ingenious; and those who were the most esteemed, were the best natured.

a. Wentworth Dillon (Earl of Roscommon)—*Preface to Horace's Art of Poetry.*

The press, the pulpit, and the stage,
Conspire to censure and expose our age.

b. Wentworth Dillon (Earl of Roscommon)—*Essay on Translated Verse.* Line 7.

It is much easier to be critical than to be correct.

c. Disraeli (Earl of Beaconsfield)—*Speech in House of Commons.* Jan'y 24, 1860.

The most noble criticism is that in which the critic is not the antagonist so much as the rival of the author.

d. Isaac Disraeli—*Curiosities of Literature. Literary Journals.*

The talent of judging may exist separately from the power of execution.

e. Isaac Disraeli—*Curiosities of Literature. Literary Dutch.*

Those who do not read criticism will rarely merit to be criticised.

f. Isaac Disraeli—*Literary Character of Men of Genius.* Ch. VI.

You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage;
And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by.

g. David Everett—*Lines written for a School Declamation.*

Reviewers are forever telling authors, they can't understand them. The author might often reply: Is that my fault?

h. J. C. and A. W. Hare—*Guesses at Truth.*

The readers and the hearers like my books,
But yet some writers cannot them digest;
But what care I? for when I make a feast,
I would my guests should praise it, not the cooks.

i. Sir John Harrington—*Against Writers that Carp at other Men's Books.*

Critics are sentinels in the grand army of letters, stationed at the corners of newspapers and reviews, to challenge every new author.

j. Longfellow—*Kavanagh.* Ch. XIII.

The strength of criticism lies only in the weakness of the thing criticised.

k. Longfellow—*Kavanagh.* Ch. XXX.

It may be laid down as an almost universal rule that good poets are bad critics.

l. Macaulay—*Criticisms on the Principal Italian Writers. Dante.*

The opinion of the great body of the reading public is very materially influenced even by the unsupported assertions of those who assume a right to criticise.

m. Macaulay—*Mr. Robert Montgomery's Poems.*

To check young Genius' proud career,
The slaves, who now his throne invaded,
Made Criticism his prime Vizir,
And from that hour his glories faded.

n. Moore—*Genius and Criticism.*

Ah ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
Nor in the Critic let the Man be lost.

o. Pope—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 522.

And you, my Critics! in the chequer'd shade,
Admire new light thro' holes yourselves have made.

p. Pope—*Dunciad.* Bk. IV. Line 125.

A perfect Judge will read each work of Wit
With the same spirit that its author writ:
Survey the Whole, nor seek slight faults to find
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind.

q. Pope—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 235.

Be not the first by whom the new are tryd,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

r. Pope—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 336.

I lose my patience, and I own it too.
When works are censur'd not as bad but new;
While if our Elders break all reason's laws,
These fools demand not pardon, but Applause.

s. Pope—*Second Book of Horace.* Ep. I. Line 115.

In every work regard the writer's End,
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.

t. Pope—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 255.

Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss.

u. Pope—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 6.

The gen'rous Critic fann'd the Poet's fire.
And taught the world with reason to admire.

v. Pope—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 100.

The line too labours, and the words move slow.

w. Pope—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 370.

With pleasure own your errors past,
And make each day a critic on the last.

x. Pope—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 571.

Critics I read on other men,
And hypers upon them again;
From whose remarks I give opinion
On twenty books, yet ne'er look in one.

y. Prior—*An Epistle to Fleetwood Shepherd, Esq*

For I am nothing if not critical.
a. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 1.

In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear its comment.
b. *Julius Cæsar.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

'Tis a physic
That's bitter to sweet end.
c. *Measure for Measure.* Act IV. Sc. 6.

For, poems read without a name
We justly praise, or justly blame;
And critics have no partial views,
Except they know whom they abuse.
And since you ne'er provoke their spite,
Depend upon't their judgment's right.
d. JONATHAN SWIFT—*On Poetry.*

How commentators each dark passage shun,
And hold their farthing candle to the sun.
e. YOUNG—*Love of Fame.* Satire VII. Line 97.

CRUELTY.

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.
f. BURNS—*Man Was Made to Mourn.*

Detested sport,
That owes its pleasures to another's pain.
g. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. III. Line 326.

It's not the linen you're wearing out.
But human creatures' lives.
h. HOOD—*Song of the Shirt.*

The Puritans hated bearbaiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators.
i. MACAULAY—*History of England.* Vol. I. Ch. III.

As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.
j. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

If ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to't.
k. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

I must be cruel, only to be kind.
l. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 4.

You are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.
m. *Twelfth Night.* Act I. Sc. 5.

Inhumanity is caught from man—
From smiling man.
n. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night V. Line 158.

CURIOSITY.

I loathe that low vice, Curiosity.
o. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto I. St. 23

The poorest of the sex have still an itch
To know their fortunes, equal to the rich.
The dairy-maid inquires, if she shall take
The trusty tailor, and the cook forsake.
p. DRYDEN—*Sixth Satire of Juvenal.* Line 762.

Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs.
q. GOLDSMITH—*She Stoops to Conquer.* Act III.

I saw and heard, for we sometimes
Who dwell this wild, constrained by want, come forth
To town or village nigh (nighest is far),
Where aught we hear, and curious are to hear,
What happens new; fame also finds us out.
r. MILTON—*Paradise Regained.* Bk. I. Line 330.

Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men.
s. POPE—*Second Book of Horace.* Satire XI. Line 17.

I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness.
t. *King Lear.* Act I. Sc. 4.

They mocked thee for too much curiosity.
u. *Timon of Athens.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inlaid ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely.
v. WORDSWORTH—*The Excursion.* Bk. 6.

CUSTOM.

Great things astonish us, and small dishearten: Custom makes both familiar.
w. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Vol. II. Ch. II.

Man yields to custom, as he bows to fate,
In all things ruled—mind, body, and estate;
In pain, in sickness, we for cure apply
To them we know not, and we know not why.
x. CRABBE—*Tale. The Gentleman Farmer.*

And to my mind, though I am a native here,
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honor'd in the breach than the observance.
y. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 4.

Custom calls me to 't:—
What custom wills, in all things should we do 't?
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to overpeer.
z. *Coriolanus.* Act II. Sc. 3.

How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.
a. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act V. Sc. 4.

New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are followed.
b. *Henry VIII.* Act. I. Sc. 3.

That monster, custom, * * * is angel yet in this,
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on.
c. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 4.

The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice driven bed of down.
d. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Use can almost change the stamp of nature.
e. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 4.

D.

DARKNESS.

The world was void,
The populous and the powerful was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless—
A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,
And nothing stirr'd within their silent depths;
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they dropp'd
They slept on the abyss without a surge—
The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave,
The Moon, their mistress, had expired before;
The winds were wither'd in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perish'd! Darkness had no need
Of aid from them—She was the Universe!
f. Byron—*Darkness.*

The prayer of Ajax was for light;
Through all that dark and desperate fight,
The blackness of that noonday night.
g. Longfellow—*The Goblet of Life.*

Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man had power to say,—Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up.
h. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act I. Sc. 1.

I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight;
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.
i. *Comedy of Errors.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.
j. *Tempest.* Act V. Sc. 1.

DAY.

Day is a snow-white Dove of heaven,
That from the east glad message brings:
Night is a stealthy, evil Raven,
Wrapt to the eyes in his black wings.
k. Aldrich—*Day and Night.*

The long days are no happier than the short ones.
l. Bailey—*Festus.* Sc. *A Village Feast.*

Out of Eternity this new day was born;
Into Eternity it might well return.
m. Carlyle—*To-Day.*

I count my time by times that I meet thee;
These are my yesterdays, my morrows, noons
And nights, these are my old moons and my new moons.
Slow fly the hours, fast the hours flee,
If thou art far from or art near to me:
If thou art far, the bird's tunes are no tunes;
If thou art near, the wintry days are Junes—
Darkness is light and sorrow cannot be.
Thou art my dream come true, and thou my dream,
The air I breathe, the world wherein I dwell,
My journey's end thou art, and thou the way;
Thou art what I would be, yet only seem;
Thou art my heaven and thou art my hell;
Thou art my ever-living judgment day.
n. Gilder—*The New Day.* Pt. IV. *Sonnet VI*

Sweet day, so cool, so calm so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.
o. Herbert—*The Temple. Virtue.*

O sweet, delusive noon,
Which the morning climbs to find;
O moment sped too soon,
And morning left behind.
p. Helen Hunt—Verses. *Noon.*

Blest power of sunshine!—genial Day,
What balm, what life is in thy ray!
To feel there is such real bliss,
That had the world no joy but this,
To sit in sunshine calm and sweet,—
It were a world too exquisite
For man to leave it for the gloom,
The deep, cold shadow, of the tomb.
a. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. The Fire Worshippers.*

O how glorious is Noon-day!
With the cool large shadows lying
Underneath the giant forest,
The far hill-tops towering dimly
O'er the conquered plains below.
b. D. M. MULOCK—*A Stream's Singing.*

How troublesome is day!
It calls us from our sleep away;
It bids us from our pleasant dreams awake,
And sends us forth to keep or break
Our promises to pay;
How troublesome is day!
c. THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK—*Fly-By-Night.* (Paper Money Lyrics.)

O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd and so fairly won.
d. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act I. Sc. 1.

The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton.
e. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 3.

What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done;
That it in golden letters should be set,
Among the high tides in the kalendar?
f. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.
g. STANIFORD—*Art of Reading.*

A day for Gods to stoop,
And men to soar.
h. TENNYSON—*The Lover's Tale.* Line 304.

One of those heavenly days that cannot die.
i. WORDSWORTH—*Nutting.*

"I've lost a day"—the prince who nobly cried,
Had been an emperor without his crown.
j. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 99.

DEATH.

Death is a black camel, which kneels at the gates of all.
k. ABD-EL-KADER.

But when the sun in all his state,
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through Glory's morning gate,
And walked in Paradise.
l. ALDRICH—*A Death Bed.*

Sinless, stirless rest—
That change which never changes.
m. EDWIN ARNOLD—*Light of Asia.* Bk. VI. Line 642.

It is as natural to die as to be born; and to a little infant, perhaps, the one is as faithful as the other.
n. BACON—*Essay. Of Death.*

Men fear death as children fear to go in the dark.
o. BACON—*Essay. Of Death.*

Death is the universal salt of states;
Blood is the base of all things—law and war.
p. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *A Country Town.*

The death-change comes.
Death is another life. We bow our heads
At going out, we think, and enter straight
Another golden chamber of the king's
Larger than this we leave, and lovelier.
And then in shadowy glimpses, disconnect,
The story, flower like, closes thus its leaves.
The will of God is all in all. He makes,
Destroys, remakes, for His own pleasure all.
q. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Home.*

On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.
r. JAMES BEATTIE—*The Hermit.* St. 6. Last lines.

Death hath so many doors to let out life.
s. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—*The Custom of the Country.* Act. II. Sc. 2.

How shocking must thy summons be, O Death!
To him that is at ease in his possessions;
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come!
t. BLAIR—*The Grave.* Line 3.

Sure 'tis a serious thing to die! My soul,
What a strange moment must it be, when near
Thy journey's end, thou hast the gulf in view!
That awful gulf no mortal e'er repass'd
To tell what's doing on the other side.
Nature runs back, and shudders at the sight,
And every life-string bleeds at thoughts at parting;
For part they must: body and soul must part;
Fond couple! link'd more close than wedded pair.
This wings its way to its Almighty Source,
The witness of its actions, now its judge;
That drops into the dark and noisome grave.
Like a disabled pitcher of no use.
u. BLAIR—*The Grave.* Line 334.

All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.
v. BRYANT—*Thanatopsis.*

All things that are on earth shall wholly pass away,
Except the love of God, which shall live and last for aye.
w. BRYANT—Trans. *The Love of God.*

He slept an iron sleep,—
Slain fighting for his country.
a. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. XI. Line 285.

They die
An equal death,—the idler and the man
Of mighty deeds.
b. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. IX. Line 396.

I have been dying for years, now I shall begin to live.
c JAS. DRUMMOND BURNS—*His Last Words.*

Ah! surely nothing dies but something mourns.
d. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto III. St. 108.

Death, so called, is a thing which makes men weep,
And yet a third of life is pass'd in sleep.
e. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto XIV. St. 3.

He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled—
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
(Before Decay's effacing fingers,
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers)—
And mark'd the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there.
f. BYRON—*The Giaour.* Line 68.

Oh, God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood.
g. BYRON—*Prisoner of Chillon.* St. 8.

So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
h. BYRON—*The Giaour.* Line 92.

The absent are the dead—for they are cold,
And ne'er can be what once we did behold;
And they are changed, and cheerless,—or if yet
The unforgotten do not all forget,
Since thus divided—equal must it be
If the deep barrier be of earth, or sea;
It may be both—but one day end it must
In the dark union of insensate dust.
i. BYRON—*A Fragment.*

Without a grave—unknell'd—uncoffin'd and unknown.
j. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 179.

'Tis ever wrong to say a good man dies.
k. CALLIMACHUS—*Epigram on a Good Man.*

Some men make a womanish complaint that it is a great misfortune to die before our time. I would ask what time? Is it that of Nature? But she indeed, has lent us life, as we do a sum of money, only no certain day is fixed for payment. What reason then to complain if she demands it at pleasure, since it was on this condition that you received it.
l. CICERO.

They who make the least of death, consider it as having a great resemblance to sleep.
m. CICERO—*Tusculan Disputations.* Bk. I. Div. 38.

Thank God for Death: bright thing with dreary name,
We wrong with mournful flowers her pure, still brow.
n. SUSAN COOLIDGE. *Benedicam Domino.*

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those, whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poor Death.
o. DONNE—*Divine Poems. Holy Sonnets.* No. 17.

One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.
p. DONNE—*Divine Poems. Holy Sonnets.* No. 17.

He was exhal'd; his Creator drew
His spirit, as the sun the morning dew.
q. DRYDEN—*On the Death of a Very Young Gentleman.*

Led like a victim, to my death I'll go,
And, dying, bless the hand that gave the blow.
r. DRYDEN—*The Spanish Friar.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Death is the king of this world: 'tis his park
Where he breeds life to feed him. Cries of pain
Are music for his banquet.
s. GEORGE ELIOT—*Spanish Gypsy* Bk. 2.

Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home:
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine.
t. EMERSON—*Good-Bye.*

Drawing near her death, she sent most pious thoughts as harbingers to heaven; and her soul saw a glimpse of happiness through the chinks of her sickness-broken body.
u. FULLER—*The Holy and the Profane State.* Bk. I. Ch. II.

To die is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never break nor tempests roar:
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke 'tis o'er.
v. GARTH—*The Dispensary.* Canto III. Line 225.

Where the brass knocker, wrapt in flannel band,
Forbids the thunder of the footman's hand,
Th' upholder, rueful harbinger of death,
Waits with impatience for the dying breath.
w. GAY—*Trivia.* Bk. II. Line 467.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?
x. GRAY—*Elegy.* St. 11.

The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.
a. Gray—*Progress of Poesy.* St. 8.

Fling but a stone, the giant dies.
b. Matthew Green—*The Spleen.* Line 93.

Death borders upon our birth, and our cradle stands in our grave.
c. Bishop Hall—*Christian Moderation. Introduction.*

Ere the dolphin dies
Its hues are brightest. Like an infant's breath
Are tropic winds before the voice of death.
d. Halleck—*Fortune.*

The ancients dreaded death: the Christian can only fear dying.
e. J. C. and A. W. Hare—*Guesses at Truth.*

Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower.
f. Heber—*At a Funeral.*

Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb.
g. Heber—*At a Funeral.*

Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
Soul, to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.
h. Mrs. Hemans—*A Dirge.*

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh! Death.
i. Mrs. Hemans—*The Hour of Death.*

We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.
* * * * * *
Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied;
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.
j. Hood—*The Death-bed.*

Those whom God loves, die young.
k. *Monumental Inscription in Morwenstow Church, Cornwall.*

The world will turn when we are earth
As though we had not come nor gone;
There was no lack before our birth,
When we are gone there will be none.
l. Omar Khayyam—*Friederich Bodenstedt.* Trans.

The merry merry lark was up and singing,
And the hare was out and feeding on the lea;
And the merry merry bells below were ringing,
When my child's laugh rang through me.
Now the hare is snared and dead beside the snow-yard,
And the lark beside the dreary winter sea;
And the baby in his cradle in the churchyard
Sleeps sound till the bell brings me.
m. Charles Kingsley—*A Lament.*

Gone before
To that unknown and silent shore.
n. Lamb—*Hester.* St. 1.

One destin'd period men in common have,
The great, the base, the coward, and the brave,
All food alike for worms, companions in the grave.
o. Lord Lansdowne—*Meditation on Death.*

And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.
p. Longfellow—*Evangeline.* Pt. II.

Death never takes one alone, but two!
Whenever he enters in at a door,
Under roof of gold or roof of thatch,
He always leaves it upon the latch,
And comes again ere the year is o'er.
Never one of a household only.
q. Longfellow—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. VI.

Oh, what hadst thou to do with cruel Death,
Who wast so full of life, or Death with thee,
That thou shouldst die before thou hadst grown old!
r. Longfellow—*Three Friends of Mine.* Pt. II.

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead.
s. Longfellow—*Resignation.*

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin;
And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,
Two angels issued, where but one went in.
t. Longfellow—*The Two Angels.* St. 9.

There is a Reaper whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.
u. Longfellow—*The Reaper and the Flowers.*

There is no confessor like unto Death!
Thou canst not see him, but he is near:
Thou needest not whisper above thy breath,
And he will hear;
He will answer the questions,
The vague surmises and suggestions,
That fill thy soul with doubt and fear.
v. Longfellow—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. V.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.
a. Longfellow—*Resignation.*

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.
b. Longfellow—*Resignation.*

The young may die, but the old must!
c. Longfellow—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. IV.

To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late,
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods?
d. Macaulay—*Lays of Ancient Rome. Horatius.* XXVII.

She thought our good-night kiss was given,
And like a lily her life did close;
Angels uncurtain'd that repose,
And the next waking dawn'd in heaven.
e. Massey—*The Ballad of Babe Christabel.*

Death hath a thousand doors to let out life,
I shall find one.
f. Massinger—*A Very Woman.* Act V. Sc. 4.

Stood grim Death now in view.
g. Massinger—*The Roman Actor.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

There's nothing certain in man's life but this,
That he must lose it.
h. Owen Meredith—*Clytemnestra.* Pt. XX.

Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim Death, my son and foe.
i. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 803.

Behind her Death
Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
On his pale horse!
j. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. X. Line 588.

But death comes not at call: justice divine
Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries.
k. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. X. Line 858.

Death
Grinned horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
His famine should be filled.
l. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 845.

I fled and cried out Death!
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd
From all her cares, and back resounded Death.
m. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 787.

Spake the grisly Terror.
n. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 704.

That golden key
That opes the palace of eternity.
o. Milton—*Comus.* Line 13.

There's nothing terrible in death;
'Tis but to cast our robes away,
And sleep at night without a breath
To break repose till dawn of day.
p. Montgomery—*In Memory of E. G.*

How short is human life! the very breath,
Which frames my words, accelerates my death.
q. Hannah More—*King Hezekiah.*

Since, howe'er protracted, death will come,
Why fondly study, with ingenious pains,
To put it off? To breathe a little longer
Is to defer our fate, but not to shun it.
r. Hannah More—*David and Goliath.*

Two hands upon the breast,
And labour's done;
Two pale feet cross'd in rest,
The race is won.
s. D. M. Mulock—*Now and Afterwards.*

Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God.
t. Parnell—*A Night-Piece on Death.* Line 67.

Death comes to all. His cold and sapless hand
Waves o'er the world, and beckons us away.
Who shall resist the summons?
u. Thomas Love Peacock—*Time.*

Death betimes is comfort, not dismay,
And who can rightly die needs no delay.
v. Petrarch—*To Laura in Death.* Canzone V.

He whom the gods love dies young, while he is in health, has his senses and his judgment sound.
w. Plautus—*Bacchid.* IV. 7, 18.

Come, let the burial rite be read,
The funeral song be sung!
An anthem for the queenliest dead
That ever died so young—
A dirge for her the doubly dead
In that she died so young.
x. Poe—*Leonore.* St. 1.

A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be.
y. Pope—*To the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady.* Line 73.

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd.
a. POPE—*To the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady.* Line 51.

Calmly he look'd on either Life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From Nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfy'd
Thank'd Heav'n that he had lived, and that he died.
b. POPE—*Epitaph X.*

O death, all eloquent! you only prove
What dust we doat on, when 'tis man we love.
c. POPE—*Eloise to Abelard.* Line 355.

Sleep and death, two twins of winged race,
Of matchless swiftness, but of silent pace.
d. POPE'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. XVI. Line 831.

Tell me, my soul, can this be death?
e. POPE—*The Dying Christian to his Soul.*

Tired, he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.
f. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. II. Line 282.

Death aims with fouler spite
At fairer marks.
g. QUARLES—*Divine Poems.* Ed. 1669.

Sleep that no pain shall wake,
Night that no moon shall break,
Till joy shall overtake
Her perfect calm.
h. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI. *Dream-Land.* St. 4.

O stanch thy bootlesse teares, thy weeping is in vain;
I am not lost, for we in heaven shall one day meet again.
i. *Roxburghe Ballads. The Bride's Buriall.* Edited by Chas. Hindley.

Day's lustrous eyes grow heavy in sweet death.
j. SCHILLER—*The Expectation.* St. 4.

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
k. SCOTT—*Lady of the Lake.* Canto III. St. 16.

Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever!
l. SCOTT—*Lady of the Lake.* Canto III. St. 12.

Soon the shroud shall lap thee fast,
And the sleep be on thee cast,
That shall ne'er know waking.
m. SCOTT—*Guy Mannering.* Ch. XXVII.

After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.
n. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 2.

'A made a finer end and went away, an it had been any christom child; 'a parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at the turning o' th' tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with the flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields. How now, sir John? quoth I: what, man! be of good cheer. So 'a cried out—God, God, God! three or four times; now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet.
o. *Henry V.* Act II. Sc. 3.

A man can die but once;—we owe God a death.
p. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 2.

And there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.
q. *Richard II.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd still the nearer death.
r. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 2.

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhous'd, disappointed, unanel'd;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
s. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 5.

Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies.
t. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.
u. *Julius Cæsar.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die.
v. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 2.

Death, death! oh, amiable, lovely death,
* * * * * * *
Come grin on me, and I will think thou smil'st.
w. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
x. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act IV. Sc. 5

Death! my lord
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too.
y. *Henry VIII.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
a. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you,
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death.
b. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.
c. *Cymbeline.* Act IV. Sc. 2. *Song.*

Go thou, and fill another room in hell.
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath, with thy king's blood, stain'd the king's own land.
Mount, mount my soul! thy seat is up on high;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.
d. *Richard II.* Act V. Sc. 5.

Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth from its figure 'gainst the fire?
e. *King John.* Act V. Sc. 4.

He dies, and makes no sign.
f. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 3.

He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace.
g. *Henry VIII.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
h. *Othello.* Act V. Sc. 2.

He that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.
i. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 1.

He that dies, pays all debts.
j. *Tempest.* Act III. Sc. 2.

How oft, when men are at the point of death,
Have they been merry! which their keepers call
A lightning before death.
k. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act V. Sc. 3.

I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal?
l. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 4.

If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.
m. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 1.

In that sleep of death what dreams may come.
n. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 1.

I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood
With that sour ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
o. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc 4.

Let's choose executors, and talk of wills:
And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
p. *Richard II.* Act III. Sc. 2.

My sick heart shows,
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle;
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
q. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act V. Sc. 2.

Nothing can we call our own but death;
And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
r. *Richard II.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it.
s. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 4.

O, our lives' sweetness!
That we the pain of death would hourly die,
Rather than die at once!
t. *King Lear.* Act V. Sc. 3.

O proud death!
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes, at a shoot,
So bloodily hast struck?
u. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.
v. *Macbeth.* Act. III. Sc. 4.

That we shall die we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.
w. *Julius Cæsar.* Act. III. Sc. 1.

The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.
x. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 1.

The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.
y. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 1.

The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death.
z. *Tempest.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Thou know'st 'tis common; all that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.
a. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepared, and look not for it.
b. *Richard III.* Act III. Sc. 2.

To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round-about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howlings!—'tis too horrible!
c. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 1.

To die,—to sleep,
No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished.
d. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 1.

We cannot hold mortalitie's strong hand.
e. *King John.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

We must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
f. *Julius Cæsar.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

We shall profane the service of the dead,
To sing sage requiem, and such rest to her,
As to peace-parted souls.
g. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Fal. What! is the old king dead?
Pist. As nail in door.
h. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act V. Sc. 3.

What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.
i. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 1.

When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.
j. *Julius Cæsar.* Act. II. Sc. 2.

Where art thou death?
k. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.
l. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act V. Sc. 2.

Within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps death his court; and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp.
m. *Richard II.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;
The worst is—death, and death will have his day.
n. *Richard III.* Act III. Sc. 2.

First our pleasures die—and then
Our hopes, and then our fears—and when
These are dead, the debt is due,
Dust claims dust—and we die too.
o. SHELLEY—*Death.*

How wonderful is death, death and his brother, sleep!
p. SHELLEY—*Queen Mab.* Line 1.

The lone couch of his everlasting sleep.
q. SHELLEY—*Alastor.* Line 57.

All buildings are but monuments of death,
All clothes but winding-sheets for our last knell,
All dainty fattings for the worms beneath,
All curious music, but our passing bell:
Thus death is nobly waited on, for why?
All that we have is but death's livery.
r. SHIRLEY—*The Passing Bell.*

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate,
Death lays his icy hands on kings.
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And, in the dust, be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.
s. SHIRLEY—*Contention of Ajax and Ulysses.* Sc. 3.

We count it death to falter, not to die.
t. SIMONIDES—*Jacobs I.* 63, 20.

To our graves we walk
In the thick footprints of departed men.
u. ALEX. SMITH—*Horton.* Line 570.

Death! to the happy thou art terrible;
But thou the wretched love to think of thee,
O thou true comforter! the friend of all
Who have no friend beside!
v. SOUTHEY—*Joan of Arc.* Bk. I. Line 326.

Death is not rare, alas! nor burials few,
And soon the grassy coverlet of God
Spreads equal green above their ashes pale.
w. BAYARD TAYLOR—*The Picture of St. John.* Bk. III. St. 84.

He that would die well must always look for death, every day knocking at the gates of the grave; and then the grave shall never prevail against him to do him mischief.
x. JEREMY TAYLOR—*Holy Dying.* Ch. II. Pt. I.

Death has made
His darkness beautiful with thee.
y. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. LXXIII.

God's finger touched him and he slept.
z. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. LXXXIV.

The night comes on that knows not morn,
When I shall cease to be alone,
To live forgotten, and love forlorn.
aa. TENNYSON—*Mariana in the South.* Last verse.

Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with human breath
Has ever truly long'd for death.
a. TENNYSON—*Two Voices.* St. 132.

No evil is honourable; but death is honourable; therefore death is no evil.
b. TENO.

I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says, I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.
c. TICKELL—*Colin and Lucy.*

There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The prices for knowledge) taught us how to die.
d. TICKELL—*On the Death of Addison.* Line 81.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee;
Take,—I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have cross'd with me.
e. UHLAND—*The Passage.*

How beautiful it is for a man to die
Upon the walls of Zion! to be called
Like a watch-worn and weary sentinel,
To put his armour off, and rest in heaven.
f. WILLIS—*On the Death of a Missionary.*

For I know that Death is a guest divine,
Who shall drink my blood as I drink this wine.
And He cares for nothing! a king is He!
Come on old fellow, and drink with me.
With you I will drink to the solemn Past,
Though the cup that I drain should be my last.
g. WILLIAM WINTER—*Orgia. The Song of a Ruined Man.*

He lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.
h. WOLFE—*Monody on the Death of Sir John Moore.*

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be;
It never through my mind had pass'd,
That time would e'er be o'er—
When I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more.
i. WOLFE—*The Death of Mary.*

Her first deceased; she for a little tried
To live without him, liked it not, and died.
j. WOTTON—*On the Death of Sir Albert Morton's Wife.*

A death-bed's a detector of heart.
k. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 641.

Death is the crown of life;
Were death denyed, poor man would live in vain:
Were death denyed, to live would not be life:
Were death denyed, ev'n fools would wish to die.
l. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night III. Line 523.

Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow.
m. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night V. Line 1011.

Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?
Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain!
n. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night I. Line 212.

Man makes a death which nature never made.
o. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IV. Line 15.

Men drop so fast, 'ere life's mid-stage we tread,
Few know so many friends alive, as dead.
p. YOUNG—*Home of Fame.* Line 97.

The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.
q. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 633.

The knell, the shroud, the mattock and the grave,
The deep damp vault, the darkness and the worm.
r. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IV. Line 10.

Who can take
Death's portrait true? The tyrant never sat.
s. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night VI. Line 52.

DECAY.

A gilded halo hovering round decay.
t. BYRON—*Giaour.* Line 100.

Great families of yesterday we show,
And lords whose parents were, the Lord knows who.
u. DEFOE—*True-born Englishman.* Pt. I. Line 1.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and Lords may flourish, or may fade—
A breath can make them, as a breath has made—
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd can never be supplied.
v. GOLDSMITH—*Deserted Village.* Line 51.

History fades into fable; fact becomes clouded with doubt and controversy; the inscription moulders from the tablet: the statue falls from the pedestal. Columns, arches, pyramids, what are they but heaps of sand: and their epitaphs, but characters written in the dust?
w. IRVING—*The Sketch Book. Westminster Abbey.*

There seems to be a constant decay of all our ideas; even of those which are struck deepest, and in minds the most retentive, so that if they be not sometimes renewed by repeated exercises of the senses, or reflection on those kinds of objects which at first occasioned them, the print wears out, and at last there remains nothing to be seen.
a. LOCKE—*Human Understanding.* Bk. II. Ch. I.

Lips must fade and roses wither.
b. LOWELL—*The Token.*

All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest
c. MOORE—*National Airs.*

In the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells.
d. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act I. Sc. 1.

The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;
His time is spent.
e. *Richard II.* Act II. Sc. 1.

DECEIT.

Hateful to me, as are the gates of hell,
Is he who, hiding one thing in his heart,
Utters another.
f. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. IX. Line 386.

Quoth Hudibras, I smell a rat,
Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate.
g. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto I. Line 821.

I think not I am what I appear.
h. BYRON—*The Bride of Abydos.* Canto I. St. 12.

But al thing, which that schineth as the gold.
Is naught gold, as that I have herd told.
i. CHAUCER—*Canterbury Tales. Prologue to the Chanounes Yemanne's Tale.* Line 409.

Stamps God's own name upon a lie just made,
To turn a penny in the way of trade.
j. COWPER—*Table Talk.* Line 421.

All as they say that glitters is not gold.
k. DRYDEN—*Hind and Panther.*

Of all the evil spirits abroad at this hour in the world, insincerity is the most dangerous.
l. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Education.*

Nor all that glisters gold.
m. GRAY—*On a Favourite Cat.* St. 7.

That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar.
n. BRET HARTE—*Plain Language from Truthful James.*

Where most sweets are, there lyes a snake:
Kisses and favours are sweet things.
o. ROBERT HERRICK—*The Shower of Blossomes.*

Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But why did you kick me down stairs?
p. J. P. KEMBLE—*The Panel.* Act. I. Sc. 1.

It is in vain to find fault with those arts of deceiving wherein men find pleasure to be deceived.
q. LOCKE—*Human Understanding.* Bk. III. Ch. II.

All is not golde that outward shewith bright.
r. LYDGATE—*On the Mutibility of Human Affairs.*

All is not gold that glisteneth.
s. MIDDLETON—*A Fair Quarrel.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Where more is meant than meets the ear.
t. MILTON—*Il Penseroso.* Line 120.

Like Dead sea fruit that tempts the eye
But turns to ashes on the lips.
u. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. The Fire Worshippers* Line 1018.

Shut, shut the door, good John! fatigu'd I said;
Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.
v. POPE—*Prologue to the Satires.* Line 1.

O, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive.
w. SCOTT—*Marmion.* Canto VI. St. 17.

Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice.
x. *Richard III.* Act II. Sc. 2.

All is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlasting shame
Sits mocking in our plumes.
y. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

All that glisters is not gold.
z. *Merchant of Venice.* Act II. Sc. 7.
Heywood's Proverbs, 1546.
Herbert. Jacula Prudentum.
Goorge's Eglogs, Epitaphs, &c., 1563.

An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!
aa. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 3.

A quicksand of deceit.
bb. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act V. Sc. 4.

Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child,
That, for the beauty, thinks it excellent.
cc. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 2.

Here we wander in illusions;
Some blessed power deliver us from hence:
a. *Comedy of Errors.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
b. *Henry VIII.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out.
c. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an ass.
d. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 1.

O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!
e. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.
f. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 3.

There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee.
g. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act I. Sc. 2.

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
h. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 2.

They fool me to the top of my bent. I will come by and by.
i. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Thus much of this, will make
Black, white; foul, fair; wrong, right;
Base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
Ha, you gods! why this?
j. *Timon of Athens.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Why, I can smile, and murther whiles I smile;
And cry, content to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
k. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act III. Sc. 2.

With one auspicious, and one dropping eye;
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole.
l. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Yes, this is life; and everywhere we meet,
Not victor crowns, but wailings of defeat.
m. Elizabeth Oakes Smith—*Sonnet. The Unattained.*

Gold all is not that doth golden seem.
n. Spenser—*Faerie Queene.* Bk. II. Canto VIII. St. 14.

And he that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it makes it two.
o. Watts—*Song XV.*

DECISION.

Decide not rashly. The decision made
Can never be recalled. The gods implore not,
Plead not, solicit not; they only offer
Choice and occasion, which once being passed
Return no more. Dost thou accept the gift?
p. Longfellow—*Masque of Pandora. Tower of Prometheus on Mount Caucasus.*

Once to every man and nation, come the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side.
q. Lowell—*The Present Crisis.*

Men must be decided on what they will NOT do, and then they are able to act with vigor in what they ought to do.
r. Mencius—*Maxims.*

Pleasure and revenge,
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision.
s. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act II. Sc. 2.

DEEDS.

Who doth right deeds
Is twice born, and who doeth ill deeds vile.
t. Edwin Arnold—*Light of Asia.* Bk. VI. Line 78.

Deeds, not words.
u. Beaumont and Fletcher—*Lover's Progress.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Our deeds determine us, as much as we determine our deeds.
v. George Eliot—*Adam Bede.* Ch. XIX.

Things of to-day?
Deeds which are harvest for Eternity!
w. Ebenezer Elliott—*Hymn.* Line 22.

We are our own fates. Our own deeds
Are our doomsmen. Man's life was made
Not for men's creeds,
But men's actions.
x. Owen Meredith—*Lucile.* Pt. II. Canto V. St. 8.

I on the other side
Us'd no ambition to commend my deeds,
The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the doer.
y. Milton—*Samson Agonistes.* Line 246.

You do the deeds,
And your ungodly deeds find me the words.
z. Milton's *Trans. of Sophocles. Electra.* Line 624.

The deed I intend is great,
But what, as yet, I know not.
aa. Sandy's *Trans. of Ovid's Metamorphoses.*

A deed without a name.
a. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions swell, and virtue none,
It is a dropsied honour; good alone
Is good without a name.
b. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Go in, and cheer the town; we'll forth, and fight;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.
c. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act V. Sc. 3.

He covets less
Than misery itself would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them; and is content
To spend the time, to end it.
d. *Coriolanus.* Act II. Sc. 2.

I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness.
e. *Titus Andronicus.* Act I. Sc. 2.

I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks.
f. *Cymbeline.* Act V. Sc. 5.

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it.
g. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds.
h. *Sonnet LXIX.*

DELIGHT.

I am convinced that we have a degree of delight, and that no small one, in the real misfortunes and pains of others.
i. Burke—*The Sublime and Beautiful.* Pt. I. Sec. 14.

In this fool's paradise he drank delight.
j. Crabbe—*The Borough Payers.* Letter XII.

These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume.
k. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 6.

Why, all delights are vain; and that most vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain.
l. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Man delights not me, no, nor woman neither, though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.
m. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on, as delight;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.
n. *Pericles.* Act I. Sc. 4.

A voice of greeting from the wind was sent;
The mists enfolded me with soft white arms;
The birds did sing to lap me in content,
The rivers wove their charms,—
And every little daisy in the grass
Did look up in my face, and smile to see me pass!
o. Stoddard—*Hymn to the Beautiful.* St. 4.

DESIRE.

"Man wants but little here below
Nor wants that little long,"
'Tis not with me exactly so;
But 'tis so in the song.
My wants are many, and, if told,
Would muster many a score;
And were each wish a mint of gold,
I still should long for more.
p. John Quincy Adams—*The Wants of Man.*

Every wish
Is like a prayer—with God.
q. E. B. Browning—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. II.

The impatient Wish, that never feels repose,
Desire, that with perpetual current flows;
The fluctuating pangs, of Hope and Fear,
Joy distant still, and Sorrow ever near.
r. Falconer—*The Shipwreck.* Canto I. Line 493.

Oh! could I throw aside these earthly bands
That tie me down where wretched mortals sigh—
To join blest spirits in celestial lands!
s. Petrarch—*To Laura in Death.* *Sonnet XLV.*

Can one desire too much of a good thing?
t. *As You Like It.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

I have
Immortal longings in me.
u. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
v. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 4.

Where nothing wants, that want itself doth seek.
w. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act IV. Sc 3.

Lacking my love, I go from place to place,
Like a young fawn that late hath lost the hind,
And seek each where where last I saw her face,
Whose image yet I carry fresh in mind.
x. Spenser—*Sonnet LXXVIII.*

We grow like flowers, and bear desire,
The odor of the human flowers.
a. STODDARD—*The Squire of Low Degree. The Princess Answers.* I. Line 13.

But O, for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.
b. TENNYSON—*Break, Break, Break.*

Father of life and light! Thou Good Supreme!
* * * * * * * * *
Save me from folly, vanity and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!
c. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Winter.* Line 217.

Like our shadows,
Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines.
d. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night V. Line 661.

Wishing, of all employments, is the worst,
Philosophy's reverse; and health's decay!
e. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IV. Line 71.

DESOLATION.

On rolls the stream with a perpetual sigh;
The rocks moan wildly as it passes by;
Hyssop and wormwood border all the strand,
And not a flower adorns the dreary land.
f. BRYANT—Trans. *The Paradise of Tears.*

None are so desolate but something dear,
Dearer than self, possesses or possess'd
A thought, and claims the homage of a tear.
g. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto II. St. 24.

What is the worst of woes that wait on age?
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?
To view each loved one blotted from life's page,
And be alone on earth, as I am now.
h. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto II. St. 98.

No soul is desolate as long as there is a human being for whom it can feel trust and reverence.
i. GEORGE ELIOT—*Romola.* Ch. XLIV.

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.
j. LONGFELLOW—*Endymion.*

My desolation does begin to make
A better life.
k. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act V. Sc. 2.

There is no creature loves me;
And if I die no soul shall pity me.
l. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Gone—flitted away,
Taken the stars from the night and the sun from the day!
Gone, and a cloud in my heart.
m. TENNYSON—*The Window. Gone.*

DESPAIR.

The world goes whispering to its own,
"This anguish pierces to the bone."
And tender friends go sighing round,
"What love can ever cure this wound?"
My days go on, my days go on.
n. E. B. BROWNING—*De Profundis.* St. 5.

A happier lot were mine,
If I must lose thee, to go down to earth,
For I shall have no hope when thou art gone,
Nothing but sorrow. Father have I none,
And no dear mother.
o. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. VI. Line 530.

Hark! to the hurried question of Despair:
"Where is my child?"—an echo answers—"Where?"
p. BYRON—*The Bride of Abydos.* Canto II. St. 27.

No longer I follow a sound,
No longer a dream I pursue;
O happiness not to be found,
Unattainable treasure, Adieu!
q. COWPER—*Song on Peace.*

All hope abandon, ye who enter here.
r. DANTE—*Hell.* Canto III. Line 9.

To tell men that they cannot help themselves is to fling them into recklessness and despair.
s. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Calvinism.*

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven.
t. JEAN INGELOW—*Song of Seven. Seven Times One.*

Abashed the Devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her own shape how lovely; saw
And pined his loss.
u. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 846.

Farewell happy fields,
Where joy forever dwells: Hail horrors! hail.
v. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 249.

How gladly would I meet
Mortality my sentence, and be earth
Insensible! how glad would lay me down
As in my mother's lap!
w. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. X. Line 775.

In the lowest deep, a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven.
x. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 76.

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrevocably dark, total eclipse,
Without all hope of day.
a. Milton—*Samson Agonistes.* Line 80.

So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
Farewell remorse; all good to me is lost
Evil be thou my good.
b. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 108.

Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
c. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. III. Line 40.

Yet from those flames
No light; but only darkness visible.
d. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 62.

Discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
e. *Richard II.* Act III. Sc. 2.

For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.
f. *Venus and Adonis.* St. 170.

For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.
g. *Othello.* Act III. Sc. 3.

I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me.
h. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me;
And, if I die, no soul shall pity me:—
Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself.
i. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 3.

I would, that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.
j. *King John.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding gear,
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.
k. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

O break, my heart!—poor bankrout, break at once!
To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!
l. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Of comfort no man speak;
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs.
m. *Richard II.* Act. III. Sc 2.

O! that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew.
n. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance
To mend it, or be rid on't.
o. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore, betake thee
To nothing but despair.
p. *Winter's Tale.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Would I were dead! if God's good will were so:
For what is in this world, but grief and woe?
q. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act II. Sc. 5.

You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.
r. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

No change, no pause, no hope! Yet I endure.
s. Shelley—*Prometheus Unbound.* Act I.

The black despair,
The shadow of a starless night, was thrown
Over the world in which I moved alone.
t. Shelley—*Revolt of Islam. Dedication,* St. 6.

Late, late, so late! but we can enter still.
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.
u. Tennyson—*Idyls of the King. Guinevere.* Line 169.

The fear that kills;
And hope that is unwilling to be fed.
v. Wordsworth—*Resolution and Independence.*

When pain can't bless, heaven quits us in despair.
w. Young—*Night thoughts.* Night IX. Line 500.

DESTINY.

No living man can send me to the shades
Before my time; no man of woman born,
Coward or brave, can shun his destiny.
x. Bryant's *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. VI.

All has its date below; the fatal hour
Was register'd in Heav'n ere time began.
We turn to dust, and all our mightest works
Die too.
a. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. VI. Line 529.

Art and power will go on as they have done,—will make day out of night, time out of space, and space out of time.
b. EMERSON—*Society and Solitude. Work and Days.*

Take life too seriously, and what is it worth? If the morning wake us to no new joys, if the evening bring us not the hope of new pleasures, is it worth while to dress and undress? Does the sun shine on me to-day that I may reflect on yesterday? That I may endeavour to foresee and to control what can neither be foreseen nor controlled—the destiny of to-morrow?
c. GOETHE—*Eymont.* (*Lewes' Life of Goethe.*)

That each thing, both in small and in great, fulfilleth the task which destiny hath set down.
d. HIPPOCRATES.

Man proposes, but God disposes.
e. THOMAS À. KEMPIS—*Imitation of Christ.* Bk. I. Ch. XIX.

What a glorious thing human life is, * * * and how glorious man's destiny.
f. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. XI. Ch. VI.

The future works out great men's destinies;
The present is enough for common souls,
Who, never looking forward, are indeed
Mere clay wherein the footprints of their age
Are petrified forever.
g. LOWELL—*Act for Truth.*

We are but as the instrument of Heaven.
Our work is not design, but destiny.
h. OWEN MEREDITH—*Clytemnestra.* Pt. XIX.

The irrevocable Hand
That opes the year's fair gate, doth ope and shut
The portals of our earthly destinies;
We walk through blinfold, and the noiseless doors
Close after us, forever.
i. D. M. MULOCK—*April.*

A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.
j. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

For it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.
k. *Macbeth.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Here burns my candle out, ay, here it dies,
Which, whiles it lasted, gave king Henry light.
l. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act II. Sc. 6.

I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness:
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting.
m. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Think you I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?
n. *King John.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.
o. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 1.

The bustle of departure—sometimes sad, sometimes intoxicating—just as fear or hope may be inspired by the new chances of coming destiny.
p. MADAME DE STAËL—*Corinne.* Bk. X. Ch. VI.

DEVIL, THE.

I call'd the devil, and he came,
And with wonder his form did I closely scan;
He is not ugly, and is not lame,
But really a handsome and charming man.
A man in the prime of life is the devil,
Obliging, a man of the world, and civil;
A diplomatist too, well skill'd in debate,
He talks right glibly of church and state.
q. HEINE—*Pictures of Travels. The Return Home.* No. 37.

The Devil is an Ass, I do acknowledge it.
r. BEN JONSON—*The Devil is an Ass.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Lucifer,
The son of mystery;
And since God suffers him to be,
He, too is God's minister,
And labors for some good
By us not understood.
s. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Epilogue.

His form had not yet lost
All his original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than archangel ruined, and th'excess
Of glory obscured.
t. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 591.

Hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his crest.
u. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 633.

Incens'd with indignation Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiucus huge
In th'arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war.
v. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 707.

Into the wild abyss, the wary Fiend
Stood on the brink of hell, and look'd awhile,
Pond'ring his voyage.
a. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 917.

Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
To that bad eminence.
b. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 5.

Satan; so call him now, his former name
Is heard no more in heaven.
c. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. V. Line 658.

The Devil was sick, the Devil a monk would be;
The Devil was well, the Devil a monk was he.
d. RABELAIS—*Works.* Bk. IV. Ch. XXIV.

Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayers.
e. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables.
f. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

The lunatic, the lover and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold.
g. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act V. Sc. 1.

The prince of darkness is a gentleman.
h. *King Lear.* Act III. Sc. 4.

What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.
i. *Twelfth Night.* Act III. Sc. 4.

DEW-DROP.

The dewdrop slips into the shining sea!
j. EDWIN ARNOLD—*Light of Asia.* Bk. VIII. Last Line.

Dewdrops, Nature's tears which she
Sheds in her own breast for the fair which die.
The sun insists on gladness; but at night
When he is gone, poor Nature loves to weep.
k. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Water and Wood. Midnight.*

The dew,
'Tis of the tears which stars weep, sweet with joy.
l. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Another and a Better World.*

Dewdrops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve!
m. COLERIDGE—*Youth and Age.*

The dew-bead
Gem of earth and sky begotten.
n. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. I.

Every dew-drop and rain-drop had a whole heaven within it.
o. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. III. Ch. VII.

Stars of morning, dew-drops, which the sun
Impearls on every leaf and every flower.
p. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. V. Line 746.

The dew-drops in the breeze of morn,
Trembling and sparkling on the thorn,
Falls to the ground, escapes the eye,
Yet mounts on sunbeams to the sky.
q. MONTGOMERY—*A Recollection of Mary F.*

I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
r. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act II. Sc. 1.

And every dew-drop paints a bow.
s. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. CXXI.

DIGNITY.

The dignity of truth is lost
With much protesting.
t. BEN JONSON—*Catiline.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast;
But shall the Dignity of Vice be lost?
u. POPE—*Epilogue to Satires.* Dialogue I. Line 113.

Clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike.
v. *Cymbeline.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
w. *Merchant of Venice.* Act II. Sc. 9.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men,
Gang aft a-gley,
And leave us nought but grief and pain,
For promised joy.
x. BURNS—*To a Mouse.* St. 7.

From reveries so airy, from the toil
Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up!
y. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. III. Line 188.

He pass'd the flaming bounds of space and time
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze
He saw; but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.
z. GRAY—*The Progress of Poesy.* III. 2.

Howe'er we trust to mortal things,
Each hath its pair of folded wings;
Though long their terrors rest unspread,
Their fatal plumes are never shed;
At last, at last, they stretch in flight,
And blot the day and blast the night!
aa. HOLMES—*Songs of Many Seasons. After the Fire.*

Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.
I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die.
a MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. The Fire Worshippers.* Line 278.

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
b. *Julius Cæsar.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

All is but toys; renown, and grace, is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.
c. *Macbeth.* Act II. Sc. 3.

But earthly happier is the rose distill'd,
Than that, which, with'ring on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.
d. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Full little knowest thou that hast not tride,
What hell it is in suing long to bide;
To loose good dayes that might be better spent,
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow.
* * * * * * * *
To fret thy soule with crosses and with cares;
To eate thy heart through comfortlesse dispaires;
To fawne, to crowche, to waite, to ride, to ronne,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undonne.
e. SPENSER—*Mother Hubberd's Tales.* Line 895.

DISCONTENT.

Fret not, my friend, and peevish say,
Your loss is worse than common,
For "gold makes wings, and flies away,"
And time will wait for no man.
f. ERSKINE—*To one who was Grieving for the Loss of his Watch.*

To sigh, yet feel no pain,
To weep, yet scarce know why;
To sport an hour with Beauty's chain,
Then throw it idly by.
g. MOORE—*The Blue Stocking.*

O how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or woman have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.
h. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 2.

No great thought, no great object, satisfies the mind at first view—nor at the last.
i. ABEL STEVENS—*Madame de Staël.* Ch. XXXVIII.

We love in others what we lack ourselves, and would be everything but what we are.
j. STODDARD—*Arcadian Idyl.* Line 30.

Poor in abundance, famish'd at a feast.
k. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night VII. Line 44.

DISCRETION.

Discretion, the best part of valour.
l. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—*A King and no King.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

A sound discretion is not so much indicated by never making a mistake, as by never repeating it.
m. BOVEE—*Summaries of Thought. Discretion.*

Covering discretion with a coat of folly.
n. *Henry V.* Act II. Sc. 4.

For 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.
o. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act II. Sc. 2.

I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion.
p. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.
q. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action.
r. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

The better part of valor is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life.
s. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 4.

DISEASE.

That dire disease, whose ruthless power
Withers the beauty's transient flower.
t. GOLDSMITH—*Double Transformation.* Line 75.

Just disease to luxury succeeds,
And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds.
u. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. III. Line 165.

I'll forbear;
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
For the sound man.
v. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 4.

O, he's a limb, that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it easy.
w. *Coriolanus.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Therefore, the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound.
a. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act II. Sc. 2.

This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.
b. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act I. Sc. 2.

This sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise.
c. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act IV. Sc. 1.

So when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side by turns,
And 'tis a poor relief we gain
To change the place, but keep the pain.
d. Watts—*Hymns and Spiritual Songs.* Bk. II. Hymn 146.

DISGRACE.

The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone.
e. Burke—*Reflection on the Revolution in France.*

Come, Death, and snatch me from disgrace.
f. Bulwer-Lytton—*Richelieu.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband and thyself,
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
g. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act I. Sc. 2.

DISSENSION.

Doubt and Discord step 'twixt thine and thee.
h. Byron—*The Prophecy of Dante.* Canto II. Line 140.

In every age and clime we see,
Two of a trade can ne'er agree.
i. Gay—*Fable. Rat Catcher and Cats.* Line 33.

An old affront will stir the heart
Through years of rankling pain.
j. Jean Ingelow—*Poems. Strife and Peace.*

Bitter waxed the fray;
Brother with brother spake no word
When they met in the way.
k. Jean Ingelow—*Poems. Strife and Peace.*

Alas! how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love!
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off.
l. Moore—*Lalla Rookh. The Light of the Harem.*

Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil dissension is a viperous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.
m. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act. III. Sc. 1.

If they perceive dissension in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provoked
To wilful disobedience and rebel?
n. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act. IV. Sc. 1.

Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,
That no dissension hinder government.
o. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act IV. Sc. 6.

DISTRUST.

Self-distrust is the cause of most of our failures. In the assurance of strength there is strength, and they are the weakest, however strong, who have no faith in themselves or their powers.
p. Bovee—*Summaries of Thought. Self-Reliance.*

What loneliness is more lonely than distrust?
q. George Eliot—*Middlemarch.* Bk. V. Ch. XLIV.

A certain amount of distrust is wholesome, but not so much of others as of ourselves; neither vanity nor conceit can exist in the same atmosphere with it.
r. Madame Necker.

Three things a wise man will not trust,
The wind, the sunshine of an April day,
And woman's plighted faith.
s. Southey—*Madoc in Azthan.* Pt. XXIII. Line 51.

DOCTRINE.

For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit;
'Twas Pr sbyterian true blue;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true Church Militant;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox,
By apostolic blows and knocks.
t. Butler—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto I. Line 189.

"Get Money, Money still!
And then let virtue follow, if she will."
This, this the saving doctrine, preach'd to all,
From low St. James' up to high St. Paul.
u. Pope—*First Book of Horace.* Ep. I. Line 79.

Live to explain thy doctrine by thy life.
v. Prior—*To Dr. Sherlock. On his Practical Discourse Concerning Death.*

As thou these ashes, little brook! will bear
Into the Avon, Avon to the tide
Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,
Into main ocean they, this deed accurst,
An emblem yields to friends and enemies
How the bold teacher's doctrine, sanctified
By truth shall spread throughout the world dispersed.
a. WORDSWORTH—*Ecclesiastical Sketches.* Pt. II. *Wicliffe.*

DOUBT.

Who never doubted, never half believed.
Where doubt, there truth is—'tis her shadow.
b. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *A Country Town.*

He would not, with a peremptory tone,
Assert the nose upon his face his own.
c. COWPER—*Conversation.* Line 96.

Uncertain ways unsafest are,
And doubt a greater mischief than despair.
d. DENHAM—*Cooper's Hill.* Line 399.

Doubt indulged soon becomes doubt realized.
e. F. R. HAVERGAL—*Royal Bounty. The Imagination of the Thoughts of the Heart.*

But the gods are dead—
Ay, Zeus is dead, and all the gods but Doubt,
And Doubt is brother devil to Despair!
f. JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY—*Prometheus. Christ.*

I am just going to leap into the dark.
g. RABELAIS—*From Motteux's Life.*

Modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise.
h. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act II. Sc. 2.

No hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on; or woe upon thy life!
i. *Othello.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.
j. *Measure for Measure.* Act I. Sc. 5.

To be once in doubt,
Is once to be resolv'd.
k. *Othello.* Act III. Sc. 3.

DREAMS.

Sweet sleep be with us, one and all!
And if upon its stillness fall
The visions of a busy brain,
We'll have our pleasure o'er again,
To warm the heart, to charm the sight,
Gay dreams to all! good night, good night!
l. JOANNA BAILLIE—*The Phantom. Song.*

Sleep brings dreams; and dreams are often most vivid and fantastical, before we have yet been wholly lost in slumber.
m. ROBERT MONTGOMERY BIRD—*Calavar.* Ch. XXXI.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream
n. BYRON—*The Dream.* St. 3.

Dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy,
They have a weight upon our waking thoughts,
They take a weight from off our waking toils,
They do divide our being.
o. BYRON—*The Dream.* St. 1.

I had a dream which was not all a dream.
p. BYRON—*Darkness.*

The fisher droppeth his net in the stream,
And a hundred streams are the same as one;
And the maiden dreameth her love-lit dream;
And what is it all, when all is done?
The net of the fisher the burden breaks,
And always the dreaming the dreamer wakes.
q. ALICE CARY—*Lover's Diary.*

Dreams,
Children of night, of indigestion bred.
r. CHURCHILL—*The Candidate.* Line 784.

My eyes make pictures when they are shut.
s. COLERIDGE—*A Day Dream.*

Dream after dream ensues;
And still they dream that they shall still succeed,
And still are disappointed.
t. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. III. Line 127.

Dreams are but interludes, which fancy makes;
When monarch Reason sleeps, this mimic wakes.
u. DRYDEN—*The Cock and the Fox.* Line 325.

In blissful dream, in silent night,
There came to me, with magic might,
With magic might, my own sweet love,
Into my little room above.
v. HEINE—*Youthful Sorrow.* Pt. VI. St. 1.

"Do you believe in dreams?" "Why, yes and no.
When they come true, then I believe in them;
When they come false, I don't believe in them."
w. LONGFELLOW—*Christus.* Pt. III. *Giles Corey.* Act. III. Sc. 1.

Is this a dream? O, if it be a dream,
Let me sleep on, and do not wake me yet!
x. LONGFELLOW—*Spanish Student.* Act III. Sc. 5.

'Twas but a dream,—let it pass,—let it vanish like so many others!
What I thought was a flower, is only a weed, and is worthless.
y. LONGFELLOW—*Courtship of Miles Standish.* Pt. VII.

Ground not upon dreams, you know they are ever contrary.
a. MIDDLETON—*The Family of Love.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

I believe it to be true that dreams are the true interpreters of our inclinations; but there is art required to sort and understand them.
b. MONTAIGNE—*Essays.* Bk. III. Ch. XIII.

The lilies blossomed in our path,
Wild roses on the spray.
c. Mrs. NICHOLS—*The Isle of Dreams.*

Dreams, which, beneath the hov'ring shades of night,
Sport with the ever-restless minds of men,
Descend not from the gods. Each busy brain
Creates its own.
d. THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK—*Dreams.*

Eat in dreams, the custard of the day.
e. POPE—*The Dunciad.* Bk. I. Line 92.

Hence the Fool's Paradise, the Statesman's Scheme,
The air-built Castle, and the Golden Dream,
The Maid's romantic wish, the Chemist's flame,
And Poet's vision of eternal Fame.
f. POPE—*Dunciad.* Bk. III. Line 9.

I'll dream no more—by manly mind
Not even in sleep is well resigned.
My midnight orisons said o'er,
I'll turn to rest and dream no more.
g. SCOTT—*Lady of the Lake.* Canto I. St. 35.

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
h. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act V. Sc 1.

I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream,—past the wit of man to say what dream it was.
i. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconstant than the wind.
j. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act I. Sc. 4.

Never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.
k. *Richard III.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Oh! I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days.
l. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 4.

Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep.
m. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act I. Sc. 4.

There is some ill a-brewing toward my rest,
For I did dream of money bags to-night.
n. *Merchant of Venice.* Act II. Sc. 5.

This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal.
o. *Pericles.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me.
p. *Coriolanus.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.
q. *Tempest.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

An ocean of dreams without a sound.
r. SHELLEY—*The Sensitive Plant.* Pt. I. St. 26.

Those dreams, that on the silent night intrude,
And with false flitting shades our minds delude,
Jove never sends us downward from the skies;
Nor can they from infernal mansions rise;
But are all mere productions of the brain,
And fools consult interpreters in vain.
s. SWIFT—*On Dreams.*

A trifle makes a dream, a trifle breaks.
t. TENNYSON—*Sea Dreams.* Line 146.

Seeing, I saw not, hearing not, I heard:
Tho', if I saw not, yet they told me all
So often that I spake as having seen.
u. TENNYSON—*The Princess.* Pt. VI. Line 3.

The dream
Dreamed by a happy man, when the dark East
Unseen, is brightening to his bridal morn.
v. TENNYSON—*The Gardener's Daughter.* Line 71.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted dreams,
And into glory peep.
w. VAUGHAN—*Ascension Hymn.*

Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream.
a. WORDSWORTH—*Hart-Leap Well.* Pt. II.

They dreamt not of a perishable home.
b. WORDSWORTH—*Inside of King's College Chapel, Cambridge.*

DRINKING.

Merry swains, who quaff the nut-brown ale,
And sing, enamour'd of the nut-brown maid.
c. BEATTIE—*The Minstrel.* Bk. I. St. 44.

But while you have it use your breath;
There is no drinking after death.
d. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—*The Bloody Brother.* Act II. Sc. 2. *Song.*

Why
Should every creature drink but I?
e. COWLEY—*From Anacreon. Drinking.*

Come, old fellow, drink down to your peg!
But do not drink any farther, I beg!
f. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden. Legend.* Pt. IV.

I drink no more than a sponge.
g. RABELAIS—*Works.* Bk. I. Ch. V.

Drink down all unkindness.
h. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold;
But belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.
i. BISHOP STILL—*Gammer Gurton's Needle.* Act II.

Drink, pretty creature, drink!
j. WORDSWORTH—*The Pet Lamb.*

For drink, there was beer which was very strong when not mingled with water, but was agreeable to those who were used to it. They drank this with a reed, out of the vessel that held the beer, upon which they saw the barley swim.
k. ZENOPHON.

DUTY.

Thanks to the gods! my boy has done his duty.
l. ADDISON—*Cato.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause.
m. HENRY WARD BEECHER—*Life Thoughts.*

Time is indeed a precious boon,
But with the boon a task is given;
The heart must learn its duty well,
To man on earth and God in heaven.
n. ELIZA COOK—*Time.*

Maintain your post: That's all the fame you need;
For 'tis impossible you should proceed.
o. DRYDEN—*To Mr. Congreve, on his Comedy "The Double Dealer."*

The reward of one duty is the power to fulfil another.
p. GEORGE ELIOT—*Daniel Deronda.* Bk. VI. Ch. XLVI.

In common things the law of sacrifice takes the form of positive duty.
q. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Sea Studies.*

Then on! then on! where duty leads,
My course be onward still.
r. HEBER—*Journal.*

I slept and dreamed that life was Beauty;
I woke, and found that life was Duty:—
Was thy dream then a shadowy lie?
s. ELLEN STURGIS HOOPER—*Duty.*

I am not aware that payment, or even favours, however gracious, bind any man's soul and conscience in questions of highest morality and highest public importance.
t. CHAS. KINGSLEY—*Health and Education. George Buchanan.*

Every mission constitutes a pledge of duty. Every man is bound to consecrate his every faculty to its fulfillment. He will derive his rule of action from the profound conviction of that duty.
u. MAZZINI—*Life and Writings. Young Europe. General Principles.*

The thing which must be, must be for the best,
God helps us do our duty and not shrink,
And trust His mercy humbly for the rest.
v. OWEN MEREDITH—*Imperfection.* St. 6.

Knowledge is the hill which few may hope to climb;
Duty is the path that all may tread.
w. LEWIS MORRIS—*Epic of Hades. Quoted by John Bright at Unveiling of Cobden Statue.*

Thy sum of duty let two words contain,
(O may they graven in thy heart remain!)
Be humble and be just.
x. PRIOR—*Solomon on the Vanity of the World.* Bk. III.

When Duty grows thy law, enjoyment fades away.
y. SCHILLER—*The Playing Infant.*

Blow wind! come wrack!
At least we'll die with the harness on our back.
z. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 5.

I do perceive here a divided duty.
aa. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 3.

I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her childlike duty.
a. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband.
b. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Simple duty hath no place for fear.
c. WHITTIER—*Tent on the Beach. Abraham Davenport.* Last **Line.**

Stern daughter of the voice of God.
d. WORDSWORTH—*Ode to Duty.*

E.

EATING.

When the Sultan Shah-Zaman
Goes to the city Ispahan,
Even before he gets so far
As the place where the clustered palm trees are,
At the last of the thirty palace gates,
The pet of the Harem, Rose in Bloom,
Orders a feast in his favorite room,—
Glittering square of colored ice,
Sweetened with syrups, tinctured with spice;
Creams, and cordials, and sugared dates;
Syrian apples, Othmanee Quinces,
Limes and citrons and apricots,
And wines that are known to Eastern princes.
e. THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH—*When the Sultan Goes to Ispahan.*

I sing the sweets I know, the charms I feel,
My morning incense, and my evening meal,
The Sweets of Hasty Pudding.
f. BARLOW—*The Hasty Pudding.* Canto I.

Wouldst thou both eat thy cake and have it?
g. HERBERT—*The Temple. The Size.*

The chief pleasure (in eating) does not consist in costly seasoning or exquisite flavour, but in yourself. Do you seek for sauce in sweating?
h. HORACE.

Your supper is like the Hidalgo's dinner; very little meat, and a great deal of tablecloth.
i. LONGFELLOW—*The Spanish Student.* Act I. Sc. 4.

Oh, better no doubt is a dinner of herbs,
When season'd by love, which no rancor disturbs,
And sweeten'd by all that is sweetest in life
Than turbot, bisque, ortolans, eaten in strife!
But if out of humour, and hungry, alone
A man should sit down to dinner, each one
Of the dishes of which the cook chooses to spoil
With a horrible mixture of garlic and oil,
The chances are ten against one, I must own,
He gets up as ill-tempered as when he sat down.
j. OWEN MEREDITH—*Lucile.* Pt. I. Canto II. St. 27.

O hour, of all hours, the most bless'd upon earth,
Blesséd hour of our dinners!
k. OWEN MEREDITH—*Lucile.* Pt. I. Canto II. St. 22.

We may live without poetry, music and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.
He may live without books,—what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope,—what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love,—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?
l. OWEN MEREDITH—*Lucile.* Pt. I. Canto II. St. 24.

Simple diet is best, for many dishes bring many diseases, and rich sauces are worse than even heaping several meats upon each other.
m. PLINY.

"An't it please your Honour," quoth the Peasant,
"This same Dessert is not so pleasant:
Give me again my hollow Tree,
A crust of Bread, and Liberty."
n. POPE—*Second Book of Horace.* Satire II. Line 219.

A solemn Sacrifice, perform'd in state,
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
o. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. IV. Line 157.

"Live like yourself," was soon my lady's word,
And lo! two puddings smok'd upon the board.
p. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. III. Line 461.

One solid dish his week-day meal affords,
An added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's.
q. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. III. Line 447.

And men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper.
a. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act I. Sc. 1.

A surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings.
b. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act II. Sc. 3.

At dinner-time
I pray you have in mind where we must meet.
c. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner; come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.
d. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act I. Sc. 1.

He hath eaten me out of house and home.
e. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act II. Sc. 1.

I fear, it is too choleric a meat:
How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?
f. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come.
g. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act I. Sc. 2.

I wished your venison better; it was ill kill'd.
h. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go, get it ready.
i. *King Lear.* Act I. Sc. 4.

Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,
And from the marts he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister let us dine and never fret.
j. *Comedy of Errors.* Act II. Sc. 1.

They are as sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing.
k. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 2.

To feed, were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.
l. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Unquiet meals make ill digestions.
m. *Comedy of Errors.* Act V. Sc. 1.

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?
n. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Though we eat little flesh and drink no wine,
Yet let's be merry: we'll have tea and toast;
Custards for supper, and an endless host
Of syllabubs and jellies and mince-pies,
And other such ladylike luxuries.
o. Shelley—*Letter to Maria Gisborne.*

Serenely full, the epicure would say,
Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day.
p. Sydney Smith—*Receipt for Salad.*

In after-dinner talk,
Across the walnuts and the wine.
q. Tennyson—*The Miller's Daughter.*

ECHO.

Let Echo too perform her part,
Prolonging every note with art,
And in a low expiring strain
Play all the concert o'er again.
r. Addison—*Ode for St. Cecilia's Day.*

To Echo, mute or talkative
Address good words; for she can give
Retorts to those who dare her:
If you provoke me, I reply;
If you are silent, so am I—
Can any tongue speak fairer?
s. Archias—II., 83, XV.

Pursuing echoes calling 'mong the rocks.
t. Abraham Coles—*The Microcosm Hearing. Powers of Sound.*

Echo speaks not on these radiant moors.
u. Barry Cornwall—*English Songs and Other Small Poems. The Sea in Calm.*

Mysterious haunts of echoes old and far,
The voice divine of human loyalty.
v. George Eliot—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. IV.

How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smiled.
w. Milton—*Comus.* Line 249.

Sweetest echo, sweetest nymph that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy shell,
By slow Meander's margent green
And in the violet embroidered vale.
x. Milton—*Comus. Song.*

How sweet the answer Echo makes
To music at night,
When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,
And far away, o'er lawns and lakes,
Goes answering light.
y. Moore—*Echo.*

More than Echoes talk along the walls.
z. Pope—*Eloisa to Abelard.* Line 306.

The babbling echo mocks the hounds
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once.
aa. *Titus Andronicus.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Let Echo sit amid the voiceless mountains
And feed her grief.
bb. Shelley—*Adonais.* St. 15.

Never sleeping, still awake,
Pleasing most when most I speak;
The delight of old and young,
Though I speak without a tongue
Nought but one thing can confound me,
Many voices joining round me;
Then I fret, and rave, and gabble,
Like the labourers of Babel.

a. SWIFT—*An Echo.*

A million horrible bellowing echoes broke
From the red-ribb'd hollow behind the wood,
And thunder'd up into Heaven.

b. TENNYSON—*Maud.* Pt. XXIII.

I heard * * * * *
* * * * * the great echo flap
And buffet round the hills from bluff to bluff.

c. TENNYSON—*The Golden Year.* Line 75.

Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

d. TENNYSON—*Princess.* Canto III. *Bugle Song.*

Like—but oh! how different!

e. WORDSWORTH—*Yes, it was the Mountain Echo.*

ECONOMY.

There are but two ways of paying debt: increase of industry in raising income, increase of thrift in laying out.

f. CARLYLE—*Past and Present.* Ch. X.

I knew once a very covetous sordid fellow, who used to say, Take care of the pence; for the pounds will take care of themselves.

g. EARL OF CHESTERFIELD—*Letter.* Nov. 6, 1747.

A penny saved is two pence clear,
A pin a day's a groat a year.

h. BENJ. FRANKLIN—*Necessary Hints to those that would be Rich.*

To balance Fortune by a just expense,
Join with Economy, Magnificence.

i. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. III. Line 223.

EDUCATION.

Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtile; natural philosophy, deep; morals, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.

j. BACON—*Essay. Of Studies.*

Education commences at the mother's knee, and every word spoken within the hearsay of little children tends towards the formation of character.

k. HOSEA BALLOU—*MSS. Sermons.*

How much a dunce, that has been sent to roam,
Excels a dunce, that has been kept at home.

l. COWPER—*Progress of Error.* Line 415.

The Self-Educated are marked by stubborn peculiarities.

m. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Literary Character.* Ch. VI.

By education most have been misled.

n. DRYDEN—*Hind and Panther.* Pt. III. Line 389.

The best that we can do for one another is to exchange our thoughts freely; and that, after all, is but little.

o. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Education.*

A boy is better unborn than untaught.

p. GASCOIGNE.

Impartially their talents scan,
Just education forms the man.

q. GAY—*The Owl, Swan, Spider, Ass, and the Farmer. To a Mother.* Line 9.

The true purpose of education is to cherish and unfold the seed of immortality already sown within us; to develop, to their fullest extent, the capacities of every kind with which the God who made us has endowed us.

r. MRS. JAMESON—*Education. Winter Studies and Summer Rambles.*

It is the ruin of all the young talent of the day, that reading and writing are simultaneous. We do not educate ourselves for literary enterprize. * * * We all sacrifice the palm-tree to obtain the temporary draught of wine! We slay the camel that would bear us through the desert, because we will not endure a momentary thirst.

s. MARIA JANE JEWSBURY (Mrs. Fletcher) —*A Letter to Mrs. Hemans.*

Education alone can conduct us to that enjoyment which is, at once, best in quality and infinite in quantity.

t. MANN—*Lectures and Reports on Education.* Lecture I.

Every school boy and school girl who has arrived at the age of reflection ought to know something about the history of the art of printing.

u. MANN—*The Common School Journal.* February, 1843. *Printing and Paper making.*

Inflamed with the study of learning and the admiration of virtue; stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men and worthy patriots, dear to God and famous to all ages.

v. MILTON—*Tract on Education.*

Education is the only interest worthy the deep, controlling anxiety of the thoughtful man.

w. WENDELL PHILLIPS—*Speeches. Idols.*

Do not then train boys to learning by force and harshness; but direct them to it by what amuses their minds, so that you may be the better able to discover with accuracy the peculiar bent of the genius of each.

a. PLATO.

'Tis education forms the common mind,
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.

b. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. I. Line 149.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.

c. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 362.

God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favored man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

d. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Smith.—He can write and read, and cast accompt.
Cade.—O monstrous!
Smith.—We took him setting of boy's copies.
Cade.—Here's a villain.

e. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 2.

Only the refined and delicate pleasures that spring from research and education can build up barriers between different ranks.

f. MADAME DE STAËL—*Corinne.* Bk. IX. Ch. I.

ELOQUENCE.

There is a gift beyond the reach of art, of being eloquently silent.

g. BOVEE—*Summaries of Thought.*

Eloquence is to the Sublime, what the Whole is to its Part.

h. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. I.

Eloquence may be found in Conversation and all kinds of Writings; 'tis rarely where we seek it, and sometimes where 'tis least expected.

i. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch I.

Profane Eloquence is transfer'd from the Bar, where it formerly reign'd, to the Pulpit, where it never ought to come.

j. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. XV.

Were we as eloquent as angels, we should please some men, some women, and some children much more by listening than by talking.

k. C. C. COLTON—*Lacon.*

Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong.

l. POPE—*Imitation of Horace.* Bk. II. Ep. II. Line 171.

Action is eloquence.

m. *Coriolanus.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Every tongue, that speaks
But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.

n. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence.

o. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act II. Sc. 1.

That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

p. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act II. Sc. 1.

To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time.

q. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act III. Sc. 10.

Listening senates hang upon thy tongue,
Devolving through the maze of eloquence
A roll of periods sweeter than her song.

r. THOMSON—*The Seasons.* *Autumn.* Line 15.

ENEMY.

Whatever the number of a man's friends, there will be times in his life when he has one too few; but if he has only one enemy, he is lucky indeed if he has not one too many.

s. BULWER-LYTTON—*What Will He Do With It.* Bk. IX. Ch. III.

Did a person but know the value of an enemy, he would purchase him with pure gold.

t. ABBÉ DE RAUNCI.

A merely fallen enemy may rise again, but the reconciled one is truly vanquished.

u. SCHILLER.

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself.

v. *Henry VIII.* Act I. Sc. 1.

I do believe,
Induced by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge.
You shall not be my judge.

w. *Henry VIII.* Act II. Sc. 4.

O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook!

x. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

They are our outward consciences.

y. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

You have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do.

z. *Henry VIII.* Act II. Sc. 4.

ENJOYMENT.

Solomon, he lived at ease, and, full
Of honour, wealth, high fare, aimed not beyond
Higher design than to enjoy his state.
a. MILTON—*Paradise Regained.* Bk. II. Line 201.

Throned on highest bliss
Equal to God, and equally enjoying
God-like fruition.
b. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. III. Line 305.

Who can enjoy alone,
Or, all enjoying, what contentment find?
c. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VIII. Line 365.

Whether with Reason, or with Instinct blest,
Know, all enjoy that pow'r which suits them best.
d. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. III. Line 79.

Sleep, riches, and health, are only truly enjoyed after they have been interrupted.
e. RICHTER—*Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces.* Ch. VIII.

Fast asleep! It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men.
f. *Julius Cæsar.* Act II. Sc. 1.

They most enjoy the world, who least admire.
g. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night VIII. Line 1173.

ENTHUSIASM.

However, 'tis expedient to be wary:
Indifference certes don't produce distress;
And rash enthusiasm in good society
Were nothing but a moral inebriety.
h. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto XIII. St. 35.

Enthusiasm is that secret and harmonious spirit which hovers over the production of genius, throwing the reader of a book, or the spectator of a statue, into the very ideal presence whence these works have really originated. A great work always leaves us in a state of musing.
i. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Literary Character.* Ch. XII.

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.
j. EMERSON—*Essay. On Circles.*

His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last;
For violent fires soon burn out themselves;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short.
k. *Richard II.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Enthusiasm is grave, inward, self-controlled; mere excitement outward, fantastic, hysterical, and passing in a moment from tears to laughter.
l. STERLING—*Essays and Tales. Crystals from a Cavern.*

ENVY.

Envy which turns pale,
And sickens, even if a friend prevail.
m. CHURCHILL—*The Rosciad.* Line 127.

Fools may our scorn, not envy raise,
For envy is a kind of praise.
n. GAY—*The Hound and the Huntsman.*

But, O! what mighty magician can assuage
A woman's envy?
o. GEO. GRANVILLE (Lord Lansdowne) —*Progress of Beauty.*

Envie not greatnesse; for thou mak'st thereby
Thyself the worse, and so the distance greater.
p. HERBERT—*The Church. Church Porch.* St. 44.

Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave.
q. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. II. Line 191.

It is the practice of the multitude to bark at eminent men, as little dogs do at strangers.
r. SENECA—*Of a Happy Life.* Ch. XV.

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she.
Be not her maid, since she is envious.
s. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

In seeking tales and informations
Against this man, (whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,)
Ye blew the fire that burns ye.
t. *Henry VIII.* Act V. Sc. 2.

No metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy.
u. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

See, what a rent the envious Casca made.
v. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves:
And therefore are they very dangerous.
w. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 2.

The general's disdain'd
By him one step below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath; so every step,
Exampled by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation.
x. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act I. Sc. 3.

We make ourselves fools to disport ourselves;
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
Upon whose age we void it up again,
With poisonous spite and envy.
a. *Timon of Athens.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
b. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 283.

EPITAPH.

Kind reader! take your choice to cry or laugh;
Here HAROLD lies—but where's his epitaph?
If such you seek, try Westminster and view
Ten thousand, just as fit for him as you.
c. BYRON—*Substitute for an Epitaph.*

And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.
d. GRAY—*Elegy in a Country Churchyard.* St. 21.

After your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you lived.
e. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

And, if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to her bones: sing it to-night.
f. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Either our history shall, with full mouth
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.
g. *Henry V.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Of comfort no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs.
h. *Richard II.* Act III. Sc. 2.

On your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs.
i. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

You cannot better be employ'd Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.
j. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

EQUALITY.

What is sauce for the goose is sauce for a gander.
k. TOM BROWN—*New Maxims.* P. 123.

There is no great and no small
To the Soul that maketh all:
And when it cometh, all things are;
And it cometh everywhere.
l. EMERSON—*Introduction to Essay on History.*

Men are made by nature unequal. It is vain, therefore, to treat them as if they were equal.
m. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Party Politics.*

For some must follow, and some command,
Though all are made of clay!
n. LONGFELLOW—*Keramos.* Line 6.

Equality of two domestic powers
Breeds scrupulous faction.
o. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured:
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power:
Both are alike; and both alike we like.
p. *King John.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have our dust.
q. *Cymbeline.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

She in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.
r. *King John.* Act II. Sc. 2.

The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
Must lie as low as ours.
s. WATTS—*A Funeral Thought.*

ERROR.

The truth is perilous never to the true,
Nor knowledge to the wise; and to the fool,
And to the false, error and truth alike,
Error is worse than ignorance.
t. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *A Mountain.*

Mistake, error, is the discipline through which we advance.
u. CHANNING—*The Present Age.*

Man on the dubious waves of error tost.
v. COWPER—*Poem on Truth.* Line 1.

The multitude is always in the wrong.
w. WENTWORTH DILLON (Earl of Roscommon)—*Essay on Translated Verse.* Line 184.

Errors like straws upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls must dive below.
x. DRYDEN—*All for Love.* Prologue.

Brother, brother; we are both in the wrong.
y. GAY—*Beggar's Opera.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Knowledge being to be had only of visible and certain truth, error is not a fault of our knowledge, but a mistake of our judgment, giving assent to that which is not true.
z. LOCKE—*Essay Concerning Human Understanding.* Bk. IV. *Of Wrong, Assent or Error.* Ch. XX.

Sometimes we may learn more from a man's errors than from his virtues.
a. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. IV. Ch. III.

How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.
b. *King Lear.* Act I. Sc. 4.

It may be right; but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time.
c. *Measure for Measure.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger.
d. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act III. Sc 3.

Purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventor's heads.
e. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 2.

The error of our eye directs our mind.
What error leads must err.
f. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act V. Sc. 2.

You lie—under a mistake.
g. SHELLEY—*From Calderon.*

The progress of rivers to the ocean is not so rapid as that of man to error.
h. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Rivers.*

ETERNITY.

Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought.
i. ADDISON—*Cato.* Act V. Sc. 1.

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
j. ADDISON—*Cato.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Eternity forbids thee to forget.
k. BYRON—*Lara.* Canto I. St. 23.

This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
The past, the future, two eternities.
l. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.*

The time will come when every change shall cease,
This quick revolving wheel shall rest in peace:
No summer then shall glow, nor winter freeze;
Nothing shall be to come, and nothing past,
But an eternal now shall ever last.
m. PETRARCH—*The Triumph of Eternity.* Line 119.

Those spacious regions where our fancies roam,
Pain'd by the past, expecting ills to come,
In some dread moment, by the fates assign'd,
Shall pass away, nor leave a rack behind;
And Time's revolving wheels shall lose at last,
The speed that spins the future and the past:
And, sovereign of an undisputed throne,
Awful eternity shall reign alone.
n. PETRARCH—*The Triumph of Eternity.*

In adamantine chains shall Death be bound,
And Hell's grim Tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
o. POPE—*Messiah.* Line 47.

Brothers, God grant when this life be o'er,
In the life to come that we meet once more!
p. SCHILLER—*The Battle.*

In time there is no present,
In eternity no future,
In eternity no past.
q. TENNYSON—*The "How" and "Why."* St. 1.

And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?
r. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night I. Line 64.

EVENING.

It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lover's vows
Seem sweet n every whispered word;
And gentle winds, and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear.
Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
And in the sky the stars are met,
And on the wave is deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue,
And in the heaven that clear obscure,
So softly dark and darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day,
As twilight melts beneath the moon away.
s. BYRON—*Parasina.* St. 1.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtain, wheel the sofa round,
And, while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.
t. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. IV. Line 36.

When day is done, and clouds are low,
And flowers are honey-dew,
And Hesper's lamp begins to glow
Along the western blue;
And homeward wing the turtle-doves,
Then comes the hour the poet loves.
u. GEORGE CROLY—*The Poet's Hour.*

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
v. GRAY—*Elegy in a Country Churchyard.*

When the moon begins her radiant race,
Then the stars swim after her track so bright.
w. HEINE—*Book of Songs. Quite True.*

Eve's silent foot-fall steals
Along the eastern sky,
And one by one to earth reveals
Those purer fires on high.
x. KEBLE—*The Christian Year. Fourth Sunday After Trinity.*

Day, like a weary pilgrim, had reached the western gate of heaven, and Evening stooped down to unloose the latchets of his sandal shoon.

a. LONGFELLOW—*Saint Gilgen.* Ch. IV.

O precious evenings! all too swiftly sped!

b. LONGFELLOW—*Sonnet. On Mrs. Kemble's Readings from Shakespeare.*

The day is ending,
The night is descending;
The marsh is frozen,
The river is dead.

c. LONGFELLOW—*An Afternoon in February.*

At shut of evening flowers.

d. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 278.

Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour
When pleasure, like the midnight flower
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night,
And maids who love the moon.

e. MOORE—*Fly Not Yet.*

O how grandly cometh Even,
Sitting on the mountain summit,
Purple-vestured, grave, and silent,
Watching o'er the dewy valleys,
Like a good king near his end.

f. D. M. MULOCK—*A Stream's Singing.*

One by one the flowers close,
Lily and dewy rose
Shutting their tender petals from the moon.

g. CHRISTINA G. ROSETTI—*Twilight Calm.*

The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices.

h. TENNYSON—*Ulysses.* Line 54.

EVIL.

Evil events from evil causes spring.

i. ARISTOPHANES.

It is some compensation for great evils that they enforce great lessons.

j. BOVEE—*Summaries of Thought. Compensation.*

The more common method of getting rid of an evil is, to merge it in a greater. Thus, if one suffers a loss of half his fortune at play, he overcomes his mortification by losing the other half. The most ingenious expedient of this kind, was that of the indigent gentleman of rank, who married his washerwoman to get rid of her bill against him.

k. BOVEE—*Summaries of Thought. Evils.*

None are all evil.

l. BYRON—*The Corsair.* Canto I. St. 12.

He who does evil that good may come, pays a toll to the devil to let him into heaven.

m. J. C. and A. W. HARE. *Guesses at Truth.*

Evil is wrought by want of Thought
As well as want of Heart!

n. HOOD—*The Lady's Dream.* St. 16.

Of two evils the less is always to be chosen.

o. THOMAS À KEMPIS—*Imitation of Christ.* Bk. III. Ch. XII.

And out of good still to find means of evil.

p. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 165.

Duly advis'd, the coming evil shun:
Better not do the deed, than weep it done.

q. PRIOR—*Henry and Emma.*

But then I sigh, and, with a piece of Scripture,
Tell them, that God bids us do good for evil.

r. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 3.

The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.

s. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 2.

The world is grown so bad
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch.

t. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 3.

EXAMPLE.

Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

u. GOLDSMITH—*Deserted Village.* Line 170.

Since truth and constancy are vain,
Since neither love, nor sense of pain,
Nor force of reason, can persuade,
Then let example be obey'd.

v. GEO. GRANVILLE (Lord Lansdowne)—*To Myra.*

Cæsar had his Brutus—Charles the First, his Cromwell—and George the Third—("Treason!" cried the speaker)—may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it.

w. PATRICK HENRY—*Speech,* 1765.

I do not give you to posterity as a pattern to imitate, but as an example to deter.

x. JUNIUS—*To the Duke of Grafton.*

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

y. LONGFELLOW—*A Psalm of Life.*

Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves.

z. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

EXPECTATION.

Expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense.

aa. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act III. Sc. 2.

He hath, indeed, better bettered expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.

bb. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.
a. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Promising is the very air o' the time;
It opens the eyes of expectation:
Performance is ever the duller for his act;
And, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people,
The deed of saying is quite out of use.
b. *Timon of Athens.* Act. V. Sc. 1.

There have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome.
c. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 1.

When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.
d. *Richard III.* Act II. Sc. 3.

EXPERIENCE.

Behold, we live through all things,—famine, thirst,
Bereavement, pain; all grief and misery,
All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst
On soul and body,—but we cannot die
Though we be sick, and tired, and faint, and worn,—
Lo, all things can be borne!
e. Elizabeth Akers—*Endurance.*

Making all futures fruits of all the pasts.
f. Edwin Arnold—*The Light of Asia.* Bk. V. Line 32.

He who hath most of heart knows most of sorrow.
g. Bailey—*Festus.* Sc. *Home.*

A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.
h. Coleridge—*The Ancient Mariner.* Pt. VI. Last St.

In her experience all her friends relied,
Heaven was her help and nature was her guide.
i. Crabbe—*Parish Register.* Pt. III.

To show the world what long experience gains,
Requires not courage, though it calls for pains;
But at life's outset to inform mankind,
Is a bold effort of a valiant mind.
j. Crabbe—*The Borough.*

I think there are stores laid up in our human nature that our understandings can make no complete inventory of.
k. George Eliot—*The Mill on the Floss.* Bk. V. Ch. I.

Only so much do I know, as I have lived.
l. Emerson—*The American Scholar.*

Experience is no more transferable in morals than in art.
m. Froude—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Education.*

Experience teaches slowly, and at the cost of mistakes.
n. Froude—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Party Politics.*

We read the past by the light of the present, and the forms vary as the shadows fall, or as the point of vision alters.
o. Froude—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Society in Italy in the Last days of the Roman Republic.*

The burnt child dreads the fire.
p. Ben Johnson—*The Devil is an Ass.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past,
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.
q. Longfellow—*The Ladder of St. Augustine.*

This life of ours is a wild æolian harp of many a joyous strain,
But under them all there runs a loud perpetual wail as of souls in pain.
r. Longfellow—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. IV.

We gain
Justice, judgment, with years, or else years are in vain.
s. Owen Meredith. *Lucile.* Pt. I. Canto III. St. 16.

Experience, next to thee I owe,
Best guide; not following thee, I had remain'd
In ignorance; thou open'st wisdom's way,
And giv'st access, though secret she retire.
t. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 807.

What man would be wise, let him drink of the river
That bears on its waters the record of Time;
A message to him every wave can deliver
To teach him to creep till he knows how to climb.
u. John Boyle O'Reilly—*Rules of the Road.*

Who heeds not experience, trust him not.
v. John Boyle O'Reilly—*Rules of the Road.*

Men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words.
w. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act V. Sc. 1.

My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.
a. *Sonnet L.*

Unless experience be a jewel; that I have purchased at an infinite rate.
b. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act II. Sc. 2.

What we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue, that possession would not show us
While it was ours.
c. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

I know
The past, and thence I will assay to glean
A warning for the future, so that man
May profit by his errors, and derive Experience from his folly;
For, when the power of imparting joy
Is equal to the will, the human soul
Requires no other heaven.
d. SHELLEY—*Queen Mab.* Canto III. Line 6.

Life may change but it may fly not;
Hope may vanish but can die not;
Truth be veiled, but still it burneth;
Love repulsed,—but it returneth.
e. SHELLEY—*Hellas.* Semi-chorus.

Conflicts bring experience, and experience brings that growth in grace which is not to be attained by any other means.
f. SPURGEON—*Gleanings Among The Sheaves. Divine Teaching.*

To Truth's house there is a single door,
Which is Experience. He teaches best,
Who feels the hearts of all men in his breast,
And knows their strength or weakness through his own.
g. BAYARD TAYLOR—*Temptation of Hassan Ben Khaled.* St. 3.

We ought not to look back unless it is to derive useful lessons from past errors and for the purpose of profiting by dear-bought experience.
h. GEO. WASHINGTON—*Moral Maxims. Approbation and Censure.*

Love had he found in huts where poor men lie;
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.
i. WORDSWORTH—*Feast of Brougham Castle.*

Long-travell'd in the ways of men.
j. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IX. Line 8.

EXPRESSION.

From the looks—not the lips, is the soul reflected.
k. M'DONALD CLARKE—*The Rejected Lover.*

Expression is action; beauty is repose.
l. J. C. and A. W. HARE—*Guesses at Truth.*

EXTREMES.

Extremes are vicious, and proceed from Men: Compensation is Just, and proceeds from God.
m. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. XVI.

He that had never seen a river imagined the first he met with to be the sea; and the greatest things that have fallen within our knowledge we conclude the extremes that nature makes of the kind.
n. MONTAIGNE—*Essays.* Bk. I. Ch. XXVI.

Avoid Extremes; and shun the fault of such,
Who still are pleas'd too little or too much.
o. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 385.

Like to the time o' the year between the extremes
Of hot and cold: he was nor sad nor merry.
p. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.
q. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act IV. Sc. 1.

Where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all.
r. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Who can be patient in such extremes?
s. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act I. Sc. 1.

EYES.

There are whole veins of diamonds in thine eyes,
Might furnish crowns for all the Queens of earth.
t. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *A Drawing Room.*

His eyes are songs without words.
u. BOVEE—*Summaries of Thought.*

Eyes of gentianellas azure,
Staring, winking at the skies.
v. E. B. BROWNING—*Hector in the Garden.*

With eyes that look'd into the very soul
* * * * * * * * *
Bright—and as black and burning as a coal.
w. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto IV. St. 94.

My eyes make pictures, when they are shut.
x. COLERIDGE—*A Day-Dream.*

Eyes that displace
The neighbor diamond, and out-face
That sunshine, by their own sweet grace.
y. CRASHAW—*Wishes. To his Supposed Mistress.*

A suppressed resolve will betray itself in the eyes.

a. George Eliot—*The Mill on the Floss.* Bk. IV. Ch. XIV.

An eye can threaten like a loaded and levelled gun, or can insult like hissing or kicking; or, in its altered mood, by beams of kindness, it can make the heart dance with joy.

b. Emerson—*Conduct of Life. Behavior.*

Eyes are bold as lions, roving, running, leaping, here and there, far and near. They speak all languages. They wait for no introduction; they are no Englishmen; ask no leave of age or rank; they respect neither poverty nor riches, neither learning nor power, nor virtue, nor sex, but intrude, and come again, and go through and through you in a moment of time. What inundation of life and thought is discharged from one soul into another through them!

c. Emerson—*Conduct of Life. Behavior.*

Eyes so transparent,
That through them one sees the soul.

d. Theophile Gautier—*To Two Beautiful Eyes.*

I every where am thinking
Of thy blue eyes' sweet smile;
A sea of blue thoughts is spreading
Over my heart the while.

e. Heine—*New Spring.* Pt. XVIII. St. 2.

We credit most our sight, one eye doth please
Our trust farre more than ten ear-witnesses.

f. Herrick—*Hesperides. The Eyes Before the Ears.*

Thine eye was on the censer,
And not the hand that bore it.

g. Holmes—*Lines by a Clerk.*

The eyes of a man are of no use without the observing power.

h. Paxton Hood.

Blue! 'Tis the life of heaven,—the domain
Of Cynthia,—the wide palace of the sun,—
The tent of Hesperus, and all his train,—
The bosomer of clouds, gold, grey, and dun—
Blue! 'Tis the life of waters—ocean
And all its vassal streams: pools numberless
May rage, and foam, and fret, but never can
Subside, if not to dark-blue nativeness.
Blue! gentle cousin of the forest-green,
Married to green in all the sweetest flowers—
Forget-me-not,—the blue-bells,—and, that queen
Of secrecy, the violet: what strange powers
Hast thou, as a mere shadow! But how great,
When in an Eye thou art alive with fate!

i. Keats—*Answer to a Sonnet by J. H. Reynolds.*

Dark eyes—eternal soul of pride!
Deep life of all that's true!
* * * * * * *
Away, away to other skies!
Away o'er sea and sands!
Such eyes as those were never made
To shine in other lands.

j. Leland—*Callirhoe.*

I dislike an eye that twinkles like a star. Those only are beautiful which, like the planets, have a steady, lambent light,—are luminous, but not sparkling,

k. Longfellow—*Hyperion.* Bk. III. Ch. IV.

O lovely eyes of azure,
Clear as the waters of a brook that run
Limpid and laughing in the summer sun!

l. Longfellow—*The Masque of Pandora.* Pt. I.

The flash of his keen, black eyes
Forerunning the thunder?

m. Longfellow—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. IV.

Thy deep eyes, amid the gloom,
Shine like jewels in a shroud.

n. Longfellow—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. IV.

Within her tender eye
The heaven of April, with its changing light.

o. Longfellow—*The Spirit of Poetry.* Line 45.

The learned compute that seven hundred and seven millions of millions of vibrations have penetrated the eye before the eye can distinguish the tints of a violet.

p. Bulwer-Lytton—*What Will He Do With It.* Bk. VIII. Ch. II.

Those dark eyes—so dark and so deep!

q. Owen Meredith—*Lucile.* Pt. I. Canto VI. St. 4.

True eyes
Too pure and too honest in aught to disguise
The sweet soul shining through them.

r. Owen Meredith—*Lucile.* Pt. II. Canto II. St. 3.

Ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence.

s. Milton—*L'Allegro.* Line 121.

Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes.

t. Milton—*Il Penseroso.* Line 40.

The world's so rich in resplendent eyes,
'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair.

u. Moore—*'Tis Sweet to Think.*

Violets, transform'd to eyes
Inshrined a soul within their blue.

v. Moore—*Evenings in Greece. Second Evening*

Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, Man is not a Fly.
Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n,
T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?

w. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 193.

The eyes are the pioneers that first announce the soft tale of love.
a. PROPERTIUS.

Dark eyes are dearer far
Than those that mock the hyacinthine bell.
b. J. H. REYNOLDS—*Sonnet.*

Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords.
c. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind.
d. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

An eye like Mars, to threaten or command.
e. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 4.

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive;
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academies,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world;
Else, none at all in aught proves excellent.
f. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes.
g. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
h. *As You Like It.* Act III. Sc. 5.

From her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages.
i. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing and think it were not night.
j. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Her eyes like marigolds, had sheath'd their light;
And, canopied in darkness, sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.
k. *Rape of Lucrece.* Line 397.

Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn, and all the earth relieveth;
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumin'd with her eye.
l. *Venus and Adonis.* Line 482.

I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight.
m. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II. Sc. 1.

I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: Thou hast the right archèd bent of the brow.
n. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act III. Sc. 3.

The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say, what thou seest yond'.
o. *Tempest.* Act I. Sc. 2.

The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye: that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much-troubled breast.
p. *King John.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Thou tell'st me, there is murther in mine eye;
'Tis pretty sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murtherers!
q. *As You Like It.* Act III. Sc. 5.

Thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life.
r. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Where is any author in the world,
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
s. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once. * * * * * Those happy smilets,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.
t. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Thine eyes are like the deep, blue, boundless heaven
Contracted to two circles underneath
Their long, fine lashes; dark, far, measureless,
Orb within orb, and line through line inwoven.
u. SHELLEY—*Prometheus Unbound.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer.
v. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. XXXII.

But optics sharp it needs, I ween,
To see what is not to be seen.
w. TRUMBULL—*McFingal.* Canto I. Line 67.

Blue eyes shimmer with angel glances,
Like spring violets over the lea.
x. CONSTANCE F. WOOLSON—*October's Song.*

Deep brown eyes running over with glee;
Blue eyes are pale, and gray eyes are sober;
Bonnie brown eyes are the eyes for me.
y. CONSTANCE F. WOOLSON—*October's Song.*

F.

FACE.

He had a face like a benediction.
a. CERVANTES—*Don Quixote.* Bk. I. Pt. I. Ch. VI.

Thy face the index of a feeling mind.
b. CRABBE—*Tales of the Hall.* Bk. XVI. Line 124.

The old familiar faces—
How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.
c. LAMB—*The Old Familiar Faces.*

A face that had a story to tell. How different faces are in this particular! Some of them speak not. They are books in which not a line is written, save perhaps a date.
d. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. I. Ch. IV.

These faces in the mirrors
Are but the shadows and phantoms of myself.
e. LONGFELLOW—*The Masque of Pandora.* Pt. VII.

If a good face is a letter of recommendation, a good heart is a letter of credit.
f. BULWER-LYTTON—*What Will He Do With It?* Bk. II. Ch. XI.

Dusk faces with white silken turbans wreath'd.
g. MILTON—*Paradise Regained.* Bk. IV. Line 76.

Human face divine.
h. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. III. Line 44.

In her face excuse
Came prologue, and apology too prompt.
i. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 853,

Cheek * * * *
Flushing white and soften'd red;
Mingling tints, as when there glows
In snowy milk the bashful rose.
j. MOORE—*Odes of Anacreon. Ode XVI.*

With faces like dead lovers who died true.
k. D. M. MULOCK—*Indian Summer.*

If to her share some female errors fall
Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.
l. POPE—*Rape of the Lock.* Canto II. Line 17.

Sea of upturned faces.
m. SCOTT—*Rob Roy.* Vol. I. Ch. XX. *Quoted by Daniel Webster. Speech.* Sept. 30, 1842.

A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.
n. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.
o. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act. II. Sc. 6.

Black brows they say
Become some women best, in a semicircle
Or a half-moon, made with a pen.
p. *Winter's Tale.* Act. II. Sc. 1.

Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.
q. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

His cheek the map of days outworn.
r. *Sonnet LXVIII.*

I have seen better faces in my time,
Than stands on any shoulder that I see.
s. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 2.

In thy f ce
I see thy fury: if I longer tay
We shall begin our ancien bickerings.
t. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act I. Sc. 1.

There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brasier by his face.
u. *Henry VIII.* Act V. Sc. 3.

There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face
v. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 4.

You have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness.
w. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act V. Sc. 4.

Your face, my thane, is a book, where men
May read strange matters: To beguile the time,
Look like the time.
x. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 5.

Her angels face,
As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place.
y. SPENSER—*Faerie Queene.* Bk. I. Canto III. St. 4.

Doubtless the human face is the grandest of all mysteries; yet fixed on canvas, it can hardly tell of more than one sensation: no struggle, no successive contrasts accessible to dramatic art, can painting give, as neither time nor motion exists for her.
z. MADAME DE STAËL—*Corinne.* Bk. VIII. Ch. IV.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison;
Who sees them is undone;
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Cath'rine pear,
The side that's next the sun.
a. Sir JOHN SUCKLING—*On a Wedding.*

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compared with that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly.
b. Sir JOHN SUCKLING—*On a Wedding.*

A face with gladness overspread!
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred!
c. WORDSWORTH—*To a Highland Girl.*

FAIRIES.

The dances ended, all the fairy train
For pinks and daisies search'd the flow'ry plain.
d. POPE—*January and May.* Line 624.

Fairies, black, gray, green, and white,
You moonshine revellers, and shades of night.
e. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act V. Sc. 5.

In silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade:
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.
f. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairie's midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of an alderman.
g. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act I. Sc. 4.

Set your heart at rest,
The fairy-land buys not the child of me.
h. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act II. Sc. 2.

The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And, for night-tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes.
i. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act III. Sc. 1.

They are fairies, he that speaks to them shall die:
I'll wink and couch: no man their works must eye.
j. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act V. Sc. 5.

This is the fairy land:—O, spite of spites,
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites.
k. *Comedy of Errors.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly.
l. *Tempest.* Act V. Sc. 1. *Song.*

Her berth was of the wombe of morning dew,
And her conception of the joyous prime.
m. SPENSER—*Faerie Queene.* Bk. III. Canto VI. St. 3.

But light as as any wind that blows
So fleetly did she stir,
The flower, she touch'd on, dipt and rose,
And turned t look at her.
n. TENNYSON—*The Talking Oak.* St. 33.

FAITH.

Faith is a higher faculty than reason.
o. BAILEY—*Festus. Prom.* Line 84.

There is one inevitable criterion of judgment touching religious faith in doctrinal matters. Can you reduce it to practice? If not, have none of it.
p. HOSEA BALLOU—*MSS. Sermons.*

Poor man! where art thou now? thy day is night.
Good man, be not cast down, thou yet art right,
Thy way to Heaven lies by the gates of Hell;
Cheer up, hold out, with thee it shall go well.
q. BUNYAN—*Pilgrim's Progress.* Pt. I.

We shall be made truly wise if we be made content; content, too, not only with what we can understand, but content with what we do not understand—the habit of mind which theologians call—and rightly—faith in God.
r. CHAS. KINGSLEY—*Health and Education. On Bio-Geology.*

"Patience!" * * * have faith, and thy prayer will be answered!
s. LONGFELLOW—*Evangeline.* Pt. II.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is Death's sting? where, Grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!
t. HENRY FRANCIS LYTE—*Abide With Me.*

In such righteousness
To them by faith imputed, they may find
Justification towards God, and peace
Of conscience.
u. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XII. Line 294.

O welcome pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings!
v. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 213.

Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of right or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward.
w. MILTON—*To Cyriac Skinner.*

But Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.
x. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.*

If faith produce no works, I see,
That faith is not a living tree.
Thus faith and works together grow;
No separate life they e'er can know:
They're soul and body, hand and heart:
What God hath joined, let no man part.
a. HANNAH MORE—*Dan and Jane.*

The enormous faith of many made for one.
b. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. III. Line 242.

Till their own dreams at length deceive 'em,
And oft repeating, they believe 'em.
c. PRIOR—*Alma.* Canto III. Line 13.

Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men,
d. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Faith is the subtle chain
Which binds us to the Infinite: the voice
Of a deep life within, that will remain
Until we crowd it thence.
e. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH—*Faith.*

Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers:
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.
f. TENNYSON—*Idyls of the King. Vivien.* Line 238.

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.
g. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. XCV.

From seeming evil still educing good.
h. THOMSON—*Hymn.* Line 114.

Through this dark and stormy night
Faith beholds a feeble light
Up the blackness streaking;
Knowing God's own time is best,
In a patient hope I rest
For the full day-breaking!
i. WHITTIER—*Barclay of Ury.*

Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of death,
To break the shock blind nature cannot shun,
And lands thought smoothly on the farther shore.
j. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IV. Line 721.

One eye on death, and one full fix'd on heaven.
k. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night V. Line 838.

FALSEHOOD.

Falsehood is cowardice,—truth is courage.
l. HOSEA BALLOU—*MSS. Sermons.*

None speaks false, when there is none to hear.
m. BEATTIE—*The Minstrel.* Bk. II. St. 24.

And after all what is a lie? 'Tis but
The truth in masquerade.
n. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto XI. St. 37.

No falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper.
o. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 811.

Who dares think one thing, and another tell
My soul detests him as the gates of hell.
p. POPE'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. IX. Line 412.

For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.
q. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act. V. Sc. 4.

He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool.
r. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying!
s. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 2.

Lord, Lord, how the world is given to lying! I grant you I was down, and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock.
t. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 4.

Oh, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!
u. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 3.

These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable.
v. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 4.

Thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for.
w. *Twelfth Night.* Act III. Sc. 4.

'Tis as easy as lying.
x. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

To lapse in fulness
Is sorer than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars.
y. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 6.

Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.
z. *King John.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth.
aa. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 1.

I give him joy that's awkward at a lie.
bb. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night VIII. Line 361.

FAME.

Were not this desire of fame very strong, the difficulty of obtaining it, and the danger of losing it when obtained, would be sufficient to deter a man from so vain a pursuit.
cc. ADDISON—*The Spectator.* No. 225.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar!
a. BEATTIE—*The Minstrel.* St. 1.

Nothing can cover his high fame but Heaven;
No pyramids set off his memories,
But the eternal substance of his greatness;
To which I leave him.
b. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—*The False One.* Act II. Sc. 1.

The glory dies not, and the grief is past.
c. Sir SAM'L BRYDGES—*Sonnet on the Death of Sir Walter Scott.*

I awoke one morning and found myself famous.
d. BYRON—*From his Life by Moore.* Ch. XIV.

Oh Fame!—if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
'Twas less for the sake of thy high sounding phrases,
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover
She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.
e. BYRON—*Stanzas Written on the Road Between Florence and Pisa.*

What is the end of Fame? 'tis but to fill
A certain portion of uncertain paper:
Some liken it to climbing up a hill,
Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in vapour;
For this men write, speak, preach, and heroes kill,
And bards burn what they call their "midnight taper,"
To have, when the original is dust,
A name, a wretched picture, and worse bust.
f. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto I. St. 218.

Fame, we may understand, is no sure test of merit, but only a probability of such: it is an accident, not a property of a man.
g. CARLYLE—*Essay. Goethe.*

Money will buy money's worth, but the thing men call fame what is it?
h. CARLYLE—*Essays. Memoirs of the Life of Scott.*

Scarcely two hundred years back can Fame recollect articulately at all; and there she but maunders and mumbles.
i. CARLYLE—*Past and Present.* Ch. XVII.

What shall I do to be forever known,
And make the age to come my own?
j. COWLEY—*The Motto.*

Who fears not to do ill yet fears the name,
And, free from conscience, is a slave to fame.
k. DENHAM—*Cooper's Hill.* Line 129.

Then Naldo: "'Tis a petty kind of fame
At best, that comes of making violins;
And saves no masses, either. Thou wilt go
To purgatory none the less."
l. GEORGE ELIOT—*Legend of Jubal. Stradivarius.* Line 85

Fame is the echo of actions, resounding them to the world, save that the echo repeats only the last part, but fame relates all, and often more than all.
m. FULLER—*The Holy and Profane States. Fame.*

Fame sometimes hath created something of nothing.
n. FULLER—*The Holy and Profane States. Fame.*

From kings to cobblers 'tis the same;
Bad servants wound their master's fame.
o. GAY—*The Squire and his Cur.* Pt. II.

Worse is an evil fame, much worse, than none.
p. GEORGE GRANVILLE (Lord Lansdowne)—*Imitation of Seneca's Thyestis.*

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.
q. GRAY—*Elegy in a Country Churchyard.* St. 15.

I want you to see Peel, Stanley, Graham, Shiel, Russell, Macaulay, Old Joe, and so on. They are all upper-crust here.
r. HALIBURTON—*Sam Slick in England.* Ch. XXIV.

One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.
s. FITZ-GREENE HALLECK—*Marco Bozzaris.*

The temple of fame stands upon the grave: the flame that burns upon its altars is kindled from the ashes of dead men.
t. HAZLITT—*Lectures on The English Poets.* Lecture VIII.

Thou hast a charmed cup, O Fame,
A draught that mantles high,
And seems to lift this earthly frame
Above mortality.
Away! to me—a woman—bring
Sweet water from affection's spring.
u. Mrs. HEMANS—*Woman and Fame.*

If that thy fame with ev'ry toy be pos'd,
'Tis a thinne web, which poysonous fancies make;
But the great souldier's honour was compos'd
Of thicker stuffe, which would endure a shake.
Wisdom picks friends; civilitie playes the rest.
A toy shunn'd cleanly, passeth with the best.
v. HERBERT—*The Temple. The Church-Porch.* St. 38.

Seven cities warr'd for Homer being dead,
Who living had no roofe to shroud his head.
a. THOS. HEYWOOD—*Hierarchie of the Blessed Angells.*

Fame has no necessary conjunction with praise: it may exist without the breath of a word: it is a recognition of excellence which must be felt, but need not be spoken. Even the envious must feel it: feel it, and hate it in silence.
b. MRS. JAMESON—*Memoirs and Essays. Washington Allston.*

Reputation being essentially contemporaneous, is always at the mercy of the Envious and the Ignorant. But Fame, whose very birth is posthumous, and which is only known to exist by the echo of its footsteps through congenial minds, can neither be increased nor diminished by any degree of wilfulness.
c. MRS. JAMESON—*Memoirs and Essays. Washington Allston.*

He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.
d. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Vanity of Human Wishes.* Line 221.

Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts the swallows build.
e. LONGFELLOW—*Nuremberg.* St. 16.

Fame comes only when deserved, and then is as inevitable as destiny, for it is destiny.
f. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. I. Ch. VIII.

Great men die and are forgotten,
Wise men speak; their words of wisdom
Perish in the ears that hear them.
g. LONGFELLOW—*Hiawatha. Picture-Writing.*

His fame was great in all the land.
h. LONGFELLOW—*Emma and Eginhard.* Line 50.

Fame, if not double fac'd is double mouth'd,
And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds;
On both his wings, one black, the other white,
Bears greatest names in his wild airy flight.
i. MILTON—*Samson Agonistes.* Line 971.

Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil.
j. MILTON—*Lycidas.* Line 78.

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise,
(That last infirmity of noble minds,)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days,
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes to blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life.
k. MILTON—*Lycidas.* Line 70.

Thou, in our wonder and astonishment
Has built thyself a live-long monument.
l. MILTON—*Sonnet. On Shakespeare.*

Go where glory waits thee;
But while fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me.
m. MOORE—*Go Where Glory Waits Thee.*

Above all Greek, above all Roman fame.
n. POPE—*Epistles of Horace.* Ep. I. Bk. II. Line 26.

And what is Fame? the Meanest have their Day,
The Greatest can but blaze, and pass away.
o. POPE—*First Book of Horace.* Ep. VI. Line 46.

If Parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind:
Or, ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame.
p. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 281.

Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it Fame.
q. POPE—*Epilogue to Satire.* Dialogue I. Line 135.

Nor fame I slight, nor for her favors call;
She comes unlooked for, if she comes at all.
r. POPE—*Temple of Fame.* Line 513.

Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown;
Oh grant an honest fame, or grant me none!
s. POPE—*Temple of Fame.* Line 523.

What's Fame? a fancy'd life in others' breath.
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
t. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 237.

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.
u. SCOTT—*Old Mortality.* Ch. XXXIV.

Better leave undone, than by our deeds acquire
Too high a fame, when he we serve's away.
v. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act III. Sc. 1

Death makes no conquest of this conqueror:
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.
w. *Richard III.* Act III. Sc. 1.

He lives in fame, that died in virtue's cause.
x. *Titus Andronicus.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs.
y. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act I. Sc. 1.

No true and permanent fame can be founded, except in labors which promote the happiness of mankind.
z. CHARLES SUMNER—*Fame and Glory.*

What rage for fame attends both great and small!
Better be d—d than mentioned not at all.
a. JOHN WOLCOT—*To the Royal Academicians.*

How his eyes languish! how his thoughts adore
That painted coat, which Joseph never wore!
He shows, on holidays, a sacred pin,
That touched the ruff, that touched Queen Bess's chin.
b. YOUNG—*Love of Fame.* Satire IV. Line 119.

Men should press forward, in fame's glorious chase;
Nobles look backward, and so lose the race.
c. YOUNG—*Love of Fame.* Satire I. Line 129.

With fame, in just proportion, envy grows.
d. YOUNG—*Epistle to Mr. Pope.* Ep. I. Line 27.

FANCY.

While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.
e. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. IV. Line 118.

Ever let the Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home.
f. KEATS—*Fancy.*

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream still let me sleep!
g. *Twelfth Night.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy.
h. *As You Like It.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

So full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical.
i. *Twelfth Night.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Tell me, where is fancy bred;
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, Reply,
It is engender'd in the eyes
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
j. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Fancy light from fancy caught.
k. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. XXIII.

FAREWELL.

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been—
A sound which makes us linger;—yet—farewell.
l. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 186.

Farewell!
For in that word—that fatal word,—howe'er
We promise—hope—believe,—there breathes despair.
m. BYRON—*The Corsair.* Canto I. St. 15.

Friend ahoy! Farewell! farewell!
Grief unto grief, joy unto joy,
Greeting and help the echoes tell
Faint, but eternal—Friend ahoy!
n. HELEN HUNT—*Verses. Friend Ahoy!*

Farewell, farewell to the Araby's daughter.
o. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. The Fire Worshippers.*

Farewell and stand fast.
p. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 2.

Farewell the plumed troops, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife.
q. *Othello.* Act III. Sc 3.

Here's my hand.
And mine, with my heart in't. And now farewell,
Till half an hour hence.
r. *Tempest.* Act III. Sc. 1.

FASHION.

Nothing is thought rare
Which is not new, and follow'd; yet we know
That what was worn some twenty years ago
Comes into grace again.
s. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—*Prologue to the Noble Gentleman.* Line 4.

Fashion, the arbiter and rule of light.
t. FRANCIS HORACE—*Art of Poetry.* St. 72.

I'll be at charge for a looking-glass;
And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body.
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
u. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 2.

I see; * * * that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man.
v. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 3.

New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.
w. *Henry VIII.* Act I. Sc. 3.

The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observ'd of all observers.
x. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Their clothes are after such a pagan cut, too,
That, sure, they have worn out Christendom.
y. *Henry VIII.* Act I. Sc. 3.

You, Sir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments.
z. *King Lear.* Act III. Sc. 6.

FATE.

My death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
a. ADDISON—*Cato.* Act V. Sc. 1.

The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, th' important day, big with the fate
Of Cato, and of Rome.
b. ADDISON—*Cato.* Act I. Sc. 1.

The bow is bent, the arrow flies,
The wingéd shaft of fate.
c. IRA ALDRIDGE—*On William Tell.* St. 12.

Who shall shut out Fate?
d. EDWIN ARNOLD—*Light of Asia.* Bk. III. Line 336.

The heart is its own Fate.
e. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Wood and Water. Sunset.*

Let those deplore their doom,
Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn:
But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,
Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they mourn.
f. BEATTIE—*The Minstrel.* Bk. I.

Life treads on life, and heart on heart—
We press too close in church and mart,
To keep a dream or grave apart.
g. E. B. BROWNING—*A Vision of Poets.* Conclusion.

I am not now in fortune's power,
He that is down can fall no lower.
h. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto III. Line 877.

Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred.
i. BYRON—*A Sketch.*

I am a weed,
Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam to sail,
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail.
j. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 2.

Men are the sport of circumstances, when
The circumstances seem the sport of men.
k. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto V. St. 17.

There comes
For ever something between us and what
We deem our happiness.
l. BYRON—*Sardanapalus.* Act I. Sc. 2.

"Whom the gods love die young," was said of yore.
m. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto IV. St. 12.

To bear is to conquer our fate.
n. CAMPBELL—*On Visiting a Scene in Argyleshire.*

Fate steals along with silent tread,
Found oftenest in what least we dread;
Frowns in the storm with angry brow,
But in the sunshine strikes the blow.
o. COWPER—*A Fable. Moral.*

For those whom God to ruin has design'd,
He fits for fate, and first destroys their mind.
p. DRYDEN—*Hind and Panther.* Pt. III. Line 1094.

Not heaven itself upon the past has power;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.
q. DRYDEN—*Imitation of Horace.* Bk. I. *Ode XXIX.* Line 71.

Fate has carried me
'Mid the thick arrows: I will keep my stand,—
Not shrink and let the shaft pass by my breast
To pierce another.
r. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. III.

Stern fate and time
Will have their victims; and the best die first,
Leaving the bad still strong, though past their prime,
To curse the hopeless world they ever curs'd,
Vaunting vile deeds, and vainest of the worst.
s. EBENEZER ELLIOTT—*The Village Patriarch.* Bk. IV. Pt. III.

With equal pace, impartial fate
Knocks at the palace as the cottage gate.
t. FRANCIS—*Horace.* Bk. I. *Ode IV.* Line 17.

One common fate we both must prove;
You die with envy, I with love.
u. GAY—*Fable. The Poet and Rose.* Line 29.

All is created and goes after order; yet o'er the mankind's Life time, the precious gift, rules an uncertain fate.
v. GOETHE.

Each curs'd his fate that thus their project cross'd;
How hard their lot who neither won nor lost.
w. GRAVES—*An Incident in High Life.*

Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race;
Give ample room, and verge enough,
The characters of hell to trace.
x. GRAY—*The Bard.* Pt. II.

'Tis writ on Paradise's gate,
"Woe to the dupe that yields to Fate!"
y. HAFIZ.

Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
z. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Vanity of Human Wishes.* Line 345.

All are architects of Fate
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.
aa. LONGFELLOW—*The Builders.*

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.
a. LONGFELLOW—*Endymion.* St. 8.

Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness:
So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another,
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence.
b. LONGFELLOW—*Elizabeth.* Pt. IV.

Then in Life's goblet freely press,
The leaves that give it bitterness,
Nor prize the colored waters less,
For in thy darkness and distress
New light and strength they give!
c. LONGFELLOW—*The Goblet of Life.*

There are certain events which to each man's life are as comets to the earth, seemingly strange and erratic portents; distinct from the ordinary lights which guide our course and mark our seasons, yet true to their own laws, potent in their own influences.
d. BULWER-LYTTON—*What Will He Do With It?* Bk. II. Ch. XIV.

Alas! how easily things go wrong!
A sigh too deep, or a kiss too long,
And then comes a mist and a weeping rain,
And life is never the same again.
e. GEORGE MCDONALD—*Plantastes. A Fairy Story.*

Our days and nights
Have sorrows woven with delights.
f. MALHERBE—*To Cardinal Richelieu.* Trans. by Longfellow.

It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is over-rul'd by fate.
g. MARLOWE—*Hero and Leander. First Sestiad.* Line 167.

They only fall, that strive to move,
Or lose, that care to keep.
h. OWEN MEREDITH—*The Wanderer.* Bk. III. *Futility.* St. 6.

Unseen hands delay
The coming of what oft seems close in ken,
And, contrary, the moment, when we say
"'Twill never come!" comes on us even then.
i. OWEN MEREDITH—*Thomas Muntzer to Martin Luther.* Line 382.

We are what we must
And not what we would be. I know that one hour
Forestalls not another. The will and the power
Are diverse.
j. OWEN MEREDITH—*Lucile.* Pt. I. Canto III. St. 24.

Necessity or chance
Approach not me, and what I will is fate.
k. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VII. Line 172.

Sing to those that hold the vital shears;
And turn the adamantine spindle round,
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
l. MILTON—*Arcades. Song.*

Then shall this mount
Of Paradise by might of waves be mov'd
Out of his place, push'd by the horned flood,
With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift,
Down the great river to the opening gulf
And there take root.
m. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XI. Line 829.

A brave man struggling in the storms of fate.
n. POPE—*Prologue to Addison's Cato.*

Blind to former, as to future fate,
What mortal knows his pre-existent state?
o. POPE—*Dunciad.* Bk. III. Line 47.

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate.
p. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 77.

We met, hand to hand,
We clasped hands close and fast,
As close as oak and ivy stand;
But it is past:
Come day, come night, day comes at last.
q. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*Twilight Night.* Pt. I. St. 1.

A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball
For them to play upon.
r. *Pericles.* Act II. Sc. 1.

As the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.
s. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

But, O vain boast
Who can control his fate?
t. *Othello.* Act V. Sc. 2.

But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
u. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 2.

But yet I'll make assurance doubly sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live.
v. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do.
w. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Fate, show thy force; ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed must be; and be this so.
a. *Twelfth Night.* Act I. Sc. 5.

Fates! we will know your pleasures:—
That we shall die we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.
b. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 1.

If he had been as you, and you as he,
You would have slipp'd like him.
c. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.
d. *Julius Cæsar.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Imperial Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall, to expel the winter's flaw!
e. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.
f. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither.
g. *King Lear.* Act V. Sc. 2.

My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.
h. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 4.

O heavens! that one might read the book of fate;
And see the revolutions of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent
(Weary of solid firmness,) melt itself
Into the sea!
i. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 1.

O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?
j. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Our wills, and fates, do so contrary run,
That our devices still are overthrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.
k. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Some must watch, while some must sleep;
So runs the world away.
l. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

There is divinity in odd numbers,
Either in nativity, chance or death.
m. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act V. Sc. 1.

The worst is not worst
So long as we can say, This is the worst.
n. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

They that stand high have many blasts to shake them;
And if they fall they dash themselves to pieces.
o. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 3.

What fates impose, that men must needs abide,
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.
p. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act IV. Sc. 3.

What is done cannot be now amended.
q. *Richard III.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

What's done, cannot be undone.
r. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 1.

What should be spoken here,
Where, our fate, hid within an auger-hole,
May rush, and seize us?
s. *Macbeth.* Act II. Sc. 3.

You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate; the elements
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that's in my plume.
t. *Tempest.* Act III. Sc. 3.

The seed ye sow another reaps;
The wealth ye find another keeps;
The robes ye weave another wears;
The arms ye forge another bears.
u. SHELLEY—*Song. To Men of England.*

We rest.—A dream has power to poison sleep;
We rise.—One wandering thought pollutes the day.
v. SHELLEY—*Mutability.*

Sometimes an hour of Fate's serenest weather,
Strikes through our changeful sky its coming beams;
Somewhere above us, in elusive ether,
Waits the fulfilment of our dearest dreams.
w. BAYARD TAYLOR—*Ad Amicos.*

We walk amid the currents of actions left undone,
The germs of deeds that wither before they see the sun.
For every sentence uttered a million more are dumb:
Men's lives are chains of chances, and History their sun.
x. BAYARD TAYLOR—*Napoleon at Gotha.*

And out of darkness came the hands
That reach thro' nature, moulding men.
y. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.*
Pt. CXXIII.

FAULTS.

The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none.
z. CARLYLE—*Heroes and Hero Worship.*
Ch. II.

Men still had faults, and men will have them still,
He that hath none, and lives as angels do,
Must be an angel.
a. Wentworth Dillon (Earl of Roscommon)—*Miscellanies. On Mr. Dryden's Religio Laici.* Line 8.

Do you wish to find out a person's weak points? Note the failings he has the quickest eye for in others. They may not be the very failings he is himself conscious of; but they will be their next-door neighbors. No man keeps such a jealous look out as a rival.
b. J. C. and A. W. Hare—*Guesses at Truth.*

Bad men excuse their faults, good men will leave them.
c. Ben Jonson—*Catiline.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it!
Why every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done:
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To fine the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.
d. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.
e. *As You Like It.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse.
f. *King John.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Faults that are rich, are fair.
g. *Timon of Athens.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Go to your bosom;
Knock there; and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault.
h. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Her only fault (and that is fault enough)
Is,—that she is intolerable curst,
And shrewd, and froward: so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.
i. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Patches set upon a little breath,
Discredit more in hiding for the fault,
Than did the fault before.
j. *King John.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband.
k. *Measure for Measure.* Act V. Sc. 1.

FAVOR.

Sickness is catching; O, were favour so,
(Your words I catch,) fair Hermia, ere I go.
l. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge.
m. *King Lear.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Small service is true service.
n. Wordsworth—*To a Child.*

FEAR.

No one loves the man whom he fears.
o. Aristotle.

The fear o' hell's the hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honor grip,
Let that aye be your border.
p. Burns—*Epistle to a Young Friend.*

Fear is an ague, that forsakes
And haunts, by fits, those whom it takes;
And they opine they feel the pain
And blows they felt to-day, again.
q. Butler—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto III. Line 471.

His fear was greater than his haste;
For fear, though fleeter than the wind,
Believes 'tis always left behind.
r. Butler—*Hudibras.* Pt. III. Canto III. Line 64.

Whistling to keep myself from being afraid.
s. Dryden—*Amphitryon.* Act III. Sc. 1.

We are not apt to fear for the fearless, when we are companions in their danger.
t. George Eliot—*The Mill on the Floss.* Bk. VII. Ch. V.

Fear always springs from ignorance.
u. Emerson—*The American Scholar.*

Fear is cruel and mean.
v. Emerson—*Society and Solitude. Courage.*

Fear is the parent of cruelty.
w. Froude—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Party Politics.*

The direst foe of courage is the fear itself, not the object of it; and the man who can overcome his own terror is a hero and more.
x. George MacDonald—*Sir Gibbie.* Ch. XX.

There is but one thing of which I am afraid, and that is fear.
y. Montaigne.

Then flash'd the livid lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies,
Not louder shrieks to pitying heaven are cast,
When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their last!
Or when rich China vessels fallen from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie.
z. Pope—*Rape of the Lock.* Canto III. Line 155.

Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall.
a. Sir Walter Raleigh—*Written in a Window.*

A man should always allow his fears to rise to their highest possible pitch, and then some consolation or other will suddenly fall, like a warm rain-drop, upon his heart.
b. Richter—*Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces.* Ch. VI.

Scared out of his seven senses.
c. Scott—*Rob Roy.* Ch. XXXIV.

A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain.
d. *Macbeth.* Act II. Sc. 1.

A faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heart of life.
e. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again.
f. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act I. Sc. 4.

And make my seated heart knock at my ribs.
g. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 3.

His flight was madness: When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.
h. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

I am sick and capable of fears;
Opress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears.
i. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 1.

I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.
j. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 5.

If ever fearful
To do a thing, when I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance; 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest.
k. *Winter's Tale.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand?
l. *Macbeth.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear?
m. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.
n. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble.
o. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 4.

There is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland, as the term of fear.
p. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act IV. Sc. 1.

They spake not a word;
But, like dumb statues or breathing stones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale.
q. *Richard III.* Act III. Sc. 7.

Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be feared.
r. *Henry VIII.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Thou can'st not say I did it; never shake
Thy gory locks at me.
s. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Thou tremblest and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
t. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act I. Sc. 1.

'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.
u. *Pericles.* Act I. Sc. 2.

To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe.
v. *Richard II.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:
You cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.
w. *Richard III.* Act II. Sc. 3.

We eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of those terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly.
x. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 2.

You can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.
y. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Fear
Stared in her eyes, and chalk'd her face.
z. Tennyson—*The Princess.* Pt. IV. Line 366.

Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full,
Weak and unmanly loosens every power.
aa. Thomson—*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 285.

Less base the fear of death than fear of life.
bb. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night V. Line 441.

FEASTING.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
cc. Byron—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 2.

Blest be those feasts, with simple plenty crowned,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks, that never fail
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale.
a. GOLDSMITH—*The Traveller.* Line 17.

They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
Quaff immortality and joy.
b. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. V. Line 637.

But, first—
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.
c. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act II. Sc. 6.

Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress; your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place.
d. *Timon of Athens.* Act III. Sc. 6.

My cake is dough: But I'll in among the rest;
Out of hope of all,—but my share of the feast.
e. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest with it a custom, I should blush
To see you so attir'd.
f. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
g. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Who rises from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
h. *Merchant of Venice.* Act II. Sc. 6.

FEELING.

For there are moments in life, when the heart is so full of emotion,
That if by chance it be shaken, or into its depths like a pebble
Drops some careless word, it overflows, and its secret,
Spilt on the ground like water, can never be gathered together.
i. LONGFELLOW—*Courtship of Miles Standish.* Pt. VI. Line 12.

The wealth of rich feelings—the deep—the pure;
With strength to meet sorrow, and faith to endure.
j. FRANCES S. OSGOOD—*To F. D. Maurice.*

Some feelings are to mortals given
With less of earth in them than heaven
k. SCOTT—*Lady of the Lake.* Canto II. St. 22.

FICKLENESS.

A man so various that he seem'd to be,
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was everything by starts, and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman and buffoon.
l. DRYDEN—*Absalom and Achitophel.* Pt. I. Line 545.

He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleased, he could whistle them back.
m. GOLDSMITH—*Retaliation.* Line 107.

Ladies, like variegated tulips, show
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe.
n. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. II. Line 41.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never.
o. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro, as this multitude?
p. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act II. Sc. 8.

Fickleness is the source of every misfortune, that threatens us.
q. SPIEGEL.

FIDELITY.

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun.
r. BARTON BOOTH—*Song.*

No man can mortgage his injustice as a pawn for his fidelity.
s. EDMUND BURKE—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

Then come the wild weather, come sleet or come snow,
We will stand by each other, however it blow.
t. SIMON DACH—*Annie of Tharaw.* Trans. by Longfellow.

He who, being bold
For life to come is false to the past sweet
Of mortal life, hath killed the world above.
For why to live again if not to meet?
And why to meet if not to meet in love?
And why in love if not in that dear love of old?
u. SYDNEY DOBELL—*Sonnet. To a Friend in Bereavement.*

Faithfulness can feed on suffering,
And knows no disappointment.
v. GEORGE ELIOT—*Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. I.

So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he.
a. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. V. Line 896.

Be not the first by whom the new are try'd,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.
b. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 336.

You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel.
c. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act II. Sc. 2.

To God, thy country, and thy friend be true.
d. VAUGHAN—*Rules and Lessons.* St. 8.

FIRE.

Whirlwinds of tempestuous fire.
e. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 77.

And see—the Sun himself!—on wings
Of glory up the East he springs.
Angel of Light! who from the time
Those heavens began their march sublime,
Hath first of all the starry choir
Trod in his Maker's steps of fire!
f. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. The Fire Worshippers.*

Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire.
g. POPE—*Epistle to Miss Blount, on her leaving the Town after the Coronation.*

A little fire is quickly trodden out; which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.
h. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act IV. Sc. 8.

Fire that's closest kept burns most of all.
i. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act I. Sc. 2.

The fire i' the flint
Shows not till it be struck.
j. *Timon of Athens.* Act I. Sc. 1.

FISH.

A rod twelve feet long and a ring of wire,
A winder and barrel, will help thy desire
In killing a Pike; but the forked stick,
With a slit and a bladder,—and that other fine trick,
Which our artists call snap, with a goose or a duck,—
Will kill two for one, if you have any luck;
The gentry of Shropshire do merrily smile,
To see a goose and a belt the fish to beguile;
When a Pike suns himself, and a-frogging doth go,
The two-inched hook is better, I know,
Than the ord'nary snaring. But still I must cry,
"When the Pike is at home, mind the cookery."
k. BARKER—*Art of Angling.*

It is unseasonable and unwholsome in all months that have not an R in their names to eat an oyster.
l. BUTLER—*Dyet's Dry Dinner.* 1599.

As when the salmon seeks a fresher stream to find,
Which hither from the sea comes yearly by his kind,
As he tow'rds season grows; and stems the wat'ry tract
Where Tivy, falling down, makes an high cataract,
Forced by the rising rocks that there her course oppose,
As though within her bounds they meant her to inclose;—
Here, when the labouring fish does at the foot arrive,
And finds that by his strength he does but vainly strive;
His tail takes in his mouth, and bending like a bow
That's to full compass drawn, aloft himself doth throw—
Then springing at his height, as doth a little wand
That, bended end to end, and started from man's hand,
Far off itself doth cast, so does the salmon vault;
And if at first he fail, his second summer-sault
He instantly essays, and from his nimble ring
Still jerking, never leaves until himself he fling
Above the opposing stream.
m. DRAYTON—*Polyolbion.*

If or chance or hunger's powerful sway
Directs the roving trout this fatal way,
He greedily sucks in the twining bait,
And toys and nibbles the fallacious meat.
n. GAY—*Rural Sports.*

You strange, astonish'd-looking angled, faced,
Dreary-mouth'd, gaping wretches of the sea,
Gulping salt-water everlastingly,
Cold-blooded, though with red your blood be graced
And mute, though dwellers in the roaring waste;
And you, all shapes beside, that fishy be,—
Some round, some flat, some long, all devilry,
Legless, unloving, infamously chaste:—
O scaly, slippery, wet, swift, staring wights,
What is't ye do? what life lead? eh, dull goggles?
How do ye vary your vile days and nights?
How pass your Sundays? Are ye still but joggles
In ceaseless wash? Still nought but gapes and bites,
And drinks, and stares, diversified with boggles.
o. LEIGH HUNT—*Sonnets. The Fish, the Man, and the Spirit.*

Cut off my head, and singular I am,
Cut off my tail, and plural I appear;
Although my middle's left, there's nothing there!
What is my head cut off? A sounding sea;
What is my tail cut off? A rushing river;
And in their mingling depths I fearless play,
Parent of sweetest sounds, yet mute forever.
a. MACAULAY—*Enigma. On the Codfish.*

Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
The bright-eyed perch with fins of Tyrian dye,
The silver eel, in shining volums roll'd,
The yellow carp, in scales bedropp'd with gold,
Swift trouts, diversified with crimson stains,
And pikes, the tyrants of the wat'ry plains.
b. POPE—*Windsor Forest.* Line 141.

'Tis true, no Turbots, dignify my boards,
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords.
c. POPE—*Second Book of Horace.* Satire II. Line 141.

Should you lure
From his dark haunt beneath the tangled roots
Of pendant trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your finest art.
d. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 419.

FLAGS.

The meteor flag of England.
e. CAMPBELL—*Ye Mariners of England.*

Ye mariners of England!
That guard our native seas.
Whose flag has braved a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
f. CAMPBELL—*Ye Mariners of England.*

Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air.
g. DRAKE—*The American Flag.*

'Tis the star-spangled banner! Oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!
h. KEY—*The Star-Spangled Banner.*

Forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled
The imperial ensign; which, full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,
Seraphic arms and trophies.
i. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 535.

Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanced,
Standards and gonfalons.
j. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. V. Line 588.

The ensigns of their power.
k. MILTON—*Paradise Regained.* Bk. IV. Line 65.

The sooty flag of Acheron,
Harpies and Hydras.
l. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 604.

Under spread ensigns marching.
m. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 886.

Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in slow
But firm battalion.
n. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VI. Line 533.

Bastard Freedom waves
Her fustian flag in mockery over slaves.
o. MOORE—*To the Lord Viscount Forbes.*

The flag of our Union forever!
p. GEORGE P. MORRIS—*The Flag of Our Union.*

A garish flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot.
q. *Richard III.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

This token serveth for a flag of truce
Betwixt ourselves and all our followers.
r. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act III. Sc. 1.

Let it rise! let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and the parting day linger and play on its summit.
s. WEBSTER—*Address on Laying the Corner Stone of the Bunker Hill Monument.*

A star for every state, and a state for every star.
t. WINTHROP—*Address on Boston Common in* 1862.

FLATTERY.

The Flatterer has not an Opinion good enough either of himself or others.
u. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. XII.

Greatly his foes he dreads, but most his friends,
He hurts the most who lavishly commends.
v. CHURCHILL—*The Apology.* Line 19.

No adulation; 'tis the death of virtue;
Who flatters, is of all mankind the lowest
Save he who courts the flattery.
w. HANNAH MORE—*Daniel.*

But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does; being then most flattered.
x. *Julius Cæsar.* Act II. Sc. 1.

By heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love, hath no man than yourself:
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.
y. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act IV. Sc. 1.

'Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better ground.

a. *Coriolanus.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Lay not that flattering unction to your soul.

b. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful:
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor mine heart,
That thought her like her seeming; it had been vicious
To have mistrusted her.

c. *Cymbeline.* Act V. Sc. 5.

O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery!

d. *Timon of Athens.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning.

e. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For, "get you gone," she doth not mean, "away."
Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue I say is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

f. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act III. Sc. 1.

They do abuse the king that flatter him,
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin.

g. *Pericles.* Act I. Sc. 2.

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery?

h. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery's the food of fools;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.

i. SWIFT—*Cadenus and Vanessa.*

FLOWERS.

Part I.—Unclassified Flora.

A wilderness of sweets.

j. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Book V. Line 294.

The breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air (where it comes and goes like the warbling of music) than in the hand.

k. BACON—*Essay. Of Gardening.*

Sweet letters of the angel tongue,
I've loved ye long and well,
And never have failed in your fragrance sweet
To find some secret spell,—
A charm that has bound me with witching power,
For mine is the old belief,
That, midst your sweets and midst your bloom,
There's a soul in every leaf!

l. M. M. BALLOU—*Flowers.*

As for marigolds, poppies, hollyhocks, and valorous sunflowers, we shall never have a garden without them, both for their own sake, and for the sake of old-fashioned folks, who used to love them.

m. HENRY WARD BEECHER—*Star Papers. A Discourse of Flowers.*

Flowers have an expression of countenance as much as men or animals. Some seem to smile; some have a sad expression; some are pensive and diffident; others again are plain, honest and upright, like the broad-faced sunflower and the hollyhock.

n. HENRY WARD BEECHER—*Star Papers. A Discourse of Flowers.*

Flowers are Love's truest language; they betray,
Like the divining rods of Magi old,
Where precious wealth lies buried, not of gold,
But love—strong love, that never can decay!

o. PARK BENJAMIN—*Sonnet. Flowers Love's Truest Language.*

Sleepy poppies nod upon their stems;
The humble violet and the dulcet rose,
The stately lily then, and tulip, blows.

p. ANNE E. BLEECKER—*On her return to Tomhanick.*

Another rose may bloom as sweet,
Other magnolias ope in whiteness.

q. MARIA BROOKS—*Written on seeing Pharamon*

Ah, ah, Cytherea! Adonis is dead.
She wept tear after tear, with the blood which was shed;
And both turned into flowers for the earth' garden close;
Her tears, to the wind-flower,—his blood t the rose.

r. E. B. BROWNING—*A Lament for Adonis.* St. 6.

The flower-girl's prayer to buy roses and pinks,
Held out in the smoke, like stars by day.
a. E. B. Browning—*The Soul's Travelling.*

The happy violets hiding from the roads,
The primroses run down too, carrying gold.
b. E. B. Browning—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. I.

It was roses, roses, all the way,
With myrtle mixed in my path.
c. Robert Browning—*The Patriot.*

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago.
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade and glen.
d. Bryant—*The Death of the Flowers.*

Where fall the tears of love the rose appears,
And where the ground is bright with friendship's tears,
Forget-me-not, and violets heavenly blue,
Spring glittering with the cheerful drops like dew.
e. Bryant—Trans. *The Paradise of Tears.*

Mourn, little harebells o'er the lee;
Ye stately foxgloves fair to see;
Ye woodbines hanging bonnilie
In scented bowers;
Ye roses on your thorny tree
The first o' flow'rs.
f. Burns—*Elegy on Capt. Matthew Henderson.*

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae,
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae.
g. Burns—*Lament of Mary, Queen of Scots.*

The snow-drop and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn.
h. Burns—*My Nannie's Awa.*

Yet all beneath the unrivalled rose,
The lovely daisy sweetly blows.
i. Burns—*The Vision. Duan Second.*

Rose, what has become of thy delicate hue?
And where is the violet's beautiful blue?
Does aught of its sweetness the blossom beguile?
That meadow, those daisies; why do they not smile?
j. John Byrom—*A Pastoral.*

Ye field flowers! the gardens eclipse you 'tis true:
Yet, wildings, of nature, I doat upon you;
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teem'd around me with fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladden'd my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.
k. Campbell—*Field Flowers.*

See the rich garland culled in vernal weather
Where the young rosebud with lily glows,
So, in Love's wreath we both may twine together
And I the lily be, and thou the rose.
l. Capilusus.

My Rose, so red and round,
My Daisy, darling of the summer weather,
You must go down now, and keep house together,
Low underground!
m. Alice Cary—*My Darlings.*

The berries of the brier rose
Have lost their rounded pride:
The bitter-sweet chrysanthemums
Are drooping heavy-eyed.
n. Alice Cary—*Faded Leaves.*

The buttercups and primroses
That blossomed in our way.
o. Alice Cary—*To Lucy.*

I know not which I love the most,
Nor which the comeliest shows,
The timid, bashful violet,
Or the royal-hearted rose:
The pansy in her purple dress,
The pink with cheek of red,
Or the faint fair heliotrope, who hangs,
Like a bashful maid, her head;
For I love and prize you one and all,
From the least low bloom of spring
To the lily fair, whose clothes outshine
The raiment of a king.
p. Phœbe Cary—*Spring Flowers.*

The anemone in snowy hood,
The sweet arbutus in the wood.
And to the smiling skies above
I say, Bend brightly o'er my love.
q. Mary Clemmer—*Good-By, Sweetheart.*

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
r. Coleridge—*Hymn Before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni.*

Roses and jasmine embowered a door
That never was closed to the wayworn poor.
s. Eliza Cook—*The Old Water-Mill.*

There spring the wild-flowers—fair as can be.
t. Eliza Cook—*My Grave.*

Who does not recollect the hours
When burning words and praises
Were lavished on those shining flowers,
Buttercups and daisies?
u. Eliza Cook—*Buttercups and Daisies.*

They know the time to go!
The fairy clocks strike their inaudible hour
In field and woodland, and each punctual flower
Bows at the signal an obedient head
And hastes to bed.
a. Susan Coolidge—*Time To Go.*

Not a flower
But shows some touch, in freckle, streak or stain,
Of his unrivall'd pencil.
b. Cowper—*The Task.* Bk. VI. Line 241.

Who loves a garden, loves a greenhouse too.
c. Cowper—*The Task.* Bk. III. Line 576.

Flowers are words
Which even a babe may understand.
d. Bishop Coxe—*The Singing of Birds.*

And all the meadows, wide unrolled,
Were green and silver, green and gold,
Where buttercups and daisies spun
Their shining tissues in the sun.
e. Julia C. R. Dorr—*Unanswered.*

I know a spot where the wild vines creep,
And the coral moss-cups grow,
And where at the foot of the rocky steep,
The sweet blue violets blow.
f. Julia C. R. Dorr—*Over the Wall.*

Often I linger where the roses pour
Exquisite odors from each glowing cup;
Or where the violet, brimmed with sweetness o'er,
Lifts its small chalice up.
g. Julia C. R. Dorr—*Without and Within.*

Plant a white rose at my feet,
Or a lily fair and sweet,
With the humble mignonette
And the blue-eyed violet.
h. Julia C. R. Dorr—*Earth to Earth*

The harebells nod as she passes by,
The violet lifts its calm blue eye,
The ferns bend lowly her steps to greet,
And the mosses creep to her dancing feet.
i. Julia C. R. Dorr—*Over the Wall.*

Up from the gardens floated the perfume
Of roses and myrtle, in their perfect bloom.
j. Julia C. R. Dorr—*Vashti's Scroll.* Line 103.

With fragrant breath the lilies woo me now,
And softly speaks the sweet-voiced mignonette.
k. Julia C. R. Dorr—*Without and Within.*

The rose is fragrant, but it fades in time;
The violet sweet, but quickly past its prime:
White lilies hang their heads, and soon decay,
And white snow in minutes melts away.
l. Dryden—*Trans. from Theocritus. The Despairing Lover.* Line 57.

Is there not a soul beyond utterance, half nymph, half child, in those delicate petals which glow and breathe about the centres of deep color?
m. George Eliot—*Middlemarch.* Bk. IV. Ch. XXXVI.

The brief,
Courageous windflower, loveliest of the frail—
The hazel's crimson star—the woodbine's leaf—
The daisy with its half-clos'd eye of grief—
Prophets of fragrance, beauty, joy, and song!
n. Ebenezer Elliott—*The Village Preacher.* Bk. III. Pt. VIII.

Why does the rose her grateful fragrance yield,
And yellow cowslips paint the smiling field?
o. Gay—*Panthea.* Line 69.

Hare-bells, and daisies, sunny eyed,
And cowslip, child of April weather;
King-cups and crocuses, that fling
A golden glimmer o'er the meadows;
And lilies, o'er the glassy spring,
That bend to view their own white shadows.
p. *German Tradition.*

Aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance while they grow,
But crush'd or trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.
q. Goldsmith—*The Captivity.* Act I. Sc. 1.

The strawbell and the columbine
Their buff and crimson flowers entwine.
r. Dora Read Goodale—*Spring Scatters Far and Wide.*

There purple pansies, quaint and low,
Forget-me-nots and violets grow,
Or stately lilies shine.
s. Elaine Goodale—*Thistles and Roses.*

"Farewell, my flowers," I said,
The sweet Rose as I passed
Blushed to its core, it's last
Warm tear the Lily shed,
The Violet hid its head
Among its leaves, and sighed.
t. Dora Greenwell—*One Flower.*

The lilies white prolonged
Their sworded tongue to the smell;
The clustering anemones
Their pretty secrets tell.
u. Hafiz.

The sweet narcissus closed
Its eye, with passion pressed;
The tulips out of envy burned
Moles in their scarlet breast.
v Hafiz.

They speak of hope to the fainting heart,
With a voice of promise they come and part,
They sleep in dust through the wintry hours,
They break forth in glory—bring flowers, bright flowers!
w. Mrs. Hemans—*Bring Flowers.*

The daisy is fair, the day-lily rare,
The bud o' the rose as sweet as it's bonnie.
a. Hogg—*Auld Joe Nicolson's Bonnie Nannie.*

What are the flowers of Scotland,
All others that excel?
The lovely flowers of Scotland,
All others that excel!
The thistle's purple bonnet,
And bonny heather-bell,
O they're the flowers of Scotland
All others that excel!
b. Hogg—*The Flower of Scotland.*

Yellow japanned buttercups and star-disked dandelions * * * * lying in the grass, like sparks that have leaped from the kindling sun of summer.
c. Holmes—*The Professor at the Breakfast-Table.* Ch. X.

I remember, I remember
The roses—red and white;
The violets and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
The tree is living yet.
d. Hood—*I Remember, I Remember.*

Plant in his walks the purple violet,
And meadow-sweet under the hedges set,
To mingle breaths with dainty eglantine
And honeysuckles sweet.
e. Hood—*The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies.* St. 121.

'Tis but a little faded flower
But Oh how fondly dear.
f. Ellen C. Howarth.

At the roots
Of peony bushes lay in rose-red heaps
Or snowy, fallen bloom
g. Jean Ingelow—*Songs with Preludes. Wedlock.*

I have brought a budding world.
Of Orchis spires and daisies rank
And ferny plumes but half uncurled
From yonder bank;
h. Jean Ingelow—*The Letter L. Absent.*

Above his head
Four lily stalks did their white honours wed
To make a coronal; and round him grew
All tendrils green, of every bloom and hue,
Together intertwined and trammell'd fresh;
The vine of glossy sprout; the ivy mesh,
Shading its Ethiop berries.
i. Keats—*Endymion.* Bk. II. Line 413.

And O and O,
The daisies blow,
And the primroses are awaken'd;
And the violets white
Let in silver light,
And the green buds are long in the spike end.
j. Keats—*In a letter to Haydon.*

Gentle cousin of the forest green,
Married to green in all the sweetest flowers—
Forget-me-not,—the blue bell,—and, that queen
Of secrecy, the violet.
k. Keats—*Answer to a Sonnet by J. H. Reynolds.*

Primroses by shelter'd rills
And daisies on the aguish hills.
l. Keats—*The Eve of St. Mark.*

Roses, and pinks, and violets, to adorn
The shrine of Flora in her early May.
m. Keats—*Dedication to Leigh Hunt, Esq.*

Sequester'd leafy glades,
That through the dimness of their twilight show
Large dock-leaves, spiral foxgloves, or the glow
Of the wild cat's-eyes, or the silvery stems
Of delicate birch trees.
n. Keats—*Calidore.*

Sometimes
A scent of violets, and blossoming limes,
Loiter'd around us.
o. Keats—*Endymion.* Bk. I. Line 674.

The lily and the musk-rose sighing,
Are emblems true of hapless lovers dying.
p. Keats—*Epistle to George Felton Mathew.*

The rose
Blendeth its odor with the violet,—
Solution sweet.
q. Keats—*The Eve of St. Agnes.* St. 36.

The rose leaves herself upon the brier,
For winds to kiss and grateful bees to feed.
r. Keats—*On Fame.*

Thou shalt at one glance, behold
The daisy and the marigold;
White-plumed lilies, and the first
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst.
s. Keats—*Fancy.*

Underneath large blue-bells tinted,
Where the daisies are rose-scented,
And the rose herself has got
Perfume which on earth is not.
t. Keats—*To the Poets.*

White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves.
u. Keats—*Ode to a Nightingale.*

Young playmates of the rose and daffodil,
Be careful, ere ye enter in, to fill
Your baskets high
With fennel green, and balm, and golden pines,
Savory latter-mint and columbines.
v. Keats—*Endymion.* Bk. IV. Line 579.

The loveliest flowers the closest cling to earth,
And they first feel the sun: so violets blue;
So the soft star-like primrose—drenched in dew—
The happiest of Spring's happy, fragrant birth.
a. KEBLE—*Miscellaneous Poems. Spring Showers.*

The grass,
Yellow and parch'd elsewhere, grew long and fresh,
Shading wild strawberries and violets.
b. L. E. LANDON—*The Oak.*

Primroses deck the bank's green side,
Cowslips enrich the valley.
c. LINLEY—*Primroses Deck the Bank's Green Side.*

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining,
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,
Buds that open only to decay.
d. LONGFELLOW—*Flowers.*

Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in the earth's firmament do shine.
e. LONGFELLOW—*Flowers.*

Who that has loved knows not the tender tale
Which flowers reveal, when lips are coy to tell?
f. BULWER-LYTTON—*The First Violets.*

How nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sweet.
g. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. V. Line 24.

Throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream,
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.
h. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 850.

The foxglove, with its stately bells
Of purple, shall adorn thy dells;
The wallflower, on each rifted rock,
From liberal blossoms shall breathe down,
(Gold blossoms frecked with iron-brown,)
Its fragrance; while the hollyhock,
The pink, and the carnation vie
With lupin and with lavender,
To decorate the fading year;
And larkspurs many-hued, shall drive
Gloom from the groves, where red leaves lie,
And Nature seems but half alive.
i. MOIR—*The Birth of the Flowers.*

Crocus-cups of gold and blue,
Snowdrops drooping early.
j. MONTGOMERY—*The Valentine Wreath.*

In rustic solitude 'tis sweet
The earliest flowers of Spring to greet,—
The violet from its tomb,
The strawberry, creeping at our feet,
The sorrel's simple bloom.
k. MONTGOMERY—*A Walk in Spring.*

The pale primroses look'd their best,
Peonies blush'd with all their might,
l. MONTGOMERY—*The Adventure of a Star.*

The purple heath and golden broom
On moory mountains catch the gale,
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.
m. MONTGOMERY—*A Field Flower.*

How the rose, of orient glow,
Mingles with the lily's snow.
n. MOORE—*Odes of Anacreon. Ode LI.*

The wreath's of brightest myrtle wove,
With sun-lit drops of bliss among it,
And many a rose leaf cull'd by Love,
To heal his lips when bees have stung it.
o. MOORE—*The Wreath and the Chain.*

Yet, no—not words for they
But half can tell love's feeling;
Sweet flowers alone can say
What passion fears revealing.
A once bright rose's wither'd leaf,
A tow'ring lily broken,—
Oh these may paint a grief
No words could e'er have spoken.
p. MOORE—*The Language of Flowers.*

Beautiful watchers! day and night ye wake!
The evening star grows dim and fades away,
And morning comes and goes, and then the day
Within the arms of night its rest doth take;
But ye are watchful wheresoe'er we stray:
I love ye all!
q. ROBERT NICOLLS—*Wild Flowers.*

He bore a simple wild-flower wreath:
Narcissus, and the sweet-briar rose;
Vervain, and flexile thyme, that breathe
Rich fragrance; modest heath, that glows
With purple bells; the amaranth bright,
That no decay nor fading knows,
Like true love's holiest, rarest light;
And every purest flower, that blows
In that sweet time, which Love most blesses,
When spring on summer's confines presses.
r. THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK—*Rhododaphne.*

In Eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares;
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,
On its leaves a mystic language bears.
s. PERCIVAL—*The Language of Flowers.*

Let op'ning roses knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.
t. POPE—*Autumn.* Line 37.

Tell me first, in what more happy fields,
The Thistle springs, to which the Lily yields.
a. Pope—*Spring.* Line 89.

And spy the scarce-blown violet banks,
Crisp primrose-leaves.
b. Christina G. Rossetti—*The Milking Maid.*

Flowers preach to us if we will hear.
c. Christina G. Rossetti—*Consider the Lilies of the Field.*

The lily, snowdrop, and the violet fair,
And queenly rose, that blossoms for a day.
d. Mrs. Sawyer—*The Blind Girl.*

In the low vale the snow-white daisy springeth,
The golden dandelion by its side;
The eglantine a dewy fragrance flingeth
To the soft breeze that wanders far and wide.
e. Mrs. Scott—*My Child.*

Here eglantine embalm'd the air,
Hawthorne and hazel mingle there;
The primrose pale and violet flower,
Found in each cliff a narrow bower;
Fox-glove and night shade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Group'd their dark hues with every stain.
The weather beaten crags retain.
f. Scott—*The Lady of the Lake.* Canto I. St. 12.

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears.
The rose is sweetest wash'd with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalm'd in tears.
g. Scott—*The Lady of the Lake.* Canto II. St. 1.

The violet in her greenwood bower,
Where birchen boughs with hazels mingle,
May boast itself the fairest flower
In glen or copse, or forest dingle.
h. Scott—*The Violet.*

Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one!
i. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Flowers are like the pleasures of the world.
j. *Cymbeline.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery.
k. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act V. Sc. 5.

Nothing teems,
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility.
l. *Henry V.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Over-canopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses with eglantine.
m. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Strew thy green with flowers; the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds.
n. *Pericles.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Sweet flowers are slow and weeds make haste.
o. *Richard III.* Act II. Sc. 4.

The fairest flowers o' th' season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly-flowers.
p. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die;
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity;
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds,
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.
q. *Sonnet XCIV.*

The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet:—
r. *Cymbeline.* Act I. Sc. 6.

Faint oxlips; tender blue bells at whose birth
The sod scarce heaved.
s. Shelley—*The Question.*

Then the pied windflowers, and the tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness.
t. Shelley—*The Sensitive Plant.* Pt. I

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,
Dasies, those pearled Arcturi of the earth,
The constellated flower that never sets.
u. Shelley—*The Question.*

The snow-drops and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mixed with fresh odour, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.
v. Shelley—*The Sensitive Plant.* Pt. I.

Day stars! that ope your eyes with morn to twinkle
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dew-drops on her lonely altars sprinkle
As a libation.
w. Horace Smith—*Hymn to the Flowers.*

Ye bright mosaics! that with storied beauty
The floor of Nature's temple tessellate,
What numerous emblems of instructive duty
Your forms create!
x. Horace Smith—*Hymn to the Flowers.*

Those few pale Autumn flowers,
How beautiful they are!
Than all that went before,
Than all the Summer store,
How lovelier far!

And why?—They are the last!
The last! the last! the last!
Oh! by that little word
How many thoughts are stirr'd
That whisper of the past!
a. CAROLINE SOUTHEY—*Autumn Flowers.*

Roses red and violets blew,
And all the sweetest flowers that in the forrest grew.
b. SPENSER—*Faerie Queene*—Canto VI. St. 6.

Strew me the ground with daffodowndillies,
And cowslips, and king-cups, and loved lillies.
c. SPENSER—*The Shepherd's Calender. Song.* St. 12.

Sweet is the rose, but grows upon a brere;
Sweet is the juniper, but sharp his bough;
Sweet is the eglantine, but sticketh near;
Sweet is the firbloom, but its branches rough;
Sweet is the cypress, but its rind is tough;
Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;
Sweet is the broom-flowre, but yet sour enough;
And sweet is moly, but his root is ill.
d. SPENSER—*Sonnet XXVI.*

And hid beneath the grasses, wet
With long carouse, a honeyed crew,
Anemone and violet,
Yet rollicking, are drunk with dew.
e. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD—*Daybreak.*

For here the violet in the wood
Thrills with the sweetness you shall take,
And wrapped away from life and love
The wild rose dreams, and fain would wake.
f. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD—*O, Soft Spring Airs.*

There many a flower abstersive grew,
Thy favourite flowers of yellow hue;
The crocus and the daffodil,
The cowslip, and sweet jonquil.
g. SWIFT—*A Panegyric on the Dean.* Line 249.

The violets ope their purple heads;
The roses blow, the cowslip springs.
h. SWIFT—*Answer to a Scandalous Poem.* Line 150.

Primrose-eyes each morning ope
In their cool, deep beds of grass;
Violets make the air that pass
Tell-tales of their fragrant slope.
i. BAYARD TAYLOR—*Ariel in the Cloven Pine.*

The amorous odors of the moveless air,—
Jasmine, and tuberose and gillyflower,
Carnation, heliotrope, and purpling shower
Of Persian roses.
j. BAYARD TAYLOR—*The Picture of St. John.* Bk. II. St. 14.

The rustic arbor, which the summit crowned
Was woven of shining smilax, trumpet-vine,
Clematis and the wild white eglantine,
Whose tropical luxuriance overhung
The interspaces of the posts, and made
For each sweet picture frames of bloom and shade.
k. BAYARD TAYLOR—*The Poet's Journal. First Evening.*

The violet loves a sunny bank,
The cowslip loves the lea;
The scarlet creeper loves the elm,
But I love—thee.
l. BAYARD TAYLOR—*Proposal.*

The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near";
And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."
m. TENNYSON—*Maud.* Pt. XXII.

With roses musky-breathed,
And drooping daffodilly,
And silverleaved lily,
And ivy darkly-wreathed,
I wove a crown before her,
For her I love so dearly.
n. TENNYSON—*Anacreontics.*

And buttercups are coming,
And scarlet columbine,
And in the sunny meadows
The dandelions shine.
o. CELIA THAXTER—*Spring.* St. 4.

The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue;
And polyanthus of unnumbered dyes.
p. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 531.

A lovely tint flushes the wind-flower's cheek,
Rich melodies gush from the violet's beak,
On the rifts of the rock, the wild columbines grow,
Their heavy honey-cups bending low.
q. SARAH HELEN WHITMAN—*The Waking of the Heart.*

The tulips lift their proud tiars,
The lilac waves her plumes,
And peeping through my lattice-bars
The rose-acacia blooms.
r. SARAH HELEN WHITMAN—*She Blooms No More.*

The violet by its mossy stone,
The primrose by the river's brim
And chance-sown daffodil.
s. WHITTIER—*Wordsworth. Written on a Blank Leaf of His Memoirs.*

Hope smiled when your nativity was cast,
Children of Summer!

a. WORDSWORTH—*Staffa Sonnets. Flowers on the Top of the Pillars at the Entrance of the Cave.*

Pansies, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises.

b. WORDSWORTH—*To the Small Celandine.*

The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly.

c. WORDSWORTH—*Sonnet. Not Love, Not War, Nor, &c.*

There bloomed the strawberry of the wilderness;
The trembling eyebright showed her sapphire blue,
The thyme her purple, like the blush of Even;
And if the breath of some to no caress
Invited, forth they peeped so fair to view,
All kinds alike seemed favourites of Heaven.

d. WORDSWORTH—*Flowers.*

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

e. WORDSWORTH—*Intimations of Immortality.*

Part II.—Classified Flora.

Hast thou the flower there?

f. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act II. Sc. 1.

ARBUTUS, TRAILING.

Epigæa Rèpens.

The May-flowers bloomed and perished,
And the sweet June roses died!

g. JULIA C. R. DORR—*Margery Grey.* St. 18.

Gather the violet shy,
The mayflower pale and lone.

h. ELAINE GOODALE—*Welcome.*

The shy little Mayflower weaves her nest,
But the south wind sighs o'er the fragrant loam,
And betrays the path to her woodland home.

i. SARAH HELEN WHITMAN—*The Waking of the Heart.*

AMARANTH.

Amarantus.

Nosegays! leave them for the waking,
Throw them earthward where they grew,
Dim are such, beside the breaking
Amaranths he looks unto.
Folded eyes see brighter colors than the open ever do.

j. E. B. BROWNING—*A Child Asleep.*

Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the Laureate hearse where Lyciad lies.

k. MILTON—*Lycidas.* Line 149.

Immortal amaranth, a flower which once
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
Began to bloom; but soon for Man's offence,
To heav'n remov'd, where first it grew, there grows,
And flow'rs aloft shading the fount of life.

l. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. III. Line 353.

Amaranths such as crown the maids
That wander through Zamaria's shades.

m. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. Light of the Harem.*

AMARYLLIS.

Amaryllis.

Where, here and there, on sandy beaches
A milky-bell'd amaryllis blew.

n. TENNYSON—*The Daisy.*

ANEMONE.

Anemone.

The fairy-form'd, flesh-hued anemone,
With its fair sisters, culled by country people
Fair maids o' the spring. The lowly cinquefoil, too,
And statelier marigold.

o. JAMES N. BARKER.

Gay circles of anemones
Danced on their stalks; the shad-bush, white with flowers,
Brightened the glens.

p. BRYANT—*The Old Man's Counsel.*

Within the woods,
Whose young and half transparent leaves scarce cast
A shade, gay circles of anemones
Danced on their stalks.

q. BRYANT—*The Old Man's Counsel.*

Thou didst not start from common ground,—
So tremulous on thy slender stem;
Thy sisters may not clasp thee round
Who art not one with them.

Thy subtle charm is strangely given,
My fancy will not let thee be,—
Then poise not thus 'twixt earth and heaven
O white anemone!

r. ELAINE GOODALE—*Anemone.*

Anemone, so well
Named of the wind, to which thou art all free.
a. GEORGE MACDONALD—*Wild Flowers.* Line 9.

Anemones and seas of Gold,
And new-blown lilies of the river,
And those sweet flow'rets that unfold
Their buds in Camadera's quiver.
b. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. Light of the Harem.*

A spring upon whose brink the anemones
And hooded violets and shrinking ferns
And tremulous woodland things crowd unafraid,
Sure of the refreshing that they always find.
c. MARGARET J. PRESTON—*Unvisited.*

From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
Anemonies, auriculas, enriched
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves.
d. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 633.

AQUILEGIA.

A. Canadensis.

The aquilegia sprinkled on the rocks
A scarlet rain; the yellow violet
Sat in the chariot of its leaves; the phlox
Held spikes of purple flame in meadows wet,
And all the streams with vernal-scented reed
Were fringed, and streaky bells of miskodeed.
e. BAYARD TAYLOR—*Mon-Da-Min.* St. 42.

ARBUTUS.

Epigœa Rèpens.

Darlings of the forest!
Blossoming alone
When Earth's grief is sorest
For her jewels gone—
Ere the last snow-drift melts your tender buds have blown.
f. ROSE T. COOKE—*Trailing Arbutus.*

Now the tender, sweet arbutus
Trails her blossom-clustered vines,
And the many-fingered cinquefoil
In the shady hollow twines.
g. DORA READ GOODALE—*May.*

Hail the flower whose early bridal makes the festival of Spring!
Deeper far than outward meaning lies the comfort she doth bring;
From the heights of happy winning,
Gaze we back on hope's beginning
Feel the vital strength and beauty hidden from our eyes before;
And we know, with hearts grown stronger,
Tho' our waiting seemeth longer,
Yet with Love's divine assurance, we should covet nothing more.
h. ELAINE GOODALE—*Trailing Arbutus.*

Pure and perfect, sweet arbutus
Twines her rosy-tinted wreath.
i. ELAINE GOODALE—*The First Flowers.*

ASPHODEL.

Asphodelus.

With her ankles sunken in asphodel
She wept for the roses of earth.
j. E. B. BROWNING—*Calls on the Heart.*

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant wind that blow
O'er th' Elysian flow'rs:
By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of Asphodel.
k. POPE—*Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.*

ASTER.

Aster.

The Autumn wood the aster knows,
The empty nest, the wind that grieves,
The sunlight breaking thro' the shade,
The squirrel chattering overhead,
The timid rabbits lighter tread
Among the rustling leaves.

And still beside the shadowy glen
She holds the color of the skies;
Along the purpling wayside steep
She hangs her fringes passing deep,
And meadows drowned in happy state
Are lit by starry eyes!
l. DORA READ GOODALE—*Asters.*

The purple asters bloom in crowds
In every shady nook,
And ladies' eardrops deck the banks
Of many a babbling brook.
m. ELAINE GOODALE—*Autumn.*

The aster greets us as we pass
With her faint smile.
n. SARAH HELEN WHITMAN—*A Day of the Indian Summer.*

Along the river's summer walk,
The withered tufts of asters nod;
And trembles on its arid stalk
The hoar plume of the golden-rod.
And on a ground of sombre fir,
And azure-studded juniper,
The silver birch its buds of purple shows,
And scarlet-berries tell where bloomed the sweet wild-rose!
o. WHITTIER—*The Last Walk in Autumn.*

AZALEA.

In the woods a fragrance rare
Of wild azalias fill the air,
And richly tangled overhead
We see their blossoms sweet and red.
p. DORA READ GOODALE—*Spring Scatters Far and Wide.*

The fair azalia bows
Beneath its snowy crest.
q. SARAH HELEN WHITMAN—*She Blooms no More.*

BALDURSBRA.

Pyrethrum Inodorum.

Purer than snow in its purity
White as the foam-crested waves of the sea,
Bloometh alone in the twilight gray,
A flower, the gods call Baldursbra.
a. C. C. Baldur—*Family Herald.* Vol. XXVII. P. 260.

BASIL.

Pycnanthemum.

The basil tuft that waves,
Its fragrant blossom over graves.
b. Moore—*Lalla Rookh. Light of the Harem.*

BEAN.

Faba.

I know the scent of bean fields.
c. Jean Ingelow—*Gladys and Her Island.* Line 243.

BIND-WEED.

Convolvulus.

In the deep shadow of the porch
A slender bind-weed springs,
And climbs, like airy acrobat,
The trellises, and swings
And dances in the golden sun
In fairy loops and rings.
d. Susan Coolidge—*Bind-Weed.*

BLOODROOT.

Sanguinaria.

Sanguinaria from whose brittle stem
The red drops fell like blood.
e. Byron—*The Fountain.*

A pure large flower of simple mold,
And touched with soft peculiar bloom,
Its petals faint with strange perfume,
And in their midst a disk of gold!
f. Elaine Goodale—*Bloodroot.*

Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and med'cine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part:
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
g. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 3.

BLUE-BELL.

Campanula.

Hang-head Bluebell,
Bending like Moses' sister over Moses,
Full of a secret that thou dar'st not tell!
h. George MacDonald—*Wild Flowers.*

Oh! roses and lilies are fair to see;
But the wild blue-bell is the flower for me.
i. Louisa A. Meredith—*The Blue-bell.*

BORAGE.

Borrago.

The flaming rose gloomed swarthy red;
The borage gleams more blue;
And low white flowers, with starry head,
Glimmer the rich dusk through.
j. George MacDonald—*Songs of the Summer Night.* Pt. III.

BRAMBLE.

Rubus.

And swete as is the bremble flour
That bereth the reede keepe.
k. Chaucer—*The Tale of Sir Thopas.* Line 35

Thy fruit full well the schoolboy knows,
Wild bramble of the brake!
So, put thou forth thy small white rose;
I love it for his sake.
Though woodbines flaunt and roses glow
O'er all the fragrant bowers,
Thou need'st not be ashamed to show
Thy satin-threaded flowers;
For dull the eye, the heart is dull
That cannot feel how fair,
Amid all beauty, beautiful
Thy tender blossoms are!
How delicate thy gauzy frill!
How rich thy branching stem!
How soft thy voice, when woods are still,
And thou sing'st hymns to them.
l. Ebenezer Elliot—*To the Bramble Flower.*

BUTTERCUP.

Ranunculus.

He likes the poor things of the world the best;
I would not therefore, if I could be rich,
It pleases him to stoop for buttercups.
m. E. B. Browning—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. IV.

The buttercups, bright-eyed and bold,
Held up their chalices of gold
To catch the sunshine and the dew.
n. Julia C. R. Dorr—*Centennial Poem.* Line 165.

Buttercups of shining gold,
And wealth of fairest flowers untold.
o. Dora Read Goodale—*From Spring to Fall.*

Against her ankles as she trod
The lucky buttercups did nod.
p. Jean Ingelow—*Reflections.*

And O the buttercups! that field
O' the cloth of gold, where pennons swam—
Where France set up his lilied shield,
His oriflamb,
And Henry's lion-standard rolled;
What was it to their matchless sheen,
Their million million drops of gold
Among the green!
q. Jean Ingelow—*The Letter L Present.* St. 3

The buttercups across the field
Made sunshine rifts of splendor.
a. D. M. Mulock—*A Silly Song.*

CACTUS.

Cactus.

And cactuses, a queen might don.
If weary of a golden crown
And still appear as royal.
b. E. B. Browning—*A Flower in a Letter.*

CARDINAL FLOWER.

Lobelia Cardinalis.

Whence is yonder flower so strangely bright
Would the sunset's last reflected shine
Flame so red from that dead flush of light?
Dark with passion is its lifted line,
Hot, alive, amid the falling night.
c. Dora Read Goodale—*Cardinal Flower.*

CARNATION.

Dianthus Caryophyllus.

Carnation, purple, azure, or speck'd with gold.
d. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 429.

CASSIA.

Cassia.

While cassias blossom in the zone of calms.
e. Jean Ingelow—*Sand Martins.*

CATALPA.

Catalpa.

The catalpa's blossoms flew,
Light blossoms, dropping on the grass like snow.
f. Bryant—*The Winds.*

CELANDINE.

Chelidonium.

Eyes of some men travel far
For the finding of a star;
Up and down the heavens they go,
Men that keep a mighty rout!
I'm as great as they, I trow,
Since the day I found thee out,
Little Flower! I'll make a stir,
Like a sage astronomer.
g. Wordsworth—*To the Small Celandine.*

Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory;
Long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story:
There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little Celandine.
h. Wordsworth—*To the Same Flower.*

Pleasures newly found are sweet
When they lie about our feet:
February last, my heart
First at sight of thee was glad;
All unheard of as thou art,
Thou must needs, I think, have had,
Celandine! and long ago,
Praise of which I nothing know.
i. Wordsworth—*To the Same Flower.*

CHAMPAC.

The maid of India, blessed again to hold
In her full lap the Champac's leaves of gold.
j. Moore—*Lalla Rookh. The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.*

CHRYSANTHEMUM.

Leucanthemum Vulgare.

Fair gift of Friendship! and her ever bright
And faultless image! welcome now thou art,
In thy pure loveliness—thy robes of white,
Speaking a moral to the feeling heart;
Unscattered by heats—by wintry blasts unmoved—
Thy strength thus tested—and thy charms improved.
k. Anna Peyre Dinnies—*To A White Chrysanthemum.*

CLEMATIS.

Clematis.

Where the woodland streamlets flow,
Gushing down a rocky bed,
Where the tasselled alders grow,
Lightly meeting overhead,
When the fullest August days
Give the richness that they know,
Then the wild clematis comes,
With her wealth of tangled blooms,
Reaching up and drooping low.

* * * * * * *

But when Autumn days are here,
And the woods of Autumn burn,
Then her leaves are black and sere,
Quick with early frosts to turn!
As the golden Summer dies,
So her silky green has fled,
And the smoky clusters rise
As from fires of sacrifice,—
Sacred incense to the dead!
l. Dora Read Goodale—*Wild Clematis.*

CLOVER.

Trifolium.

The wind-rows are spread for the butterfly's bed,
And the clover-bloom falleth around.
m. Eliza Cook—*Song of the Haymakers.*

Crimson clover I discover
By the garden gate,
And the bees about her hover,
But the robins wait.
Sing, robins, sing,
Sing a roundelay,—
'Tis the latest flower of Spring
Coming with the May!

Crimson clover I discover
In the open field,
Mellow sunlight brooding over,
All her warmth revealed.
Sing, robins, sing,
'Tis no longer May,—
Fuller bloom doth Summer bring,
Ripened thro' delay!
a. Dora Read Goodale—*Red Clover.*

The fields have lost their lingering light,
The path is dusky thro' the night,—
The clover is too sweet to lose
Her fragrance with the gathering dews,—
The skies are warm above her:
The cricket pipes his song again,
The cows are waiting in the lane,
The shadows fall adown the hill,
And silent is the whippoorwill;
But thro' the summer twilight still
You smell the milk-white clover.
b. Dora Read Goodale—*White Clover.*

Summer came, the green earth's lover,
Ripening the tufted clover.
c. Mrs. Nichols—*Little Nell.*

Flocks thick-nibbling through the clovered vale.
d. Thomson—*The Seasons. Summer.* Line 1231.

What airs outblown from ferny dells
And clover-bloom and sweet brier smells.
e. Whittier—*The Last Walk in Autumn.* St. 6.

COLUMBINE.

Aquilegia Canadensis.

Columbines in purple dressed
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.
f. Bryant—*To the Fringed Gentian.*

Skirting the rocks at the forest edge
With a running flame from ledge to ledge,
Or swaying deeper in shadowy glooms,
A smoldering fire in her dusky blooms;
Bronzed and molded by wind and sun,
Maddening, gladdening every one
With a gypsy beauty full and fine,—
A health to the crimson columbine!
g. Elaine Goodale—*Columbine.*

Columbine! open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle doves dwell!
O cuckoopint! toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell!
h. Jean Ingelow—*Song of Seven. Seven Times One.*

COLUMBINE, GOLDEN.

Aquilegia Chrysantha.

Sweet flower of the golden horn,
Thy beauty passeth praise!
But why should spring thy gold adorn
Most meet for summer days?
Well may the mighty sycamore
His shelter o'er thee throw,
And spring-time winds, which elsewhere roar,
Breathe gently as they go.
i. Henry H. Rusby—*To the Golden Columbine.*

COMPASS-PLANT.

Silphium Laciniatum.

Look at this vigorous plant that lifts its head from the meadow,
See how its leaves are turned to the north, as true as the magnet;
This is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has planted
Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveller's journey
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.
Such in the soul of man is faith.
j. Longfellow—*Evangeline.* Pt. II. St. 5.

CONVOLVULUS.

Convolvulus.

Nature, in learning to form a lily, turned out a convolvulus.
k. Pliny—*Natural History.*

CORAL-TREE.

Erythrina.

The crimson blossoms of the coral tree
In the warm isles of India's sunny sea.
l. Moore—*Lalla Rookh. The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.*

COWSLIP.

Primula.

Smiled like yon knot of cowslips on a cliff.
m. Blair—*The Grave.* Line 520.

Soon fair spring shall give another scene,
And yellow cowslips gild the level green.
n. Anne E. Bleecker—*On her return to Tomhanick.*

Methinks I hear his faint reply—
When cowslips deck the plain.
o. W. L. Bowles—*Winter Redbreast.*

Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear.
p. Burns—*Elegy on Capt. Matthew Henderson.*

Wild-scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green glade.
q. Burns—*The Chevalier's Lament.*

The fresh young cowslip bendeth with the dew.
a. THOMAS CHATTERTON—*Ælla.*

The cowslip is a country wench.
b. HOOD—*Flowers.*

I sometimes wonder how I can be glad
Even in cowslip time when hedges sprout.
c. JEAN INGELOW—*Songs With Preludes. Regret.*

The first wan cowslip, wet
With tears of the first morn.
d. OWEN MEREDITH—*Ode to a Starling.*

Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread.
e. MILTON—*Comus. Song.*

The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see:
Those be rubies, fairy favours;
In those freckles live their savours.
f. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act II. Sc. 1.

The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover.
g. *Henry V.* Act V. Sc. 2.

And by the meadow trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-flowers.
h. TENNYSON—*The May Queen.* St. 8.

And ye talk together still,
In the language wherewith Spring
Letters cowslips on the hill.
i. TENNYSON—*Adeline.*

CROCUS.

Crocus.

Welcome, wild harbinger of spring!
To this small nook of earth;
Feeling and fancy fondly cling
Round thoughts which owe their birth
To thee, and to the humble spot
Where chance has fixed thy lowly lot.
j. BERNARD BARTON—*To a Crocus.*

Hail to the King of Bethlehem,
Who weareth in his diadem
The yellow crocus for the gem
Of his authority!
k. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. IV.

DAFFODIL.

Narcissus Pseudo-Narcissus.

Brazen helm of daffodillies,
With a glitter toward the light.
Purple violets for the mouth,
Breathing perfumes west and south;
And a sword of flashing lilies
Holden ready for the fight.
l. E. B. BROWNING—*Hector in the Garden.*

The daffodil is our doorside queen;
She pushes up the sward already,
To spot with sunshine the early green.
m. BRYANT—*An Invitation to the Country.*

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet, the early-rising sun
Has not attained its noon.
* * * * *
We have short time to stay as you
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you or any thing.
n. HERRICK—*Daffodils.*

When a daffodill I see,
Hanging down his head t'wards me,
Guesse I may, what I must be:
First I shall decline my head;
Secondly, I shall be dead:
Lastly, safely buryed.
o. HERRICK—*Hesperides. Divination by a Daffodil.*

All the nodding daffodils woke up and laughed upon her.
p. JEAN INGELOW—*Concluding Song. Dawn.*

O fateful flower beside the rill—
The daffodil, the daffodil!
q. JEAN INGELOW—*Persephone.* St. 16.

Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty.
r. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

When the face of night is fair in the dewy downs
And the shining daffodil dies.
s. TENNYSON—*Maud.* Pt. XXVIII.

Daffy-down-dilly came up in the cold,
Through the brown mold,
Although the March breezes blew keen on her face,
Although the white snow lay on many a place.
t. Miss WARNER—*Daffy-Down-Dilly.*

A host of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beside the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.
u. WORDSWORTH—*The Daffodils.*

I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils.
v. WORDSWORTH—*I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud.*

My heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodils.
w. WORDSWORTH—*I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud.*

Of the lofty daffodil
Make your bed, or make your bower.
x. WORDSWORTH—*Foresight.*

DAHLIA.

Dahlia.

The garden glows with dahlias large and new.
a. Ebenezer Elliott—*The Vicarage.*

DAISY.

Bellis.

And a breastplate made of daisies,
Closely fitting, leaf by leaf,
Periwinkles interlaced
Drawn for belt about the waist;
While the brown bees, humming praises,
Shot their arrows round the chief.
b. E. B. Browning—*Hector in the Garden.*

Open pastures, where you scarcely tell
White daisies from white dew.
c. E. B. Browning—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. I.

The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air.
d. Burns—*O Luve Will Venture In.*

In daisied mantles is the mountain dight.
e. Thomas Chatterton—*Ælla.*

Of all the floures in the mede,
Than love I most these floures white and rede,
Soch that men callen daisies in our toun.
f. Chaucer—*Canterbury Tales. The Legend of Good Women.* Line 41.

That well by reason men it call may
The daisie or els the eye of the day,
The emprise, and floure of floures all.
g. Chaucer—*Canterbury Tales. The Legend of Good Women.* Line 184.

And still at every close she would repeat
The burden of the song. The daisy is so sweet.
h. Dryden—*The Flower and the Leaf.* Line 465.

A tuft of daisies on a flowery lea
They saw, and thitherward they bent their way.
i. Dryden—*The Flower and the Leaf.* Line 459.

Bring childhood's flower!
The half-blown daisy bring.
j. Ebenezer Elliott—*Flowers for the Heart.*

Daisies infinite
Uplift in praise their little glowing hands
O'er every hill that under heaven expands.
k. Ebenezer Elliott—*The Village Patriarch, Love, and other Poems. Spring.*

Stoop where thou wilt, thy careless hand
Some random bud will meet;
Thou canst not tread, but thou wilt find
The daisy at thy feet.
l. Hood—*Song.*

The daisy's cheek is tipp'd with a blush
She is of such low degree.
m. Hood—*Flowers.*

I take the land to my breast,
In her coat with daisies fine;
For me are the hills in their best,
And all that's made is mine.
n. Jean Ingelow—*Songs with Preludes. Dominion.*

What change has made the pasture sweet
And reached the daisies at my feet,
And cloud that wears a golden hem?
This lovely world, the hills, the sward—
They all look fresh, as if our Lord
But yesterday had finished them.
o. Jean Ingelow—*Reflections.*

The daisies are rose-scented,
And the rose herself has got
Perfume which on earth is not.
p. Keats—*Ode.*

The dew
Had taken fairy's fantasies to strew
Daisies upon the sacred sward.
q. Keats—*Endymion.* Bk. I. Line 91.

On his scarf the knight the daisy bound,
And dames to tourneys shone with daisies crowned,
And fays forsook the purer fields above,
To hail the daisy, flower of faithful love.
r. Leyden—*The Daisy.*

The daisies' eyes are a-twinkle
With happy tears of dew.
s. Fitz-Hugh Ludlow—*The School.*

Daisies quaint, with savour none,
But golden eyes of great delight,
That all men love, they be so bright.
t. Owen Meredith—*The Wanderer.* Bk. II. *The Message.* Line 119.

By dimple brook and fountain brim
The wood-nymphs, deck'd with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep.
u. Milton—*Comus.* Line 120.

The Daisy blossoms on the rocks,
Amid the purple heath;
It blossoms on the river's banks,
That thrids the glens beneath:
The eagle, at his pride of place,
Beholds it by his nest.
And, in the mead, it cushions soft
The lark's descending breast.
v. Moir—*The Daisy.*

Daisies, thick as star-light, stand
In every walk!
w. Montgomery—*The Daisy in India.*

O'er the margin of the flood,
Pluck the daisy, peeping.
x. Montgomery—*The Valentine Wreath.*

There is a flower, a little flower
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

* * * * * *

'Tis Flora's page;—in every place,
In every season fresh and fair;
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms everywhere.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The rose has but a summer-reign;
The Daisy never dies!
a. MONTGOMERY—*A Field Flower.*

We bring daisies, little starry daisies,
The angels have planted to remind us of the sky,
When the stars have vanished they twinkle their mute praises,
Telling, in the dewy grass, of brighter fields on high.
b. READ—*The New Pastoral.* Bk. VII.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and moss,
* * * * * * *
Were all paved with daisies.
c. SHELLEY—*The Sensitive Plant.* Pt. I.

The simple air, the gentle warbling wind,
So calm, so cool, as nowhere else I find;
The grassy ground with dainty daisies dight.
d. SPENSER—*The Shepherd's Calendar. Dialogue between Hobinol and Colin Clout.*

From grave to grave the shadow crept:
In her still place the morning wept:
Touch'd by his feet the daisy slept.
e. TENNYSON—*Two Voices.* St. 92.

I know the way she went
Home with her maiden posy,
For her feet have touch'd the meadows
And left the daisies rosy.
f. TENNYSON—*Maud.* Pt. XII.

Bright flower! whose home is everywhere,
Bold in maternal Nature's care,
And all the long year through the heir
Of joy or sorrow—
Methinks that there abides in thee
Some concord with humanity,
Given to no other flower I see
The forest through!
g. WORDSWORTH—*To the Daisy.*

The Daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the Sun.
h. WORDSWORTH—*To a Child.*

With little here to do or see
Of things that in the great world be,
Daisy! again I talk to thee,
For thou art worthy.
i. WORDSWORTH—*To the Daisy.*

DAISY, MOUNTAIN.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield;
But thou beneath the random field
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!
j. BURNS—*To a Mountain Daisy.*

Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonny gem.
k. BURNS—*To a Mountain Daisy.*

DAISY, OX-EYE.

Leucanthemum Chrysanthemum.

Clear and simple in white and gold,
Meadow blossom, of sunlit spaces,—
The field is full as it well can hold
And white with the drift of the ox-eye daisies!
l. DORA READ GOODALE—*Daisies.*

DANDELION.

Taraxacum dens-leonis.

You cannot forget, if you would, those golden kisses all over the cheeks of the meadow, queerly called dandelions.
m. HENRY WARD BEECHER—*Star Papers. A Discourse of Flowers.*

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold;
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth,—thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.
n. LOWELL—*To the Dandelion.*

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book.
o. LOWELL—*To the Dandelion.*

Young Dandelion
On a hedge-side,
Said young Dandelion,
Who'll be my bride?

Said young Dandelion
With a sweet air,
I have my eye on
Miss Daisy fair.
a. D. M. Mulock—*Young Dandelion.*

DITTANY.

Cunila.

A magic bed
Of sacred dittany.
b. Keats. *Endymion.* Bk. I. Line 561.

DODDER.

Cuscuta.

In the roadside thicket hiding,
Sing, robin, sing!
See the yellow dodder, gliding,
Ring, blue-bells, ring!
Like a living skein inlacing,
Coiling, climbing, turning, chasing,
Through the fragrant sweet-fern racing—
Laugh, O murmuring Spring!
c. Sarah F. Davis—*Summer Song.*

FLAG.

Iris.

The yellow flags * * would stand up to their chins in water.
d. Jean Ingelow—*Song of the Night Watches.* Watch I. Pt. VI.

Nearer to the river's trembling edge
There grew broad flag flowers, purple, prankt with white,
And starry river-buds among the sedge,
And floating water lilies broad and bright.
e. Shelley—*The Question.*

FLOWER-DE-LUCE.

Iris.

Born in the purple, born to joy and pleasance,
Thou dost not toil nor spin,
But makest glad and radiant with thy presence
The meadow and the lin.
f. Longfellow—*Flower-De-Luce.* St. 3.

O flower-de-luce, bloom on, and let the river
Linger to kiss thy feet!
O flower of song, bloom on, and make forever
The world more fair and sweet.
g. Longfellow—*Flower-De-Luce.* St. 8.

Lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one!
h. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

FOR-GET-ME-NOT.

Myosotis.

When to the flowers so beautiful
The Father gave a name,
Back came a little blue-eyed one
(All timidly it came;)
And standing at its Father's feet
And gazing in His face
It said, in low and trembling tones:
"Dear God, the name thou gavest me,
Alas! I have forgot,"
Kindly the Father looked him down
And said: Forget-me-not.
i. Anonymous.

Forget-me-not, and violets, heavenly blue,
Spring, glittering with the cheerful drops like dew.
j. Bryant—(German of N. Müller). *The Paradise of Tears.*

That blue and bright-eyed floweret of the brook
Hopes gentle gem, the sweet Forget-me-not.
k. Coleridge—*The Keepsake.*

Thick in many a sunny spot
There blooms the pale forget-me-not.
l. Dora Read Goodale—*Spring Scatters. Far and Wide.*

And rose, with aspect almost calm,
And filled her hand
With cherry bloom, and moved away
To gather wild forget-me-not.
m. Jean Ingelow—*The Letter L. Absent.* St. 22.

The sweet forget-me-nots.
That grow for happy lovers.
n. Tennyson—*The Brook.* Line 172.

FOXGLOVE.

Digitalis.

An empty sky, a world of heather,
Purple of foxlove, yellow of broom;
We two among them wading together,
Shaking out honey, treading perfume.
o. Jean Ingelow—*Divided.* Pt. I.

FURZE.

Ulex.

With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay.
p. Goldsmith—*The Deserted Village.* Line 194.

GENTIAN.

Gentiana.

The blue gentian-flower, that, in the breeze,
Nods lonely, of her beauteous race the last.
q. Bryant—*November.*

Along this quiet wood road, winding slow,
When free October ranged its sylvan ways,
And, vaulting up the terrace steep below,
Chased laughing sunbeams thro' the golden days,
In matchless beauty, tender and serene,
The gentine reigned, an undisputed queen.
a. ELAINE GOODALE—*Fringed Gentian.*

Beside the brook and on the umbered meadow,
Where yellow fern-tufts fleck the faded ground,
With folded lids beneath their palmy shadow
The gentian nods in dewy slumbers bound.
b. SARAH HELEN WHITMAN—*A Still Day in Autumn.*

Near where yon rocks the stream inurn
The lonely gentian blossoms still.
c. SARAH HELEN WHITMAN—*A September Evening on the Banks of the Moshassuck.*

GILLY-FLOWER.

Matthiola.

The fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyvors,
Which some call natur's bastards:
* * * * * * * *
Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.
d. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Bring hither the pink and purple columbine,
With gilly flowers.
e. SPENCER—*The Shepherd's Calendar. Song.* St. 12.

GOLDEN-ROD.

Solidago.

Still the Golden-rod of the roadside clod
Is of all, the best!
f. SIMEON TUCKER CLARK—*Golden Rod.*

In the pasture's rude embrace,
All o'er run with tangled vines,
Where the thistle claims its place,
And the straggling hedge confines,
Bearing still the sweet impress
Of unfettered loveliness,
In the field and by the wall,
Binding, clasping, crowning all,—
Goldenrod!

Nature lies disheveled, pale,
With her feverish lips apart,—
Day by day the pulses fail,
Nearer to her bounded heart;
Yet that slackened grasp doth hold
Store of pure and genuine gold;
Quick thou comest, strong and free,
Type of all the wealth to be,—
Goldenrod!
g. ELAINE GOODALE—*Goldenrod.*

The hollows are heavy and dank
With the stem of the golden-rods.
h. BAYARD TAYLOR—*The Guests of Night.*

Graceful, tossing plume of glowing gold,
Waving lonely on the rocky ledge;
Leaning seaward, lovely to behold,
Clinging to the high cliff's ragged edge.
i. CELIA THAXTER—*Seaside Goldenrod.*

GORSE.

Ulex.

Mountain gorses, do ye teach us
* * * * * * * *
That the wisest word man reaches
Is the humblest he can speak?
j. E. B. BROWNING—*Lessons from the Gorse.*

Mountain gorses, ever golden,
Cankered not the whole year long!
Do ye teach us to be strong,
Howsoever pricked and holden
Like your thorny blooms, and so
Trodden on by rain and snow,
Up the hillside of this life, as bleak as where ye grow?
k. E. B. BROWNING—*Lessons from the Gorse.*

Love you not then, to list and hear
The crackling of the gorse-flower near,
Pouring an orange-scented tide
Of fragrance o'er the desert wide?
l. WM. HOWITT—*A June Day.*

I have seen
The gay gorse bushes in their flowering time.
m. JEAN INGELOW—*Gladys and her Island* Line 244.

HAREBELL.

Campanula.

In the hemlock's fragrant shadow
Harebells nod by the drowsy pool.
n. JULIA C. R. DORR—*The Ghost.*

The harebell trembled on its stem
Down where the rushing waters gleam.
o. JULIA C. R. DORR—*Centennial Poem.* Line 161.

I love the fair lilies and roses so gay,
They are rich in their pride and their splendor;
But still more do I love to wander away
To the meadow so sweet,
Where down at my feet,
The harebell blooms modest and tender.
p. DORA READ GOODALE—*Queen Harebell.*

Summer took her flowery throne,
With roses red and harebells blue.
q. DORA READ GOODALE—*From Spring to Fall.*

In bleak and barren places, fresh with unexpected graces,
Leaning over rocky ledges, tenderest glances to bestow,
Dauntless still in time of danger, thrilling every wayworn stranger,
Scattered harebells earn a triumph never known below.
a. ELAINE GOODALE—*Harebell.*

Simplest of blossoms! To mine eye
Thou bring'st the summer's painted sky;
The May thorn greening in the nook;
The minnows sporting in the brook;
The bleat of flocks; the breath of flowers;
The song of birds amid the bowers;
The crystal of the azure seas;
The music of the southern breeze;
And, over all, the blessed sun,
Telling of halcyon days begun.
b. MOIR—*The Harebell.*

Thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
The azur'd harebell, like thy veins.
c. *Cymbeline.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

HEATH.

Erica.

The wild heath displays her purple dyes,
And 'midst the desert, fruitful fields arise.
d. POPE—*Windsor Forest.* Line 25.

Oft with bolder wing they soaring dare
The purple heath.
e. THOMSON. *The Seasons. Spring.*

HELIOTROPE.

Helitropium.

Heliotropes with meekly lifted brow,
Say to me: "Go not yet."
f. JULIA C. R. DORR. *Without and Within.*

HEPATICA.

Hepatica.

All the woodland path is broken
By warm tints along the way,
And the low and sunny slope
Is alive with sudden hope,
When there comes the silent token
Of an April day,—
Blue hepatica!
g. DORA READ GOODALE. *Hepatica.*

HOLLY-HOCK.

Althæa Rosea.

Queen holly-hocks,
With butterflies for crowns,
h. JEAN INGELOW—*Honors.* Pt. I.

HONEYSUCKLE.

Lonicera.

Around in silent grandeur stood
The stately children of the wood;
Maple and elm and towering pine
Mantled in folds of dark woodbine.
i. JULIA C. R. DORR—*At the Gate.*

A honeysuckle link'd
Around, with its red tendrils and pink flowers.
j. L. E. LANDON—*The Oak.*

Watch upon a bank
With ivy canopied and interwove
With flaunting honeysuckle.
k. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 543.

I plucked a honeysuckle where
The hedge on high is quick with thorn,
And climbing for the prize, was torn,
And fouled my feet in quag-water;
And by the thorns and by the wind
The blossom that I took was thinn'd,
And yet I found it sweet and fair.

Thence to a richer growth I came,
Where, nursed in mellow intercourse,
The honeysuckles sprang by scores,
Not harried like my single stem,
All virgin lamps of scent and dew
So from my hand that first I threw,
Yet plucked not any more of them.
l. DANTE ROSSETTI—*The Honeysuckle.*

Honeysuckle loved to crawl
Up the low crag and ruin'd wall.
m. SCOTT—*Marmion.* Canto III. Introduction

Bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter;—like favorites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it.
n. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 1.

The honeysuckle round the porch has woven its wavy bowers.
o. TENNYSON—*The May Queen.* St. 8.

HYACINTH.

Hyacinthus.

The hyacinth's for constancy wi' it unchanging blue.
p. BURNS—*O Luve Will Venture In.*

Come, evening gale! the crimsonne rose
Is drooping for thy sighe of dewe;
The hyacinthe moves thy kisse to close
In slumber sweete its eye of blue.
q. GEORGE CROLY—*Come, Evening Gale.*

By field and by fell, and by mountain gorge,
Shone hyacinths blue and clear.
r. LUCY HOOPER—*Legends of Flowers.*

Hyacinths of heavenly blue
Shook their rich tresses to the morn.
a. MONTGOMERY—*The Adventure of a Star.*

And the hyacinth, purple, and white, and blue.
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the sense.
b. SHELLEY—*The Sensitive Plant.* Pt. I.

INDIAN PIPE.

Monotropa Uniflora.

Pale, mournful flower, that hidest in shade
Mid dewy damps and murky glade,
With moss and mould,
Why dost thou hang thy ghastly head,
So sad and cold?
c. E. CATHERINE BEECHER—*To the Monotropa, or Ghost Flower.*

Where the long, slant rays are beaming,
Where the shadows cool lie dreaming,
Pale the Indian pipes are gleaming—
Laugh, O murmuring Spring!
d. SARAH F. DAVIS—*Summer Song.*

Death in the wood,—
In the death-pale lips apart;
Death in a whiteness that curdled the blood,
Now black to the very heart:
The wonder by her was formed
Who stands supreme in power;
To show that life by the spirit comes
She gave us a soulless flower!
e. ELAINE GOODALE—*Indian Pipe.*

IRIS.

Iris.

Iris all hues, roses and jessamine.
f. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 698.

IVY.

Hedera Helix.

Ivy climbs the crumbling hall
To decorate decay.
g. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *A Large Party and Entertainment.*

That headlong ivy! not a leaf will grow
But thinking of a wreath. * * * *
I like such ivy; bold to leap a height
'Twas strong to climb! as good to grow on graves
As twist about a thyrsus; pretty too.
(And that's not ill) when twisted round a comb.
h. E. B. BROWNING—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. II.

Walls must get the weather stain
Before they grow the ivy.
i. E. B. BROWNING—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. VIII.

The rugged trees are mingling
Their flowery sprays in love;
The ivy climbs the laurel
To clasp the boughs above.
j. BRYANT—*The Serenade.*

Ivy clings to wood or stone,
And hides the ruin that it feeds upon.
k. COWPER—*The Progress of Error.* Line 285.

Oh, a dainty plant is the Ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are all his meals I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.
l. DICKENS—*Pickwick.* Ch. VI.

Direct
The clasping ivy where to climb.
m. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 216.

On my velvet couch reclining
Ivy leaves my brow entwining,
While my soul expands with glee,
What are kings and crowns to me?
n. MOORE—*Odes of Anacreon. Ode XLVIII.*

Bring, bring the madding Bay, the drunken vine;
The creeping, dirty, courtly Ivy join.
o. POPE—*The Dunciad.* Bk. I. Line 303.

Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd.
p. POPE—*Windsor Forest.* Line 69.

Round some mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
q. POPE—*Eloisa to Abelard.* Line 243.

JESSAMINE.

Jasminum.

At my silent window-sill
The Jessamine peeps in.
r. BRYANT—*The Hunter's Serenade.*

Across the porch
Thick jasmines twined.
s. COLERIDGE—*Reflections on Leaving a Place of Retirement.*

The golden stars of the jasmine glow,
And the roses bloom alway!
t. JULIA C. R. DORR—*My Mocking Bird.*

Jasmine is sweet and has many loves.
u. HOOD—*Flowers.*

It was a jasmine bower, all bestrown
With golden moss.
v. KEATS—*Endymion.* Bk. II. Line 686.

Jas in the Arab language is despair,
And *Min* the darkest meaning of a lie.
Thus cried the Jessamine among the flowers,
How justly doth a lie
Draw on its head despair!
Among the fragrant spirits of the bowers
The boldest and the strongest still was I.
Although so fair,
Therefore from Heaven
A stronger perfume unto me was given
Than any blossom of the summer hours.
* * * * * * * *
Among the flowers no perfume is like mine;
That which is best in me comes from within.
So those who in this world would rise and shine
Should seek internal excellence to win.
And though 'tis true that falsehood and despair
Meet in my name, yet bare it still in mind
That where they meet they perish. All is fair
When they are gone and nought remains behind.

a. Leland—*Jessamine.*

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns
Its fragrant lamps, and turns
Into a royal court with green festoons
The banks of dark lagoons.

b. Henry Timrod—*Spring.*

KING-CUP (BUTTER-CUP).

Ranunculus.

The royal king-cup bold
Dares not don his coat of gold.

c. Edwin Arnold—*Almond Blossoms.*

King-cups and daisies, that all the year please,
Sprays, petals, and leaflets, that nod in the breeze.

d. Coleridge—*Morning Invitation to a Child.*

Fair is the kingcup that in meadow blows,
Fair is the daisy that beside her grows.

e. Gay—*Shepherd's Week. Monday.* Line 43.

Set among the budding broom
Kingcup and daffodilly.

f. Jean Ingelow—*Supper at the Mill.*

The gold-eyed kingcups fine
The frail blue bell peereth over
Rare broidery of the purple clover.

g. Tennyson—*A Dirge.*

LAUREL.

Laurus.

Each chalice holds the infinite air,
Each rounded cluster grows a sphere;
A twilight pale she grants us there,
A rosier sunrise here;
She broods above the happy earth,
She dwells upon the enchanted days,—
A thousand voices hail her birth
In chants of love and praise.

h. Elaine Goodale—*Mountain Laurel.*

Wait till the laurel bursts its buds,
And creeping ivy flings its graces
About the lichen'd rocks, and floods
Of sunshine fill the shady place.

i. Margaret J. Preston—*Through the Pass.*

LICHEN.

Lichen.

Little lichen, fondly clinging
In the wild wood to the tree;
Covering all unseemly places,
Hiding all thy tender graces,
Ever dwelling in the shade,
Never seeing sunny glade.

j. R. M. E.—*Lichens.*

LILY.

Lilium.

Blossoms, all around me sighing,
Fragrance, from the lilies straying.

k. Maria Brooks—*Song.*

And lilies are still lilies, pulled
By smutty hands, though spotted from their white.

l. E. B. Browning—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. III.

And lilies white prepared to touch
The whitest thought nor soil it much,
Of dreamer turned to lover.

m. E. B. Browning—*A Flower in a Letter.*

Purple lilies, which he blew
To a larger bubble with his prophet breath.

n. E. B. Browning—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. VII.

Very whitely still
The lilies of our lives may reassure
Their blossoms from their roots, accessible
Alone to heavenly dews that drop not fewer;
Growing straight out of man's reach, on the hill
God only, who made us rich, can make us poor.

o. E. B. Browning—*Sonnets from the Portuguese.*

The milk-white lilies,
That lead from the fragrant hedge.

p. Alice Cary—*Pictures of Memory.*

Darlings of June and brides of summer sun,
Chill pipes the stormy wind, the skies are drear;
Dull and despoiled the gardens every one:
What do ye here?

q. Susan Coolidge—*Easter Lilies.*

I wish I were the lily's leaf
To fade upon that bosom warm,
Content to wither, pale and brief,
The trophy of thy fairer form.

r. Dionysius.

And the stately lilies stand
Fair in the silvery light,
Like saintly vestals, pale in prayer;
Their pure breath sanctifies the air,
As its fragrance fills the night.

s. Julia C. R. Dorr—*A Red Rose.*

O lilies, upturned lilies,
How swift their prisoned rays
To smite with fire from Heaven
The fainting August days!
Tall urns of blinding beauty,
As vestals pure they hold;—
In each a blaze of scarlet
Half blotted out with gold!
a. ELAINE GOODALE—*Wood Lilies.*

The great ocean hath no tone of power
Mightier to reach the soul, in thought's hushed hour,
Than yours, ye Lilies! chosen thus and graced!
b. Mrs. HEMANS—*Sonnet. The Lilies of the Field.*

The lily is all in white like a saint
And so is no mate for me.
c. HOOD—*Flowers.*

We are Lilies fair
The flower of virgin light;
Nature held us forth, and said,
"Lo! my thoughts of white."
d. LEIGH HUNT—*Songs and Chorus of the Flowers. Lilies.*

And round about them grows a fringe of reeds,
And then a floating crown of lily flowers.
e. JEAN INGELOW—*The Four Bridges.*

Every flower is sweet to me—
The rose and violet,
The pink, the daisy, and sweet pea,
Heart's-ease and mignonette,
And hyacinths and daffodillies;
But sweetest are the spotless lilies.
f. CAROLINE MAY—*Lilies.*

I know not what the lilies were
That grew in ancient times.
g. CAROLINE MAY—*Lilies.*

"Look to the lilies how they grow!"
'Twas thus the Saviour said, that we,
Even in the simplest flowers that blow,
God's ever-watchful care might see.
h. MOIR—*Lilies.*

For her, the lilies hang their heads and die.
i. POPE—*Pastorals. Autumn.* Line 26.

Gracious as sunshine, sweet as dew
Shut in a lily's golden core.
j. MARGARET J. PRESTON—*Agnes.*

The creamy leaf the pasture lily shows.
k. MARGARET J. PRESTON—*Fra Angelico.* St. 10.

Is not this lily pure?
What fuller can procure
A white so perfect, spotless clear
As in this flower doth appear?
l. QUARLES—*The School of the Heart. Ode XXX.* St. 4.

The lilies say: Behold how we
Preach, without words, of purity.
m. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—"*Consider the Lilies of the Field.*" Line 11.

Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head, and perish.
n. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 1.

And the wand-like lily which lifted up,
As a Mænad, its moonlight-coloured cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye;
Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky.
o. SHELLEY—*The Sensitive Plant.* Pt. I.

"Thou wert not, Solomon! in all thy glory,
Array'd," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours;
How vain your grandeur! Ah, how transitory
Are human flowers!"
p. HORACE SMITH—*Hymn to the Flowers.*

A pure, cool lily, bending
Near the rose all flushed and warm.
q. ELIZA SPROAT—*Guonare.*

But who will watch my lilies,
When their blossoms open white?
By day the sun shall be sentry,
And the moon and the stars by night!
r. BAYARD TAYLOR—*The Garden of Roses.*

Down in the dell I wandered,
The loneliest of our dells,
Where grow the lowland lilies.
s. BAYARD TAYLOR—*Down in the Dell I Wandered.*

Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,
Observe the various vegetable race:
They neither toil nor spin, but careless grow,
Yet see how warm they blush! how bright they glow!
What regal vestments can with them compare!
What King so shining! or what Queen so fair!
t. THOMSON—*Paraphrase on St. Matthew.*

And thou, O virgin queen of spring!
Shalt from thy dark and lowly bed,
Bursting thy green sheath's silken string,
Unveil thy charms, and perfume shed;

Unfold thy robes of purest white,
Unsullied from their darksome grave,
And thy soft petals' silvery light
In the mild breeze unfettered wave.
u. MARY TIGHE—*The Lily.*

The careless eye can find no grace,
No beauty in the scaly folds,
Nor see within the dark embrace
What latent loveliness it holds.

Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,
The lily wraps her silver vest,
Till vernal suns and vernal gales
Shall kiss once more her fragrant breast.
v. MARY TIGHE—*The Lily.*

The citron-tree or spicy grove for me would never yield
A perfume half so grateful as the lilies of the field.
w. ELIZA COOK—*England.*

Clustered lilies in the shadows,
Lapt in golden ease they stand,
Rarest flower in all the meadows,
Richest flower in all the land,
Royal lilies in the sunlight,
Brave with Summer's fair array,
Drowsy thro' the evening silence,
Crown of all the August day!
a. Dora Read Goodale—*Meadow Lilies.*

The hallowed lilies of the field
In glory are arrayed,
And timid, blue-eyed violets yield
Their fragrance to the shade.
b. E. C. Kinney—*The Spirit of Song.*

LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Convallaria Majalis.

The lily of the vale, of flowers the queen,
Puts on the robe she neither sew'd nor spun.
c. Michael Bruce—*Elegy.*

White bud! that in meek beauty dost lean,
Thy cloistered cheek as pale as moonlight snow,
Thou seem'st, beneath thy huge, high leaf of green,
An Eremite beneath his mountain's brow.
d. George Croly—*The Lily of the Valley.*

He held a basket full
Of all sweet herbs that searching eye could cull
Wild thyme, and valley-lilies whiter still
Than Leda's love, and cresses from the rill.
e. Keats—*Endymion.* Bk. I. Line 155.

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair, and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen,
Through their pavillions of tender green.
f. Shelley—*The Sensitive Plant.* Pt. I.

The broad leafed lily of the vale,
And the meek forget-me-not.
g. Lydia Sigourney—*Farewell to a Rural Residence.*

She saw the river onward glide,
The lilies nodding on the tide.
h. Susan H. Talley—*Ennerslie.*

The lily of the vale
Its balmy essence breathes.
i. Thomson—*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 448.

Leaves of that shy plant,
(Her flowers were shed) the lily of the vale,
That loves the ground, and from the sun withholds
Her pensive beauty; from the breeze her sweets.
j. Wordsworth—*The Excursion.* Bk. IX. Line 540.

LOTUS.

Nymphœa Lotus.

The lotos flower is troubled
At the sun's resplendent light;
With sunken head and sadly
She dreamily waits for the night.
k. Heine—*Book of Songs. Lyrical Interlude.* No. 10.

Stone lotus-cups, with petals dipped in sand.
l. Jean Ingelow—*Gladys and her Island.* Line 460.

MAGNOLIA-GRANDIFLORA.

Majestic flower! How purely beautiful
Thou art, as rising from thy bower of green,
Those dark and glossy leaves so thick and full,
Thou standest like a high-born forest queen
Among thy maidens clustering round so fair;—
I love to watch thy sculptured form unfolding,
And look into thy depths, to image there
A fairy cavern, and while thus beholding,
And while thy breeze floats o'er thee, matchless flower,
I breathe the perfume, delicate and strong,
That comes like incense from thy petal-bower;
My fancy roams those southern woods along,
Beneath that glorious tree, where deep among
The unsunned leaves thy large white flower-cups hung!
m. Christopher Pearse Cranch—*Poem to the Magnolia Grandiflora.*

MALLOW.

Malva.

Ah, me! the mallows, dead in the garden drear,
Ah! the green parsley, the thriving tufts of dill;
These again shall rise, shall live in the coming year.
n. Moschus.

MARIGOLD.

Tagetes.

The marigold, whose courtier's face
Echoes the sun, and doth unlace
Her at his rise, at his full stop
Packs and shuts up her gaudy shop.
o. John Cleveland—*On Phillis Walking before Sunrise.*

The marigold abroad her leaves doth spread,
Because the sun's and her power is the same.
p. Henry Constable—*Diana.*

No marigolds yet closed are,
No shadows great appear.
q. Herrick—*Hesperides. To Daisies, Not to Shut so Soone.*

Open afresh your round of starry folds,
Ye ardent marigolds!
Dry up the moisture from your golden lids.
a. KEATS—*I Stood Tiptoe Upon a Little Hill.*

The sun-observing marigold.
b. QUARLES—*The School of the Heart. Ode XXX.* St. 5.

Nor shall the marigold unmentioned die,
Which Acis once found out in Sicily;
She Phœbus loves, and from him draws his hue,
And ever keeps his golden beams in view.
c. RAPIN—*In his Latin Poem on Gardens.* Trans. by Gardiner in 1706.

Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed with th' sun,
And with him rises weeping.
d. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Winking Marybuds begin to ope their golden eyes.
e. *Cymbeline.* Act II. Sc. 3. *Song.*

Homely, forgotten flower,
Under the rose's bower,
Plain as a weed.
f. BAYARD TAYLOR—*Marigold.*

When with a serious musing I behold
The graceful and obsequious marigold,
How duly, every morning she displays
Her open breast, when Titan spreads his rays.
g. GEORGE WITHER—*The Marigold.*

MARSH-MARIGOLD.

Caltha Palustris.

In yonder marshes burns
The fiery-flaming marigold.
h. DORA READ GOODALE—*May.*

The seal and guerdon of wealth untold
We clasp in the wild marsh-marigold.
i. ELAINE GOODALE—*Nature's Coinage.*

Fair is the marigold, for pottage meet.
j. GAY—*Shepherd's Week. Monday.* Line 46.

MEADOW RUE.

Thalictrum.

When emerald slopes are drowned in song,
When weary grows the unclouded blue,
When warm winds sink in billowy bloom,
And flood you with a faint perfume,
One moment leave the rapturous throng
To seek the haunts of meadow rue!
k. ELAINE GOODALE—*Meadow Rue.*

MIGNONETTE.

Reseda Odorata.

Here bloom red roses, dewy wet,
And beds of fragrant mignonette.
l. ELAINE GOODALE—*Thistles and Roses.*

MOCCASIN.

Cypripedium.

With careless joy we thread the woodland ways
And reach her broad domain.
Thro' sense of strength and beauty, free as air,
We feel our savage kin,—
And thus alone with conscious meaning wear
The Indian's moccasin!
m. ELAINE GOODALE—*Moccasin Flower.*

MORNING-GLORY.

Ipomœa.

Wondrous interlacement!
Holding fast to threads by green and silky rings,
With the dawn it spreads its white and purple wings;
Generous in its bloom, and sheltering while it clings,
Sturdy morning-glory.
n. HELEN HUNT—*Verses. Morning-Glory.*

The morning-glory's blossoming
Will soon be coming round;
We see their rows of heart-shaped leaves
Upspringing from the ground.
o. MRS. LOWELL—*The Morning-Glory*

MYRTLE.

Myrtus Communis.

Nor myrtle—which means chiefly love; and love
Is something awful which one dare not touch
So early o' mornings.
p. E. B. BROWNING—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. II.

In the open air
Our myrtles blossomed.
q. COLERIDGE—*Reflections on Leaving a Place of Retirement.*

Dark-green and gemm'd with flowers of snow,
With close uncrowded branches spread
Not proudly high, nor meanly low,
A graceful myrtle rear'd its head.
r. MONTGOMERY—*The Myrtle.*

The myrtle now idly entwin'd with his crown,
Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his sword.
s. MOORE—*O, Blame Not The Bard.*

Baskets overheaped
With myrtle, ivy, lilies, hyacinths,
And all the world of sweets.
t. MARGARET J. PRESTON—*Erinna's Spinning*

ORCHID.

Orchis.

In the marsh pink orchid's faces,
With their coy and dainty graces,
Lure us to their hiding places—
Laugh, O murmuring Spring!
u. SARAH F. DAVIS—*Summer Song.*

Purple orchis lasteth long.
a. JEAN INGELOW—*Brothers, and a Sermon. Song.*

Around the pillars of the palm tree bower
The orchids cling, in rose and purple spheres,
Shield-broad the lily floats; the aloe flower
Foredates its hundred years.
b. BAYARD TAYLOR—*Canopus.*

PAINTED-CUP.

Castilleja.

Scarlet tufts
Are glowing in the green, like flakes of fire
The wanderers of the prairie know them well,
And call that brilliant flower the Painted Cup.
c. BRYANT—*The Painted Cup.*

PANSY.

Viola Tricolor.

Of all the bonny buds that blow
In bright or cloudy weather,
Of all the flowers that come and go
The whole twelve moons together,
The little purple pansy brings
Thoughts of the sweetest, saddest things,
d. MARY E. BRADLEY—*Heartsease.*

Pansies for ladies all—(I wis
That none who wear such brooches miss
A jewel in the mind.)
e. E. B. BROWNING—*A Flower in a Letter.*

Summer hath a close
And pansies bloom not in the snows.
f. E. B. BROWNING—*Wisdom Unapplied.*

The flamy Pansy ushers Summer in,
His friendly march with Summer does begin;
Autumn's companion too, (so Proserpine
Hides half the year, and half the year is seen)
The Violet is less beautiful than thee,
That of one colour boasts, and thou of three:
Gold, silver, purple, are thy ornament,
Thy rivals thou might'st scorn, had'st thou but scent.
g. COWLEY—*Of Plants.* Line 59.

I send thee pansies while the year is young,
Yellow as sunshine, purple as the night;
Flowers of remembrance, ever fondly sung
By all the chiefest of the Sons of Light;
And if in recollection lives regret
For wasted days and dreams that were not true,
I tell thee that the "pansy freak'd with jet"
Is still the heart's ease that the poets knew.
Take all the sweetness of a gift unsought,
And for the pansies send me back a thought.
h. SARAH DOWDNEY—*Pansies.*

By scattered rocks and turbid waters shifting
By furrowed glade and dell,
To feverish men thy calm, sweet face uplifting,
Thou stayest them to tell.
The delicate thought, that cannot find expression,
For ruder speech too fair,
That, like thy petals, trembles in possession,
And scatters on the air.
i. BRET HARTE—*The Mountain Heart's-Ease.*

They are all in the lily-bed, cuddled close together—
Purple, Yellow-cap, and little Baby-blue;
How they ever got there you must ask the April weather,
The morning and the evening winds, the sunshine and the dew.
j. NELLIE M. HUTCHINSON—*Vagrant Pansies.*

Pansies, on their lowly stems,
Scatter'd o'er the fallows.
k. MONTGOMERY—*The Valentine Wreath.*

The beauteous pansies rise
In purple, gold, and blue,
With tints of rainbow hue
Mocking the sunset skies.
l. THOMAS J. OUSELEY—*The Angel of the Flowers.*

Pray you, love, remember: And there is pansies, that's for thoughts.
m. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

The bolt of Cupid fell
* * * Upon a little western flower,—
Before, milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
n. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Pansies in soft April rains
Fill their stalks with honeyed sap
Drawn from Earth's prolific lap.
o. BAYARD TAYLOR—*Ariel in the Cloven Pine.*

Early pansies, one by one,
Opening the violet eye.
p. SARAH HELEN WHITMAN—*She Blooms no More.*

PASSION-FLOWER.

Passiflora.

Art thou a type of beauty, or of power,
Of sweet enjoyment, or disastrous sin?
For each thy name denoteth, Passion-flower!
O no! thy pure corolla's depth within
We trace a holier symbol; yea, a sign
'Twixt God and man; a record of that hour
When the expiatory act divine
Cancelled that curse which was our mortal dower.
It is the Cross!
q. Sir AUBREY DE VERE—*A Song of Faith. Devout Exercises and Sonnets. The Passion-Flower.*

PAW-PAW.

Asimina.

Brown is the paw-paw's shade blossoming cup,
In the wood, near the sun-loving maize.
a. William Fosdick—*The Maize.*

PEA, SWEET.

Lathyrus Odoratus.

The pea is but a wanton witch
In too much haste to wed,
And clasps her rings on every hand.
b. Hood—*Flowers.*

Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight;
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,
And taper fingers catching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings.
c. Keats—*I Stood Tiptoe Upon a Little Hill.*

PIMPERNEL.

Anagallis Arvensis.

The turf is warm beneath her feet,
Bordering the beach of stone and shell,
And thick about her path the sweet
Red blossoms of the pimpernel.
d. Celia Thaxter—*The Pimpernel.*

PINK.

Dianthus.

You take a pink,
You dig about its roots and water it,
And so improve it to a garden pink,
But will not change it to a heliotrope.
e. E. B. Browning—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. VI.

And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer.
f. Burns—*O Luve Will Venture In.*

The pink in truth we should not slight,
It is the gardener's pride.
g. Goethe—*The Beauteous Flower.*

The wild pink crowns the garden wall,
And with the flowers are intermingled stones
Sparry and bright, rough scatterings of the hills.
h. Wordsworth—*The Excursion.* Bk. VI. Line 1166.

POPPY.

Papaver Somniferum.

I sing the Poppy! The frail snowy weed!
The flower of Mercy! that within its heart
Doth keep "a drop serene" for human need,
A drowsy balm for every bitter smart.
For happy hours the Rose will idly blow—
The Poppy hath a charm for pain and woe.
i. Mary A. Barr—*White Poppies.*

Pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed!
j. Burns—*Tam O'Shanter.*

We are slumberous poppies,
Lords of Lethe downs,
Some awake, and some asleep,
Sleeping in our crowns.
What perchance our dreams may know,
Let our serious beauty show.
k. Leigh Hunt—*Songs and Chorus of the Flowers. Poppies.*

The poppies hung
Dew-dabbled on their stalks.
l. Keats—*Endymion.* Bk. I. Line 690.

Through the dancing poppies stole
A breeze most softly lulling to my soul.
m. Keats—*Endymion.* Bk. I. Line 573.

Find me next a Poppy posy
Type of his harangues so dozy.
n. Moore—*Wreaths for the Ministers.*

Let but my scarlet head appear
And I am held in scorn;
Yet juice of subtile virtue lies
Within my cup of curious dyes.
o. Christina G. Rossetti—"*Consider the Lilies of the Field.*"

No odours sweet proclaim the spot
Where its soft leaves unfold;
Nor mingled hues of beauty bright
Charm and allure the captive sight
With forms and tints untold.
p. Cynthia Taggart—*Ode to the Poppy.*

One simple hue the plant portrays
Of glowing radiance rare,
Fresh as the roseate morn displays,
And seeming sweet and fair.
q. Cynthia Taggart—*Ode to the Poppy.*

Far and wide, in a scarlet tide,
The poppy's bonfire spread.
r. Bayard Taylor—*The Poet in the East.*

POPPY, CORN.

Papaver Rhœas.

Gold flashed out from the wheat-ear brown,
And flame from the poppy's leaf.
s. Eliza Cook—*Stanzas.*

Striped the balls which the poppy holds up
For the dew, and the sun's yellow rays.
t. William Fosdick—*The Maize.*

On one side is a field of drooping oats,
Through which the poppies show their scarlet coats.
u. Keats—*Epistle to George Felton Mathew.*

A mischievous morn, that smites the poppies' cheeks
Among the corn, till they are crimsoning
With bashful flutterings.
v. Margaret J. Preston—*Unvisited.*

PRIMROSE.

Primula.

'Tis the first primrose! see how meek,
Yet beautiful it looks;
As just a lesson it may speak
As that which is in books.
a. W. L. Bowles—*Primrose.*

The primrose-banks, how fair!
b. Burns—*To Chloris.*

Welcome, pale primrose! starting up between
Dead matted leaves of ash and oak that strew
The every lawn, the wood, and spinney through,
'Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker green;
How much thy presence beautifies the ground!
How sweet thy modest unaffected pride
Glows on the sunny bank and wood's warm side!
c. Clare—*The Primrose. A Sonnet.*

I see the bright primroses burst where I stand,
And I laugh like a child as they drip in my hand.
d. Eliza Cook—*Summer is Nigh.*

Music, sweet music,
Sounds over the earth;
One glad choral song
Greets the primrose's birth.
e. Eliza Cook—*Spring.*

The primrose opes its eye,
And the young moth flutters by.
f. Eliza Cook—*Christmas Tide.*

"Three bunches a penny, primroses!"
Oh, dear is the greeting of Spring,
When she offers her dew-spangled posies,
The fairest creation can bring.
g. Eliza Cook—*Old Cries.*

The spring now calls us forth; come, sister! come,
To see the primrose and the daisy bloom.
h. Gay—*The Espousal.* Line 101.

Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.
i. Goldsmith—*Deserted Village.* Line 329.

Bountiful Primroses,
With outspread heart that needs the rough leaves' care.
j. George MacDonald—*Wild Flowers.*

Mild offspring of a dark and sullen sire!
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
Was nursed in whirling storms,
And cradled in the winds.
Thee when young spring first question'd winter's sway,
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,
Thee on this bank he threw
To mark his victory.
k. Henry Kirke White—*To An Early Primrose.*

Primroses, the Spring may love them
Summer knows but little of them.
l. Wordsworth—*Foresight.*

The Primrose for a veil had spread
The largest of her upright leaves;
And thus for purposes benign,
A simple flower deceives.
m. Wordsworth—*A Wren's Nest.*

PRIMROSE, EVENING.

Oenorthera.

Fair flower that shunn'st the glare of day,
Yet lov'st to open, meek and bold,
To evening's hues of sober gray,
The cup of paly gold.
n. Bernard Barton—*To the Evening Primrose.*

The evening primroses,
O'er which the wind may hover till it dozes;
O'er which it well might take a pleasant sleep,
But that 'tis ever startled by the leap
Of buds into ripe flowers.
o. Keats—*I Stood Tiptoe Upon a Little Hill.*

RHODORA.

Rhodora.

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew;
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The selfsame power that brought me there brought you.
p. Emerson—*The Rhodora.*

REED.

Phragmites.

Those tall flowering-reeds which stand,
In Arno like a sheaf of sceptres, left
By some remote dynasty of dead gods.
q. E. B. Browning—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. VII

ROSE.

Rosa.

White with the whiteness of the snow,
Pink with the faintest rosy glow,
They blossom on their sprays;
They glad the borders with their bloom,
And sweeten with their rich perfume
The mossy garden-ways.

The dew that from their brimming leaves
Drips down the mignonette receives,
And sweeter grows thereby;
The tall June lilies stand anear,
In raiment white and gold, and here
The purple pansies lie.
a. Anonymous—*Moss Roses.*

She wore a wreath of roses,
The night that first we met.
b. Bayly—*She Wore a Wreath.*

The rose that all are praising
Is not the rose for me.
c. Bayly—*The Rose That All Are Praising.*

The fullblown rose, mid dewy sweets
Most perfect dies.
d. Maria Brooks—*Written on Seeing Pharamond.*

A rose as fair as ever saw the North,
Grew in a little garden all alone:
A sweeter flower did Nature ne'er put forth,
Nor fairer garden yet was never known.
e. William Browne—*Visions. Sonnet V.*

And thus, what can we do,
Poor rose and poet too,
Who both antedate our mission
In an unprepared season?
f. E. B. Browning—*A Lay of the Early Rose.*

A white rosebud for a guerdon.
g. E. B. Browning—*Romance of the Swan's Nest.*

"For if I wait," said she
"Till time for roses be—
For the moss-rose and the musk-rose,
Maiden-blush and royal-dusk rose,—

"What glory then for me
In such a company?
Roses plenty, roses plenty
And one nightingale for twenty?"
h. E. B. Browning—*A Lay of the Early Rose.*

Oh rose! who dares to name thee?
No longer roseate now, nor soft, nor sweet;
But pale, and hard, and dry, as stubble wheat,—
Kept seven years in a drawer—thy titles shame thee.
i. E. B. Browning—*A Dead Rose.*

Red roses, used to praises long,
Contented with the poets' song,
The nightingale's being over.
j. E. B. Browning—*A Flower in a Letter.*

This guelder rose, at far too slight a beck
Of the wind, will toss about her flower-apples.
k. E. B. Browning—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. II

'Twas a yellow rose,
By that south window of the little house,
My cousin Romney gathered with his hand
On all my birthdays, for me, save the last;
And then I shook the tree too rough, too rough,
For roses to stay after.
l. E. B. Browning—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. VI.

You smell a rose through a fence:
If two should smell it, what matter?
m. E. B. Browning—*Lord Walter's Wife.*

All June I bound the rose in sheaves.
Now, rose by rose I strip the leaves.
n. Robert Browning—*One Way of Love.*

Loveliest of lovely things are they,
On earth that soonest pass away.
The rose that lives its little hour
Is prized beyond the sculptured flower.
o. Bryant—*A Scene on the Banks of the Hudson.*

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,
For its like a baumy kiss o'her, sweet bonnie mon!
p. Burns—*The Posie.*

Yon rose-buds in the morning dew,
How pure amang the leaves sae green!
q. Burns—*To Chloris.*

When love came first to earth, the Spring
Spread rose-beds to receive him.
r. Campbell—*Song.*

For those roses bright! O, those roses bright!
I have twined them in my sister's locks
That are hid in the dust from sight.
s. Alice Cary—*Our Homestead.*

Roses were sette of swete savour,
With many roses that thei bere.
t. Chaucer—*The Romaunt of the Rose.*

If Jove would give the leafy bowers
A queen for all their world of flowers
The rose would be the choice of Jove
And blush, the queen of every grove,
Gem, the vest of earth adorning
Eye of gardens, light of lawns
Nursling of soft summer dawns;
Love's own earliest sigh it breathes
Beauty's brow with lustre wreathes
And to young Zephyr's warm caresses,
Spreads abroad its verdant tresses.
u. Clodia.

The forest will put forth its "honours" again,
The rose be as sweet in its breathing.
v. Eliza Cook—*Summer's Farewell.*

The rose's lips grow pale
With her sighs.
w. Rose Terry Cooke—*Reve Du Midi.*

I wish I might a rose-bud grow
And thou wouldst cull me from the bower,
To place me on that breast of snow
Where I should bloom a wintry flower.
a. DIONYSIUS.

A wreath of dewy roses, fresh and sweet,
Just brought from out the garden's cool retreat.
b. JULIA C. R. DORR—*Vashti's Scroll.* Line 148.

O beautiful, royal Rose,
O Rose, so fair and sweet!
Queen of the garden art thou,
And I—the Clay at thy feet!
* * * *
Yet, O thou beautiful Rose!
Queen rose, so fair and sweet,
What were love or crown to thee
Without the Clay at thy feet?
c. JULIA C. R. DORR—*The Clay to the Rose.*

O Rose, my red, red Rose!
Where has thy beauty fled?
Low in the west is a sea of fire,
But the great white moon soars high and higher,
As my garden-walks I tread.
d. JULIA C. R. DORR—*A Red Rose.*

It never rains roses: when we want—
To have more roses we must plant more trees.
e. GEORGE ELIOT—*Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. III.

The gathered rose and the stolen heart
Can charm but for a day.
f. EMMA EMBURY—*Ballad.*

She stopped and culled a leaf
Left fluttering on a rose.
g. CAROLINE GILMAN—*Annie in the Graveyard.*

The rose is wont with pride to swell,
And ever seeks to rise.
h. GOETHE—*The Beauteous Flower.*

Look where royal roses burn.
i. ELAINE GOODALE—*To* ——.

The crimson petals of the Rose,
In glowing hues how richly dressed!
How doth each regal bloom disclose
A mantling blush, a warm unrest!
j. ELAINE GOODALE—*Rose Leaves.*

It is written on the rose
In its glory's full array
Read what those buds disclose—
"Passing away."
k. Mrs. HEMANS—*Passing Away.*

There be the rose, with beauty fraught
So soon to fade, so brilliant now.
l. Mrs. HEMANS. *Tran. from Horace. To Delius.*

Sweet rose, whose hue angrie and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is even in the grave,
And thou must die.
m. HERBERT—*Vertue.* St. 2.

Gather ye rose-buds while you may,
Old Time is still a-flying,
And this same flower, that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.
n. HERRICK—*To the Virgins to Make Much of Time.*

Poor Peggy hawks nosegays from street to street
Till—think of that who find life so sweet!—
She hates the smell of roses.
o. HOOD—*Miss Kilmansegg.*

We are blushing Roses,
Bending with our fulness,
'Midst our close-capp'd sister buds,
Warming the green coolness.
p. LEIGH HUNT—*Songs and Chorus of the Flowers. Roses.*

The guelder rose
In a great stillness dropped, and ever dropped
Her wealth about her feet.
q. JEAN INGELOW—*Laurance.* Pt. III.

The roses that in yonder hedge appear
Outdo our garden-buds which bloom within;
But since the hand may pluck them every day,
Unmarked they bud, bloom, drop, and drift away.
r. JEAN INGELOW—*The Four Bridges.* St. 61.

The virmeil rose had blown
In frightful scarlet, and its thorns outgrown
Like spiked aloe.
s. KEATS—*Endymion.* Bk. I. Line 704.

When, O Wells! thy roses came to me,
My sense with their deliciousness was spell'd:
Soft voices had they, that with tender plea
Whisper'd of peace, and truth, and friendliness unquell'd.
t. KEATS—*To a Friend who Sent me Some Roses.*

Little dreaming of any mishap,
He was humming the words of some old song
"Two red roses he had on his cap
And another he bore at the point of his sword."
u. LONGFELLOW—*Killed at the Ford.*

Woo on, with odour wooing me,
Faint rose with fading core;
For God's rose-thought, that blooms in thee,
Will bloom for evermore.
v. GEORGE MACDONALD—*Songs of the Summer Night.* Pt. III.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.
w. MARLOWE—*The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.*

Like a rose
Red morn began to blossom and unclose
A flushing brightness on the dewy steep.
a. Owen Meredith—*The Wanderer.* Bk. I. *A Vision of the Morning.*

Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.
b. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 256.

Of all the garden flowers,
The fairest is the rose.
c. Moir—*Song of the South.*

Rose of the desert! thou art to me
An emblem of stainless purity,—
Of those who, keeping their garments white,
Walk on through life with steps aright.
d. Moir—*The White Rose.*

Sweet, sweet is the rose-bud
Bathed in dew.
e. Moir—*Mary Dhu.*

Go, twine her locks with rose-buds.
f. Montgomery—*Worms and Flowers.*

Rose-buds scarcely show'd their hue,
But coyly linger'd on the thorn.
g. Montgomery—*The Adventures of a Star.*

Two Roses on one slender spray
In sweet communion grew;
Together hailed the morning ray
And drank the evening dew.
h. Montgomery—*The Roses.*

Being weary of love
I flew to the grove,
And chose me a tree of the fairest;
Saying "Pretty Rose-tree,
"Thou my mistress shalt be,
"And I'll worship each bud thou bearest.
"For the hearts of this world are hollow,
"And fickle the smiles we follow;
"And 'tis sweet, when all
"Their witch'ries pall,
"To have a pure love to fly to:
"So, my pretty Rose-tree,
"Thou my mistress shalt be,
"And the only one now I shall sigh to."
i. Moore—*The Pretty Rose-Tree.*

Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!
Like the vase in which roses have once been distill'd:
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.
j. Moore—*Farewell! but Whenever You Welcome the Hour.*

No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.
k. Moore—*Last Rose of Summer.*

Resplendent rose! to thee we'll sing;
Whose breath perfumes th' Olympian bowers.
l. Moore—*Odes of Anacreon. Ode LV.*

Rose of the Desert! thus should woman be
Shining uncourted, lone and safe, like thee.
m. Moore—*Rose of the Desert.*

Rose of the Garden! such is woman's lot,—
Worshipp'd when blooming—when she fades, forgot.
n. Moore—*Rose of the Desert.*

Rose! thou art the sweetest flower,
That ever drank the amber shower,
Rose! thou art the fondest child
Of dimpled Spring, the wood-nymph wild.
o. Moore—*Odes of Anacreon. Ode XLIV.*

Sometimes when on the Alpine rose
The golden sunset leaves its ray,
So like a gem the flow'ret glows,
We thither bend our headlong way;
And, though we find no treasure there,
We bless the rose that shines so fair.
p. Moore—*The Crystal-Hunters.*

The Graces love to wreath the rose.
q. Moore—*Odes of Anacreon. Ode LV.*

Then wherefore waste the rose's bloom
Upon the cold, insensate tomb?
Can flowery breeze, or odor's breath,
Afflict the still, cold sense of death?
r. Moore—*Odes of Anacreon. Ode XXXII.*

There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long,
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream,
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.
s. Moore—*Lalla Rookh. The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.*

There's naught in nature bright or gay,
Where roses do not shed their ray.
When morning paints the orient skies,
Her fingers burn with roseate dyes.
t. Moore—*Odes of Anacreon. Ode LV.*

The rose distils a healing balm
The beatin pulse of pain to calm.
u. Moore—*Odes of Anacreon. Ode LV.*

'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone.
v. Moore—*Last Rose of Summer.*

'Twere a shame, when flowers around us rise
To make light of the rest, if the rose isn't there.
w. Moore—*'Tis Sweet to Think.*

What would the rose with all her pride be worth,
Were there no sun to call her brightness forth?
x. Moore—*Love Alone.*

Give me, wet with dews of morning,
Give, O, give the breathing rose!
a. PERCIVAL—*To the Rose.* Pt. III. St. 7.

O rose! the sweetest blossom,
Of spring the fairest flower,
O rose! the joy of heaven.
The god of love, with roses
His yellow locks adorning,
Dances with the hours and graces.
b. PERCIVAL—*Anacreontic.* St. 2.

Die of a rose in aromatic pain.
c. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 200.

Let opening roses knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from every thorn.
d. POPE—*Autumn.* Line 36.

Roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
e. POPE—*Rape of the Lock.* Canto IV. Line 158.

And when the parent rose decays and dies,
With a resembling face the daughter-buds arise.
f. PRIOR—*Celia to Damon.*

The rose
Propt at the cottage door with careful hands,
Bursts its green bud, and looks abroad for May.
g. READ—*The New Pastoral.* Bk. VI.

We bring roses, beautiful fresh roses,
Dewy as the morning and coloured like the dawn;
Little tents of odour, where the bee reposes,
Swooning in sweetness of the bed he dreams upon.
h. READ—*The New Pastoral.* Bk. VII.

Thus to the Rose, the Thistle:
Why art thou not of Thistle-breed?
Of use thou'dst, then, be truly,
For asses might upon thee feed.
i. FREDERICK RICORD—Trans. *The Rose and Thistle.* From the German of F. N. Bodenstedt.

I watched a rose-bud very long
Brought on by dew and sun and shower,
Waiting to see the perfect flower:
Then when I thought it should be strong
It opened at the matin hour
And fell at even-song.
j. CHRISTINA G. ROSETTI—*Symbols.*

O happy rose-bud blooming
Upon thy parent tree,—
Nay, thou art too presuming;
For soon the Earth entombing
Thy faded charms shall be,
And the chill damp consuming.
k. CHRISTINA G. ROSETTI—*Gone Forever.*

The rose saith in the dewy morn,
I am most fair;
Yet all my loveliness is born
Upon a thorn.
l. CHRISTINA G. ROSETTI—*Consider the Lilies of the Field.*

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;
The rose is sweetest wash'd with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalm'd in tears.
m. SCOTT—*Lady of the Lake.* Canto IV. St. 1.

From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.
n. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 4.

Gloves as sweet as damask roses.
o. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 3. *Song.*

Hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose.
p. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfumed.
q. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act I. Sc. 1.

The red rose on triumphant brier.
r. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act III. Sc. 1.

There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.
s. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act III. Sc. 1. *Song.*

And the rose like a nymph to the bath addrest,
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast.
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air,
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare.
t. SHELLEY—*The Sensitive Plant.* Pt. I.

I am the one rich thing that morn
Leaves for the ardent noon to win;
Grasp me not, I have a thorn,
But bend and take my fragrance in.
u. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD—*The Rose.*

It was nothing but a rose I gave her,
Nothing but a rose
Any wind might rob of half its savor,
Any wind that blows.
* * * * * *
Withered, faded, pressed between these pages,
Crumpled, fold on fold—
Once it lay upon her breast, and ages
Cannot make it old!
v. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD—*Song.*

Half in shade and half in sun;
The Rose sat in her bower,
With a passionate thrill in her crimson heart.
w. BAYARD TAYLOR—*The Poet in the East.*

The yellow rose leaves falling down
Pay golden toll to passing June.
x. BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR—*The Rose and the Robin.*

O to what uses shall we put
The wild weed flower that simply blows?
And is there any moral shut
Within the bosom of the rose?
a. TENNYSON—*The Day-Dream. Moral.*

When a rose is too haughty for Heaven's dew
She becometh a spider's gray lair;
And a bosom, that never devotion knew
Or affection, divine, shall be filled with rue
And with darkness, and end with despair.
b. THEUDOBACH—*Roses.*

I saw the rose-grove blushing in pride,
I gathered the blushing rose—and sigh'd—
I come from the rose-grove, mother,
I come from the grove of roses.
c. GIL VICENTE—*I Come from the Rose-grove, Mother.* Trans. by John Bowring.

Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.
d. WALLER—*Go, Lovely Rose.*

How fair is the rose! what a beautiful flower,
The glory of April and May!
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.
Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
Above all the flowers of the field;
When its leaves are all dead. and its fine colours lost,
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!
e. ISAAC WATTS—*The Rose.*

The rosebuds lay their crimson lips together,
And the green leaves are whispering to themselves.
f. AMELIA B. WELBY—*Hopeless Love.*

The garden rose may richly bloom
In cultured soil and genial air.
g. WHITTIER—*The Bride of Pennacook.* Pt. III.

Proud be the rose, with rain and dews
Her head impearling.
h. WORDSWORTH—*To the Daisy.*

ROSE, MUSK.

Rosa Moschata.

I saw the sweetest flower wild nature yields,
A fresh-blown musk-rose; 'twas the first that threw
Its sweets upon the summer.
i. KEATS—*To a Friend who Sent some Roses.*

Mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.
j. KEATS—*Ode to a Nightingale.*

ROSE, SWEET-BRIER.

(*Eglantine,*) *Rosa Rubiginosa.*

Here's eglantine,
Here's ivy!—take them as I used to do
Thy flowers, and keep them where they shall not pine.
Instruct thine eyes to keep their colors true,
And tell thy soul their roots are left in mine.
k. E. B. BROWNING—*Trans. from the Portuguese.* XLII.

Sometimes I choose the lily, without stain;
The royal rose sometimes the best I call;
Then the low daisy, dancing with the rain,
Doth seem to me the finest flower of all;
And yet if only one could bloom for me—
I know right well what flower that one would be!
l. ALICE CARY—*The Field Sweet-Brier.*

The sweet-brier under the window-sill,
Which the early birds made glad,
And the damask rose by the garden fence,
Were all the flowers we had.
m. ALICE CARY—*Our Homestead.*

Sycamores with eglantine were spread,
A hedge about the sides, a covering overhead.
n. DRYDEN—*The Flower and the Leaf.* Line 94.

The fresh eglantine exhaled a breath,
Whose odours were of power to raise from death.
o. DRYDEN—*The Flower and the Leaf.* Line 95.

The sweet-brier rose—the wayside rose,
Still spreads its fragrant arms,
Where graciously to passing eyes
It gave its simple charms.
p. CAROLINE GILMAN—*Return to Massachusetts.*

All day the winds about her cool the air,
Faint sounds the tinkle of the waterfall,—
What is the sudden answer you may bear,
O wayward rose, that blossoms by the wall?
q. DORA READ GOODALE—*Sweet-Brier.*

Wild-rose, Sweet-brier, Eglantine,
All these pretty names are mine,
And scent in every leaf is mine,
And a leaf for all is mine,
And the scent—Oh, that's divine!
Happy-sweet and pungent fine,
Pure as dew, and pick'd as wine.
r. LEIGH HUNT—*Songs and Chorus of the Flowers, Sweet-Brier.*

Its sides I'll plant with dew-sweet eglantine.
s. KEATS—*Endymion.* Bk. IV. Line 702.

Rain scented eglantine
Gave temperate sweets to that well-wooing sun.
t. KEATS—*Endymion.* Bk. I. Line 100.

Through the verdant maze
Of sweetbriar hedges I pursue my walk;
Or taste the smell of dairy.
a. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 104.

The garden rose may richly bloom
In cultured soil and genial air,
To cloud the light of Fashion's room
Or droop in Beauty's midnight hair,
In lovelier grace to sun and dew
The sweetbrier on the hillside shows
Its single leaf and fainter hue
Untrained and wildly free, yet still a sister rose.
b. WHITTIER—*The Bride of Pennacook.* Pt. III. *The Daughter.*

ROSE, WILD.

Rosa Lucida.

A wild-rose roofs the ruined shed,
And that and summer well agree.
c. COLERIDGE—*A Day Dream.*

A brier rose, whose buds
Yield fragrant harvest for the honey bee.
d. L. E. LANDON—*The Oak.*

A waft from the roadside bank
Tells where the wild rose nods.
e. BAYARD TAYLOR—*The Guests of Night.*

ROSEMARY.

Rosmarinus.

Dreary rosmarye
That always mourns the dead.
f. HOOD—*Flowers.*

The humble rosemary
Whose sweets so thanklessly are shed
To scent the desert and the dead.
g. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. Light of the Harem.*

There's rosemary, that's for remembrance;
And there's pansies, that's for thought.
h. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

SAFFRON.

Carthamus.

The saffron flower
Clear as a flame of sacrifice breaks out.
i. JEAN INGELOW—*The Doom.* Bk. II.

SEA-WEED.

Alga.

Call us not weeds, we are flowers of the sea.
j. E. L. AVELINE—*The Mother's Fables.*

SENSITIVE-PLANT.

Mimosa.

A sensitive-plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And clothed them beneath the kisses of night.
k. SHELLEY—*The Sensitive Plant.* Pt. I.

For the Sensitive Plant has no bright flower;
Radiance and odour are not its dower;
It loves, even like Love, its deep heart is full,
It desires what it has not, the Beautiful.
l. SHELLEY—*The Sensitive Plant.* Pt. I.

SHAMROCK.

Trifolium Repens.

O, the shamrock, the green, immortal shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and chief,
Old Erin's native shamrock.
m. MOORE—*Oh, The Shamrock.*

SNOWDROP.

Galanthus.

At the head of Flora's dance;
Simple Snow-drop, then in thee
All thy sister-train I see;
Every brilliant bud that blows,
From the blue-bell to the rose;
All the beauties that appear,
On the bosom of the year,
All that wreathe the locks of Spring,
Summer's ardent breath perfume,
Or on the lap of Autumn bloom,
All to thee their tribute bring.
n. MONTGOMERY—*The Snow-Drop.*

Lone Flower, hemmed in with snows and white as they
But hardier far, once more I see thee bend
Thy forehead, as if fearful to offend,
Like an unbidden guest. Though day by day,
Storms sallying from the mountain-tops, waylay
The rising sun and on the plains descend;
Yet art thou welcome, welcome as a friend
Whose zeal outruns his promise!
o. WORDSWORTH—*To a Snow-Drop.*

Nor will I then thy modest grace forget,
Chaste Snow-drop, venturous harbinger of Spring,
And pensive monitor of fleeting years!
p. WORDSWORTH—*To a Snow-Drop.*

SPIREA.

Spiræa.

And yet she follows every turn
With spires of closely clustered bloom,
And all the wildness of the place,
The narrow pass, the rugged ways,
But give her larger room.

And near the unfrequented road,
By waysides scorched with barren heat,
In clouded pink or softer white
She holds the Summer's generous light,—
Our native meadow sweet!
q. DORA READ GOODALE—*Spirea.*

STRAWBERRY.

Fragaria.

When the fields are sweet with clover,
And the woods are glad with song,
When the brooks are running over,
And the days are bright and long,
Then, from every nook and bower.
Peeps the dainty strawberry flower.
a. Dora Read Goodale—*Strawberries.*

Fill your lap and fill your bosom,
Only spare the strawberry blossom.
b. Wordsworth—*Foresight.*

SUNFLOWER.

Helianthus.

Ah, sunflower, weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the sun,
Seeking after that sweet golden clime,
Where the traveller's journey is done;

Where the youth pined away with desire,
And the pale virgin shrouded in snow,
Arise from their graves and aspire
Where my sunflower wishes to go.
c. William Blake—*The Sunflower.*

Miles and miles of golden green
Where the sun-flowers blow
In a solid glow.
d. Robert Browning—*A Lover's Quarrel.* St. 6.

The yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood.
e. Bryant—*The Death of the Flowers.*

I still adore my fire with prostrate face,
Turn where he turns, and all his motions trace.
f. Cowley—*Of Plants.* Bk. IV. *Of Flowers.* Trans. by N. Tate. *The Sunflower.* Line 802.

The Sunflow'r, thinking 'twas for him foul shame
To nap by daylight, strove t' excuse the blame;
It was not sleep that made him nod, he said,
But too great weight and largeness of his head.
g. Cowley—*Of Plants.* Bk. IV. *Of Flowers. The Poppy.* Line 782.

With zealous step he climbs the upland lawn,
And bows in homage to the rising dawn;
Imbibes with eagle eye the golden ray,
And watches, as it moves, the orb of day.
h. Darwin—*Loves of the Plants.*

The sun-flower, that with warrior mien
Still eyes the orb of glory where it glows.
i. Doubleday—*Sixty-five Sonnets.*

Space for the sunflower, bright with yellow glow,
To court the sky.
j. Caroline Gilman—*To the Ursulines.*

And here the sunflower of the spring
Burns bright in morning's beam.
k. Ebenezer Elliott—*The Wonder of the Lane.* Line 77.

Sunflowers tall
O'er top the mossy garden wall.
l. Mary Howitt—*Corn-Fields.*

Eagle of flowers! I see thee stand,
And on the sun's noon-glory gaze;
With eye like his, thy lids expand,
And fringe their disk with golden rays;
Though fix'd on earth in darkness rooted there,
Light is thy element, thy dwelling air,
Thy prospect heaven.
m. Montgomery—*The Sun Flower.*

Sunflowers by the sides of brooks,
Turn'd to the sun.
n. Moore—*The Summer Fete. Song.*

The sun-flower turns on her god when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.
o. Moore—*Believe Me, if all Those Endearing Young Charms.*

Light-enchanted sunflower, thou
Who gazest ever true and tender
On the sun's revolving splendour!
p. Shelley—Trans. "*Magico Prodigioso*" *of Calderon.* Sc. 3.

Restless sunflower, cease to move.
q. Shelley—Trans. "*Magico Prodigioso*" *of Calderon.* Sc. 3.

Unloved, the sun flower, shining fair,
Ray round with flames her disk of seed,
And many a rose-carnation feed
With summer spice the humming air.
r. Tennyson—*In Memoriam.* Pt. C.

But one, the lofty follower of the sun,
Sad when he sets, shuts up her golden leaves,
Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamoured bosom to his ray.
s. Thomson—*The Seasons. Summer.* Line 216.

SWEET BASIL.

Ocimum Basilicum.

I pray your Highness mark this curious herb;
Touch it but lightly, stroke it softly, Sir,
And it gives forth an odor sweet and rare;
But crush it harshly and you'll make a scent
Most disagreeable.
t. Leland—*Sweet Basil.*

THISTLE.

Cirsium.

Up wi' the flowers o' Scotland,
The emblems o' the free,
Their guardians for a thousand years,
Their guardians still we'll be.
A foe had better brave the deil
Within his reeky cell,
Than our thistle's purple bonnet,
Or bonny heather bell.
u. Hogg—*The Flowers of Scotland.*

When on the breath of autumn's breeze,
From pastures dry and brown,
Goes floating, like an idle thought,
The fair, white thistle-down;
O, then what joy to walk at will,
Upon the golden harvest-hill!
a. MARY HOWITT—*Corn-Fields.*

THORN.

Cratœgus.

There is a Thorn—it looks so old,
In truth, you'll find it hard to say
How it could ever have been young,
It looks so old and grey.
Not higher than a two year's child
It stands erect, this aged Thorn;
No leaves it has, no prickly joints,
A wretched thing forlorn.
It stands erect, and like a stone
With lichens is it overgrown.
b. WORDSWORTH—*The Thorn.*

THYME.

Thymus.

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows.
c. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act II. Sc. 2.

TRILLIUM, BIRTH-ROOT.

Trillium.

Now about the rugged places
And along the ruined way,
Light and free in sudden graces
Comes the careless tread of May,—
Born of tempest, wrought in power,
Stirred by sudden hope and fear,
You may find a mystic flower
In the spring-time of the year!
d. DORA READ GOODALE—*Trillium.*

See the purple trilliums blooming
Rich and stately, everywhere.
e. DORA READ GOODALE—*May.*

TUBEROSE.

Polyanthes Tuberosa.

The tuberose, with her silvery light,
That in the Gardens of Malay
Is call'd the Mistress of the Night,
So like a bride, scented and bright;
She comes out when the sun's away.
f. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. Light of the Harem.*

TULIP.

Tulipa.

And tulips, children love to stretch
Their fingers down, to feel in each
Its beauty's secret nearer.
g. E. B. BROWNING—*A Flower in a Letter.*

You believe
In God, for your part? ay? that He who makes,
Can make good things from ill things, best from worst,
As men plant tulips upon dunghills when
They wish them finest.
h. E. B. BROWNING—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. II.

'Mid the sharp short emerald wheat, scarce risen three fingers well,
The wild tulip at end of its tube, blows out its great red bell,
Like a thin clear bubble of blood, for the children to pick and sell.
i. ROBERT BROWNING—*Up at a Villa. Down in the City.* St. 6.

Bring the tulip and the rose,
While their brilliant beauty glows.
j. ELIZA COOK—*The Heart That's True.*

The tulip is a courtly queen
Whom, therefore I will shun.
k. HOOD—*Flowers.*

Dutch tulips from their beds
Flaunted their stately heads.
l. MONTGOMERY—*The Adventure of a Star.*

The tulip's petals shine in dew,
All beautiful, but none alike.
m. MONTGOMERY—*On Planting a Tulip Root.*

Tulip-beds of different shape and dyes,
Bending beneath the invisible West-wind's sighs.
n. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.*

VERBENA.

Verbena.

Sweet verbena, which being brushed against,
Will hold us three hours after by the smell,
In spite of long walks on the windy hills.
o. E. B. BROWNING—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. VIII.

VIOLET.

Viola.

Early violets blue and white
Dying for their love of light.
p. EDWIN ARNOLD—*Almond Blossoms.*

Down in the valley under the hill,
Droppeth the snow-flake white and still,
Wrapping the violet, near my feet,
Cold and stiff in its winding sheet.
q. J. N. BARKER—*Under the Snow.*

Deep violets, you liken to
The kindest eyes that look on you,
Without a thought disloyal.
r. E. B. BROWNING—*A Flower in a Letter.*

I know where the young May violet grows,
In its lone and lowly nook.
a. BRYANT—*An Indian Story.* St. 2.

The country ever has a lagging Spring
Waiting for May to call its violets forth.
b. BRYANT—*Spring in Town.*

Violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen.
c. BRYANT—*To the Fringed Gentian.*

Violets spring in the soft May shower.
d. BRYANT—*The Maidens Sorrow.*

When beechen buds begin to swell,
And woods the blue-bird's warble know,
The yellow violet's modest bell
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.
e. BRYANT—*The Yellow Violet.*

The violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below.
f. ALICE CARY—*Pictures of Memory.*

Violets gem the fresh, young grass,
Softest breezes o'er thee pass.
g. MRS. CASE—*The Indian Relic.*

Blossoms blue still wet with dew,
"Sweet violets all a growing."
h. ELIZA COOK—*Old Cries.*

I see the blue violets peep from the bank.
i. ELIZA COOK—*Summer is Nigh.*

My soul is linked right tenderly to every shady copse;
I prize the creeping violet.
j. ELIZA COOK—*England.*

Stars will blossom in the darkness,
Violets bloom beneath the snow.
k. JULIA C. R. DORR—*For a Silver Wedding.*

The roses were all in bloom,
And in from the garden floated
The violets rich perfume.
l. JULIA C. R. DORR—*The Chimney Swallow.*

Upon that upland height
The darlings of the early spring—
Blue violets—were blossoming.
m. JULIA C. R. DORR—*Unanswered.*

Again the violet of our early days
Drinks beauteous azure from the golden sun,
And kindles into fragrance at his blaze.
n. EBENEZER ELLIOTT—*The Village Patriarch, Love, and other Poems. Spring.*

The purple violet shed a richness round,
And strewed its beauties on the chequered ground.
o. E. G. FERGUSON—*Telemachus.* Bk. I. *Procession of Calypso.*

The violet's charms I prize indeed,
So modest 'tis and fair,
And smells so sweet.
p. GOETHE—*The Beauteous Flower.*

A blossom of returning light,
An April flower of sun and dew;
The earth and sky, the day and night
Are melted in her depth of blue!
q. DORA READ GOODALE—*Blue Violet.*

Fresh and upright, blooms the sunny
Golden-yellow violet.
r. DORA READ GOODALE—*May.*

The modest, lowly violet
In leaves of tender green is set;
So rich she cannot hide from view,
But covers all the bank with blue.
s. DORA READ GOODALE—*Spring Scatters Far and Wide.*

Flowers amid the dripping moss,
Tearful flowers that sweeten loss;
Pressing closer on the myriads in their train;
White as milk and perfume-laden,
Purple-veined and golden-eyed,—
Still with sweeter solace waiting
Where the swollen streams divide.
t. ELAINE GOODALE—*White Violets.*

The violet-bank, the moss-fringed seat
Beneath the drooping tree.
u. SARAH J. HALE—*I Sing to Him.*

The eyes of spring, so azure,
Are peeping from the ground;
They are the darling violets,
That I in nosegays bound.
v. HEINE—*Book of Songs. New Spring.* No. 13.

The violets prattle and titter,
And gaze on the stars high above.
w. HEINE—*Book of Songs. Lyrical Interlude.* No. 9.

The violet is a nun.
x. HOOD—*Flowers.*

We are violets blue,
For our sweetness found
Careless in the mossy shades,
Looking on the ground.
Love dropp'd eyelids and a kiss,—
Such our breath and blueness is.
y. LEIGH HUNT—*Songs and Chorus of the Flowers. Violets.*

Shade the violets,
That they may bind the moss in leafy nets.
z. KEATS—*I stood Tiptoe Upon a Little Hill.*

To pry aloof
Atween the pillars of the sylvan roof,
Would be to find where violet beds were nestling,
And while the bee with cowslip bells was wrestling.
aa. KEATS—*Epistle to George Felton Mathew.*

Violets! deep-blue violets!
April's loveliest coronets!
There are no flowers grow in the vale
Kiss'd by the dew, woo'd by the gale,—
None by the dew of the twilight wet,
So sweet as the deep-blue violet.
bb. L. E. LANDON—*The Violet.*

Violet! sweet violet!
Thine eye are full of tears;
Are they wet
Even yet
With the thought of other years?
a. LOWELL—*Song.*

Winds wander, and dews drip earthward;
Rains fall, suns rise and set;
Earth whirls, and all but to prosper
A poor little violet.
b. LOWELL—*The Changeling.*

The violet is plucked, and the dew-drop is flown.
c. MONTGOMERY—*Bolehill Trees.*

The violets were past their prime,
Yet their departing breath
Was sweeter, in the blast of death,
Than all the lavish fragrance of the time.
d. MONTGOMERY—*The Adventure of a Star.*

Hath the pearl less whiteness
Because of its birth?
Hath the violet less brightness
For growing near earth?
e. MOORE—*Desmond's Song.*

Steals timidly away,
Shrinking as violets do in summer's ray.
f. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.*

Violets, violets, sweet March violets
Sure as March comes, they'll come too,
First the white and then the blue—
Pretty violets!
g. D. M. MULOCK—*Violets.*

Surely as cometh the Winter, I know
There are Spring violets under the snow.
h. R. H. NEWELL (Orpheus C. Kerr) — *Spring Violets under the Snow.*

The violet thinks, with her timid blue eye,
To pass for a blossom enchantingly shy.
i. Mrs. OSGOOD—*Garden Gossip.*

It is the Spring time: April violets glow
In wayside nooks, close clustering into groups,
Like shy elves hiding from the traveller's eye.
j. READ—*The New Pastoral.*

A vi'let on the meadow grew,
That no one saw, that no one knew,
It was a modest flower.
A shepherdess pass'd by that way—
Light-footed, pretty and so gay;
That way she came,
Softly warbling forth her lay.
k. FREDERICK RICORD—Trans. *The Violet. From the German of Goethe.*

The violets whisper from the shade
Which their own leaves have made:
Men scent our fragrance on the air,
Yet take no heed
Of humble lessons we would read.
l. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—"*Consider the Lilies of the Field.*" Line 13.

The sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.
m. *Twelfth Night.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes.
n. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Who are the violets now
That strew the green lap of the new-come Spring.
o. *Richard II.* Act V. Sc. 2.

After the slumber of the year
The woodland violets reappear.
p. SHELLEY—*To———.*

The violet lay dead while the odour flew
On the wings of the wind o'er the waters blue.
q. SHELLEY—*Music.*

The tender violet bent in smiles
To elves that sported nigh,
Tossing the drops of fragrant dew
To scent the evening sky.
r. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH—*Field Elves.*

And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land.
s. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. XVIII.

And in my breast
Spring wakens too; and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.
t. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. CXIV.

The smell of violets hidden in the green
Pour'd back into my empty soul and frame
The times when I remembered to have been
Joyful and free from blame.
u. TENNYSON—*A Dream of Fair Women.*

A humble flower long time I pined
Upon the solitary plain,
And trembled at the angry wind,
And shrunk before the bitter rain.
And oh! 'twas in a blessed hour
A passing wanderer chanced to see,
And, pitying the lonely flower,
To stoop and gather me.
v. THACKERAY—*Song of the Violet.*

Is the purple sea weed rarer
Than the violet of the spring?
w. ANNA WELLS—*The Sea-Bird.*

Banks that slope to the southern sky
Where languid violets love to die.
x. SARAH HELEN WHITMAN—*The Waking of the Heart.*

Here oft we sought the violet, as it lay
Buried in beds of moss and lichens gray.
y. SARAH HELEN WHITMAN—*A Day of the Indian Summer*

In kindly showers and sunshine bud
The branches of the dull gray wood;
Out from its sunned and sheltered nooks
The blue eye of the violet looks.
z. WHITTIER—*Mogg Megone.* Pt. II

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.
a. WORDSWORTH—*She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways.*

Be violets in their secret mews
The flowers the wanton Zephyrs choose.
b. WORDSWORTH—*To the Daisy.*

The violets of five seasons reappear
And fade, unseen by any human eye.
c. WORDSWORTH—*Nutting.*

You violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own—
What are you when the rose is blown?
d. Sir HENRY WOTTON—*To his Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia.*

WALL-FLOWER.

Cheiranthus Cheiri.

The Wall-flower—the Wall-flower,
How beautiful it blooms!
It gleams above the ruined tower,
Like sunlight over tombs;
It sheds a halo of repose
Around the wrecks ot time.
To beauty give the flaunting rose,
The Wall-flower is sublime.
e. MOIR—*The Wall-Flower.*

WATER-LILY.

Nymphæa.

What loved little islands, twice seen in their lakes,
Can the wild water-lily restore?
f. CAMPBELL—*Field Flowers.*

The lily creeps from the cool, damp mould
And floats on the lake's calm breast.
g. ELAINE GOODALE—*Faith, Hope, and Love.*

The slender water-lily
Peeps dreamingly out of the lake;
The moon, oppress'd with love's sorrow,
Looks tenderly down for her sake.
h. HEINE—*Book of Songs. New Spring.* No. 15.

I see the floating water-lily,
Gleam amid shadows dark and chilly.
i. CAROLINE MAY—*Lilies.*

Those virgin lilies, all the night
Bathing their beauties in the lake,
That they may rise more fresh and bright,
When their beloved Sun's awake.
j. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. Paradise and the Peri.*

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,
And starry river-buds glimmered by,
And around them the soft stream did glide and dance
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance.
k. SHELLEY—*The Sensitive Plant.* Pt. I.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake;
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom, and be lost in me.
l. TENNYSON—*The Princess.* Canto VII. Line 172.

The water-lily starts and slides
Upon the level in little puffs of wind,
Tho' anchor'd to the bottom.
m. TENNYSON—*The Princess.* Canto IV. Line 245.

Swan flocks of lilies shoreward lying,
In sweetness, not in music dying,—
Hardhack, and virgin's-bower,
And white-spiked clethra-flower.
n. WHITTIER—*The Maids of Attitash.*

Rapaciously we gathered flowery spoils
From land and water; lilies of each hue—
Golden and white, that float upon the waves,
And court the wind.
o. WORDSWORTH—*The Excursion.* Bk. IX. Line 540.

WIND-FLOWER.

Anemone.

Bide thou when the poppy blows
With wind-flowers frail and fair.
p. BRYANT—*The Arctic Lover.*

The little wind-flower, whose just opened eye
Is blue as the spring heaven it gazes at,
q. BRYANT—*A Winter Piece.*

The starry, fragile wind-flower,
Poised above in airy grace,
Virgin white, suffused with blushes,
Shyly droops her lovely face.
r. ELAINE GOODALE—*The First Flowers.*

Thou lookest up with meek, confiding eye
Upon the clouded smile of April's face,
Unharmed though Winter stands uncertain by,
Eyeing with jealous glance each opening grace.
s. JONES VERY—*The Wind Flower.*

WOLFSBANE.

Aconitum.

The wolfsbane I should dread.
t. HOOD—*Flowers.*

WOODBINE.

Lonicera.

And stroke with listless hand
The woodbine through the window, till at last
I came to do it with a sort of love.
u. E. B. BROWNING—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. I.

A filbert-hedge, with wild-briar overtwined,
And clumps of woodbine taking the soft wind
Upon their summer thrones.
v. KEATS—*I Stood Tiptoe Upon a Little Hill.*

The woodbine spices are wafted abroad
And the musk of the roses blown.
w. TENNYSON—*Maud.* Pt. XXII.

FOLLY.

He is a fool
Who only sees the mischiefs that are past
a. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. XVII. Line 43.

Who sees past evils only is a fool.
b. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. XX. Line 254.

He made an instrument to know
If the moon shine at full or no.
* * * * * * * * *
And prove that she's not made of green cheese.
c. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. II. Canto III. Line 261.

To swallow gudgeons 'ere they're catch'd,
And count their chickens 'ere they're hatch'd.
d. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. II. Canto III. Line 923.

Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame.
e. BYRON—*Monody on the Death of Sheridan.* Line 68.

Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.
f. BYRON—*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.* Line 6.

Fool beckons fool, and dunce awakens dunce.
g. CHURCHILL—*Apology.* Line 42.

A fool must now and then be right by chance,
h. COWPER—*Conversation.* Line 96.

Swear, fool, or starve; for the dilemma's even;
A tradesman thou! and hope to go to heaven?
i. DRYDEN—*Persius.* Satire V. Line 204.

He has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.
j. BENJ. FRANKLIN—*The Whistle.*

A fool and a wise man are alike both in the starting-place, their birth, and at the post, their death; only they differ in the race of their lives.
k. FULLER—*The Holy and Profane States. Natural Fools.*

Generally, nature hangs out a sign of simplicity in the face of a fool.
l. FULLER—*The Holy and Profane States. Natural Fools.*

By outward show let's not be cheated;
An ass should like an ass be treated.
m. GAY—*The Packhorse and Carrier.* Pt. II. Line 99.

A rational reaction against irrational excesses and vagaries of skepticism may * * readily degenerate into the rival folly of credulity.
n. GLADSTONE—*Time and Place of Homer.* Introductory.

A man may be as much a fool from the want of sensibility as the want of sense.
o. MRS. JAMESON—*Studies. Detached Thoughts.*

I have play'd the fool, the gross fool, to believe
The bosom of a friend will hold a secret,
Mine own could not contain.
p. MASSINGER—*Unnatural Combat.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Young men think old men fools, and old men know young men to be so.
q. *Quoted by Camden as a saying of Dr. Metcalf.*

In a bowl to sea went wise men three,
On a brilliant night of June:
They carried a net, and their hearts were set
On fishing up the moon.
r. THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK—*The Wise Men of Gotham. Paper Money Lyrics.*

A blockhead rubs his thoughtless skull,
And thanks his stars he was not born a fool.
s. POPE—*Epilogue to Jane Shore.* Line 7.

Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread.
t. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 625.

Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,
Whom Folly pleases, and whose Follies please.
u. POPE—*Second Book of Horace.* Ep. II. Line 326.

No creature smarts so little as a fool
v. POPE—*Prologue to Satires.* Line 84.

The fool is happy that he knows no more.
w. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. II. Line 264.

The rest on Outside merit but presume,
Or serve (like other Fools) to fill a room.
x. POPE—*The Dunciad.* Bk. I. Line 135.

By robbing Peter he paid Paul, he kept the moon from the wolves, and hoped to catch larks if ever the heavens should fall.
y. RABELAIS—*Works.* Bk. I. Ch. XI.

After a man has sown his wild oats in the years of his youth, he has still every year to get over a few weeks and days of folly
z. RICHTER—*Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces.* Ch. V.

Where lives the man that has not tried,
How mirth can into folly glide,
And folly into sin?
aa. SCOTT—*Bridal of Triermain.* Canto I. St. 21.

A fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool; a miserable world:
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down, and bask'd him in the sun.
bb. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 7.

A fool's bolt is soon shot.
cc. *Henry V.* Act III. Sc. 7.

Fools are not mad folks.
a. *Cymbeline.* Act II. Sc. 3.

He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
b. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 1.

I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows; when I am cold, he heats me with beating.
c. *Comedy of Errors.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too.
d. *As You Like It.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not.
e. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act V. Sc. 4.

Let the doors be shut upon him; that he may play the fool nowhere but in's own house.
f. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Like a fair house, built upon another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it.
g. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Marry, sir; they praise me, and make an Ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass; so that, by my foes, Sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself.
h. *Twelfth Night.* Act V. Sc. 1.

O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?
i. *Othello.* Act V. Sc. 2.

O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.
j. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 7.

Sir, for a *quart d'ecu* he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders.
k. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.
l. *As You Like It.* Act V. Sc. 1.

The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a trickey word
Defy the matter.
m. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 5.

This fellow's wise enough to play the fool;
And to do that well craves a kind of wit.
n. *Twelfth Night.* Act III. Sc. 1.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.
o. *King John.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield.
p. *Pericles.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Well, thus we play the fools with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds, and mock us.
q. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act II. Sc. 2.

What say you to young Master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses,
r. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Take thy balance, if thou be so wise,
And weigh the wind that under heaven doth blow;
Or weigh the light that in the east doth rise;
Or weigh the thought that from man's mind doth flow.
s. SPENSER—*Fœrie Queene.* Bk. V. Canto II. St. 43.

He that had been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put in phials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw, inclement summers.
t. SWIFT—*Gulliver's Travels.* Pt. III. Ch. V. *Voyage to Laputa.*

He is a fool, who thinks by force or skill
To turn the current of woman's will
u. SAMUEL TUKE—*The Adventures of Five Hours.* Act V. Sc. 3.

There is no fool who is not miserable.
v. YONGE'S *Cicero. De Finibus.*

Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die.
w YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IV. Line 842.

The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.
x. YOUNG—*Love of Fame.* Satire I. Line 163.

FOOT.

And the prettiest foot! Oh, if a man could but fasten his eyes to her feet, as they steal in and out, and play at bo-peep under her petticoats! ah, Mr. Trapland?
y. CONGREVE—*Love for Love.* Act I. Sc. 5.

Her pretty feet like snails do creep
A little out, and then,
As if they played at bo-peep,
Did soon draw in again.
z. HERRICK—*The Hesperides. Amatory Odes.* No. 207.

Feet that run on willing errands!
a. LONGFELLOW—*Hiawatha.* Pt. X. *Hiawatha's Wooing.*

So light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint.
b. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 6.

Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light;
But O, she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.
c. Sir JOHN SUCKLING—*Ballad Upon a Wedding.*

Feet like sunny gems on an English green.
d. TENNYSON—*Maud.* Pt. V

FOOTSTEPS.

The tread
Of coming footsteps cheats the midnight watcher
Who holds her heart and waits to hear them pause,
And hears them never pause, but pass and die.
e. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. III.

Her treading would not bend a blade of grass,
Or shake the downy blow-ball from his stalk!
f. BEN JONSON—*The Sad Shepherd.*

So to tread
As if the wind, not she, did walk;
Nor prest a flower, nor bow'd a stalk.
g. BEN JONSON—*Masques. The Vision of Delight.*

I heard him walking across the floor,
As he always does, with heavy tread.
h. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. II.

A hundred footsteps scrape the marble Hall.
i. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. IV. Line 152.

A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew.
j. SCOTT—*Lady of the Lake.* Canto I. St. 18.

Nay, her foot speaks.
k. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light.
l. *Venus and Adonis.* Line 1028.

Steps with a tender foot, light as on air,
The lovely, lordly creature floated on.
m. TENNYSON—*The Princess.* Pt. VI. Line 72.

Methought I saw the footsteps of a throne.
n. WORDSWORTH—*Miscellaneous Sonnets. Methought I Saw the Footsteps of a Throne.*

FORGETFULNESS.

And out of mind as soon as out of sight.
o. LORD BROOKE—*Sonnet LVI.*

The Pyramids themselves, doting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders.
p. FULLER—*Of Tombs.*

Some men treat the God of their fathers as they treat their father's friend. They do not deny him; by no means: they only deny themselves to him, when he is good enough to call upon them.
q. J. C. and A. W. HARE—*Guesses at Truth.*

And when he is out of sight, quickly also is he out of mind.
r. THOMAS À KEMPIS—*Imitation of Christ.* Bk. I. Ch. XXIII.

We bury love,
Forgetfulness grows over it like grass;
That is a thing to mourn for, not the deed.
s. ALEXANDER SMITH—*City Poems. A Boy's Poem.*

One day I wrote her name upon the strand,
But came the waves and washed it away;
Again I wrote it with a second hand,
But came the tide and made my pains his prey.
Vain Man! said she, that doost in vain assay
A mortal thing so to immortalize,
For I myself shall like to this decay,
And eke my name be wiped out likewise.
t. SPENSER—*Sonnet LXXV.*

FORGIVENESS.

Meanest creatures
Who love God, God accepts while loving so.
u. E. B. BROWNING—*Sonnets from the Portuguese.*

Thou whom avenging pow'rs obey,
Cancel my debt (too great to pay)
Before the sad accounting day.
v. WENTWORTH DILLON (Earl of Roscommon)—*On the Day of Judgment.*

Forgiveness to the injured does belong,
But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong.
w. DRYDEN—*Conquest of Granada.* Pt. II. Act I. Sc. 2.

She hugged the offender, and forgave the offence,
Sex to the last.
x. DRYDEN—*Cymon and Iphigenia.* Line 367.

His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong.
y. EMERSON—*Letters and Social Aims. Greatness.*

The offender never pardons.
z. HERBERT—*Jacula Prudentum.*

For 'tis sweet to stammer one letter
Of the Eternal's language;—on earth it is called Forgiveness!
a. LONGFELLOW—*The Children of the Lord's Supper.* Line 215.

These evils I deserve,
* * * * *
Yet despair not of his final pardon,
Whose ear is ever open, and his eye
Gracious to re-admit the suppliant.
b. MILTON—*Samson Agonistes.* Line 1170.

Mistakes remember'd are not faults forgot.
c. R. H. NEWELL—*Columbia's Agony.*

Forgiveness is better than revenge.
d. PITTACUS.

Good-nature and good-sense must ever join;
To err is human, to forgive, divine.
e. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 522.

I pardon him, as heaven shall pardon me.
f. *Richard II.* Act V. Sc. 3.

The more we know, the better we forgive,
Whoe'er feels deeply, feels for all who live.
g. MADAME DE STAËL—*Corinne.* Bk. XVIII. Ch. V.

Pardon, not Wrath, is God's best attribute.
h. BAYARD TAYLOR—*Temptation of Hassan Ben Khaled.* St. 11.

FORTUNE.

The mould of a man's fortune is in his own hands.
i. BACON—*Essay of Fortune.*

Time and Death
Yé have done your worst.—Fortune, now see, now proudly
Pluck off thy veil, and view thy triumph. Look,
Look what thou hast brought this land to.—Oh, fair flower,
How lovely yet thy ruins show! how sweetly
Even death embraces thee! The peace of Heaven
The fellowship of all great souls be with thee!
j. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—*The Tragedy of Bonduca.*

He that is down needs fear no fall;
He that is low no pride.
k. BUNYAN—*Pilgrim's Progress.* Pt. II.

Could he with reason murmur at his case.
Himself sole author of his own disgrace?
l. COWPER—*Hope.* Line 316.

I wish thy lot, now bad, still worse, my friend,
For when at worst, they say, things always mend.
m. COWPER—*Translation from Owen. To a Friend in Distress.*

Ill fortune seldom comes alone.
n. DRYDEN—*Cymon and Iphigenia.* Line 892.

Let fortune empty her whole quiver on me.
I have a soul that, like an ample shield,
Can take in all, and verge enough for more.
o. DRYDEN—*Don Sebastian.*

Never thinke you Fortune can beare the sway,
Where Virtue's force can cause her to obay.
p. QUEEN ELIZABETH—*Preserved by Puttenham, "which" (he says) "our sovereign Lady wrote in defence of Fortune."*

Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune;
He had not the method of making a fortune.
q. GRAY—*On his own Character.*

Fortune, men say, doth give too much to many,
But yet she never gave enough to any.
r Sir JOHN HARRINGTON—*Of Fortune.*

Fortune comes well to all that comes not late.
s. LONGFELLOW—*Spanish Student.* Act III. Sc. 5.

Fortune in Men has some small diff'rence made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobbler apron'd and the parson gown'd,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
t. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 195.

Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind,
And who stands safest? tell me, is it he
That spreads and swells in puff'd prosperity,
Or blest with little, whose preventing care
In peace provides fit arms against a War.
u. POPE—*Second Book of Horace.* Satire II. Line 123.

Every one is the architect of his own fortune.
v. PSEUDO-SALLUST—Ep. de Rep. Ordin. II. 1.

A good man's fortune may grow out at heels.
w. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 2.

All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd.
x. *Cymbeline.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms.
y. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 7.

Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.
z. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Fortune knows,
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows.
a a. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act III. Sc. 9.

Fortune, ne'er turns the key to the poor.
a. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.
b. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 1.

How some men creep in skittish Fortune's hall,
While others play the idiots in her eyes!
c *Troilus and Cressida.* Act III. Sc. 3.

I find my zenith, doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.
d. *Tempest.* Act I. Sc. 2.

O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle.
e. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act III. Sc. 5.

They are a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, aye, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.
f. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Well, heaven forgive him and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none,
And some condemned for a fault alone.
g. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 1.

When fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
h. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food—
Such as are the poor, in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach—such are the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
i. *Henry IV.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.
j. *Julius Cæsar.* Act. I. Sc. 2.

So is Hope
Changed for Despair—one laid upon the shelf,
We take the other. Under heaven's high cope
Fortune is God—all you endure and do
Depends on circumstance as much as you.
k. Shelley—*Paraphrase of a Greek Distich.*

Fortune, my friend, I've often thought,
Is weak, if Art assist her not:
So equally all arts are vain,
If Fortune help them not again.
l. Sheridan—*Love Epistles of Aristaenetus.* Ep. XIII.

Forever, Fortune, wilt thou prove an unrelenting foe to love;
And when we meet a mutual heart, come in between and bid us part?
m. Thomson—*Song. Forever, Fortune.*

For fortune's wheel is on the turn,
And some go up and some go down.
n. Mary F. Tucker—*Going up and Coming Down.*

Except wind stands as never it stood,
It is an ill wind turns none to good.
o. Tusser—*Description of the Properties of Wind.*

Fortune befriends the bold.
p. Virgil—*Æn. X.* 284.

Fortune favors the bold.
q. Yonge's *Cicero. De Finibus.* Bk. III. Div. 4.

FRAILTY.

Unthought of Frailties cheat us in the Wise.
r. Pope—*Moral Essays.* Ep. *To Temple.* Line 69.

Alas! our frailty is the cause, not we;
For, such as we are made of, such we be.
s. *Twelfth Night.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Frailty, thy name is woman!
t. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

I thank thee, who hast taught
My frail mortality to know itself.
u. *Pericles.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.
v. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act. IV. Sc. 4.

FRAUD.

The first and worst of all frauds is to cheat oneself.
w. Bailey—*Festus.* Sc. *Anywhere.*

Glistered the dire Snake, and into fraud
Led Eve, our credulous mother, to the Tree
Of Prohibition, root of all our woe.
x. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 643

Perplexed and troubled at his bad success
The Tempter turned, nor had what to reply,
Discovered in his fraud, thrown from his hope.
y. Milton—*Paradise Regained.* Bk. IV. Line 1.

Some cursed fraud
Of enemy hath beguiled thee, yet unknown,
And me with thee hath ruined.
a. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 904.

His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.
b. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act II. Sc. 7.

FREEDOM.

Hereditary bondsmen! Know ye not
Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?
c. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto II. St. 67.

Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell!
* * * * * * *
O'er Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow.
d. CAMPBELL—*Pleasures of Hope.* Line 381.

Freedom has a thousand charms to show,
That slaves howe'er contented, never know.
e. COWPER—*Table Talk.* Line 260.

He is the freeman, whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves besides.
f. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. V. Line 733.

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
g. DRAKE—*The American Flag.*

I am as free as Nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.
h. DRYDEN—*Conquest of Granada.* Act I. Sc. 1.

My angel,—his name is Freedom,—
Choose him to be your king;
He shall cut pathways east and west,
And fend you with his wing.
i. EMERSON—*Boston Hymn.*

Yes, to this thought I hold with firm persistence;
The last result of wisdom stamps it true;
He only earns his freedom and existence
Who daily conquers them anew.
j. GOETHE—*Faust.*

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.
k. JULIA WARD HOWE—*Later Lyrics. Battle Hymn of the Republic.*

Know ye why the Cypress tree as freedom's tree is known?
Know ye why the Lily fair as freedom's flower is shown?
Hundred arms the Cypress has, yet never plunder seeks;
With ten well-developed tongues, the Lily never speaks!
l. OMAR KHAYYAM—*Frederich Bodenstedt,* Translator.

That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
And still revolt when truth would set them free;
License they mean when they cry Liberty.
m. MILTON—*Sonnet VII.*

Oh let me live my own, and die so too!
(To live and die is all I have to do:)
Maintain a Poet's dignity and ease,
And see what friends, and read what books I please.
n. POPE—*Prologue to Satires.* Line 261.

Freedom is only in the land of Dreams;
And only blooms the Beautiful in Song!
o. SCHILLER—*Commencement of the New Century.* Last Line.

Come, there's no more tribute to be paid. Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars other of them may have crooked noses; but, to owe such straight arms, none.
p. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 1.

When the mind's free,
The body's delicate.
q. *King Lear.* Act III Sc. 4.

We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.
r. WORDSWORTH—*Sonnets to National Independence and Liberty.* Pt. XVI.

FRIENDS.

In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
Hast so much wit and mirth and spleen about thee,
That there's no living with thee or without thee.
s. ADDISON—*Spectator.* No. 68.

The mind never unbends itself so agreeably as in the conversation of a well-chosen friend. There is indeed no blessing of life that is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend. It eases and unloads the mind, clears and improves the understanding, engenders thoughts and knowledge, animates virtue and good resolutions, soothes and allays the passions, and finds employment for most of the vacant hours of life.
t. ADDISON—*Spectator.* No. 93.

For I am the only one of my friends that I can rely upon.
a. Appolodorus.

My friends! There are no friends.
b. Aristotle.

No friend's a friend till he shall prove a friend.
c. Beaumont and Fletcher—*The Faithful Friends.* Act III. Sc. 3.

False friends are like our shadows, keeping close to us while we walk in the sunshine, but leaving us the instant we cross into the shade.
d. Bovee—*Summaries of Thoughts. False Friends.*

I have loved my friends, as I do virtue,
My soul, my God.
e. Sir Thomas Browne—*Religio Medici.* Pt. II. Sec. 5.

With my friend I desire not to share or participate, but to engross his sorrows; that, by making them mine own, I may more easily discuss them: for in mine own reason, and within myself, I can command that which I cannot entreat without myself, and within the circle of another.
f. Sir Thomas Browne—*Religio Medici.* Pt. V. Sec. 5.

One faithful Friend is enough for a man's self; 'tis much to meet with such an one, yet we can't have too many for the sake of others.
g. De La Bruyere—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. XV.

For to cast away a virtuous friend, I call as bad as to cast away one's own life, which one loves best.
h. Buckley's *Sophocles. Œdipus Tyrannis.*

Whoever knows how to return a kindness he has received, must be a friend above all price.
i. Buckley's *Sophocles. Philoctetes.*

Ah! were I sever'd from thy side,
Where were thy friend, and who my guide?
Years have not seen—Time shall not see
The hour that tears my soul from thee.
j. Byron—*The Bride of Abydos.* Canto I. St. 11.

'Twas sung, how they were lovely in their lives,
And in their death had not divided been.
k. Campbell—*Gertrude of Wyoming.* Pt. III. St. 33.

Give me the avowed, the erect, the manly foe;
Bold I can meet—perhaps may turn his blow;
But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh! save me from the candid friend.
l. George Canning—*New Morality.*

There are plenty of acquaintances in the world, but very few real friends.
m. *Chinese Moral Maxims.* Compiled by John Francis Davis, F.R.S. China, 1823.

Our very best friends have a tincture of jealousy even in their friendship: and when they hear us praised by others, will ascribe it to sinister and interested motives if they can.
n. C. C. Colton—*Lacon.*

Hold faithfulness and sincerity as first principles. Have no friends not equal to yourself. When you have faults do not fear to abandon them.
o. Confucius—*Analects.* Bk. I. Ch. IV.

Who heart-whole, pure in faith, once written friend,
In life and death are true, unto the end!
p. John Esten Cooke—*Sonnet. Old Friends to Love.*

O friends, whom chance and change can never harm.
q. Barry Cornwall—*An Autobiographical Fragment.*

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polish'd manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
r. Cowper—*The Task.* Bk. VI. Line 560.

She that asks
Her dear five hundred friends.
s. Cowper—*The Task.* Bk. II. Line 642.

The man who hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumping on your back
His sense of your great merit,
Is such a friend, that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed
To pardon or to bear it.
t. Cowper—*On Friendship.*

"Wal'r, my boy," replied the captain, "in the Proverbs of Solomon you will find the following words, 'May we never want a friend in need, nor a bottle to give him!' When found, make a note of."
u. Dickens—*Dombey and Son.* Ch. XV.

Be kind to my remains; and O defend,
Against your judgment, your departed friend.
v. Dryden—*Epistle to Congreve.* Line 72.

The poor make no new friends;
But O, they love the better still
The few our Father sends.
w. Lady Dufferin—*Lament of the Irish Emigrant.*

Animals are such agreeable friends—they ask no questions, they pass no criticisms.
x. George Eliot—*Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story.* Ch. VII.

Best friend, my well-spring in the wilderness!
a. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. III.

Friend more divine than all divinities.
b. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. IV.

To act the part of a true friend requires more conscientious feeling than to fill with credit and complacency any other station or capacity in social life.
c. Mrs. ELLIS—*Pictures of Private Life.* Second Series. *The Pains of Pleasing.* Ch. IV.

A day for toil, an hour for sport,
But for a friend is life too short.
d. EMERSON—*Considerations by the Way.*

Our chief want in life, is, somebody who shall make us do what we can. This is the service of a friend. With him we are easily great. There is a sublime attraction in him to whatever virtue is in us. How he flings wide the doors of existence! What questions we ask of him! what an understanding we have! how few words are needed! It is the only real society.
e. EMERSON—*Considerations by the Way.*

Our friends early appear to us as representatives of certain ideas, which they never pass or exceed. They stand on the brink of the ocean of thought and power, but they never take a single step that would bring them there.
f. EMERSON—*Essay. Of Experience.*

The only way to have a friend is to be one.
g. EMERSON—*Essay. Of Friendship.*

Take the advice of a faithful friend, and submit thy inventions to his censure.
h. FULLER—*The Holy and Profane States. Fancy.*

On the choice of friends
Our good or evil name depends.
i. GAY—*The Old Woman and Her Cats.* Pt. I.

A favorite has no friend.
j. GRAY—*On a Favorite Cat Drowned.* St. 6.

Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart.
k. GRAY—*The Bard.* St. 3. Line 2.

Behold thy friend, and of thyself the pattern see.
l. GRIMOALD—*Of Friendship.* Line 15.

Of all the heavenly gifts that mortal men commend,
What trusty treasure in the world can countervail a friend?
m. GRIMOALD—*Of Friendship.* Line 1.

We never know the true value of friends. While they live, we are too sensitive of their faults; when we have lost them, we only see their virtues.
n. J. C. and A. W. HARE—*Guesses at Truth.*

For my boyhood's friend hath fallen, the pillar of my trust,
The true, the wise, the beautiful, is sleeping in the dust.
o. HILLARD—*On Death of Motley.*

The new is older than the old;
And newest friend is oldest friend in this,
That, waiting him, we longest grieved to miss
One thing we sought.
p. HELEN HUNT—*My New Friend.*

True happiness
Consists not in the multitude of friends,
But in the worth and choice. Nor would I have
Virtue a popular regard pursue:
Let them be good that love me, though but few.
q. BEN JONSON—*Cynthia's Revels.* Act III. Sc. 2.

'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store.
r. KEBLE—*Burial of the Dead.*

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
s. LAMB—*The Old Familiar Faces.*

A friend is most a friend of whom the best remains to learn.
t. LUCY LARCOM—*Friend Brook.*

Ah, how good it feels!
The hand of an old friend.
u. LONGFELLOW—*Christus.* Pt. III. *John Endicott.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Alas! to-day I would give everything
To see a friend's face, or hear a voice
That had the slighest tone of comfort in it.
v. LONGFELLOW—*Judas Maccabæus.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

My designs and labors
And aspirations are my only friends.
w. LONGFELLOW—*The Masque of Pandora.* Pt. III.

O friend! O best of friends! Thy absence more
Than the impending night darkens the landscape o'er!
x. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. II.

Yes, we must ever be friends; and of all who offer you friendship
Let me be ever the first, the truest, the nearest and dearest!
y. LONGFELLOW—*The Courtship of Miles Standish.* Pt. VI. Line 72

There is no man so friendless but what he can find a friend sincere enough to tell him disagreeable truths.

a. BULWER-LYTTON—*What Will He Do With It?* Bk. II. Ch. XIV.

Whatever the number of a man's friends, there will be times in his life when he has one too few; but if he has only one enemy, he is lucky indeed if he has not one too many.

b. BULWER-LYTTON—*What Will He Do With It?* Bk. IX. Ch. III.

As you grow ready for it, somewhere or other you will find what is needful for you in a book or a friend.

c. GEORGE MACDONALD—*The Marquis of Lossie.* Ch. LXII.

A true friend is forever a friend.

d. GEORGE MACDONALD—*The Marquis of Lossie.* Ch. LXXI.

Friends are like melons. Shall I tell you why?
To find one good, you must a hundred try.

e. CLAUDE MERMET—*Epigram on Friends.*

As we sail through life towards death,
Bound unto the same port—heaven,—
Friend, what years could us divide?

f. D. M. MULOCK—*Thirty Years. A Christmas Blessing.*

If grief thy steps attend,
If want, if sickness be thy lot,
And thou require a soothing friend,
Forget me not! forget me not!

g. Mrs. OPIE—*The Orphan Boy's Tale.*

All are friends in heaven, all faithful friends;
And many friendships in the days of time
Begun, are lasting here, and growing still.

h. POLLOK—*Course of Time.* Bk. V. Line 336.

Friends given by God in mercy and in love;
My counsellors, my comforters, and guides;
My joy in grief, my second bliss in joy;
Companions of my young desires: in doubt,
My oracles; my wings in high pursuit.
Oh! I remember, and will ne'er forget.
Our meeting spots, our chosen sacred hours;
Our burning words, that utter'd all the soul,
Our faces beaming with unearthly love;
Sorrow with sorrow sighing, hope with hope
Exalting, heart embracing heart entire.

i. POLLOK—*Course of Time.* Bk. V. Line 315.

Sweeter none than voice of faithful friend;
Sweet always, sweetest heard in loudest storm.
Some I remember, and will ne'er forget.

j. POLLOK—*Course of Time.* Bk. V. Line 310.

Ah! friend! to dazzle let the vain design;
To raise the thought and touch the heart be thine.

k. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. II. Line 248.

Be not the first by whom the new are try'd
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

l. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 336.

Scorn to gain a Friend by servile ways.

m. POPE—*Epistle to James Craggs.*

Trust not yourselves; but your defects to know,
Make use of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.

n. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 214.

There is no treasure the which may be compared unto a faithfull friend;
Gold soone decayeth and worldly (wealth) consumeth, and wasteth in the winde:
But love, once planted in a perfect and pure minde, indureth weal and woe;
The frownes of fortune, come they never so unkinde, cannot the same overthrowe.

o. *The Roxburghe Ballads. The Bride's Good-morrow.* Edited by Charles Hindley.

Dear is my friend—yet from my foe, as from my friend, comes good;
My friend shows what I can do, and my foe what I should.

p. SCHILLER—*Votive Tablets. Friend and Foe.*

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

q. *Julius Cæsar.* Act. IV. Sc. 3.

For by these
Shall I try my friends. You shall perceive, how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.

r. *Timon of Athens.* Act II. Sc. 2.

For in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit.

s. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade.

t. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 3.

I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman, that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have: I pay the debt, and free him.

u. *Timon of Athens.* Act I. Sc. 1.

I would be friends with you, and have your love.

v. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key.
a. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act I. Sc. 1.

To wail friends lost,
Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.
b. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart.
c. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act III. Sc. 2.

We came into this world like brother and brother;
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.
d. *Comedy of Errors.* Act V. Sc. 1.

We still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And whereso'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.
e. *As You Like It.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye.
f. *Henry VIII.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Who not needs shall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
g. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

O my friend!
We twain have met like the ships upon the sea,
Who hold an hour's converse, so short, so sweet;
One little hour! and then, away they speed
On lonely paths, through mist, and cloud, and foam,
To meet no more.
h. Alexander Smith—*Life Drama.*

What good man is not his own friend?
i. Sophocles.

'Tis something to be willing to commend;
But my best praise is, that I am your friend.
j. Southerne—*To Mr. Congreve on the Old Bachelor.* Last line.

He who has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare,
And he who has one enemy shall meet him everywhere.
k. Ali Ben Abu Taleb.

A good man is the best friend, and therefore soonest to be chosen, longer to be retained; and indeed never to be parted with, unless he cease to be that for which he was chosen.
l. Jeremy Taylor—*The Measures and Offices of Friendship.*

Choose for your friend him that is wise and good, and secret and just, ingenious and honest, and in those things which have a latitude, use your own liberty.
m. Jeremy Taylor—*The Measures and Offices of Friendship.*

When I choose my friend, I will not stay till I have received a kindness; but I will choose such a one that can do me many if I need them: but I mean such kindnesses which make me wiser, and which make me better.
n. Jeremy Taylor—*The Measures and Offices of Friendship.*

Then came your new friend: you began to change—
I saw it and grieved.
o. Tennyson—*The Princess.* Pt. IV. Line 287.

Defend me from my friends; I can defend myself from my enemies.
p. *The French Ana. Assigned to Marschal Villars taking leave of Louis XIV.*

A slender acquaintance with the world must convince every man, that actions, not words, are the true criterion of the attachment of friends; and that the most liberal professions of good-will are very far from being the surest marks of it.
q. Geo. Washington—*Social Maxims. Friendship.*

I have friends in Spirit Land,—
Not shadows in a shadowy band,
Not others but themselves are they,
And still I think of them the same
As when the Master's summons came.
r. Whittier—*Lucy Hooper.*

Friends to whom you are in debt, you hate.
s. Wycherly—*The Plain Dealer.* Prologue.

We rejoice in the joy of our friends as much as we do in our own, and we are equally grieved at their sorrows. Wherefore the wise man will feel towards his friend as he does towards himself, and whatever labour he would encounter with a view to his own pleasure, he will encounter also for the sake of that of his friend.
t. Yonge's *Cicero. De Finibus.*

You must therefore love me, myself, and not my circumstances, if we are to be real friends.
u. Yonge's *Cicero. De Finibus.*

A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man,
Some sinister intent taints all he does.
v. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night VIII. Line 704.

A friend is worth all hazards we can run.
w. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 571.

First, on thy friend, delib'rate with thyself;
Pause, ponder, sift; not eager in the choice,
Nor jealous of the chosen; fixing, fix;
Judge before friendship, then confide till death.

a. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 565.

FRIENDSHIP.

Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn.

b. ADDISON—*The Campaign.* Line 102.

The friendships of the world are oft
Confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleasure;
Ours has severest virtue for its basis,
And such a friendship ends not but with life.

c. ADDISON—*Cato.* Act III. Sc. 1.

The friendship between me and you I will not compare to a chain; for that the rains might rust, or the falling tree might break.

d. BANCROFT—*History of the United States. Wm. Penn's Treaty with the Indians.*

Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of life! and solder of society!

e. BLAIR—*The Grave.* Line 88.

Kindred weaknesses induce friendships as often as kindred virtue.

f. BOVEE—*Thoughts, Feelings and Fancies.*

In Friendship we only see the Faults which may be prejudicial to our Friends. In love we see no faults, but those by which we suffer ourselves.

g. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. IV.

Love and Friendship exclude one another.

h. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. IV.

Pure Friendship is what none can attain to the Taste of, but those who are well born.

i. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. IV.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?

j. BURNS—*Auld Lang Syne.*

In friendship I early was taught to believe;
* * * * * *
I have found that a friend may profess, yet deceive.

k. BYRON—*Lines Addressed to J. T. Becher.*

Friendship is infinitely better than kindness.

l. CICERO.

Friendship is a sheltering tree.

m. COLERIDGE—*Youth and Age*

True friendship is like sound health, the value of it is seldom known until it be lost.

n. C. C. COLTON—*Lacon.*

There are three friendships which are advantageous, and three which are injurious. Friendship with the upright; friendship with the sincere; and friendship with the man of observation; these are advantageous. Friendship with the man of specious airs; friendship with the insinuatingly soft; and friendship with the glib-tongued: these are injurious.

o. CONFUCIUS—*Analects.* Ch. III.

True friends appear less mov'd than counterfeit.

p. WENTWORTH DILLON (Earl of Roscommon)—*Horace. Of the Art of Poetry.* Line 486.

Literary friendship is a sympathy not of manners, but of feelings.

q. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Literary Characters.* Ch. XIX.

Friendship, of itself an holy tie,
Is made more sacred by adversity.

r. DRYDEN—*The Hind and the Panther.* Pt. III. Line 47.

Friendships begin with liking or gratitude—roots that can be pulled up.

s. GEORGE ELIOT—*Daniel Deronda.* Bk. IV. Ch. XXXII.

So, if I live or die to serve my friend,
'Tis for my love,—'tis for my friend alone,
And not for any rate that friendship bears
In heaven or on earth.

t. GEORGE ELIOT—*Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. III.

The moment of finding a fellow-creature is often as full of mingled doubt and exultation, as the moment of finding an idea.

u. GEORGE ELIOT—*Daniel Deronda.* Bk. II. Ch. XVIII.

Friendship should be surrounded with ceremonies and respects, and not crushed into corners. Friendship requires more time than poor busy men can usually command.

v. EMERSON—*Behavior.*

I hate the prostitution of the name of friendship to signify modish and worldly alliances.

w. EMERSON—*Essay. Of Friendship.*

The condition which high friendship demands is ability to do without it.

x. EMERSON—*Essay. Of Friendship.*

The essence of friendship is entireness, a total magnanimity and trust.

y. EMERSON—*Essay. Of Friendship.*

The highest compact we can make with our fellow, is,— Let there be truth between us two forevermore. * * * * It is sublime to feel and say of another, I need never meet, or speak, or write to him; we need not reinforce ourselves, or send tokens of remembrance; I rely on him as on myself; if he did thus or thus, I know it was right.

z. EMERSON—*Behavior.*

There can never be deep peace between two spirits, never mutual respect, until, in their dialogue, each stands for the whole world.
a. Emerson—*Essay. Of Friendship.*

When I have attempted to join myself to others by services, it proved an intellectual trick,—no more. They eat your service like apples, and leave you out. But love them, and they feel you, and delight in you all the time.
b. Emerson—*Essay. Of Gifts.*

A sudden thought strikes me; let us swear an eternal friendship.
c. Frere—*The Rovers.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Friendship, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
d. Gay—*The Hare with Many Friends.*

To friendship every burden's light.
e. Gay—*The Hare with Many Friends.*

Who friendship with a knave hath made,
Is judg'd a partner in the trade.
f. Gay—*The Old Woman and Her Cats.*

And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep?
g. Goldsmith—*The Hermit.* St. 19.

Friendship is a wide portal, and sometimes admits love.
h. Anna Katharine Green—*The Sword of Damocles.* Bk. III. Ch. XXIX.

O Friendship, flavor of flowers! O lively sprite of life!
O sacred bond of blissful peace, the stal-worth staunch of strife.
i. Grimoald—*Of Friendship.* Line 21.

Thou learnest no secret until thou knowest friendship, since to the unsound no heavenly knowledge enters.
j. Hafiz.

Friendship closes its eye, rather than see the moon eclipst; while malice denies that it is ever at the full.
k. J. C. and A. W. Hare—*Guesses at Truth.*

Friendship is Love, without either flowers or veil.
l. J. C. and A. W. Hare—*Guesses at Truth.*

Fast as the rolling seasons bring
The hour of fate to those we love,
Each pearl that leaves the broken string
Is set in Friendship's crown above.
As narrower grows the earthly chain,
The circle widens in the sky;
These are our treasures that remain,
But those are stars that beam on high.
m. Holmes—*Songs of Many Seasons. Our Classmate, F. W. C.*, 1864.

Friendship, peculiar boon of heaven,
The noble mind's delight and pride,
To men and angels only given,
To all the lower world denied.
n. Sam'l Johnson—*Friendship. An Ode.*

Come back! ye friendships long departed!
That like o'erflowing streamlets started,
And now are dwindled, one by one,
To stony channels in the sun!
Come back! ye friends, whose lives are ended,
Come back, with all that light attended,
Which seemed to darken and decay
When ye arose and went away!
o. Longfellow—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. I.

You will forgive me, I hope, for the sake of the friendship between us,
Which is too true and too sacred to be so easily broken!
p. Longfellow—*The Courtship of Miles Standish.* Pt. VI.

Is there anything in the world to be reputed (I will not say compared) to friendship? Can any treasure in this transitory pilgrimage be of more valew than a friend?
q. Lyly—*Ephues. The Anatomy of Wit.*

Common friendships will admit of division, one may love the beauty of this, the good humour of that person, the liberality of a third, the paternal affection of a fourth, the fraternal love of a fifth, and so on. But this friendship that possesses the whole soul, and there rules and sways with an absolute sovereignty, can admit of no rival.
r. Montaigne—*Essays.* Bk. I. Ch. XXVII.

The songs which Anna loved to hear,
May vanish from her heart and ear;
But friendship's voice shall ever find
An echo in that gentle mind,
Nor memory lose, nor time impair
The sympathies that tremble there.
s. Moore—*To Mrs.* ———.

True friendship between man and man is infinite and immortal.
t. Plato.

A generous friendship no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows;
One should our interests and our passions be,
My friend must hate the man that injures me.
u. Pope's *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. IX. Line 725.

There is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship, and indeed friendship itself is only a part of virtue.
v. Pope—*On His Death-bed. Dr. Johnson's Life of Pope.*

True friendship's laws are by this rule express'd,
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.
a. POPE'S *Homer's Odyssey.* Bk. XV. Line 83.

What ill-starr'd rage
Divides a friendship long confirm'd by age?
b. POPE—*The Dunciad.* Bk. III. Line 173.

Friendship, one soul in two bodies.
c. PYTHAGORAS.

Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.
d. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 4.

Ceremony was but devis'd at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
e. *Timon of Athens.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negociate for itself,
And trust no agent.
f. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II, Sc. 1.

Friendship's full of dregs.
g. *Timon of Athens.* Act I. Sc. 2.

If you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
h. *Sonnet LXXI.*

I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo.
i. *Tempest.* Act III. Sc. 1.

May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever beloved and loving, may his rule be!
And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!
j. *Henry VIII.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Most friendship is feigning.
k. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 7. *Song.*

My heart is ever at your service.
l. *Timon of Athens.* Act I. Sc. 2.

The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie.
m. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act II. Sc. 3.

This hath been
Your faithful servant; I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.
n. *Cymbeline.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Thy father and myself in friendship,
First tried our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipled of the bravest.
o. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act I. Sc. 2.

When did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?
p. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 3.

A star
Which moves not 'mid the moving heavens alone,
A smile among dark frowns—a gentle tone
Among rude voices, a beloved light,
A solitude, a refuge, a delight.
q. SHELLEY—*Fragments. To———.* Line 49.

Life is to be fortified by many friendships. To love and to be loved, is the greatest happiness of existence.
r. SYDNEY SMITH—*Of Friendship.*

We call friendship the love of the Dark Ages,
s. MADAME DE STAËL.

Because friendship is that by which the world is most blessed and receives most good, it ought to be chosen amongst the worthiest persons; that is, amongst those that can do greatest benefit to each other.
t. JEREMY TAYLOR—*The Measures and Offices of Friendship.*

Friendship is like rivers, and the strand of seas, and the air, common to all the world; but tyrants, and evil customs, wars, and want of love, have made them proper and peculiar.
u. JEREMY TAYLOR—*The Measures and Offices of Friendship.*

In friendships some are worthy, and some are necessary; some dwell hard by, and are fitted for converse; nature joins some to us, and religion combines us with others; society and accidents, parity of fortune, and equal disposition, do actuate our friendships: which of themselves and in their prime dispositions, are prepared for all mankind according as any one can receive them.
v. JEREMY TAYLOR—*The Measures and Offices of Friendship.*

Nature and religion are the bands of friendship, excellency and usefulness are its great endearments.
w. JEREMY TAYLOR—*The Measures and Offices of Friendship.*

Our friendships to mankind may admit variety as does our conversation; and as by nature we are made sociable to all, so we are friendly; but as all can not actually be of our society, so neither can all be admitted to a special, actual friendship.
x. JEREMY TAYLOR—*The Measures and Offices of Friendship.*

Some friendships are made by nature, some by contract, some by interest, and some by souls.

a. JEREMY TAYLOR—*The Measures and Offices of Friendship.*

When we speak of friendship, which is the best thing in the world (for it is love and beneficence, it is charity that is fitted for society), we cannot suppose a brave pile should be built up with nothing.

b. JEREMY TAYLOR—*The Measures and Offices of Friendship.*

For tho' the faults were thick as dust in vacant chambers, I could trust your kindness.

c. TENNYSON—*To the Queen.* St. 5.

More years had made me love thee more.

d. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. LXXX.

O friendship, equal-poised control,
O heart, with kindliest motion warm,
O sacred essence, other form,
O solemn ghost, O crowned soul!

e. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. LXXXIV.

Once let friendship be given that is born of God, nor time nor circumstance can change it to a lessening; it must be mutual growth, increasing trust, widening faith, enduring patience, forgiving love, unselfish ambition, and an affection built before the Throne, which will bear the test of time and trial.

f. ALLAN THROCKMORTON—*On Friendship.*

Friendship is the holiest of gifts;
God can bestow nothing more sacred upon us!
It enhances every joy, mitigates every pain.
Everyone can have a friend,
Who himself knows how to be a friend.

g. TIEDGE.

Friendship—*our* friendship—is like the beautiful shadows of evening,
Spreading and growing till life and its light pass away.

h. MICHAEL VITKOVICS—*Love and Friendship.*

True friendship is a plant of slow growth, and must undergo and withstand the shocks of adversity, before it is entitled to the appellation.

i. GEO. WASHINGTON—*Social Maxims. Friendship.*

The surest bulwark against evil is that of friendship.

j. YONGE'S *Cicero. De Finibus.*

What room can there be for friendship, or who can be a friend to any one whom he does not love for his own sake? And what is loving, from which verb (*amo*) the very name of friendship (*amicitia*) is derived, but wishing a certain person to enjoy the greatest possible good fortune, even if none of it accrues to oneself?

k. YONGE'S *Cicero. De Finibus.*

Friendship's the wine of life; but friendship new
* * is neither strong, nor pure.

l. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 582.

FUTURITY.

What will come, and must come, shall come well.

m. EDWIN ARNOLD—*Light of Asia.* Bk. VI. Line 274.

Some day Love shall claim his own
Some day Right ascend his throne,
Some day hidden Truth be known;
Some day—some sweet day.

n. LEWIS J. BATES—*Some Sweet Day.*

The year goes wrong, and tares grow strong,
Hope starves without a crumb;
But God's time is our harvest time,
And that is sure to come.

o. LEWIS J. BATES—*Our Better Day.*

God keeps a niche
In Heaven to hold our idols; and albeit
He brake them to our faces, and denied
That our close kisses should impair their white,
I know we shall behold them raised, complete,
The dust shook off, their beauty glorified,
New Memnons singing in the great God-light.

p. E. B. BROWNING—*Sonnet. Futurity with the Departed.*

But ask not bodies doomed to die,
To what abode they go;
Since knowledge is but sorrow's spy,
It is not safe to know.

q. DAVENANT—*The Just Italian.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead.

r. LONGFELLOW—*A Psalm of Life.*

Dear Land to which Desire forever flees;
Time doth no present to our grasp allow,
Say in the fixed Eternal shall we seize
At last the fleeting how?

s. BULWER-LYTTON—*The First Violets.*

O visions ill forseen! Better had I
Liv'd ignorant of future, so had borne
My part of evil only.

t. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XI. Line 763.

Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

u. MONTGOMERY—*The Issues of Life and Death.*

Oh blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by heaven.

v. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 85.

When we die, we shall find we have not lost our dreams; we have only lost our sleep.
a. RICHTER.

Haste, holy Friar,
Haste, ere the sinner shall expire!
Of all his guilt let him be shriven,
And smooth his path from earth to heaven!
b. SCOTT—*Lay of the Last Minstrel.* Canto Y, St. 22.

And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven,
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
c. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Ay, but to die and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot.
d. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 1.

God (if Thy will be so),
Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!
e. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 4.

Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others, that we know not of?
f. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 1.

What a world were this
How unendurable its weight, if they
Whom Death hath sundered did not meet again!
g. SOUTHEY—*Inscription XVII. Epitaph.*

The glories of the Possible are ours.
h. BAYARD TAYLOR—*The Picture of St. John.* Bk. II. St. 71.

The great world's altar-stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God.
i. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. LIV.

Happy he whose inward ear
Angel comfortings can hear,
O'er the rabble's laughter;
And, while Hatred's fagots burn,
Glimpses through the smoke discern
Of the good hereafter.
j. WHITTIER—*Barclay of Ury.*

A time there is, like a thrice-told tale,
Long-rifled life of sweet can yield no more.
k. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IV. Line 37.

G.

GAIN.

And if you mean to profit, learn to praise.
l. CHURCHILL—*Gotham.* Bk. II. Line 88.

I don't believe in principle,
But O, I du in interest.
m. LOWELL—*Biglow Papers.* Pt. VI.

Little pains
In a due hour employ'd great profit yields.
n. JOHN PHILIPS—*Cider.* Bk. I.

Men, that hazard all,
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross.
o. *Merchant of Venice.* Act II. Sc. 7.

No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en;—
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.
p. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act I. Sc. 1

Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as't is receiv'd,
And is enough for both.
q. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act II. Sc. 1.

GARDEN.

My garden is a forest ledge
Which older forests bound;
The banks slope down to the blue lake-edge,
Then plunge to depths profound.
r. EMERSON—*My Garden.*

Retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.
s. MILTON—*Il Penseroso.* Line 49.

Grove nods at grove, each Alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.
The suff'ring eye inverted nature sees,
Trees cut in Statues, Statues thick as trees;
With here a fountain never to be play'd;
And there a summer-house, that knows no shade.
t. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. IV. Line 117.

Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow rooted;
Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
u. *Henry VI.* Act III. Sc. 1.

A little garden square and wall'd;
And in it throve an ancient evergreen,
A yew-tree, and all round it ran a walk
Of shingle, and a walk divided it.
a. TENNYSON—*Enoch Arden.* Line 754.

The garden lies
A league of grass, wash'd by a slow broad stream.
b. TENNYSON—*The Gardener's Daughter.* Line 30.

The splash and stir
Of fountains spouted up and showering down
In meshes of the jasmine and the rose:
And all about us peal'd the nightingale,
Rapt in her song, and careless of the snare.
c. TENNYSON—*The Princess.* Pt. I. Line 217.

Let no rash hand invade these sacred bowers,
Irreverent pluck the fruit, or touch the flowers;
Fragrance and beauty here their charms combine,
And e'en Hesperia's garden yields to mine;
For tho' no golden apples glitter round,
A dragon yet more furious guards the ground.
d. ANONYMOUS—*Inscription for the Entrance to a Garden.*

GENIUS.

As diamond cuts diamond, and one hone smooths a second, all the parts of intellect are whetstones to each other; and genius, which is but the result of their mutual sharpening is character too.
e. BARTOL—*Radical Problems. Individualism.*

Genius is to Wit as the whole is in proportion to its parts.
f. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.*

Every work of genius is tinctured by the feelings, and often originates in the events of times.
g. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Literary Character of Men of Genius.* Ch. XXV.

Fortune has rarely condescended to be the companion of genius.
h. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Curiosities of Literature. Poverty of the Learned.*

Many men of genius must arise before a particular man of genius can appear.
i. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Literary Character of Men of Genius.* Ch. XXV.

Philosophy becomes poetry, and science imagination, in the enthusiam of genius.
j. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Literary Character of Men of Genius.* Ch. XII.

To think, and to feel, constitute the two grand divisions of men of genius—the men of reasoning and the men of imagination.
k. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Literary Character of Men of Genius.* Ch. II.

Genius must be born, and never can be taught.
l. DRYDEN—*Epistle X. To Congreve.* Line 60.

Genius and its rewards are briefly told:
A liberal nature and a niggard doom,
A difficult journey to a splendid tomb.
m. FORSTER—*Dedication of the Life and Adventures of Oliver Goldsmith.*

Genius, like humanity, rusts for want of use.
n. HAZLITT—*Table Talk. On Application to Study.*

Nature is the master of talent; genius is the master of nature.
o. HOLLAND—*Plain Talk on Familiar Subjects. Art and Life.*

Not oft near home does genius brightly shine,
No more than precious stones while in the mine.
p. OMAR KHAYYAM—*Bodenstedt.* Translator.

Many a genius has been slow of growth. Oaks that flourish for a thousand years do not spring up into beauty like a reed.
q. GEO. HENRY LEWES—*The Spanish Drama.* Ch. II.

All the means of action—
The shapeless mass, the materials—
Lie everywhere about us. What we need
Is the celestial fire to change the flint
Into transparent crystal, bright and clear.
That fire is genius!
r. LONGFELLOW—*The Spanish Student.* Act I. Sc. 5.

He is gifted with genius who knoweth much by natural talent.
s. PINDAR.

There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and under him
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar.
t. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Genius inspires this thirst for fame: there is no blessing undesired by those to whom Heaven gave the means of winning it.
u. MADAME DE STAËL—*Corinne.* Bk. XVI. Ch. I.

Genius is essentially creative; it bears the character of the individual who possesses it.
v. MADAME DE STAËL—*Corinne.* Bk. VII. Ch. I.

When genius is united with true feeling, our talents multiply our woes.
w. MADAME DE STAËL—*Corinne.* Bk. XV. Ch. VI.

Genius can never despise labour.
x. ABEL STEVENS—*Life of Madame de Staël.* Ch. XXXVIII.

GENTLEMEN.

A gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself armigero; in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, armigero.
a. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act I. St. 1.

An affable and courteous gentleman.
b. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act I. Sc. 2.

"I am a gentleman"—I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon.
c. *Twelfth Night.* Act I. St. 5.

I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins,—I was a gentleman.
d. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 2.

My master hath been an honourable gentleman; tricks he hath had in him which gentlemen have.
e. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act V. Sc. 3.

You are not like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once, are you?
f. SHERIDAN—*The Rivals.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

The grand old name of gentleman
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soil'd with all ignoble use.
g. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. CX.

GENTLENESS.

He is gentil that doth gentil dedis.
h. CHAUCER—*Canterbury Tales. The Wyf of Bathes Tale.* Line 6752.

If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied:
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be.
i. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 7.

They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet.
j. *Cymbeline.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Those that do teach young babes,
Do it with gentle means and easy tasks:
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.
k. *Othello.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Let mildness ever attend thy tongue.
l. THEOGIUS—*Maxims.* Line 368.

GIFTS.

Of gifts, there seems none more becoming to offer a friend than a beautiful book.
m. AMOS BRONSON ALCOTT—*Concord Days. June.*

He ne'er consider'd it, as loth
To lock a gift-horse in the mouth,
And very wisely would lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth;
But as he got it freely, so
He spent it frank and freely too:
For saints themselves will sometimes be
Of gifts that cost them nothing free.
n. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto I.

The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,
Dropt on the world—a sacred gift to man.
o. CAMPBELL—*Pleasures of Hope.* Pt. I. Line 44.

The gift, to be true, must be the flowing of the giver unto me, correspondent to my flowing unto him.
p. EMERSON—*Essay. Of Gifts.*

In giving, a man receives more than he gives, and the more is in proportion to the worth of the thing given.
q. GEORGE MACDONALD—*Mary Marston.* Ch. V.

Take gifts with a sigh: most men give to be paid.
r. JOHN BOYLE O'REILEY—*Rules of the Road.*

If the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift.
s. *Taming of the Shrew.* Induction.

Cel. Let us sit, and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.
Ros. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced: and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.
t. *As You Like It.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
u. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. I.

Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind.
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.
v. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act III. Sc. 1.

GLORY.

The glory dies not, and the grief is past.
w. BRYDGES—*On the Death of Sir Walter Scott.*

Who track the steps of glory to the grave.
x. BYRON—*Monody on the Death of Sheridan.*

Glory built
On selfish principles, is shame and guilt.
y. COWPER—*Table Talk.* Line 1.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
z. GRAY—*Elegy in a Country Churchyard.* St. 9.

Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
a. GRAY—*Progress of Poesy.* III. I. Line 2.

The glory of him who
Hung His masonry pendant on naught, when the world he created.
b. LONGFELLOW—*Children of the Lord's Supper.* Line 174.

Who pants for glory, finds but short repose;
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
c. POPE—*Second Book of Horace.* Ep. I. Line 300.

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to naught.
d. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 2.

I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me.
e. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Like madness is the glory of this life.
f. *Timon of Athens.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
g. *Timon of Athens.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Avoid shame, but do not seek glory,—nothing so expensive as glory.
h. SYDNEY SMITH—*Lady Holland's Memoir.* Vol. I. P. 88.

'Twas glory once to be a Roman;
She makes it glory now to be a man.
i. BAYARD TAYLOR—*The National Ode.*

Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,
But look'd at near have neither heat nor light.
j. JOHN WEBSTER—*The White Devil.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

Great is the glory, for the strife is hard!
k. WORDSWORTH—*To B. R. Haydon.* Line 14.

GOD.

God's wisdom and God's goodness!—Ay, but fools
Mis-define thee, till God knows them no more.
Wisdom and goodness, they are God! what schools
Have yet as much as heard this simple love?
This no Saint preaches, and this no Church rules;
'Tis in the desert, now and heretofore.
l. MATTHEW ARNOLD—*The Divinity.* St. 3.

"There is no god but God!—to prayer—lo! God is great!"
m. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto II. St. 59.

"God!" sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder "God!"
n. COLERIDGE—*Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni.*

Acquaint thyself with God, if thou would'st taste
His works. Admitted once to his embrace,
Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before:
Thine eye shall be instructed; and thine heart
Made pure shall relish, with divine delight
Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought.
o. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. V. Line 782.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm.
p. COWPER—*Light Shining out of Darkness.*

God never meant that man should scale the heavens
By strides of human wisdom. In his works,
Though wondrous, he commands us in his word
To seek him rather where his mercy shines.
q. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. III. Line 217.

Not a flower
But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,
Of His unrivall'd pencil.
r. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. VI. Line 240.

'Twas much, that man was made like God before;
But, that God should be made like man, much more.
s. DONNE—*Holy Sonnets.*

Eternal Deities,
Who rule the world with absolute decrees,
And write whatever time shall bring to pass,
With pens of Adamant, on plates of brass.
t. DRYDEN—*Palamon and Arcite.* Bk. I. Line 478.

He who loves
God and his law must hate the foes of God.
u. GEORGE ELIOT—*Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. I.

God enters by a private door into every individual.
v. EMERSON—*Essay. Of Intellect.*

When the Master of the universe has points to carry in his government he impresses his will in the structure of minds.
a. EMERSON—*Letters and Social Aims. Immortality.*

Restore to God his due in tithe and time:
A tithe purloin'd cankers the whole estate.
b. HERBERT—*The Temple. The Church Porch.*

Thou art what I want.
I am athirst for God, the Living God.
c. JEAN INGELOW—*A Parson's Letter to a Young Poet.* Pt. II.

Thou think'st of Him as one that will not wait.
A father, and not wait! He waited long
For us, and yet perchance He thinks not long,
And will not count the time. There are no dates
In His fine leisure.
d. JEAN INGELOW—*A Parson's Letter to a Young Poet.* Pt. II.

The sun and every vassal star,
All space, beyond the soar of angel wings,
Wait on his word: and yet He stays His ear
For every sigh a contrite suppliant brings.
e. KEBLE—*Ascension Day.*

There is no God but God, the living, the self subsisting.
f. *Koran.*

'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking.
g. LOWELL—*The Vision of Sir Launfal.*

A voice is in the wind I do not know;
A meaning on the face of the high hills
Whose utterance I cannot comprehend.
A something is behind them: that is God.
h. GEORGE MACDONALD—*Within and Without.* Pt. I. Sc. 1.

And justify the ways of God to men.
i. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 26.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good.
j. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. V. Line 153.

Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest.
k. MILTON—*Sonnet. On His Blindness.*

Yes, thou art ever present, Power supreme!
Not circumscribed by time, nor fixed to space,
Confined to altars, nor to temples bound,
In wealth, in want, in freedom, or in chains,
In dungeons, or on thrones, the faithful find thee.
l. HANNAH MORE—*Belshazzar.*

God is truth and light his shadow.
m. PLATO.

Father of All! in ev'ry Age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!
n. POPE—*Universal Prayer.*

He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.
o. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. II. Line 110.

Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to man.
p. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 15.

Thou great First Cause, least understood.
q. POPE—*Universal Prayer.*

To Him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.
r. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 277.

In danger heroes, and in doubt
Poets find gods to help them out.
s. PRIOR—*Alma.* Canto III.

The Omnipotent has sown His name on the heavens in glittering stars, but upon earth He planteth His name by tender flowers.
t. RICHTER—*Hesperus.*

God is our fortress; in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.
u. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 1.

God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet.
v. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act II. Sc. 3.

Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge
That no king can corrupt.
w. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 1.

But I lose
Myself in Him, in Light ineffable!
Come then, expressive Silence muse His praise.
x. THOMSON—*Hymn.*

These as they change, Almighty Father! these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee.
y. THOMSON—*Hymn.*

What, but God?
Inspiring God! who, boundless spirit all,
And unremitting Energy, pervades,
Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.
z. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 849.

God, from a beautiful necessity, is Love.
aa. TUPPER—*Of Immortality.*

God sendeth and giveth, both mouth and the meat.
bb. TUSSER—*Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry. Good Husbandry Lessons.*

A God all mercy is a God unjust.
a. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IV. Line 234.

A God alone can comprehend a God.
b. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IX. Line 835.

Though man sits still and takes his ease;
God is at work on man;
No means, no moment unemploy'd,
To bless him, if he can.
c. YOUNG—*Resignation.* St. 122.

Thou, my all!
My theme! my inspiration! and my crown!
My strength in age! my rise in low estate!
My soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth! my world!
My light in darkness! and my life in death!
My boast through time! bliss through eternity!
Eternity, too short to speak thy praise!
Or fathom thy profound of love to man!
d. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IV. Line 586.

GOLD.

For gold in phisike is a cordial;
Therefore he loveth gold in special.
e. CHAUCER—*Canterbury Tales.* Prologue. Line 445.

Gold begets in brethren hate;
Gold in families debate;
Gold does friendships separate;
Gold does civil wars create.
f. COWLEY—*Anacreontics. Gold.*

Stronger than thunder's winged force
All powerful gold can speed its course;
Through watchful guards its passage make,
And loves through solid walls to break.
g. FRANCIS' *Horace. Ode XVI.* Line 12.

Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold.
h. HOOD—*Miss Kilmansegg. Her Moral.*

Judges and Senates have been bought for gold,
Esteem and Love were never to be sold.
i. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 187.

Trade it may help, Society extend,
But lures the Pirate, and corrupts the Friend:
It raises Armies in a nation's aid,
But bribes a Senate, and the Land's betray'd.
j. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. III. Line 29.

A mere hoard of gold, kept by a devil; till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use.
k. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 3.

How quickly nature falls into revolt,
When gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care.
Their bones with industry;
For this they have engrossed and pil'd up
The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts and martial exercises.
l. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 4.

There is gold for you; sell me your good report.
m. *Cymbeline.* Act II. Sc. 3.

There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murther in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
n. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold,
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.
o. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act. II. Sc. 5.

'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer: and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man.
p. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Commerce has set the mark of selfishness;
The signet of its all-enslaving power
Upon a shining ore, and called it gold:
Before whose image bow the vulgar great,
The vainly rich, the miserable proud,
The mob of peasants, nobles, priests, and kings,
And with blind feelings reverence the power
That grinds them to the dust of misery.
But in the temple of their hireling hearts
Gold is a living god, and rules in scorn
All earthly things but virtue.
q. SHELLEY—*Queen Mab.* Pt. V. St. 4.

GOODNESS.

Whatever anyone does or says, I must be good.
r. AURELIUS ANTONINUS—*Thoughts.* Ch. VII.

What good I see humbly I seek to do,
And live obedient to the law, in trust
That what will come, and must come, shall come well.
s. EDWIN ARNOLD—*The Light of Asia.* Bk. VI. Line 273.

There was never law, or sect, or opinion did so much magnify goodness as the Christian religion doth.
a. BACON—*Essays. Of Goodness, &c.*

Who soweth good seed shall surely reap;
The year grows rich as it groweth old,
And life's latest sands are its sands of gold!
b. JULIA C. R. DORR—*To the "Bouquet Club."*

If you would be good, first believe that you are bad.
c. EPICTETUS.

And learn the luxury of doing good.
d. GOLDSMITH—*The Traveller.* Line 22.

True goodness is like the glowworm in this, that it shines most when no eyes, except those of heaven, are upon it.
e. J. C. and A. W. HARE—*Guesses at Truth.*

How near to good is what is fair!
f. BEN JONSON—*Love Freed from Ignorance and Folly.*

Great hearts alone understand how much glory there is in being good.
g. MICHELET.

Good, the more
Communicated, the more abundant grows.
h. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. V. Line 71.

None
But such as are good men can give good things;
And that which is not good is not delicious
To a well-governed and wise appetite.
i. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 702.

Long may such goodness live!
j. ROGERS—*Pleasures of Memory.*

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
k. *Merchant of Venice.* Act V. Sc. 1.

My meaning in saying he is a good man is, to have you understand me that he is sufficient.
l. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 3.

One good deed dying tongueless
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that,
Our praises are our wages.
m. *Winter's Tale.* Act I. Sc. 2.

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out.
n. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,
Dies in its own too-much.
o. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 7.

Your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.
p. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.
q. SHIRLEY—*Contention of Ajax and Ulysses.* Sc. 3.

He has more goodness in his little finger than you have in your whole body.
r. SWIFT—*Mary the Cookmaid's Letter to Dr. Sheridan.*

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.
s. TENNYSON—*Lady Clara Vere De Vere.* St. 7.

GOSSIP.

Gossip is a sort of smoke that comes from the dirty tobacco-pipes of those who diffuse it; it proves nothing but the bad taste of the smoker.
t. GEORGE ELIOT—*Daniel Deronda.* Bk. II. Ch. XIII.

He's gone, and who knows how may he report
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?
u. MILTON—*Samson Agonistes.* Line 1350.

Foul whisperings are abroad.
v. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 1.

If my gossip report, be an honest woman of her word.
w. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 1.

The nature of bad news infects the teller.
x. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act I. Sc. 2.

GOVERNMENT.

States are great engines moving slowly.
y. BACON—*Advancement of Learning.* Bk. II.

There was a State without Kings or nobles: there was a church without a Bishop; there was a people governed by grave magistrates which it had selected, and equal laws which it had framed.
z. RUFUS CHOATE—*Speech Before the New England Society.* December 22, 1843.

Those that think must govern those that toil.
aa. GOLDSMITH—*The Traveller.* Line 372.

All your strength is in your union,
All your danger is in discord.
bb. LONGFELLOW—*Hiawatha.* Pt. I. Line 112.

Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning, die,
But leave us still our old nobility.
cc. LORD JOHN MANNERS—*England's Trust.* Pt. III. Line 227.

Hope nothing from foreign governments. They will never be really willing to aid you until you have shown that you are strong enough to conquer without them.

a. Mazzini—*Life and Writings. Young Italy.*

If the sovereign of the State love benevolence, he will have no enemy in the empire.

b. Mencius—*On Government.*

The government will take the fairest of names, but the worst of realities—mob rule.

c. Polybius—VI. 57.

The right divine of kings to govern wrong.

d. Pope—*The Dunciad.* Bk. IV. Line 188.

Party has no doubt its evils; but all the evils of party put together would be scarcely a grain in the balance, when compared to the dissolution of honorable friendships, the pursuit of selfish ends, the want of concert in council, the absence of a settled policy in foreign affairs, the corruption of separate statesmen.

e. Lord John Russell—*Introduction to the Correspondence of the Duke of Bedford.*

A man busied about decrees;
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying, threat'ning the other.

f. *Coriolanus.* Act I. Sc. 6.

For government, through high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent;
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music.

g. *Henry V.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Why this it is, when men are rul'd by women.

h. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 1.

The school boy whips his taxed top, the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road; and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid seven per cent., flings himself back on his chintz bed, which has paid twenty-two per cent., and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death.

i. Sydney Smith—*Review of Seybert's Annals. United States.*

Ill can he rule the great that cannot reach the small.

j. Spenser—*Fœrie Queene.* Bk. V. Canto II. St. 51.

GRACE.

Who hath not own'd, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name?

k. Campbell—*Pleasures of Hope.* Pt. II. Line 5.

Whatever he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone 'twas natural to please.

l. Dryden—*Absalom and Achitophel.* Pt. I. Line 27.

Noiseless as a feather or a snow-flake falls, did her feet touch the earth. She seemed to float in the air, and the floor to bend and wave under her, as a branch when a bird alights upon it and takes wing again.

m. Longfellow—*Hyperion.* Bk. II. Ch. VII.

From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.

n. Pope—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 152.

For several virtues
Have I lik'd several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil.

o. *Tempest.* Act III. Sc. 1.

God give him grace to groan.

p. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act. IV. Sc. 3.

Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!

q. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 1.

O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities.

r. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 3.

O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!

s. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act 1. Sc. I.

But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

t. Tennyson—*Break, Break, Break.*

GRATITUDE.

Gratitude is the fairest blossom which springs from the soul; and the heart of man knoweth none more fragrant.

u. Hosea Ballou—*MSS. Sermons.*

Gratitude is expensive.

v. Gibbon—*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.*

The still small voice of gratitude.

w. Gray—*For Music.* St. 5.

Th' unwilling gratitude of base mankind!

x. Pope—*Second Book of Horace.* Ep. I. Line 14.

I can no other answer make, but, thanks,
And thanks: and ever oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay.

y. *Twelfth Night.* Act III. Sc. 3.

"I thank you for your voices,—thank you,—
Your most sweet voices."

z. *Coriolanus.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.
a. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own.
b. *Coriolanus.* Act III. Sc. 1.

GRAVE, THE

Lie lightly on my ashes, gentle Earth!
c. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—*Bonduca.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

The grave, dread thing!
Men shiver when thou'rt named: Nature appall'd
Shakes off her wonted firmness.
d. BLAIR—*The Grave.*

The lawn-robed prelate and plain presbyter,
Erewhile that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
Familiar mingle here, like sister streams
That some rude interposing rock had split.
e. BLAIR—*The Grave.*

Gravestones tell truth scarce forty years.
f. Sir THOMAS BROWNE—*Hydriotaphia.* Ch. V.

I gazed upon the glorious sky
And the green mountains round,
And thought that when I came to lie
At rest within the ground,
'Twere pleasant, that in flowery June
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,
And groves a joyous sound,
The sexton's hand, my grave to make
The rich, green mountain turf should break.
g. BRYANT—*June.*

I would rather sleep in the southern corner of a little country churchyard, than in the tombs of the Capulets.
h. BURKE—*Letter to Matthew Smith.*

The dead are thy inheritors.
i. BYRON—*A Fragment.*

An untimely grave.
j. CAREW—*On the Duke of Buckingham.*

Graves they say are warm'd by glory;
Foolish words and empty story.
k. HEINE—*Latest Poems.* Epilogue.

Then to the grave I turned me to see what therein lay;
'Twas the garment of the Christian, worn out and thrown away.
l. KOUMACHER—*Death and the Christian.*

I see their scattered gravestones gleaming white
Through the pale dusk of the impending night;
O'er all alike the imperial sunset throws
Its golden lilies mingled with the rose;
We give to each a tender thought, and pass
Out of the graveyards with their tangled grass.
m. LONGFELLOW—*Morituri Salutamus.* Line 121.

This is the field and Acre of our God,
This is the place where human harvests grow!
n. LONGFELLOW—*God's Acre.*

There are slave-drivers quietly whipt underground,
There bookbinders, done up in boards are fast bound,
There card-players wait till the last trump be played,
There all the choice spirits get finally laid,
There the babe that's unborn is supplied with a berth,
There men without legs get their six feet of earth,
There lawyers repose, each wrapt up in his case,
There seekers of office are sure of a place,
There defendant and plaintiff get equally cast,
There shoemakers quietly stick to the last.
o. LOWELL—*Fable for Critics.* Line 1656.

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.
p. MONTGOMERY—*The Grave.*

The grave unites; where e'en the great find rest,
And blended lie th' oppressor and th' oppressed!
q. POPE—*Windsor Forest.* Line 317.

Thy grave shall with rising flow'rs be drest,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast.
There shall t e morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow.
r. POPE—*Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady.* Line 65.

Never the Grave gives back what it has won!
s. SCHILLER—*A Funeral Fantasy.* Last Line.

Bea from hence his body,
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded
As the most noble corse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.
t. *Coriolanus.* Act V. Sc. 5.

Gilded tombs do worms infold.
u. *Merchant of Venice.* Act II. Sc. 7.

Lay her i' the earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
May violets spring!
v. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Let's choose executors, and talk of wills;
And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
a. *Richard II.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Taking the measure of an unmade grave.
b. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act III. Sc. 3.

The sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws.
c. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 4.

They bore him barefac'd on the bier;
* * * * * *
And on his grave rains many a tear.
d. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd.
e. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 2.

O heart, and mind, and thoughts! what thing do you
Hope to inherit in the grave below?
f. SHELLEY—*Posthumous Poems. Sonnet.*

The lone couch of his everlasting sleep.
g. SHELLEY—*Alastor.* Line 57.

Kings have no such couch as thine,
As the green that folds thy grave.
h. TENNYSON—*A Dirge.* St. 6.

Our father's dust is left alone
And silent under other snows.
i. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. CIV.

Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound.
j. WATTS—*Funeral Thoughts.* Bk. II. Hymn 63.

GREATNESS.

Burn to be great,
Pay not thy praise to lofty things alone.
The plains are everlasting as the hills,
The bard cannot have two pursuits; aught else
Comes on the mind with the like shock as though
Two worlds had gone to war, and met in air.
And now that thou hast heard thus much from one
Not wont to seek, nor give, nor take advice,
Remember, whatsoe'er thou art as man,
Suffer the world, entreat it and forgive.
They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.
k. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Home.*

We have not the love of greatness, but the love of the love of greatness.
l. CARLYLE—*Essays. Characteristics.*

The great man who thinks greatly of himself, is not diminishing that greatness in heaping fuel on his fire.
m. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Literary Character of Men of Genius.* Ch. XV.

Nature never sends a great man into the planet, without confiding the secret to another soul.
n. EMERSON—*Uses of Great Men.*

In honor dies he to whom the great seems ever wonderful.
o. HAFIZ.

He who comes up to his own idea of greatness, must always have had a very low standard of it in his mind.
p. HAZLITT—*Table Talk. Whether Genius is Conscious of its own Power?*

No really great man ever thought himself so.
q. HAZLITT—*Table Talk. Whether Genius is Conscious of its own Power.*

For he that once is good, is ever great.
r. BEN JONSON—*The Forest. To Lady Aubigny.*

Hear ye not the hum
Of mighty workings?
s. KEATS—*Addressed to Haydon.*

Great men stand like solitary towers in the city of God, and secret passages running deep beneath external nature give their thoughts intercourse with higher intelligences, which strengthens and consoles them, and of which the laborers on the surface do not even dream.
t. LONGFELLOW—*Kavanagh.* Ch. I.

Great of heart, magnanimous, courtly, courageous.
u. LONGFELLOW—*Courtship of Miles Standish.* Pt. III.

The men who impress the world as the mightiest are those often who can the least—never those who can the most in their natural kingdom; generally those whose frontiers lie openest to the inroads of temptation.
v. GEORGE MACDONALD—*The Marquis of Lossie.* Ch. LIX.

The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart.
w. MENCIUS—*Metaphysics and Morals.*

Are not great
Men the models of nations!
x. OWEN MEREDITH—*Lucile.* Pt. II. Canto IV. St. 29.

That man is great, and he alone,
Who serves a greatness not his own,
For neither praise nor pelf:
Content to know and be unknown:
Whole in himself.
y. OWEN MEREDITH—*A Great Man.*

A mighty deed is like the Heaven's thunder,
That wakes the nation's slumberers from their rest.
z. RAUPACH.

Are yet two Romans living, such as these?—
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
aa. *Julius Cæsar.* Act V. Sc. 3.

But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great.
bb. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Greatness knows itself.
a. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act IV. Sc. 3.

Now, in the name of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this, our Cæsar feed,
That he has grown so great?
b. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Some are born great, some achieve greatness,
And some have greatness thrust upon them.
c. *Twelfth Night.* Act II. Sc. 5.

The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate:
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
d. *Lucrece.* Line 1006.

They that stand high have many blasts to shake them;
And if they fall they dash themselves to pieces.
e. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
f. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure.
g. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Not that the heavens the little can make great,
But many a man has lived an age too late.
h. STODDARD—*To Edmund Clarence Stedman.*

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.
i. SWIFT—*Thoughts on Various Subjects.*

The world knows nothing of its greatest men.
j. HENRY TAYLOR—*Philip Van Artevelde.* Act I. Sc. 5.

Man should be ever better than he seems.
k. Sir AUBREY DE VERE—*A Song of Faith.*

O, happy they that never saw the court,
Nor ever knew great men but by report!
l. JOHN WEBSTER—*The White Devil; or, Vittoria Corombona.*

A man is a great thing upon the earth, and through eternity—but every jot of the greatness of man is unfolded out of woman.
m. WALT WHITMAN—*Leaves of Grass. Unfolded out of the Folds.*

Great is Youth—equally great is Old Age—great are Day and Night.
Great is Wealth—great is Poverty—great is Expression—great is Silence.
n. WALT WHITMAN—*Leaves of Grass. Great are the Myths.* Pt. I.

It is as great to be a woman as to be a man.
o. WALT WHITMAN—*Leaves of Grass. Walt Whitman.* Pt. XXI. St. 108.

Great let me call him, for he conquered me.
p. YOUNG—*The Revenge.* Act I. Sc. 1.

High stations, tumults, but not bliss, create;
None think the great unhappy, but the great.
q. YOUNG—*Love of Fame.* Satire I. Line 237.

GRIEF.

Why wilt thou add to all the griefs I suffer
Imaginary ills, and fancy'd tortures?
r. ADDISON—*Cato.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Thank God, bless God, all ye who suffer not
More grief than ye can weep for. That is well—
That is light grieving!
s. E. B. BROWNING—*Tears.*

We grieved, we sighed, we wept: we never blushed before.
t. COWLEY—*The Government of Oliver Cromwell.*

No greater grief than to remember days
Of joy when misery is at hand.
u. DANTE—*Hell.* Canto V. Line 121.

'Tis better that our griefs should not spread far.
v. GEORGE ELIOT—*Legend of Jubal. Armgart.* Sc. 5.

In all the silent manliness of grief.
w. GOLDSMITH—*Deserted Village.* Line 384.

Small griefs find tongues; full casques are ever found
To give, if any, yet but little sound.
Deep waters noyselesse are; and this we know,
That chiding streams betray small depth below.
x. HERRICK—*Hesperides.*

The only cure for grief is action.
y. GEO. HENRY LEWES—*The Spanish Drama.* Ch. II.

O, well has it been said, that there is no grief like the grief which does not speak!
z. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. II. Ch. II.

Thou speakest truly, poet! and methinks
More hearts are breaking in this world of ours
Than one would say.
aa. LONGFELLOW—*Spanish Student.* Act II. Sc. 4.

But O! the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
bb. MILTON—*Lycidas.* Line 37.

I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.
cc. MILTON—*On His Deceased Wife.*

Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.
a. *Titus Andronicus.* Act III. Sc. 2.

But I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown.
b. *Winter's Tale.* Act II. Sc. 1.

But I have that within which passeth show;
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.
c. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so:
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects.
d. *Richard II.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Every one can master a grief, but he that has it.
e. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Great griefs, I see, medicine the less.
f. *Cymbeline.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Grief fills the room up of my absent child;
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
g. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Grief is proud, and makes his owner stoop.
h. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it press'd
With more of thine.
i. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Grief softens the mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate.
j. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 4.

Grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.
k. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

I am not mad;—I would to heaven, I were!
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!
l. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 4.

I cannot weep; for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart.
m. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act II. Sc. 1.

If thou engrossest all the griefs as thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety.
n. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but tasting it
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness with a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words
o. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act V. Sc. 1

My grief lies all within;
And these external manners of laments
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul.
p. *Richard II.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.
q. *Sonnet L.*

My heart is drown'd with grief,
* * * * * *
My body round engirt with misery;
For what's more miserable than discontent?
r. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 1.

Nor doth the general care
Take hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.
s. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 3.

O! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw me last;
And careful hours, with Time's deformed hand
Have written strange departures in my face.
t. *Comedy of Errors.* Act V. Sc. 1.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woful words she told;
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where, lo! two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies.
u. *Venus and Adonis.* Line 1123.

Some grief shows much of love;
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.
v. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act III. Sc. 5.

That we two are asunder, let that grieve him,—
(Some griefs are med'cinable.)
w. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 2.

The mind much sufferance doth o'er-skip,
When grief hath mates.
x. *King Lear.* Act III. Sc. 6.

'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father;
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound
In filial obligation, for some term
To do obsequious sorrow: But to persevere
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornness.
y. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

We must be patient: but I cannot choose
but weep, to think they should lay him i' the
cold ground.
a. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

What is he, whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of
sorrow
Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes
them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers?
b. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

What private griefs they have, alas! I know
not,
That made them do it.
c. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 2.

You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.
d. *Richard II.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Dark is the realm of grief: but human things
Those may not know of who cannot weep for
them.
e. SHELLEY—*Otho.*

Winter is come and gone,
But grief returns with the revolving year.
f. SHELLEY—*Adonais.* St. 18.

"Oh but," quoth she, "great griefe will not
be tould,
And can more easily be thought than said."
g. SPENSER—*Fœrie Queene.* Bk. I.
Canto VII. St. 41.

He gave a deep sigh; I saw the iron enter
into his soul.
h. STERNE—*The Captive.*

Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break.
i. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. VI.

Waiting for a hand,
A hand that can be clasp'd no more.
j. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. VII.

No greater grief! Is it then always grief
Remembering happier times in times of
sorrow?
Does one day of delight ne'er bring relief
To the sick soul on a despairful morrow?
Past joys are a possession.
k. JOHN TODHUNTER—*Laurella, and Other
Poems. Nessun Maggior' Dolore.*

GROWTH.

Nature never stands still, nor souls neither;
they ever go up or go down.
l. JULIA C. R. DORR—*Outgrown.*

Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.
m. LONGFELLOW—*The Ladder of St.
Augustine.* St. 2.

Grows with his growth, and strengthens with
his strength.
n. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. II.
Line 136.

Thus the Mercury of Man is fix'd,
Strong grows the Virtue with his nature
mix'd.
o. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. II.
Line 177.

"Ay," quoth my uncle Gloster,
"Small herbs have grace, great weeds do
grow apace:"
And since, methinks, I would not grow so
fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds
make haste,
p. *Richard III.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,
I would the plants thou graft'st may never
grow.
q. *Richard II.* Act. III. Sc. 4.

O, my lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth;
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.
r. *Richard III.* Act III. Sc. 1.

GUESTS.

Be bright and jovial among your guests to-
night.
s. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade.
t. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Macb.—Here's our chief guest.
Lady M.—If he had been forgotten
It had been as a gap in our great feast.
u. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table.
v. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.
w. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.
x. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 2.

GUILT.

How guilt once harbour'd in the conscious
breast,
Intimidates the brave, degrades the great.
y. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Irene.* Act IV. Sc. 8.

Guilt's a terrible thing.
z. BEN JONSON—*Bartholomew Fair.*
Act IV. Sc. 1.

These false pretexts and varnished colours
failing,
Rare in thy guilt, how foul must thou ap-
pear!
aa. MILTON—*Samson Agonistes.* Line 901.

How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
a. Pope—*Eloisa to Abelard.* Line 230.

And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons.
b. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 1.

O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink! that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again.
c. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

A land of levity is a land of guilt.
d. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night VII. Preface.

H.

HABIT.

A civil habit
Oft covers a good man.
e. Beaumont and Fletcher—*The Beggar's Bush.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Habit with him was all the test of truth;
"It must be right: I've done it from my youth."
f. Crabbe—*The Borough.* Letter III.

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.
g. Dryden's *Ovid. Metamorphoses.* Bk. XV. Line 1.

Small habits well pursued betimes
May reach the dignity of crimes.
h. Hannah More—*Florio.* Pt. I.

For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And master the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency.
i. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Use doth breed a habit in a man!
j. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act V. Sc. 4.

HAIR.

Dear dead women, with such hair, too—
what's become of all the gold
Used to hang and brush their bosoms?
k. Robert Browning—*Men and Women. A Toccata of Galuppi's.* St. 15.

Tresses, that wear
Jewels, but to declare
How much themselves more precious are.
l. Crashaw—*Wishes. To His Supposed Mistress.*

When you see fair hair
Be pitiful.
m. George Eliot—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. IV.

Beware of her fair hair, for she excels
All women in the magic o her locks;
And when she winds them round a young man's neck,
She will not set him free again.
n. Goethe—Shelley, Translator. *Scenes from Faust.* Sc. *The Hartz Mountain.*

Her cap of velvet could not hold
The tresses of her hair of gold,
That flowed and floated like the stream,
And fell in masses down her neck.
o. Longfellow—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. VI.

Time has touched it in his flight,
And changed the auburn hair to white.
p. Longfellow—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. IV.

Coffee, (which makes the politician wise,
And see thro' all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New Stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain.
q. Pope—*Rape of the Lock.* Canto III. Line 117.

Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.
r. Pope—*Rape of the Lock.* Canto II. Line 28.

The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for-ever, and for-ever!
s. Pope—*Rape of the Lock.* Canto III. Line 153.

Bind up those tresses: O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glew themselves in sociable grief;
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.
t. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright.
u. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 3.

Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.
v. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act IV Sc. 4.

Her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece.
w. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Ros.—His hair is of a good colour.
Cel.—An excellent colour; your chestnut was ever the only colour.
a. *As You Like It.* Act III. Sc. 4.

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
b. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act V. Sc. 5.

Her long loose yellow locks lyke golden wyre,
Sprinckled with perle; and perling flowres atweene,
Doe lyke a golden mantle her attyre.
c. SPENSER—*Epithalamion.* St. 9.

HAND.

For through the South, the custom still commands
The gentleman to kiss the lady's hands.
d. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto V. St. 105.

I said they were alike, their features and
Their stature, differing but in sex and years,
Even to the delicacy of their hand
There was resemblance, such as true blood wears.
e. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto IV. St. 45.

All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.
f. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 1.

O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman.
g. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act I. Sc. 1.

What accursed hand
Hath made thee handless?
h. *Titus Andronicus.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet: whose perfect white
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
i. *Lucrece.* Line 393.

HAPPINESS.

Blesses his stars and thinks it luxury.
j. ADDISON—*Cato.* Act I. Sc. 4.

Real happiness is cheap enough, yet how dearly we pay for its counterfeit.
k. HOSEA BALLOU—*MSS. Sermons.*

Pleasures lie thickest where no pleasures seem;
There's not a leaf that falls upon the ground
But holds some joy, of silence or of sound,
Some sprite begotten of a summer dream.
l. BLANCHARD—*Lyric Offerings. Hidden Joys.*

One cannot be fully happy till after his sixtieth year.
m. BONSTETTEN—*In Abel Stevens' Madame de Staël.* Ch. XXVI.

The greatest happiness comes from the greatest activity.
n. BOVEE—*Thoughts, Feelings, and Fancies. Sham Remorse.*

Oh, Mirth and Innocence! Oh, Milk and Water!
Ye happy mixtures of more happy days!
o. BYRON—*Beppo.* St. 80.

To believe that happiness exists in a feverish ambition rather than in a tender and simple affection is to believe that the immensity of the sea will more readily quench thirst than the pure limpid water of a humble fountain.
v. EMILIO CASTELAR—*From Autograph Letter.*

Blest hour! it was a luxury—to be!
q. COLERIDGE—*Reflections on having left a Place of Retirement.*

O, why has happiness so short a day.
r. BARRY CORNWALL—*A Sicilian Story. Dedicatory Sonnet.*

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to bestow,
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.
s. COTTON—*The Fireside.*

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He, who can call to-day his own:
He who secure within, can say,
To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.
t. DRYDEN—*Imitation of the 29th of Horace.* Bk. I. Line 65.

To be happy is not the purpose for which you are placed in this world.
u. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Divus Cæsar.*

Who is the happiest of men? He who values the merits of others,
And in their pleasure takes joy, even as though 'twere his own.
v. GOETHE—*Distichs.*

Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find.
w. GOLDSMITH—*The Traveller* Line 431.

Happiness consists in activity: such is the constitution of our nature: it is a running stream, and not a stagnant pool.
x. GOOD—*The Book of Nature.* Series III. Lecture VII.

No man can be happy without exercising the virtue of a cheerful industry or activity. No man can lay in his claim to happiness, I mean the happiness that shall last through the fair run of life, without chastity, without temperance, without sobriety, without economy, without self-command, and, consequently, without fortitude; and, let me add, without a liberal and forgiving spirit.

a. Good—*The Book of Nature.* Series III. Lecture VII.

The rays of happiness, like those of light, are colorless when unbroken.

b. Longfellow—*Kavanagh.* Ch. XIII.

To be strong
Is to be happy.

c. Longfellow—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. II.

And feel that I am happier than I know.

d. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VIII. Line 282.

No eye to watch and no tongue to wound us,
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us.

e. Moore—*Come o'er the Sea.*

Fix'd to no spot is Happiness sincere;
'Tis nowhere to be found, or ev'rywhere;
'Tis never to be bought, but always free.

f. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 15.

Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness;
But mutual wants this happiness increase,
All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.

g. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 53.

Oh happiness! our being's end and aim!
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er thy name;
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die.

h. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 1.

Happiness lies in the consciousness we have of it, and by no means in the way the future keeps its promises.

i. Georges Sand—*Handsome Lawrence.* Ch. II.

How bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes!

j. *As You Like It.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

k. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act V. Sc. 4.

Ye seek for happiness—alas, the day!
Ye find it not in luxury nor in gold,
Nor in the fame, nor in the envied sway
For which, O willing slave to Custom old,
Severe task mistress! ye your hearts have sold.

l. Shelley—*Revolt of Islam.* Canto XI. St. 17.

Mankind are always happier for having been happy; so that if you make them happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it.

m. Sydney Smith—*Lecture on Benevolent Affections.*

Be happy, but be so by piety.

n. Madame de Staël—*Corinne.* Bk. XX. Ch. III.

True happiness ne'er entered at an eye;
True happiness resides in things unseen.

o. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night VIII. Line 1021.

HASTE.

The more haste, ever the worst speed.

p. Churchill—*The Ghost.* Bk. IV. Line 1162.

Haste is of the Devil.

q. *Koran.*

Haste trips up its own heels, fetters and stops itself.

r. Seneca.

He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, on preys upon itself.

s. *Richard II.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.

t. *King John.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

u. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
May bare the raven's eye!

v. *Cymbeline.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say—It lightens.

w. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Wisely, and slow; They stumble, that run fast.

x. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 3.

HATRED.

Hatred is self-punishment.

y. Hosea Ballou—*MSS. Sermons.*

Then let him know that hatred without end
Or intermission is between us two.

z. Bryant's *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. XV. Line 270.

Now hatred is by far the longest pleasure;
Men love in haste, but they detest at leisure.

aa. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto XIII. St. 6.

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.
a. CONGREVE—*The Mourning Bride.* Act III. Sc. 8.

There are glances of hatred that stab and raise no cry of murder.
b. GEORGE ELIOT—*Felix Holt.* Introduction.

I like a good hater!
c. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Piozzi*, 89.

I do hate him as I hate the devil.
d. BEN JONSON—*Every Man Out of His Humour.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Never can true reconcilement grow,
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep.
e. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 98.

It is only hatred, not love, that requires explanation. The source of the best and holiest, from the universe up to God, is hidden behind a night, full of too-distant stars.
f. RICHTER—*Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces.* Ch. II.

How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him, for he is a Christian:
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
g. *The Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 3.

I do hate him as I do hell pains.
h. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 1.

'Tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will.
i. *Cymbeline.* Act II. Sc. 5.

HEALTH.

Health, affrighted, spreads her rosy wing
And flies with every changing gale of spring.
j. BYRON—*Childish Recollections.*

Health that snuffs the morning air.
k. GRAINGER—*Ode to Solitude.*

There are three wicks * * * * to the lamp of a man's life: brain, blood, and breath. Press the brain a little, its light goes out, followed by both the others. Stop the heart a minute, and out go all three of the wicks. Choke the air out of the lungs, and presently the fluid ceases to supply the other centres of flame, and all is soon stagnation, cold, and darkness.
l. HOLMES—*Professor at the Breakfast-Table.* Ch. XI.

Maybe he is not well:
Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound.
m. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
n. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians know.
o. *Sonnet CXL.*

Health is the vital principle of bliss.
p. THOMSON—*Castle of Indolence.* Canto II. St. 55.

Gold that buys health can never be ill spent,
Nor hours laid out in harmless merriment.
q. JOHN WEBSTER—*Westward Ho!* Act V. Sc. 4.

HEARING.

He ne'er presumed to make an error clearer;—
In short, there never was a better hearer.
r. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto XIV. St. 37.

One eare it heard, at the other out it went.
s. CHAUCER—*Troilus and Cryseyde.* Bk. IV. Line 1625.

Strike, but hear me.
t. PLUTARCH—*Rollin's Ancient History.* Bk. VI. Ch. II.

For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, and so true.
u. SHENSTONE—*Jemmy Dawson.*

They never would hear,
But turn a deaf ear,
As a matter they had no concern in.
v. SWIFT—*Dingley and Brent.*

HEART.

His heart was one of those which most enamours us,
Wax to receive and marble to retain.
w. BYRON—*Beppo.* St. 34.

Some hearts are hidden, some have not a heart.
x. CRABBE—*The Borough.* Letter XVII.

His heart was in his work, and the heart
Giveth grace unto every Art.
y. LONGFELLOW—*The Building of the Ship.* Line 7.

Something the heart must have to cherish,
Must love, and joy, and sorrow learn;
Something with passion clasp, or perish,
And in itself to ashes burn.
z. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. II. Introduction.

Stay, stay at home, my heart and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know not where
Are full of trouble and full of care;
To stay at home is best.
aa. LONGFELLOW—*Song.*

Better to have the poet's heart than brain,
Feeling than song; but better far than both,
To be a song, a music of God's making.
a. GEORGE MACDONALD—*Within and Without.* Pt. III. Sc. 9.

The heart is like an instrument whose strings
Steal nobler music from Life's many frets:
The golden threads are spun thro' Suffering's fire,
Wherewith the marriage-robes for heaven are woven:
And all the rarest hues of human life
Take radiance, and are rainbow'd out in tears.
b. GERALD MASSEY—*Wedded Love.*

This house is to be let for life or years;
Her rent is sorrow, and her income tears;
Cupid 't has long stood void; her bills make known,
She must be dearly let, or let alone.
c. QUARLES—*Emblems.* Bk. II. Epigram X.

At this sight
My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine,
It shall be stony.
d. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act V. Sc. 2.

The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand.
e. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Worse than a bloody hand is a hard heart.
f. SHELLEY—*The Cenci.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Heaven's Sovereign saves all beings but himself
That hideous sight, a naked human heart.
g. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night III. Line 226.

Who for the poor renown of being smart,
Would leave a sting within a brother's heart.
h. YOUNG—*Love of Fame.* Satire II. Line 113.

HEAVEN.

In hope to merit heaven by making earth a hell.
i. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto I. St. 20. Line 9.

O scenes surpassing fable, and yet true,
Scenes of accomplished bliss; which who can see,
Though but in distant prospect, and not feel
His soul refresh'd with foretaste of the joy.
j. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. VI. Line 760.

Heaven's eternal year is thine.
k. DRYDEN—*Elegy on Mrs. Killigrew.* Line 15.

They had finished her own crown in glory, and she couldn't stay away from the coronation.
l. GREY—*Enigmas of Life.*

Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams can not picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there my child!
m. Mrs. HEMANS—*The Better Land.*

There is a land where beauty cannot fade,
Nor sorrow dim the eye;
Where true love shall not droop nor be dismayed,
And none shall ever die.
n. MARY HOWITT—*Song of Margaret.*

Attempt not to fathom the secrets of heaven,
But gratefully use what to thee is here given;
For none have returned from that realm of bliss,
To tell how those fared who have prayed much in this.
o. OMAR KHAYYAM—*Bodenstedt,* Translator.

There is another and a better world.
p. KOTZEBUE—*The Stranger.* Act I. Sc. 1.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be Heaven's distant lamps.
q. LONGFELLOW—*Resignation.* St. 4.

A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold,
And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear,
Seen in the galaxy, that milky way.
r. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VII. Line 577.

A heaven on earth.
s. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 208.

Heaven open'd wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound
On golden hinges moving.
t. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VII. Line 205.

In heav'n the trees
Of life, ambrosial fruitage bare, and vines
Yield nectar.
u. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. V. Line 426.

The hasty multitude
Admiring enter'd; and the work some praise
And some the architect: his hand was known
In heaven by many a tower'd structure high,
Where scepter'd angels held their residence,
And sat as princes.
v. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 730.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love
Form'd for the good alone:
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.
w. MONTGOMERY—*Friends.*

A Persian's Heaven is eas'ly made,
'Tis but black eyes and lemonade.
a. MOORE—*Intercepted Letters.* Letter VI.

Earth may be darkness; Heaven will give thee light.
b. ALICE BRADLEY NEAL—*Sonnet. Daybreak.*

Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow.
c. POPE—*Eloisa to Abelard.* Line 319.

Heaven is above, and there
Rest will remain!
d. ADELAIDE A. PROCTER—*Be Strong.*

The loves that meet in Paradise shall cast out fear,
And Paradise hath room for you and me and all.
e. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*Saints and Angels.* St. 10.

All places that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
f. *Henry II.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Father cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
* * * * * * * *
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him.
g. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Heaven's above all; and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.
h. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 3.

It is not so with Him that all things knows,
As't is with us that square our guess by shows,
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of Heaven we count the act of men.
i. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act II. Sc. 1.

There's husbandry in heaven,
Their candles are all out.
j. *Macbeth.* Act II. Sc. 1.

The self-same heaven
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.
k. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 3.

The treasury of everlasting joy!
l. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act II. Sc. 1.

World! if to thee, sin-stained, such lavish charms are given,
How can a human thought conceive the spirit joys of heaven!
m. ELIZABETH F. SWIFT—*Sonnet. Moonlight Upon the Hills.*

Where God is, all agree.
n. VAUGHAN—*The Constellation.* St. 15.

For all we know
Of what the blessed do above
Is, that they sing and that they love.
o. WALLER—*While I Listen to Thy Voice.*

HELL.

Cause why King George never could or should
Make out a case to be exempt from woe.
Eternal, more than other kings, endued
With better sense and hearts, whom history mentions,
Who long have "paved hell with their good intentions."
p. BYRON—*Vision of Judgement.* St. 37.

Hell is more bearable than nothingness.
q. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Heaven.*

There is in hell a place stone-built throughout,
Called Malebolge, of an iron hue,
Like to the wall that circles it about.
r. DANTE—*Inferno.* Canto XVIII. Line 1.

Hell is full of good meanings and wishings.
s. HERBERT—*Jacula Prudentum.*

Hell is paved with good intentions.
t. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Boswell's Life of Johnson.* Ch. XLIX.

All hell broke loose.
u. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 918.

Hell
Grew darker at their frown.
v. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 719.

Long is the way
And hard, that out of hell, leads up to light.
w. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 432.

Nor from hell
One step no more than from himself can fly
By change of place.
x. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 21.

On a sudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder.
y. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 879.

The gates that now
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame
Far into Chaos, since the fiend pass'd through.
z. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. X. Line 232.

Let the damn'd one dwell
Full in the sight of Paradise,
Beholding heaven, and feeling hell!
aa. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. The Fire-Worshippers.*

To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.
a. Pope—*Moral Essays.* Ep. IV. Line 149.

Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night.
b. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Hell is empty
And all the devils are here.
c. *Tempest.* Act I. Sc. 2.

I think the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire.
d. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act V. Sc. 5.

Before the porch itself, within the jaws of Hell, Grief and avenging Cares have placed their couches; there dwell pale Diseases, sorrowing Age, Despondency, and ill-prompting Hunger, and loathsome Want, shapes terrible to see: Death, and Labour, and Sleep, twin-born with Death, and the criminal Lusts of the heart, and death bringing War near the opening door; and the iron bedchambers of the Furies and maddening Discord, her viper's tresses bound up with bloody fillets.
e. Virgil—*Æneid.* Bk. VI. Line 273.

HELP.

The foolish ofttimes teach the wise;
I strain too much this string of life, belike,
Meaning to make such music as shall save.
Mine eyes are dim now that they see the truth,
My strength is waned now that my need is most;
Would that I had such help as man must have,
For I shall die, whose life was all men's hope.
f. Edwin Arnold—*Light of Asia.* Bk. VI. Line 108.

As ships meet at sea, a moment together, when words of greeting must be spoken, and then away into the deep, so men meet in this world; and I think we should cross no man's path without hailing him, and, if he needs, giving him supplies.
g. Henry Ward Beecher.

Light is the task when many share the toil.
h. Bryant's *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. XII. Line 493.

I would help others out of a fellow feeling.
i. Burton—*Anatomy of Melancholy.*

Help thyself and God will help thee.
j. Herbert—*Jacula Prudentum.*

Who seeks for aid
Must show how service sought can be repaid.
k. Owen Meredith—*Siege of Constantinople.*

Help me, Cassius, or I sink!
l. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Now, God be prais'd! that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!
m. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act II. Sc. 1.

Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd,
Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once.
n. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 3.

That comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution;
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
o. *Henry VIII.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.
p. *Timon of Athens.* Act I. Sc. 1.

God helps them that help themselves.
q. Sir Philip Sidney—*Discourse Concerning Government.* Ch. II. Pt. XXIII.
Franklin—*Poor Richard.*

HERBAGE.

Grass grows at last above all graves.
r. Julia C. R. Dorr—*Grass-grown.*

Nothing but mosses
Grow on these rocks.
s. Longfellow—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. V.

The green grass floweth like a stream
Into the ocean's blue.
t. Lowell—*The Sirens.* Line 87.

A barren detested vale, you see it is;
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss and baleful misseltoe.
u. *Titus Andronicus.* Act II. Sc. 3.

How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!
v. *Tempest.* Act II. Sc. 1.

If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.
w. *Comedy of Errors.* Act II. Sc. 2.

I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.
x. *Richard II.* Act III. Sc. 4.

We trample grass, and prize the flowers of May,
Yet grass is green when flowers do fade away.
y. Southwell—*Scorn not the Least.*

HEROES.

The hero is the world-man, in whose heart
One passion stands for all, the most indulged.
a. BAILEY—*Festus. Proem.* Line 114.

I want a hero: an uncommon want,
When every year and month sends forth a new one.
b. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto I. St. 1.

Hero-worship exists, has existed, and will forever exist, universally among Mankind.
c. CARLYLE—*Sartor Resartus. Organic Filaments.*

If Hero mean *sincere man*, why may not every one of us be a Hero?
d. CARLYLE—*Heroes and Hero Worship.* Lecture IV.

Worship of a hero is transcendent admiration of a Great man.
e. CARLYLE—*Heroes and Hero Worship.* Lecture I.

He's of stature somewhat low;
Your hero should be always tall, you know.
f. CHURCHILL—*The Rosciad.* Line 1029.

The people's prayer—the glad diviner's theme!
The young men's vision, and the old men's dream!
g. DRYDEN—*Absalom and Achitophel.* Pt. I. Line 238.

Each man is a hero and an oracle to somebody, and to that person whatever he says has an enhanced value.
h. EMERSON—*Letters and Social Aims. Quotation and Originality.*

The hero is not fed on sweets,
Daily his own heart he eats;
Chambers of the great are jails,
And head-winds right for royal sails.
i. EMERSON—*Essays. Heroism.* Introduction.

The idol of to-day pushes the hero of yesterday out of our recollection; and will in turn be supplanted by his successor of to-morrow.
j. WASHINGTON IRVING—*The Sketch Book. Westminster Abbey.*

Dost thou know what a hero is? Why, a hero is as much as one should say,—a hero!
k. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. I. Ch. 1.

Strong and great, a hero.
l. LONGFELLOW—*To the Driving Cloud.* St. 2.

'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves
Of a legendary virtue carved upon our father's graves.
m. LOWELL—*The Present Crisis.*

HEROISM.

Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,
Doing his evil will, nor less elate
Than mightier heroes of a longer date.
n. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 48.

Hail, Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!
Who fought and died in freedom's cause.
o. JOSEPH HOPKINSON—*Hail Columbia.*

Life, for my country and the cause of freedom,
Is but a trifle for a worm to part with:
And, if preserved in so great a contest,
Life is redoubled.
p. NILES—*The American Hero.*

Dream not helm and harness
The sign of valor true;
Peace hath higher tests of manhood
Than battle ever knew.
q. WHITTIER—*Poems. The Hero.* St. 19.

HISTORY.

Industrious persons, by an exact and scrupulous diligence and observation, out of monuments, names, words, proverbs, traditions, private records and evidences, fragments of stories, passages of books that concern not story, and the like, do save and recover somewhat from the deluge of time.
r. BACON—*Advancement of Learning.* Bk. II.

History makes haste to record great deeds, but often neglects good ones.
s. HOSEA BALLOU—*MSS. Sermons.*

Truth comes to us from the past, as gold is washed down from the mountains of Sierra Nevada, in minute but precious particles, and intermixed with infinite alloy, the debris of centuries.
t. BOVEE—*Summaries of Thought. History.*

What want these outlaws conquerors should have
But History's purchased page to call them great?
A wider space, an ornamented grave?
Their hopes were not less warm, their souls were full as brave.
u. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 48.

Examine History, for it is "Philosophy teaching by Experience."
v. CARLYLE—*Essays. On History.*

Histories are as perfect as the Historian is wise, and is gifted with an eye and a soul.
w. CARLYLE—*Cromwell's Letters and Speeches.* Introduction. Ch. I.

History, as it lies at the root of all science, is also the first distinct product of man's spiritual nature; his earliest expression of what can be called Thought.
x. CARLYLE—*Essays. On History.*

History is the essence of innumerable Biographies.
a. Carlyle—*Essays. On History.*

In a certain sense all men are historians.
b. Carlyle—*Essays. On History.*

Read their history in a nation's eyes.
c. Gray—*Elegy in a Country Churchyard.* St. 16.

History casts its shadow far into the land of song.
d. Longfellow—*Outre-Mer. Ancient Spanish Ballads.*

They who lived in history only seemed to walk the earth again.
e. Longfellow—*The Belfry of Bruges.*

In a word, we may gather out of history a policy no less wise than eternal; by the comparison and application of other men's forepassed miseries with our own like errors and ill deservings.
f. Sir Walter Raleigh—*History of the World.* Oxford Edition. Vol. II. Preface V. and VI.

I have read somewhere or other, in Dionysius of Halicarnassus, I think, that History is Philosophy teaching by examples.
g. Henry St. John—*On the Study and Use of History.* Letter II.

I do love these ancient ruins
We never tread upon them, but we set
Our foot upon some reverend history.
h. John Webster—*Duchess of Malfi.* Act V. Sc. 3.

HOLIDAYS.

The holiest of all holidays are those
Kept by ourselves in silence and apart,
The secret anniversaries of the heart,
When the full river of feeling overflows;—
The happy days unclouded to their close,
The sudden joys that out of darkness start
As flames from ashes; swift desires, that dart
Like swallows singing down each wind that blows!
i. Longfellow—*Holidays.*

Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.
j. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work.
k. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 2.

Now I am in a holiday humour.
l. *As You Like It.* Act 4. Sc. 1.

Time for work,—yet take
Much holiday for art's and friendship's sake.
m. George James De Wilde—*Sonnet. On the Arrival of Spring.*

HOLINESS.

Holiness and happiness are always an indissolvable connection; yea, holiness is felicity itself.
n. Alexander Macworter—*Series of Sermons. Sermon VIII.*

God attributes to place
No sanctity, if none be thither brought
By men who there frequent.
o. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XI. Line 836.

All his mind is bent to holiness,
To number Ave-Marias on his beads:
His champions are the prophets and apostles;
His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ;
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
Are brazen images of canonis'd saints.
p. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act I. Sc. 3.

He who the sword of heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself, to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;
More nor less to others paying,
Than by self offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
q. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Our holy lives must win a new world's crown.
r. *Richard II.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Holiness is the architectural plan upon which God buildeth up His living temple.
s. Spurgeon—*Gleanings Among the Sheaves. Holiness.*

HOME.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee-things, todlin, stacher thro'
To meet their dad, wi' flichter in noise an glee.
t. Burns—*The Cotter's Saturday Night.* St. 3.

For a man's house is his castle.
u. Sir Edward Coke—*Third Institute.* P. 162.

The house of every one is to him as his castle and fortress, as well for his defence against injury and violence, as for his repose.
v. Sir Edward Coke—*Semaynes' Case.* 5 Rep. 91.

At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board.
w. Goldsmith—*The Traveller.* Line 191.

Who hath not met with home-made bread,
A heavy compound of putty and lead—
And home-made wines that rack the head,
And home-made liquors and waters?
Home-made pop that will not foam,
And home-made dishes that drive one from home—
* * * * * * * * *
Home-made by the homely daughters.
a. Hood—*Miss Kilmansegg.*

Cling to thy home! If there the meanest shed
Yield thee a hearth and a shelter for thy head,
And some poor plot, with vegetables stored,
Be all that Heaven allots thee for thy board,
Unsavory bread, and herbs that scatter'd grow
Wild on the river-brink or mountain-brow;
Yet e'en this cheerless mansion shall provide
More heart's repose than all the world beside.
b. Leonidas—*Home.*

Subduing and subdued, the petty strife,
Which clouds the colour of domestic life;
The sober comfort, all the peace which springs
From the large aggregate of little things;
On these small cares of daughter, wife or friend,
The almost sacred joys of home depend.
c. Hannah More—*Sensibility.*

By the fireside still the light is shining,
The children's arms round the parents twining
From love so sweet, O who would roam?
Be it ever so homely, home is home.
d. D. M. Mulock—*A Shetland Fairy Tale.* Sc. 4.

There is no place like home.
e. J. Howard Payne—*Song. Home, Sweet Home.*

Happy the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.
f. Pope—*Ode on Solitude.* St. 1.

Fireside happiness to hours of ease
Blest with that charm, the certainty to please.
g. Rogers—*Human Life.*

At night we'll feast together:
Most welcome home!
h. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
i. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

This is my home of love.
j. *Sonnet CIX.*

While I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.
k. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act V. Sc. 1.

No little room so warm and bright,
Wherein to read, wherein to write.
l. Tennyson—*O Darling Room.*

Home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace, and plenty; where,
Supporting and supported, polished friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss.
m. Thomson—*The Seasons. Autumn.* Line 65.

HONESTY.

He that departs with his own honesty
For vulgar praise, doth it too dearly buy.
n. Ben Jonson—*Epigram II.*

An honest man's the noblest work of God.
o. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 247.

An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.
p. *Richard III.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

At many times I brought in my accounts;
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
q. *Timon of Athens.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of two thousand.
r. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not.
s. *Julius Cæsar.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Ham.—What's the news?
Ros.—None, my lord; but that the world's grown honest.
Ham.—Then is dooms-day near.
t. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

"Honesty is the best policy." But he who acts on that principle is not an honest man.
u. Archbishop Whately.

An Ambassador is an honest man sent to lie abroad for the commonwealth.
v. Wotton—*A Panegyric to King Charles.*

HONOR.

Better to die ten thousand deaths,
Than wound my honour.
w. Addison—*Cato.* Act I. Sc. 4.

The sense of honour is of so fine and delicate a nature, that it is only to be met with in minds which are naturally noble, or in such as have been cultivated by great examples, or a refined education.
x. Addison—*The Guardian.* No. 161.

When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway.
The post of honour is a private station.
y. Addison—*Cato.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

Whatever any one does or says, I must be good; just as if the emerald were always saying this: Whatever any one does or says, I must be emerald and keep my color.
a. Marcus Aurelius—VII. 15.

That chastity of honour which felt a stain like a wound
b. Burke—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

As quick as lightning, in the breach
Just in the place where honor's lodged,
As wise philosophers have judged,
Because a kick in that place more
Hurts honor than deep wounds before.
c. Butler—*Hudibras.* Pt. II. Canto III. Line 1067.

If he that in the field is slain
Be in the bed of honour lain,
He that is beaten may be said
To lie in honour's truckle bed.
d. Butler—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto III. Line 1047.

Honor and fortune exist for him who always recognizes the neighborhood of the great, always feels himself in the presence of high causes.
e. Emerson—*Conduct of Life. Worship.*

Title and profit, I resign;
The post of honor shall be mine.
f. Gay—*The Vulture, the Sparrow, and other Birds.* Line 69.

Life without love can be borne, but life without honor never.
g. Anna Katharine Green—*The Sword of Damocles.* Bk. IV. Ch. XXXIX.

Your word is as good as the bank, sir.
h. Holcroft—*The Road to Ruin.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Great honours are great burdens, but on whom
They are cast with envy, he doth bear two loads.
His cares must still be double to his joys,
In any dignity.
i. Ben Jonson—*Catiline's Conspiracy.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Glory is sweet when our heart says to us that the wreath of honor ought to grace our head.
j. Krummacher.

Honour is purchas'd by deeds we do;
* * * * honour is not won,
Until some honourable deed is done.
k. Marlowe—*Hero and Leander. First Sistiad.*

When honor comes to you be ready to take it;
But reach not to seize it before it is near.
l. John Boyle O'Reilly—*Rules of the Road.*

Honour, the spur that pricks the princely mind,
To follow rule and climb the stately chair.
m. George Peele—*The Battle of Alcazar.* Act I.

We'll shine in more substantial honours,
And to be noble, we'll be good.
n. Percy—*Winifreda*

Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
o. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 193.

And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;
For new-made honour doth forget men's names.
p. *King John.* Act I. Sc. 1.

And pluck up drowned honour by the locks.
q. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 3.

A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour.
r. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
s. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood by drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection!
t. *Julius Cæsar.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? No. What is honour? A word. What is that word, honour?
u. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 1.

For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men.
v. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 2.

He's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy.
w. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 4.

He was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
x. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Honour pricks me on.
y. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 1.

Honours thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoers.
z. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast.
a. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act III. Sc. 3.

If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself; better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless.
b. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Let none presume
To wear an undeserv'd dignity.
O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
c. *Merchant of Venice.* Act II. Sc. 9.

Methinks, it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon.
d. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 3.

Mine honour let me try;
In that I live, and for that will I die.
e. *Richard II.* Act I. Sc. 1.

See, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud.
f. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act. II. Sc. 1.

Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear;
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word.
g. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it.
h. *Julius Cæsar.* Act V. Sc. 5.

'Tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
i. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Honour sits smiling at the sale of truth.
j. SHELLEY—*Queen Mab.* Canto IV. Line 218.

His honor rooted in dishonor stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.
k. TENNYSON—*Idyls of the King. Elaine.* Line 886.

HOPE.

Know then, whatever cheerful and serene
Supports the mind supports the body too:
Hence the most vital movement mortals feel
Is hope, the balm and lifeblood of the soul.
l. JOHN ARMSTRONG—*Art of Preserving Health.* Bk. IV. Line 310.

Our greatest good and what we least can spare
Is hope; the last of all our evils fear.
m. JOHN ARMSTRONG—*Art of Preserving Health.* Bk. IV. Line 318.

Hope! thou nurse of young desire.
n. BICKERSTAFF—*Love in a Village.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing.
o. BURNS—*The Cotter's Saturday Night.* St. 16.

But still there clung
One hope, like a keen sword on starting threads uphung.
p. BYRON—*Revolt of Islam.*

Auspicious Hope! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe.
q. CAMPBELL—*Pleasures of Hope.* Pt. I. Line 45

Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,
And hope without an object cannot live.
r. COLERIDGE—*Work Without Hope.*

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
s. COLLINS—*Ode on the Passions.* Line 29.

Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair.
t. COLLINS—*Ode on the Passions.* Line 37.

Hopes have precarious life.
They are oft blighted, withered, snapped sheer off
In vigorous growth and turned to rottenness.
u. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. III.

While there is life, there's hope, he cried.
Then why such haste?—so groan'd and died.
v. GAY—*The Sick Man and the Angel.*

Hope, like the gleaming taper's light,
Adorns and cheers our way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.
w. GOLDSMITH—*The Captivity.* Act II. Sc. 1.

In all my wanderings through this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down.
x. GOLDSMITH—*The Deserted Village.* Line 83.

The wretch condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies,
And every pang that rends the heart
Bids expectation rise.
y. GOLDSMITH—*Captivity. Song.*

Thus heavenly hope is all serene,
But earthly hope, how bright soe'er,
Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene
As false and fleeting as 'tis fair.
z. HEBER—*On Heavenly Hope and Earthly Hope.*

Alas! what are the hopes of man, even when he concludes that things *must* alter for the better, seeing that they are at their worst? How is he to be quite sure, * * * that things *have* been at their worst?—that his cup of calamity, full as it seemed, is not to be succeeded by, or wonderfully expanded into, a still larger cup, with a remaining draught of bitterness?

a. LEIGH HUNT—*Men, Women, and Books. Carfington Blundell, Esquire.*

Where there is no hope there can be no endeavour.

b. SAM'L JOHNSON—*The Rambler.* No. 110.

And as, in sparkling majesty, a star
Gilds the bright summit of some gloomy cloud;
Brightening the half-veil'd face of heaven afar:
So, when dark thoughts my boding spirit shroud,
Sweet Hope! celestial influence round me shed,
Waving thy silver pinions o'er my head.

c. KEATS—*Hope.* St. 8.

Don't cross the bridge till you come to it,
Is a proverb old, and of excellent wit.

d. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. VI.

Races, better than we, have leaned on her wavering promise,
Having naught else but Hope.

e. LONGFELLOW—*Children of the Last Supper.* Line 227.

The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone.

f. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. I. Ch. I.

Thoughts of him to-day have been oft borne inward upon me,
Wherefore I do not know; but strong is the feeling within me
That once more I shall see a face I have never forgotten.

g. LONGFELLOW—*Tales of a Wayside Inn. The Theologian's Tale.* Pt. I.

Who bids me Hope, and in that charming word
Has peace and transport to my soul restor'd.

h. LORD LYTTLETON—*The Progress of Love. Hope.* Eclogue II. Line 41.

What reinforcement we may gain from hope;
If not what resolution from despair.

i. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 190.

Where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes,
That comes to all.

j. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 65.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest.

k. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Line 95.

For hope is but the dream of those that wake.

l. PRIOR—*Solomon on the Vanity of the World.* Bk. III. Line 102.

Our hopes, like tow'ring falcons aim
At objects in an airy height;
The little pleasure of the game
Is from afar to view the flight.

m. PRIOR—*To Hon. Chas. Montague.*

But years must pass before a hope of youth is resigned utterly.

n. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*A Pause of Thought.*

Hope dead lives nevermore,
No, not in heaven.

o. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*Dead Hope.*

Hope is brightest when it dawns from fears.

p. SCOTT—*Lady of the Lake.* Canto IV. St. 1.

The sickening pang of hope deferr'd.

q. SCOTT—*Lady of the Lake.* Canto III. St. 22.

Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

r. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that
And manage it against despairing thoughts.

s. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act III. Sc. 1.

I died for hope, ere I could lend thee aid:
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd.

t. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 3.

The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope:
I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

u. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 1.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

v. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates.

w. SHELLEY—*Prometheus.* Act. IV. Plates.

Hope will make thee young, for Hope and Youth
Are children of one mother, even Love.

x. SHELLEY—*Revolt of Islam.* Canto VIII. St. 27.

Through the sunset of hope,
Like the shapes of a dream,
What paradise islands of glory gleam!

y. SHELLEY—*Hellas.*

Worse than despair,
Worse than the bitterness of death, is hope.
a. SHELLEY—*The Cenci.* Act V. Sc. 4.

Through thick and thin both over banck and bush,
In hopes her to attaine by hooke or crooke.
b. SPENSER—*Fœrie Queene.* Bk. III. St. 17.

The Golden Age is not behind, but before us.
c. ST. SIMON.

'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear;
Heaven were not heaven, if we knew what it were.
d. SUCKLING—*Against Fruition.*

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all—
And every winter change to spring.
e. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. LIII.

O yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill.
f. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. LIII.

The mighty hopes that make us men.
g. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. LXXXIV.

Come, gentle Hope! with one gay smile remove
The lasting sadness of an aching heart.
h. HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS—*Julia, a Novel. To Hope.*

Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.
i. WORDSWORTH—*Miscellaneous Sonnets.* Pt. I. St. 30.

Hopes what are they?—Beads of morning
Strung on slender blades of grass;
Or a spider's web adorning
In a straight and treacherous pass.
j. WORDSWORTH—*Hopes What are They? Beads of Morning.*

Hope, like a cordial, innocent, though strong,
Man's heart, at once, inspirits, and serenes;
Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys.
k. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night VII. Line 1514.

HOSPITALITY.

So saying, with despatchful looks, in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent.
l. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. V. Line 331.

For I, who hold Sage Homer's rule the best,
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.
m. POPE—*Satire II.* Line 159.

I am your host;
With robbers' hands, my hospitable favours
You should not ruffle thus.
n. *King Lear.* Act III. Sc. 7.

My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality.
o. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 4.

You must come home with me and be my guest;
You will give joy to me, and I will do
All that is in my power to honour you
p. SHELLEY—*Hymn to Mercury.* St. 5.

HUMANITY.

Yet should one,
A single sufferer from the field escaped,
Panting and pale, and bleeding at his feet,
Lift his imploring eyes,—the hero weeps;
He is grown human, and capricious Pity,
Which would not stir for thousands, melts for one
With sympathy spontaneous:—'Tis not virtue,
Yet 'tis the weakness of a virtuous mind.
q. ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD—*The Caterpillar.*

This is the porcelain clay of human kind.
r. DRYDEN—*Don Sebastian.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Every human heart is human.
s. LONGFELLOW—*Hiawatha.* Introduction.

I am a man, and I have an interest in everything that concerns humanity.
t. TERENCE—*The Self Tormenter.* Sc. 1.

But hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity.
u. WORDSWORTH—*Tintern Abbey.*

HUMILITY.

Lowliness is the base of every virtue,
And he who goes the lowest, builds the safest.
v. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Home.*

To be nameless in worthy deeds, exceeds an infamous history.
w. Sir THOMAS BROWNE—*Hydriotaphia.* Ch. V.

And be the Spartan's epitaph on me,—
Sparta hath many a worthier son than he.
x. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 10.

Extremes meet, and there is no better example than the haughtiness of humility.
y. EMERSON—*Letters and Social Aims. Greatness.*

Humility may be taken for granted as existing in every sane human being, but it may be that it most truly manifests itself to-day in the readiness with which we bow to new truths as they come from the scholars, the teachers, to whom the inspiration of the Almighty giveth understanding.
z. HOLMES—*Mechanism in Thought and Morals.*

God hath sworn to lift on high
Who sinks himself by true humility.
a. KEBLE—*Miscellaneous Poems. At Hooker's Tomb.*

O be very sure
That no man will learn anything at all,
Unless he first will learn humility.
b. OWEN MEREDITH—*Vanini.*

At whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads.
c. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 34.

Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
d. MILTON—*Il Penseroso.* Line 31.

Humility, that low, sweet root,
From which all heavenly virtues shoot.
e. MOORE—*Loves of the Angels. Third Angel's Story.* St. 11.

I was not born for Courts or great affairs;
I pay my debts, believe, and say my pray'rs.
f. POPE—*Prologue to Satires.* Line 268.

Who, noteless as the race from which he sprung,
Saved others' names, but left his own unsung.
g. SCOTT—*Waverley.* Ch. XIII.

It is the witness still of excellency,
To put a strange face on his own perfection.
h. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Love and meekness, my lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition;
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away.
i. *Henry VIII.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Humility is to make a right estimate of one's self. It is no humility for a man to think less of himself than he ought, though it might rather puzzle him to do that.
j. SPURGEON—*Gleanings Among the Sheaves. Humility.*

The higher a man is in grace, the lower he will be in his own esteem.
k. SPURGEON—*Gleanings Among the Sheaves. The Right Estimate.*

HUMOR.

Humor has justly been regarded as the finest perfection of poetic genius.
l. CARLYLE—*Essays. Schiller.*

I never dare to write
As funny as I can.
m. HOLMES—*The Height of the Ridiculous.*

Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh;
And 'tis no marvel, he's so humorous.
n. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act III. Sc. 1.

A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men.
o. ANONYMOUS.

HUNGER.

Hunger is sharper than the sword.
p. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—*The Honest Man's Fortune.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Bone and skin, two millers thin,
Would starve us all, or near it;
But be it known to Skin and Bone
That Flesh and Blood can't bear it.
q. BYRON—*Epigram on Two Monopolists.*

But man is a carnivorous production,
And must have meals, at least one meal a day;
He cannot live, like woodcocks, upon suction,
But, like the shark and tiger, must have prey.
r. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto II. St. 67.

Cassius has a lean and hungry look.
s. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 2.

They said they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs;
That, hunger broke stone walls; that, dogs must eat;
That meat was made for mouths; that, the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only:—With these shreds
They vented their complainings.
t. *Coriolanus.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave.
u. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Winter.* Line 393.

Hunger is the best seasoning for meat.
v. YONGE'S *Cicero. De Finibus.* Bk. II. Pt. XXVIII.

HUSBAND.

And truant husband should return, and say,
"My dear, I was the first who came away."
w. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto I. St. 141.

The lover in the husband may be lost.
x. LORD LYTTLETON—*Advice to a Lady.* Line 112.

God is thy law, thou mine.
y. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 637.

The wife, where danger or dishonour lurks
Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.
z. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 167.

To thy husband's will
Thine shall submit; he over thee shall rule.
aa. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. X. Line 195.

With thee goes
Thy husband; him to follow thou art bound;
Where he abides, think there thy native soil.
bb. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XI. Line 290.

If our Author in the Wife offends,
He has a Husband that will make amends,
He draws him gentle, tender and forgiving,
And sure such kind good creatures may be living.
a. POPE—*Epilogue to Rowe's Jane Shore.*

The Stoic Husband was the glorious thing.
The man had courage, was a sage, 'tis true,
And lov'd his country.
b. POPE—*Epilogue to Rowe's Jane Shore.*

If I should marry him I should marry twenty husbands.
c. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 2.

I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office.
d. *Comedy of Errors.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance.
e. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act V. Sc. 2.

No worse a husband than the best of men.
f. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act. II. Sc. 2.

That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care, and duty.
g. *King Lear.* Act I. Sc. 1.

HYPOCRISY.

The veil
Spun from the cobweb fashion of the times,
To hide the feeling heart.
h. AKENSIDE—*Pleasures of Imagination.* Bk. II. Line 49.

Some hypocrites and seeming mortified men, that held down their heads like bulrushes, were like the little images that they place in the very bowing of the vaults of churches, that look as if they held up the church, but are but puppets.
i. BACON—*Apothegms.* No. 273.

When a man puts on a Character he is a stranger to, there's as much difference between what he appears, and what he is really in himself, as there is between a Vizor and a Face.
j. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. II.

Saint abroad, and a devil at home.
k. BUNYAN—*Pilgrim's Progress.* Pt. I.

Be hypocritical, be courteous, be
Not what you seem but always what you see.
l. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto XI. St. 85.

I am not love, what I appear.
m. BYRON—*The Bride of Abydos.* Canto I. St. 14.

Oh for a forty-parson power to chant
Thy praise Hypocrisy! Oh for a hymn
Loud as the virtues thou dost loudly vaunt.
Not practise!
n. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto X. St. 34.

And prate and preach about what others prove,
As if the world and they were hand and glove.
o. COWPER—*Table Talk.* Line 173.

A hypocrite is in himself both the archer and the mark, in all actions shooting at his own praise or profit.
p. FULLER—*The Holy and Profane States. Hypocrite.*

An open foe may prove a curse,
But a pretended friend is worse.
q. GAY—*The Shepherd's Dog and the Wolf.* Line 33.

Thus 'tis with all; their chief and constant care
Is to seem everything but what they are.
r. GOLDSMITH—*Epilogue to The Sisters.* Line 25.

But all was false and hollow, though his tongue
Dropped manna; and could make the worst appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels.
s. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 112.

Neither man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By his permissive will, through heav'n and earth.
t. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. III. Line 682.

So clomb the first grand thief into God's fold:
So since into his church lewd hirelings climb.
u. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 192.

He was a man
Who stole the livery of the court of Heaven
To serve the Devil in.
v. POLLOK—Bk. VIII. Line 616.

Constant at Church and Change; his gains were sure;
His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.
w. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. III. Line 347.

Grant the bad what happiness they would;
One they must want, which is, to pass for good.
x. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 92.

Not he who scorns the Saviour's yoke
Should wear his cross upon the heart.
y. SCHILLER—*The Fight with the Dragon.* St. 24.

Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.
z. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 7.

God hath given you one face, and you
Make yourselves another.
a. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 1.

I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites.
b. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

My tables, my tables,—meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least, I'm sure it may be so in Denmark.
c. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 5.

O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
Did ever a dragon keep so fair a cave?
d. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
e. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 2.

So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,
* * * * * * * *
He liv'd from all attainder of suspects.
f. *Richard III.* Act III. Sc. 5.

Thinking, by this face,
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.
g. *Julius Cæsar.* Act V. Sc. 1.

With devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.
h. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 1.

How inexpressible is the meanness of being a hypocrite! how horrible is it to be a mischievous and malignant hypocrite.
i, Voltaire—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Philosopher.* Sec. 1.

A man I knew who lived upon a smile;
And well it fed him; he look'd plump and fair,
While rankest venom foam'd through every vein.
j. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night VIII. Line 336.

I.

IDLENESS.

Idleness is emptiness; the tree in which the sap is stagnant, remains fruitless.
k. Hosea Ballou—*MSS. Sermons.*

An idler is a watch that wants both hands;
As useless if it goes as when it stands.
l. Cowper—*Retirement.*

Idly busy rolls their world away.
m. Goldsmith—*The Traveller.* Line 256.

What heart can think, or tongue express,
The harm that groweth of idleness?
n. John Heywood—*Idleness.*

Thee too, my Paridel! she mark'd thee there,
Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair,
And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
The Pains and Penalties of Idleness.
o. Pope—*Dunciad.* Bk. IV. Line 341.

I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardis'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
p. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Their only labour was to kill the time,
And labour dire it is, and weary woe:
They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme,
Then, rising sudden, to the glass they go,
Or saunter forth, with tottering steps and slow;
This soon too rude an exercise they find;
Strait on the couch their limbs again they throw,
Where hours on hours they sighing lie reclin'd,
And court the vapoury god soft-breathing in the wind.
q. Thomson—*Castle of Indolence.*

There is no remedy for time misspent;
No healing for the waste of idleness,
Whose very languor is a punishment
Heavier than active souls can feel or guess.
r. Sir Aubrey de Vere—*A Song of Faith, Devout Exercises, and Sonnets.*

For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.
s. Watts—*Divine Songs.* Song XX.

IGNORANCE.

Be ignorance thy choice, where knowledge leads to woe.
t. Beattie—*The Minstrel.* Bk. II. St. 30.

Those who without knowing us enough, think ill of us, do us no wrong; they attack not us. but the fantom of their own Imagination.
u. De La Bruyere—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. XII.

The truest characters of ignorance
Are vanity, and pride and annoyance.
v. Butler—*Hudibras.*

Ignorance seldom vaults into knowledge, but passes into it through an intermediate state of obscurity, even as night into day through twilight.
w. Coleridge—Essay XVI.

Ignorance never settles a question.
x. Disraeli (Earl of Beaconsfield)—*Speech in House of Commons,* May 14, 1866.

Your ignorance is the mother of your devotion to me.
a. DRYDEN—*The Maiden Queen.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Ignorance gives us a large range of probabilities.
b. GEORGE ELIOT—*Daniel Deronda.* Bk. II. Ch. XIII.

Ignorance is the dominion of absurdity.
c. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Party Politics.*

Nothing is more terrible than active ignorance.
d. GOETHE—*Opinions.*

Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.
e. GRAY—*Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College.*

It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.
f. HOOD—*I Remember, I Remember.*

The living man who does not learn, is dark, dark, like one walking in the night.
g. MING SUM PAOU KEËN—Trans. for *Chinese Repository* by Dr. Wm. Milne.

A man may live long, and die at last in ignorance of many truths, which his mind was capable of knowing, and that with certainty.
h. LOCKE—*Human Understanding.* Bk. I. Ch. II.

The most ignorant are the most conceited. Unless a man knows that there is something more to be known, his inference is, of course, that he knows everything. * * * * But let a man know that there are things to be known, of which he is ignorant, and it is so much carved out of his domain of universal knowledge.
i. HORACE MANN—*Lectures on Education.* Lecture VI.

Not to know me argues yourself unknown,
The lowest of your throng.
j. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 830.

Better to be unborn than untaught: for ignorance is the root of misfortune.
k. PLATO.

From ignorance our comfort flows,
The only wretched are the wise.
l. PRIOR—*To the Hon. Chas. Montague.*

Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.
m. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 7.

Madam, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness, but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled, than the Egyptians in their fog.
n. *Twelfth Night.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

O thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!
o. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

That unlettered, small-knowing soul.
p. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act I. Sc. 1.

There is no darkness but ignorance.
q. *Twelfth Night.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity.
r. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Ignorance is the mother of devotion.
s. JEREMY TAYLOR—*Letter to a Person Newly Converted.*

Shilkspur? Shilkspur? Who wrote it?
No, I never read Shilkspur.
Then you have an immense pleasure to come.
t. TOWNLEY—*High Life Below Stairs.* Act II. Sc. 1.

IMAGINATION.

Imagination is the air of mind.
u. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Another and a Better World.*

Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour-splendours of that festive place;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door:
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay—
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day.
v. GOLDSMITH—*Deserted Village.* Line 225.

To those who see only with their eyes, the distant is always indistinct and little, becoming less and less as it recedes, till utterly lost; but to the imagination, which thus reverses the perspective of the senses, the far off is great and imposing, the magnitude increasing with the distance.
w. Mrs. JAMESON—*Studies. Detached Thoughts.*

Two meanings have our highest fantasies,
One of the flesh, and of the spirit one.
x. LOWELL—*Sonnet XXXIV.*

Imagination rules the world.
y. NAPOLEON.

With its gray column to yon' sapphire Cloud
Stealing in Stillness the calm Mind ascends—
The unruffled Line, tho' lost amid the Shroud
Of Heaven, in Fancy rising, never ends!
Thus ever may my tranquil Spirit rise
Free from the Gust of Passion—to the Skies!
z. POLWHELE—*Pictures of Nature.*

At the close of each sad, sorrowing day,
Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away.
aa. POPE—*Eloisa to Abelard.* Line 225.

And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
a. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act V. Sc. 1.

A wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores.
b. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

In my minds eye, Horatio.
c. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.
d. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 3.

The lunatic, the lover and the poet
Are of imagination all compact.
e. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act V. Sc. 1.

This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, apprehensions, motions, revolutions. These are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion.
f. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

This is the very coinage of your brain,
This bodiless creation ecstasy.
g. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 4.

We figure to ourselves
The thing we like, and then we build it up
As chance will have it, on the rock or sand;
For thought is tired of wandering o'er the world
And home bound fancy runs her bark ashore.
h. Henry Taylor—*Philip Van Artevelde.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 5.

IMMORTALITY.

It must be so—Plato thou reasonest well!—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter
And intimates Eternity to man.
i. Addison—*Cato.* Act V. Sc. 1.

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shall flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.
j. Addison—*Cato.* Act V. Sc. 1.

No, no! The energy of life may be
Kept in after the grave, but not begun;
And he who flagg'd not in the earthly strife,
From strength to strength advancing—only he;
His soul well-knit, and all his battles won,
Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life.
k. Matthew Arnold—*Immortality.* St. 4.

In vain do individuals hope for immortality, or any patent from oblivion, in preservations below the moon; men have been deceived even in their flatteries, above the sun, and studied conceits to perpetuate their names in heaven.
l. Sir Thomas Browne—*Hydriotaphia.* Ch. V.

There is nothing strictly immortal, but immortality. Whatever hath no beginning may be confident of no end.
m. Sir Thomas Browne—*Hydriotaphia.* Ch. V.

Immortality is the glorious discovery of Christianity.
n. Channing—*Immortality.*

There is, I know not how, in the minds of men, a certain presage, as it were, of a future existence; and this takes the deepest root, and is most discoverable, in the greatest geniuses and most exalted souls.
o. Cicero.

One short sleep past, we wake eternally;
And death shall be no more; death, thou shalt die.
p. Donne—*Sonnet.*

But all lost things are in the angels' keeping,
Love;
No past is dead for us, but only sleeping,
Love;
The years of heaven will all earth's little pain
Make good,
Together there we can begin again
In babyhood.
q. Helen Hunt—*At Last.* St. 6.

I came from God, and I'm going back to God, and I won't have any gaps of death in the middle of my life.
r. George MacDonald—*Mary Marston.* Ch. LVII.

When the good man yields his breath
(For the good man never dies.)
s. Montgomery—*The Wanderer of Switzerland.* Pt. V.

Immortality
Alone could teach this mortal how to die.
t. D. M. Mulock—*Looking Death in the Face.*

All men desire to be immortal.
u. Theodore Parker—*A Sermon of Immortal Life.*

I held it ever,
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god.
a. *Pericles.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal.
b. *Measure for Measure.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Thy lord shall never die, the whiles this verse
Shall live, and surely it shall live for ever;
For ever it shall live, and shall rehearse
His worthy praise, and vertues dying never,
Though death his soul do from his body sever:
And thou thyself herein shalt also live,
Such grace the heavens do to my verses give.
c. SPENSER—*The Ruines of Time.* Line 253.

Ah Christ, that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be.
d. TENNYSON—*Maud.* Pt. XXVI.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath pass'd away a glory from the earth.
e. WORDSWORTH—*Intimations of Immortality.* St. 2.

'Tis immortality, 'tis that alone,
Amid life's pains, abasements, emptiness,
The soul can comfort, elevate, and fill.
That only, and that empty, this performs.
f. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night VI. Line 573.

IMPATIENCE.

I wish and I wish that the spring would go faster
Nor long summer bide so late;
And I could grow on like the fox-glove and aster,
For some things are ill to wait.
g. JEAN INGELOW—*Song of Seven. Seven Times Two.*

I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours.
h. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act IV. Sc. 1.

IMPOSSIBILITY.

It is not a lucky word this same *impossible*; no good comes of those that have it so often in their mouth.
i. CARLYLE—*French Revolution.* Pt. III. Bk. III. Ch. X.

And what's impossible, can't be,
And never, never comes to pass.
GEO. COLEMAN, JR.—*The Maid of the Moor.*

Hope not for impossibilities.
k. FULLER—*The Holy and Profane States. Expecting Preferment.*

It is as hard to come as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye.
l. *Richard II.* Act V. Sc. 5.

INCONSTANCY.

I hate inconstancy—I loathe, detest,
Abhor, condemn, abjure the mortal made
Of such quicksilver clay that in his breast
No permanent foundation can be laid.
m. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto II. Sc. 209.

More bitter far than all
It was to know that Love could change and die!—
Hush! for the ages call,
"The Love of God lives through eternity,
And conquers all!"
n. ADELAIDE A. PROCTER—*Triumph of Time.*

As one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
o. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove;
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
p. *Sonnet CXVI.*

O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.
q. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

They are not constant; but are changing still.
r. *Cymbeline.* Act II. Sc. 5.

INDEPENDENCE.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me;
I have not flatter'd its rank breath, nor bow'd
To its idolatries a patient knee.
s. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 113.

The whole trouble is that we won't let God help us.
a. GEORGE MACDONALD—*The Marquis of Lossie.* Ch. XXVII.

Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are.
b. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.
c. *Coriolanus.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear;
Your favours, nor your hate.
d. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Thy spirit Independence, let me share;
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye,
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.
e. TOBIAS SMOLLETT—*Ode to Independence.*

Are there no flowers on earth, in heaven no stars,
That we must place in such low things our trust?
f. Sir AUBREY DE VERE (The Younger)—*Sonnet. Independence.*

Independence now, and Independence forever.
g. DANIEL WEBSTER—*Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson.*

INDEXES.

I certainly think that the best book in the world would owe the most to a good Index, and the worst book, if it had but a single good thought in it, might be kept alive by it.
h. HORACE BINNEY—*To S. Austin Allibone.*

An Index is a necessary implement. * * Without this, a large author is but a labyrinth without a clue to direct the readers within.
i. FULLER—*Worthies of England.*

How Index learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail.
j. POPE—*The Dunciad.* Bk. I. Line 279.

Those authors, whose subjects require them to be voluminous, will do well; if they would be remembered as long as possible, not to omit a duty which authors in general, but especially modern authors neglect—that of appending to their works a good Index.
k. HENRY ROGERS—*The Vanity and Glory of Literature.*

INDIFFERENCE.

I care for nobody, no, not I,
If no one cares for me.
l. BICKERSTAFF—*Love in a Village.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Cares not a pin
What they said, or may say.
m. POPE—*Epitaph.*

Away, you trifler!—Love?—I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world
To play with mammets and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too. Gods me, my horse!
n. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 3.

Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently.
o. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 2.

You care not who sees your back: Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing!
p. *Henry IV.* Part I. Act II. Sc. 4.

INFLUENCE.

He spake, and into every heart his words
Carried new strength and courage.
q. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. V. Line 586.

Witnesses, like watches go
Just as they're set, too fast or slow;
And where in conscience they're strait lac'd,
'Tis ten to one that side is cast.
r. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. II. Canto III. Line 361.

No act of a man, no Thing (how much less the man himself!) is extinguished when it disappears, through considerable time it still visibly works, though done and vanished.
s. CARLYLE—*Essays. The Diamond Necklace.* Ch. XIV.

The work an unknown good man has done is like a vein of water flowing hidden underground, secretly making the ground green.
t. CARLYLE—*Essays. Varnhagen von Ense's Memoirs.*

Be a pattern to others, and then all will go well; for as a whole city is affected by the licentious passions and vices of great men, so it is likewise reformed by their moderation.
u. CICERO.

He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down.
v. DRYDEN—*Alexander's Feast.* Line 169.

Blessed influence, of one true loving human soul on another.
w. GEORGE ELIOT—*Janet's Repentance.* Ch. XIX.

O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.

a. GEORGE ELIOT—*O May I Join the Choir Invisible.*

I am not aware that payment or even favours, however gracious, bind any man's soul and conscience in questions of highest morality and highest public importance.

b. CHAS. KINGSLEY—*Health and Education. George Buchanan.*

No action, whether foul or fair,
Is ever done, but it leaves somewhere
A record, written by fingers ghostly,
As a blessing or a curse, and mostly
In the greater weakness or greater strength
Of the acts which follow it.

c. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. II.

So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.

d. LONGFELLOW—*Charles Sumner.* St. 9.

I want to help you to grow as beautiful as God meant you to be when he thought of you first.

e. GEORGE MACDONALD—*The Marquis of Lossie.* Ch. XXII.

You've got to save your own soul first, and then the souls of your neighbors, if they will let you; and for that reason you must cultivate not a spirit of criticism, but the talents that attract people to the hearing of the Word.

f. GEORGE MACDONALD—*The Marquis of Lossie.* Ch. XXVII.

No life
Can be pure in its purpose or strong in its strife
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.

g. OWEN MEREDITH—*Lucile.* Pt. II. Canto VI. St. 40.

Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend.

h. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 390.

He was, indeed, the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.

i. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act II. Sc. 3.

I am a part of all that I have met.

j. TENNYSON—*Ulysses.* Line 18.

Whatever makes men good Christians, makes them good citizens.

k. DANIEL WEBSTER—*The First Settlement of New England.*

Whose powers shed round him, in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace.

l. WORDSWORTH—*Character of the Happy Warrior.*

INGRATITUDE.

Deserted at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.

m. DRYDEN—*Alexander's Feast.* St. 4.

Ingratitude 's a weed of every clime,
It thrives too fast at first, but fades in time.

n. GARTH—*Epistle to the Earl of Godolphin.* Line 27.

That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives;
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank.

o. GIBBONS—*When Jesus Dwelt.*

All the stor'd vengeances of heaven fall
On her ungrateful top.

p. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

* * * * * *

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.

q. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 7. *Song.*

Comfort, dear mother; God is much displeas'd
That you take with unthankfulness his doing:
In common worldly things 'tis called ungrateful,
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus opposite with Heaven;
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

r. *Richard III.* Act II. Sc. 2.

He hath eaten me out of house and home.

s. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act II. Sc. 1.

I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice.

t. *Twelfth Night.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Ingratitude is monstrous; and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude.

u. *Coriolanus.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster!
a. *King Lear.* Act I. Sc. 4.

Sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child.
b. *King Lear.* Act I. Sc. 4.

That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroach,
In shadow of such greatness!
c. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 2.

This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
d. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 2.

What! would'st thou have a serpent sting thee twice?
e. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

INNOCENCE.

What can Innocence hope for,
When such as sit her judges are corrupted?
f. Massinger—*Maid of Honour.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Oh keep me innocent, make others great!
g. *Written on a window by Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark.*

He's armed without that's innocent within.
h. Pope—*Epistle of Horace.* Ep. I. Bk. I. Line 94.

Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
i. *Tempest.* Act III. Sc. I.

Innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.
j. *Winter's Tale.* Act III. Sc. 2.

O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;
Love takes the meaning of love's conference.
k. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act II. Sc. 3.

We were twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i' the sun,
And bleat the one at the other. What we chang'd
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did.
l. *Winter's Tale.* Act I. Sc. 2.

O, white innocence,
That thou shouldst wear the mask of guilt to hide
Thine awful and serenest countenance
From those who know thee not!
m. Shelley—*The Cenci.* Act V. Sc. 3.

INSANITY.

There is a pleasure sure
In being mad, which none but madmen know.
n. Dryden—*Spanish Friar.* Act II. St. 1.

The alleged power to charm down insanity, or ferocity in beasts, is a power behind the eye.
o. Emerson—*Essay.* *Of Behaviour.*

O, hark! what mean those yells and cries?
His chain some furious madman breaks;
He comes, I see his glaring eyes;
Now, now, my dungeon grate he shakes.
Help! Help! He's gone!—O fearful woe,
Such screams to hear, such sights to see!
My brain, my brain,—I know, I know
I am *not* mad but soon *shall be.*
p. Matthew Gregory Lewis ("Monk Lewis")—*The Maniac.*

Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words.
q. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act V. Sc. 1.

I am not mad;—I would to heaven, I were!
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself.
r. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 4.

It shall be so;
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.
s. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Madam, I swear, I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true; 'tis true 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis 'tis true.
t. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Though this be madness, yet there is method in it.
u. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

We are not ourselves,
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body.
v. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten of the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?
w. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 3.

INSECTS.

I'd be a Butterfly born in a bow'r,
Where roses and lilies and violets meet.
x. Thomas Haynes Bayly—*I'd be a Butterfly.*

The honey-bee that wanders all day long
The field, the woodland, and the garden o'er,
To gather in his fragrant winter store,
Humming in calm content his winter song,
Seeks not alone the rose's glowing breast,
The lily's dainty cup, the violets lips,
But from all rank and noxious weeds he sips
The single drop of sweetness closely pressed
Within the poison chalice.
a. Anne C. Lynch Botta—*The Lesson of the Bee.*

Fair insect! that with threadlike legs spread out,
And blood-extracting bill and filmy wing,
Dost murmur, as thou slowly sail'st about;
In pitiless ears full many a plaintive thing,
And tell how little our large veins should bleed,
Would we but yield them to thy bitter need.
b. Bryant—*To a Mosquito.*

What gained we, little moth? Thy ashes,
Thy one brief parting pang may show:
And withering thoughts for soul that dashes
From deep to deep, are but a death more slow.
c. Carlyle—*Tragedy of the Night Moth.*

A subtle spider which doth sit,
In middle of her web, which spreadeth wide,
If aught do touch the utmost thread of it,
She feels it instantly on every side.
d. Sir John Davies—*Immortality of the Soul.*

Burly, dozing humblebee,
Where thou art is clime for me.
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek.
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid-zone!
e. Emerson—*The Humble-Bee.*

Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
* * * * *
Leave the chaff, and take the wheat.
f. Emerson—*The Humblebee.*

Glowworms on the ground are moving,
As if in the torch-dance circling.
g. Heine—*Book of Songs. Donna Clara.*

The beauteous dragonfly's dancing
By the waves of the rivulet glancing;
She dances here and she dances there,
The glimmering, glittering flutterer fair.
h. Heine—*Latest Poems. The Dragonfly.*

With the rose the butterfly's deep in love,
A thousand times hovering round;
But round himself all tender like gold,
The sun's sweet ray is hovering found.
i. Heine—*Book of Songs. New Spring.* No. 7.

"O bees, sweet bees!" I said, "that nearest field
Is shining white with fragrant immortelles.
Fly swiftly there and drain those honey wells."
j. Helen Hunt—*My Bees.*

The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems, to one in drowsiness half lost,
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.
k. Keats—*On the Grasshopper and Cricket.*

When all the birds are faint with the hot sun
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead.
That is the grasshopper's,—he takes the lead
In summer luxury,—he has never done
With his delights, for when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
l. Keats—*On the Grasshopper and Cricket.*

Listen! O, listen!
Here ever hum the golden bees
Underneath full-blossomed trees,
At once with glowing fruit and flowers crowned.
m. Lowell—*The Sirens.*

The fireflies o'er the meadow
In pulses come and go.
n. Lowell—*Midnight.*

The gold barr'd butterflies to and fro
And over the waterside wander'd and wove
As heedless and idle as clouds that rove
And drift by the peaks of perpetual snow.
o. Joaquin Miller—*Songs of the Sun-Lands. Isles of the Amazons.* Pt. III. St. 41.

The gay motes that people the sun-beams.
p. Milton—*Il Penseroso.* Line 8.

The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.
q. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 217.

Often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-winged Eagle.
r. *Cymbeline*—Act III. Sc. 3.

So work the honey-bees;
Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sorts:
Where some like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor:
Who, busied in his majesties, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate;
The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone.
s. *Henry V.* Act I. Sc. 2.

The crows, and choughs, that wing the mid-
way air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles.
a. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 6.

The poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.
b. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy
slumber,
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
c. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 1.

Your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.
d. *Julius Cæsar.* Act V. Sc. 1.

The solitary Bee,
Whose buzzing was the only sound of life,
Flew there on restless wing,
Seeking in vain one flower whereon to fix.
e. Southey—*Thalaba.* Bk. VI. St. 13.

So, naturalists observe, a flea
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em.
And so proceed *ad infinitum.*
f. Swift—*Poetry. A Raphsody.*

Some hand, that never meant to do thee
hurt,
Has crushed thee here between these pages
pent;
But thou hast left thine own fair monument,
Thy wings gleam out and tell me what thou
wert:
Oh! that the memories which survive us
here
Were half so lovely as these wings of thine!
Pure relics of a blameless life, that shine
Now thou art gone.
g. Charles (Tennyson) Turner—*On
Finding a Small Fly Crushed in a
Book.*

The little bee returns with evening's gloom,
To join her comrades in the braided hive,
Where, housed beside their mighty honey-
comb,
They dream their polity shall long survive.
h. Charles (Tennyson) Turner—*A
Summer Night in the Bee Hive.*

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day,
From every opening flower.
i. Watts—*Song.* 20.

The Katy-did works her chromatic reed on
the walnut tree over the well.
j. Walt Whitman—*Leaves of Grass.
Walt. Whitman.* Pt. XXXIII.
St. 195.

Stay near me—do not take thy flight!
A little longer stay in sight!
Much converse do I find in thee,
Historian of my infancy!
Float near me; do not yet depart!
Dead times revive in thee:
Thou bring'st, gay creature as thou art!
A solemn image to my heart.
k. Wordsworth—*To a Butterfly.*

INSTINCT.

Honest Instinct comes a volunteer;
Sure never to o'er shoot, but just to hit;
While still too wide or short in human wit.
l. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. III.
Line 85.

Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself, and thee, during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince.
m. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 4.

INTELLECT.

The hand that follows intellect can achieve.
n. Michael Angelo—*The Artist.*
(Trans. by Longfellow.)

It is no proof of a man's understanding to be able to confirm whatever he pleases; but to be able to discern that what is true is true, and that what is false is false; this is the mark and character of intelligence.
o. Emerson. *Essay. The Over-Soul.*

The growth of the intellect is spontaneous in every expansion. The mind that grows could not predict the time, the means, the mode of that spontaneity. God enters by a private door into every individual.
p. Emerson—*Essay. Intellect.*

The growth of the intellect is strictly analogous in all individuals.
q. Emerson—*Literary Ethics.*

Works of the intellect are great only by comparison with each other.
r. Emerson—*Literary Ethics.*

Thou living ray of intellectual Fire.
s. Falconer—*The Shipwreck.* Canto I.
Line 104.

The more we know of any one ground of knowledge, the farther we see into the general domains of intellect.
t. Leigh Hunt—*Men, Women, and
Books.*

Glorious indeed is the world of God around us, but more glorious the world of God within us. There lies the Land of Song; there lies the poet's native land.
u. Longfellow—*Hyperion.* Bk. I.
Ch. VIII.

A man is not a wall, whose stones are crushed upon the road; or a pipe, whose fragments are thrown away at a street corner. The fragments of an intellect are always good.
v. Georges Sand—*Handsome Lawrence.*
Ch. II.

The march of intellect.

a. SOUTHEY—*Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society.* Vol. II. P. 360.

Mind is the great lever of all things; human thought is the process by which human ends are alternately answered.

b. DANIEL WEBSTER—*Address at the Laying of the Corner-stone of the Bunker Hill Monument.*

INTEMPERANCE.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make me scorn!
Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquebae w'll face the devil.

c. BURNS—*Tam O'Shanter.* Line 105.

Man, being reasonable, must get drunk;
The best of life is but intoxication:
Glory, the grape, love, gold, in these are sunk
The hopes, of all men and of every nation;
Without their sap, how branchless were the trunk
Of life's strange tree, so fruitful on occasion:
But to return,—Get very drunk; and when
You wake with headache, you shall see what then.

d. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto II. St. 229.

Ha!—see where the wild-blazing Grog-Shop appears,
As the red waves of wretchedness swell,
How it burns on the edge of tempestuous years
The horrible Light-House of Hell!

e. M'DONALD CLARKE—*The Rum Hole.*

Gloriously drunk, obey the important call.

f. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. IV. Line 510.

Shall I, to please another wine-sprung minde,
Lose all mine own? God hath giv'n me a measure
Short of his canne, and bodie; must I finde
A pain in that, wherein he finds a pleasure?

g. HERBERT—*The Temple. The Church Porch.* St. 7.

Touch the goblet no more!
It will make thy heart sore
To its very core!

h. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. I.

Offering to every weary traveller
His orient liquor in a crystal glass,
To quench the drougth of Phœbus, which as they taste
(For most do taste, through fond intemperate thirst)
Soon as the potion works, their human countenance,
Th' express resemblance of the gods, is chang'd
Into some bruitish form of wolf or bear,
Or ounce or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
All other parts remaining as they were;
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement
But boast themselves more comely than before,
And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty!

i. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 64.

When night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.

j. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Line 507.

Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

k. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 2.

I have drunk but one cup to-night, * * and, behold, what innovation it makes here; I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

l. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 3.

I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

m. *Othello.* Act II. Sc 3.

I told you, Sir, they were red hot with drinking;
So full of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet.

n. *Tempest.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast!

o. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Now in madness,
Being full of supper and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet.

p. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 1.

O monstrous! but one halfpenny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!

q. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 4.

O that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

r. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Oli.—What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo.—Like a drowned man, a fool and a madman; one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

s. *Twelfth Night.* Act I. Sc. 5.

Drunkenness is an immoderate affection and use of drink. That I call immoderate that is besides or beyond that order of good things for which God hath given us the use of drink,

a. JEREMY TAYLOR—*Holy Living.* Ch. II. Pt. 2.

ISLANDS.

O, its a snug little island!
A right little, tight little island!

b. DIBDIN—*The Snug Little Island.*

An island salt and bare,
The haunt of seals, and orcs, and seamews clang.

c. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XI. Line 834.

The isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.

d. *Tempest.* Act III. Sc. 2.

J.

JEALOUSY.

Of all the passions, jealousy is that which exacts the hardest service, and pays the bitterest wages. Its service is—to watch the success of our enemy; its wages—to be sure of it.

e. C. C. COLTON—*Lacon.*

Anger and jealousy can no more bear to lose sight of their objects than love.

f. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Mill on the Floss.* Bk. I. Ch. X.

Jealousy is never satisfied with anything short of an omniscience that would detect the subtlest fold of the heart.

g. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Mill on the Floss.* Bk. VI. Ch. XI.

Oh jealousie! thou art nurst in hell:
Depart from hence, and therein dwell.

h. *Folio collection, entitled "The Theatre of God's Judgments,"* by Dr. Beard and Dr. Taylor. 1642. Pt. II. P. 89.

Then grew a wrinkle on fair Venus' brow,
The amber sweet of love is turn'd to gall!
Gloomy was Heaven; bright Phœbus did avow
He would be coy, and would not love at all;
Swearing no greater mischief could be wrought,
Than love united to a jealous thought.

i. ROBERT GREENE—*Jealousy.*

Jealousy is said to be the offspring of Love. Yet, unless the parent makes haste to strangle the child, the child will not rest till it has poisoned the parent.

j. J. C. and A. W. HARE—*Guesses at Truth.*

Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

k. *Titus Andronicus.* Act I. Sc. 2.

If I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake; I tell you,
'Tis rigour, and not law.

Winter's Tale. Act III. Sc. 2.

I perchance, am vicious in my guess,
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses; and, oft, my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not.

m. *Othello.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they're jealous.

n. *Othello.* Act III. Sc. 4.

O, beware, my lord of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!

o. *Othello.* Act III. Sc. 3.

So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt!

p. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

Trifles, light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ.

q. *Othello.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Entire affection hateth nicer hands.

r. SPENSER—*Faerie Queen.* Bk. I. Canto VIII. St. 40.

But through the heart
Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
'Tis then delightful misery no more,
But agony unmixed, incessant gall,
Corroding every thought, and blasting all
Love's paradise.

s. THOMSON—*The Seasons.* *Spring.* Line 1072.

JESTING.

As for jest, there be certain things which ought to be privileged from it; namely, religion, matters of state, great persons, any man's present business of importance, any case that deserveth pity.

t. BACON—*Essays.* *Civil and Moral.*

He that will lose his friend for a jest, deserves to die a beggar by the bargain.
a. FULLER—*The Holy and Profane States. Jesting.*

Jest not with the two-edged sword of God's word.
b. FULLER—*The Holy and Profane States. Jesting.*

No time to break jests when the heart-strings are about to be broken.
c. FULLER—*The Holy and Profane States. Jesting.*

Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest,
Fate never wounds more deep the generous heart,
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.
d. SAM'L JOHNSON—*London.* Line 165.

Joking decides great things
Stronglier and better oft than earnest can.
e. MILTON—*Trans. of Horace.* Satire I. 10, 14.

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it.
f. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act V. Sc. 2.

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester;
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane.
g. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act V. Sc. 5.

I do not like this fooling.
h. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Jesters do often prove prophets.
i. *King Lear.* Act V. Sc. 3.

JEWS.

The Jews are among the aristocracy of every land; if a literature is called rich in the possession of a few classic tragedies, what shall we say to a national tragedy lasting for fifteen hundred years, in which the poets and the actors were also the heroes.
j. GEORGE ELIOT—*Daniel Deronda.* Bk. VI. Ch. XLII.

The Jews spend at Easter.
k. HERBERT—*Jacula Prudentum.*

I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is?
l. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 1.

JOY.

The joy late coming late departs.
m. LEWIS J. BATES—*Some Sweet Day.*

An Infant when it gazes on a light,
A child the moment when it drains the breast,
A devotee when soars the Host in sight,
An Arab with a stranger for a guest,
A sailor when the prize has struck in fight,
A miser filling his most hoarded chest,
Feel rapture; but not such true joy are reaping,
As they who watch o'er what they love while sleeping.
n. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto II. St. 196.

There's not a joy the world can give
Like that it takes away.
o. BYRON—*Stanzas for Music.*

Patience is good, but joy is best!
p. SUSAN COOLIDGE—*Two Ways to Love.*

Our joy is dead, and only smiles on us.
q. GEORGE ELIOT—*Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. III.

The most profound joy has more of gravity than gaity in it.
r. MONTAIGNE—*Essays.* Bk. II. Ch. XX.

Bliss in possession will not last;
Remember'd joys are never past;
At once the fountain, stream, and sea,
They were,—they are,—they yet shall be.
s. MONTGOMERY—*The Little Cloud.*

Joys too exquisite to last,
And yet more exquisite when past.
t. MONTGOMERY—*The Little Cloud.*

How fading are the joys we dote upon!
Like apparitions seen and gone;
But those which sooneth take their flight
Are the most exquisite and strong;
Like angel's visits short and bright,
Mortality's too weak to bear them long.
u. JOHN NORRIS—*The Parting.*

If those who have died of joy had but been softened by thankfully gazing aloft, they would either not have died at all, or at least would have died of a sweet rapture.
v. RICHTER—*Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces.* Ch. II.

I wish you all the joy that you can wish.
w. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 2.

My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.
x. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 4.

I have drunken deep of joy.
And I will taste no other wine to-night.
y. SHELLEY—*The Cenci.* Act I. Sc. 3.

There is a sweet joy which comes to us through sorrow.
z. SPURGEON—*Gleanings Among the Sheaves. Sweetness in Sorrow.*

And often, glad no more
We wear a face of joy, because
We have been glad of yore.
a. WORDSWORTH—*The Fountain.*

Joys season'd high, and tasting strong of guilt.
YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night VIII. Line 835.

JUDGES.

Judges ought to be more learned than witty; more reverent than plausible, and more advised than confident: Above all things, integrity is their portion and proper virtue.
c. BACON—*Essay. Of Judicature.*

Make not thyself the judge of any man.
d. LONGFELLOW—*Masque of Pandora. In the Garden.*

The hungry Judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that Jurymen may dine.
e. POPE—*Rape of the Lock.* Canto III. Line 21.

Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment:
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.
f. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 4.

Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge,
That no King can corrupt.
g. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 1.

He who the sword of heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself, to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;
More nor less to others paying,
Than by self offenses weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
h. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 2.

To offend and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.
i. *Merchant of Venice.* Act II. Sc. 9.

What is my offence?
Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?
What lawful quest have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge?
j. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 4.

You are a worthy judge;
You know the law; your exposition
Hath been most sound.
k. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Four things belong to a judge: to hear courteously, to answer wisely, to consider soberly, and to decide impartially.
l. SOCRATES.

JUDGMENT.

On you, my lord, with anxious fear I wait,
And from your judgment must expect my fate.
m. ADDISON—*Lines to the King.* Line 21.

Cruel and cold is the judgment of man,
Cruel as winter, and cold as the snow;
But by-and-by will the deed and the plan
Be judged by the motive that lieth below.
n. LEWIS J. BATES—*By-And-By.*

Mortal vision is a grievous bar
To perfect judgment.
o. GEO. H. BOKER—*To the Memory of M. A. R.*

Next to sound Judgment, Diamonds and Pearls are the rarest things to be met with.
p. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. XII.

My friend, judge not me,
Thou seest I judge not thee;
Betwixt the stirrup and the ground
Mercy I askt, mercy I found.
q. CAMDEN—*Remaines Concerning Britaine.* 1636. P. 392.

Woe to him, * * who has no court of appeal against the world's judgment.
r. CARLYLE—*Essays. Mirabeau.*

Sound judgment is the ground of writing well.
s. WENTWORTH DILLON (Earl of Roscommman)—Trans. *Horace. Of the Art of Poetry.* Line 342.

We judge others according to results; how else?—not knowing the process by which results are arrived at.
t. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Mill on the Floss.* Bk. VII. Ch. II.

In other men we faults can spy,
And blame the mote that dims their eye;
Each little speck and blemish find;
To our own stronger errors blind.
u. GAY—*The Turkey and the Ant.* Pt. I. Line 1.

So comes a reckoning when the banquet's o'er,
The dreadful reckoning, and men smile no more.
v. GAY—*The What D'ye Call 't.* Act II. Sc. 9.

He that judges without informing himself to the utmost that he is capable, cannot acquit himself of judging amiss.
w. LOCKE—*Human Understanding.* Bk. II. Ch. XXI.

We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while, others judge us by what we have already done.
a. LONGFELLOW—*Kavanagh.* Ch. I.

Thou attended gloriously from heaven,
Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send
Thy summoning archangels to proclaim
Thy dread tribunal.
b. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. III. Line 363.

There written, all
Black as the damning drops that fall
From the denouncing angel's pen,
Ere mercy weeps them out again.
c. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. Paradise and the Peri.* St. 28.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
d. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 9.

I do not distinguish by the eye, but by the mind, which is the proper judge of the man.
e. SENECA—*On a Happy Life.* Ch. I.

We shall be judged, not by what we might have been, but what we have been.
f. SEWELL—*Passing Thoughts on Religion. Sympathy in Gladness.*

A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel.
g. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Forbear to judge for we are sinners all.
h. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 3.

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
i. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 3.

He that of greatest works is finisher
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown
When judges have been babes.
j. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act II. Sc. 1.

How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are?
k. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment.
l. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

I see, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike.
m. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act III. Sc. 11.

I stand for judgment: answer: shall I have it?
n. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
o. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 5.

O judgment, thou art fled to bruitish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!
p. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 2.

The jury passing on the prisoner's life,
May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try.
q. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 1.

The urging of that word, judgment, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.
r. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 4.

What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once, weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act.
s. *Henry VIII.* Act I. Sc. 2.

JUSTICE.

Justice discards party, friendship, kindred, and is always therefore represented as blind.
t. ADDISON—*The Guardian.* No. 99.

There is no virtue so truly great and godlike as justice.
u. ADDISON—*The Guardian.* No. 99.

The virtue of justice consists in moderation, as regulated by wisdom.
v. ARISTOTLE.

Justice is itself the great standing policy of civil society; and any departure from it, under any circumstances, lies under the suspicion of being no policy at all.
w. BURKE—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

So Justice while she winks at crimes,
Stumbles on innocence sometimes.
x. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Canto II. Pt. I. Line 1177.

Amongst the sons of men how few are known
Who dare be just to merit not their own.
y. CHURCHILL—*Epistle to Hogarth.* Line I.

Justice consists in doing no injury to men; decency in giving them no offence.
z. CICERO.

Justice is a habit of the mind which attributes its proper dignity to everything, preserving a due regard to the general welfare.
aa. CICERO—*Treatise on Rhetorical Invention.*

Be just in all thy actions; and if join'd
With those that are not, never change thy mind.
bb. DENHAM—*Of Prudence.*

Give the devil his due.
cc. DRYDEN—*Epilogue to the Duke of Guise.*

Justice without wisdom is impossible.
dd. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Party Politics.*

The gods
Grow angry with your patience. 'Tis their care,
And must be yours, that guilty men escape not:
As crimes do grow, justice should rouse itself.
a. BEN JONSON—*Catiline.* Act III. Sc. 5.

One of the grandest things in having rights is that, being your rights, you may give them up.
b. GEORGE MACDONALD—*The Marquis of Lossie.* Ch. XLII.

God deigns not to discuss
With our impatient and o'erweening wills
His times, and ways of working out through us
Heaven's slow but sure redress of human ills.
c. OWEN MEREDITH—*Müntzer to Martin Luther.*

Just are the ways of God,
And justifiable to men.
d. MILTON—*Samson Agonistes.* Line 293.

Yet I shall temper so
Justice with mercy as may illustrate most
Them fully satisfied, and thee appease.
e. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. X. Line 77.

And not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it: At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? such things have been done.
f. *Henry VIII.* Act V. Sc. 1.

He shall have merely justice, and his bond.
g. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

He will give the devil his due.
h. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 2.

How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.
i. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

I have done the state some service, and they know it;
No more of that; I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice.
j. *Othello.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Impartial are your eyes, and ears:
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul.
k. *Richard II.* Act I. Sc. 1.

I show it most of all, when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another.
l. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

O, I were damn'd beyond all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity.
m. *Othello.* Act V. Sc. 2.

The Gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us.
n. *King Lear.* Act V. Sc. 3.

There is more owing her than is paid; and more shall be paid her than she'll demand.
o. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act I. Sc. 3.

This bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh.
p. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips.—He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murtherer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself.
q. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 7.

This shows you are above,
Your justicers; that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge!
r. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Thyself shalt see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.
s. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Use every man after his desert, and who should
'Scape whipping!
t. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

What's open made
To justice, that justice seizes. What know the laws,
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find we stoop and take it,
Because we see it; but what we do not see
We tread upon and never think of it.
u. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 1.

What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
v. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 2.

K.

KINDNESS.

Swift kindnesses are best; a long delay
In kindness takes the kindness all away.
a. *Greek Anthology.*

Kindness is wisdom. There is none in life
But needs it and may learn.
b. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Home.*

Kindness—a language which the dumb can speak, and the deaf can understand.
c. BOVEE—*Summaries of Thought. Kindness.*

Mindful not of herself.
d. LONGFELLOW—*Elizabeth.* St. 4.

Though he was rough, he was kindly.
e. LONGFELLOW—*Courtship of Miles Standish.* Pt. III.

There's no dearth of kindness
In this world of ours;
Only in our blindness
We gather thorns for flowers.
f. MASSEY—*There's no Dearth of Kindness.*

Fraternity is the reciprocal affection, the sentiment which inclines man to do unto others as he would that others should do unto him.
g. MAZZINI—*Young Europe. General Principles.* No. 2.

And Heaven, that every virtue bears in mind,
E'en to the ashes of the just, is kind.
h. POPE'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. XXIV. Line 523.

When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
And I did never ask it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head,
And, like the wa chful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;
Saying,—"What lack you?"—and,—"Where lies your grief?"
i. *King John.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness.
j. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 5.

Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.
k. TENNYSON—*Lady Clara Vere de Vere.* St. 7.

That best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.
l. WORDSWORTH—*Tintern Abbey.*

KISSES.

Blush, happy maiden, when you feel
The lips which press love's glowing seal;
But as the slow years darklier roll,
Grown wiser, the experienced soul
Will own as dearer far than they
The lips which kiss the tears away!
m. ELIZABETH AKERS—*Kisses.*

But is there nothing else,
That we may do, but only walk? Methinks,
Brothers and sisters lawfully may kiss.
n. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—*A King and No King.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

I was betrothed that day;
I wore a troth-kiss on my lips I could not give away.
o. E. B. BROWNING—*Lay of the Brown Rosary.* Pt. II.

Thy lips which spake wrong counsel, I kiss close.
p. E. B. BROWNING—*Drama of Exile.* Sc. *Farther on, &c.*

A long, long kiss a kiss of youth and love.
q. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto II. St. 186.

Come, lay thy head upon my breast,
And I will kiss thee into rest.
r. BYRON—*The Bride of Abydos.* Canto I. St. 2.

When age chills the blood, when our pleasures are past—
For years fleet away with the wings of the dove—
The dearest remembrance will still be the last,
Our sweetest memorial the first kiss of love.
s. BYRON—*The First Kiss of Love.*

Bind the sea to slumber stilly,
Bind its odor to the lily;
Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,—
Then bind Love to last forever!
t. CAMPBELL—*The First Kiss.*

Love's great artillery.
u. CRASHAW—*On a Prayer Book.*

One kind kiss before we part,
Drop a tear, and bid adieu;
Though we sever, my fond heart
Till we meet shall pant for you.
v. DODSLEY—*The Parting Kiss.*

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part.
w. DRAYTON—*Poems.*

I long to kiss the image of my death.
x. DRUMMOND—*Sonnet.*

Kisses honeyed by oblivion.
a. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. III.

The kiss you take is paid by that you give:
The joy is mutual, and I'm still in debt.
b. GEO. GRANVILLE (Lord Lansdowne)—*Heroic Love.*

Tell me who first did kisses suggest?
It was a mouth all glowing and blest;
It kiss'd and it thought of nothing beside,
The fair month of May was then in its pride,
The flowers were all from the earth fast springing,
The sun was laughing, the birds were singing.
c. HEINE—*Book of Songs. New Spring.* Prologue. No. 25.

A soft lip,
Would tempt you to eternity of kissing!
d. BEN JONSON—*Volpone; or, the Fox.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
e. BEN JONSON—*The Forest. To Celia.*

What is a kiss? Alacke! at worst,
A single Dropp to quenche a Thirst,
Tho' oft it prooves in happie Hour,
The first swete Dropp of our long Showre.
f. LELAND—*In the Old Time.*

The kiss in which he half forgets even such a yoke as yours.
g. MACAULAY—*Lays of Ancient Rome. Virginia.* Line 138.

Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one more kiss.
h. MACAULAY—*Lays of Ancient Rome. Virginia.* Line 175.

I throw a kiss across the sea,
I drink the winds as drinking wine,
And dream they are all blown from thee,
I catch the whisper'd kiss of thine.
i. JOAQUIN MILLER—*England.* 1871.

Grow to my lips thou sacred kiss,
On which my soul's beloved swore
That there should come a time of bliss,
When she would mock my hopes no more.
j. MOORE—*The Kiss.*

One kiss the maiden gives, one last,
Long kiss, which she expires in giving!
k. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. Paradise and the Peri.*

Come hither sweet maiden, come hither to me,
And bring of good wine a full measure with thee;
And give me a kiss for the kiss I will give thee,
And do not deceive, and I will not deceive thee.
l. HASZUOS MULATSAGOK—*The Kiss.*

Oh! were I made by some transforming pow'r
The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r
Then might my voice thy list'ning ears employ,
And I those kisses he receives enjoy.
m. POPE—*Summer.* Line 45.

Thou knowest the maiden who ventures to kiss a sleeping man, wins of him a pair of gloves.
n. SCOTT—*Fair Maid of Perth.* Ch. V.

And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.
o. *As You Like It.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.
p. *Cymbeline.* Act I. Sc. 4.

I can express no kinder sign of love,
Than this kind kiss.
q. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act I. Sc. 1.

I'll take that winter from your lips.
r. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married.
s. *Henry V.* Act V. Sc. 2.

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation.
t. *Henry IV.* Part I. Act III. Sc. 1.

Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career of laughter with a sigh?
u. *Winter's Tale.* Act I. Sc. 2.

O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear.
v. *Coriolanus.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.
w. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act II. Sc. 5.

Take, O take those lips away,
That so sweetly were foresworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but sealed in vain.
x. *Measure for Measure.* Act IV. Sc. 1. *Song.*

Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
y. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 2.

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it.
z. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
And, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.
a. *Richard III.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

They may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin.
b. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act III. Sc. 3.

This done, he took the bride about the neck,
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo.
c. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Thou know'st this,
'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.
d. *Pericles.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Truly; I kiss thee with a most constant heart.
e. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act II. Sc. 4.

Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love.
f. *King John.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Very good; well kissed! an excellent courtesy.
g. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 1,

We have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.
h. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act III. Sc. 8.

Why, then we'll make exchange; here, take you this,
And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.
i. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act II. Sc. 2.

With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee,
Into whose hand I give thy life.
j. *Henry VIII.* Act V. Sc. 4.

You may ride us,
With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre.
k. *Winter's Tale.* Act I. Sc. 2.

As in the soft and sweet eclipse,
When soul meets soul on lover's lips.
l. SHELLEY—*Prometheus Unbound.* Act. IV.

Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may live;
And in my heartless breast and burning brain
That word, that kiss shall all thoughts else survive,
With food of saddest memory kept alive.
m. SHELLEY—*Adonais.* St. 26.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,
And our spirits rush'd together at the touching of the lips.
n. TENNYSON—*Locksley Hall.* St. 19.

Once he drew
With one long kiss my whole soul thro'
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.
o. TENNYSON—*Fatima.* St. 3.

The long, loud laugh, sincere;
The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the sidelong maid,
On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep.
p. THOMSON—*The Seasons Winter.* Line 625.

A kiss from my mother made me a painter.
q. BENJAMIN WEST.

KNOWLEDGE.

I would rather excel others in knowledge than in power.
r. ADDISON—*The Guardian.* No. 3.

Knowledge is, indeed, that which, next to virtue, truly and essentially raises one man above another.
s. ADDISON—*The Guardain.* No. 3.

Surely at last, far off, sometimes, somewhere,
The veil would lift for his deep-searching eyes,
The road would open for his painful feet,
That should be won for which he lost the world,
And Death might find him conqueror of deaht.
t. EDWIN ARNOLD—*Light of Asia.* Bk. IV. Line 343.

All knowledge, and wonder (which is the seed of knowledge) is an impression of pleasure in itself.
u. BACON—*Advancement of Learning.* Bk. I.

Knowledge is power.
v. BACON—*Meditationes Sacræ. De Heresibus.*

Pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.
w. *Title given by Lord Brougham to a book published under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.*

Knowledge by suffering entereth;
And life is perfected by Death!
x. E. B. BROWNING—*A Vision of Poets.* Conclusion. St. 37.

What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.
y. BURNS—*Address to Unco Guid.*

Deep sighted in intelligences,
Ideas, atoms, influences.
z. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto I. Line 533.

Knowledge is not happiness, and science
But an exchange of ignorance for that
Which is another kind of ignorance.
aa. BYRON—*Manfred.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime;
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime.
a. BYRON—*Bride of Abydos.* Canto I. St. 1.

Love is ever the beginning of Knowledge, as fire is of light.
b. CARLYLE—*Essay. Death of Goethe.*

What is all Knowledge too but recorded Experience, and a product of History; of which, therefore, Reasoning and Belief, no less than Action and Passion, are essential materials?
c. CARLYLE—*Essay. On History.*

When you know a thing, to hold that you know it; and when you do not know a thing, to allow that you do not know it; this is knowledge.
d. CONFUCIUS—*Analects.* Bk. I. Ch. IV.

Knowledge and Wisdom, far from being one,
Have oft-times no connexion. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
e. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. VI. Line 88.

Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.
f. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. VI. Line 96.

Knowledge comes
Of learning well retain'd, unfruitful else.
g. DANTE—*Vision of Paradise.* Canto V. Line 41.

Since knowledge is but sorrow's spy,
It is not safe to know.
h. DAVENANT—*The Just Italian.* Act V. Sc. 1.

To adorn ideas with elegance is an act of the mind superior to that of receiving them; but to receive them with a happy discrimination is the effect of a practiced taste.
i. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Literary Character of Men of Genius. On Reading.*

Knowledge is the antidote to fear,—
Knowledge, Use and Reason, with its higher aids.
j. EMERSON—*Society and Solitude. Courage.*

Knowledge is the knowing that we cannot know.
k. EMERSON—*Montaigne.*

Our knowledge is the amassed thought and experience of innumerable minds.
l. EMERSON—*Letters and Social Aims. Quotation and Originality.*

There is no knowledge that is not power.
m. EMERSON—*Society and Solitude. Old Age.*

Our knowledge doth but show us our ignorance. Our most studious scrutiny is but a discovery of what we cannot know.
n. OWEN FELTHAM—*Curiosity in Knowledge.*

Knowledge may be defined the perception of truth, or, in the language of Aristotle, the science of truth: and, consequently, he who acquires knowledge, perceives or acquires truth.
o. GOOD—*The Book of Nature.* Series III. Lecture IV.

The first step to self-knowledge is self-distrust. Nor can we attain to any kind of knowledge, except by a like process.
p. J. C. and A. W. HARE—*Guesses at Truth.*

A desire of knowledge is the natural feeling of mankind; and every human being whose mind is not debauched, will be willing to give all that he has to get knowledge.
q. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Boswell's Life of Johnson.* Conversation on Saturday, July 30. 1763.

Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it.
r. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Boswell's Life of Johnson.* An. 1776.

That fellow seems to me to possess but one idea, and that is a wrong one.
s. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Boswell's Life of Johnson.* An. 1770.

An humble knowledge of thyself is a surer way to God than a deep search after knowledge.
t. THOMAS À KEMPIS—*Imitation of Christ.* Bk. I. Ch. III.

The only jewel which will not decay is knowledge.
u. LANGFORD—*The Praise of Books. Preliminary Essay.*

The improvement of the understanding is for two ends: first, for our own increase of knowledge; secondly, to enable us to deliver and make out that knowledge to others.
v. LOCKE—*Some Thoughts, Concerning Reading and Study.*

He that seeketh the depth of knowledge: is as it were in a *Laborinth*, in the which ye farther he goeth, the farther he is from the end.
w. LYLY—*Euphues. The Anatomy of Wit. Of the Education of Youth.*

It is only knowledge, which worne with yeares waxeth young, and when all things are cut away with the Cicle [sickle] of Time, knowledge flourisheth so high that Time cannot reach it.
x. LYLY—*Euphues. The Anatomy of Wit. Of the Education of Youth.*

Every addition to true knowledge is an addition to human power.

a. Mann—*Lectures and Reports on Education.* Lecture I.

The maxim 'Know thyself' does not suffice;
Know others!—know them well—that's my advice.

b. Menander.

Only by knowledge of that which is not Thyself, shall thyself be learned.

c. Owen Meredith—*Know Thyself.*

I went into the temple there to hear
The teachers of our law, and to propose
What might improve my knowledge, or their own.

d. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 211.

All things I thought I knew; but now confess
The more I know I know, I know the less.

e. Owen—Bk. VI. 39.

Thou mayest of double ignorance boast,
Who know'st that thou nothing know'st.

f. Owen—*On one Ignorant and Arrogant.* Trans. by Cowper.

Half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.

g. Pope—*Moral Essays.* Ep. I. Line 40.

How the best state to know? it is found out
Like the best woman;—that least talked about.

h. Schiller—*Votive Tablets. The Best Governed State.*

To know thyself—in others self discern;
Would'st thou know others? read thyself—and learn!

i. Schiller—*Votive Tablets. The Key.*

An unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn.

j. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 2.

If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say, which grain will grow, and which will not;
Speak then to me.

k. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.

l. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 7.

I know a hawk from a handsaw.

m. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Too much to know, is, to know naught but fame.

n. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Biron.—What is the end of study?

King.—Why, that to know, which else we should not know.

Biron.—Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?

King.—Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.

o. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act I. Sc. 1.

My mind, aspire to higher things:
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust.

p. Sir Philip Sidney—*Sonnet. Leave me, O Love!*

A life of knowledge is not often a life of injury and crime.

q. Sydney Smith—*Pleasures of Knowledge.*

There is no difference between knowledge and temperance; for he who knows what is good and embraces it, who knows what is bad and avoids it, is learned and temperate.

r. Socrates.

Know thyself.

s. Solon of Athens.

By knowledge we do learn ourselves to know
And what to man, and what to God we owe.

t. Spenser—*The Tears of the Muses. Urania.*

Knowledge alone is the being of Nature,
Giving a soul to her manifold features,
Lighting through paths of the primitive darkness,
The footsteps of Truth and the vision of song.

u. Bayard Taylor—*Kilimandjaro.* St. 2.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers.

v. Tennyson—*Locksley Hall.* St. 71.

Who loves not Knowledge? Who shall rail
Against her beauty? May she mix
With men and prosper! Who shall fix
Her pillars? Let her work prevail.

w. Tennyson—*In Memoriam.* Pt. CXIII.

Knowledge, in truth, is the great sun in the firmament. Life and power are scattered with all its beams.

x. Daniel Webster—*Address Delivered at the Laying of the Corner-Stone of Bunker Hill Monument.*

Knowledge is the only fountain, both of the love and the principles of human liberty.

y. Daniel Webster—*Address Delivered on Bunker Hill, June 17th, 1843.*

He who binds
His soul to knowledge, steals the key of heaven.

z. Willis—*The Scholar of Thibet. Ben Khorat.*

L.

LABOR.

Toil is the lot of all, and bitter woe
The fate of many.
a. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. XXI. Line 646.

Such hath it been—shall be—beneath the sun
The many still must labour for the one.
b. BYRON—*The Corsair.* Canto I. St. 8.

Labour, wide as the Earth, has its summit in Heaven.
c. CARLYLE—*Essays. Work.*

Without Labour there were no Ease, no Rest, so much as conceivable.
d. CARLYLE—*Essays. Characteristics.*

Labor is discovered to be the grand conqueror, enriching and building up nations more surely than the proudest battles.
e. CHANNING—*War.*

Work, feed thyself, to thine own powers appeal,
Nor whine out woes, thine own right-hand can heal.
f. CRABBE—*Parish Register.* Pt. III.

Honest labour bears a lovely face.
g. THOS. DEKKER—*Patient Grissell.* Act I. Sc. 1.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.
h. HOOD—*Song of the Shirt.*

Men must work and women must weep.
i. CHARLES KINGSLEY—*The Three Fishers.*

From labor there shall come forth rest.
j. LONGFELLOW—*To a Child.* Line 162.

Taste the joy
That springs from labor.
k. LONGFELLOW—*Masque of Pandora.* Pt. VI. *In the Garden.*

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.
l. LONGFELLOW—*The Ladder of St. Augustine.*

But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run.
m. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 1012.

So he with difficulty and labour hard
Mov'd on, with difficulty and labour he.
n. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 1021.

Labor is life! 'tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, or the dark rust assaileth.
o. FRANCES S. OSGOOD—*Labor.*

Labor is rest—from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from world-sirens that hire us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow!
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!
p. FRANCES S. OSGOOD—*Labor.*

And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
q. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act II. Sc. 1.

I have had my labour for my travel.
r. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fore-done.
s. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act V. Sc. 2.

The labour we delight in, physics pain.
t. *Macbeth.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Why such impress of shipwrights whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week.
u. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 1.

LANDSCAPE.

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
v. CAMPBELL—*Pleasures of Hope.* Pt. I. Line 7.

Distant prospects please us, but when near
We find but desert rocks and fleeting air.
w. GARTH—*The Dispensatory.* Canto III. St. 271.

O what a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent!
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.
x. LONGFELLOW—*Autumn.*

The swain in barren deserts with surprise
See lilies spring and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear,
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;
To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
a. POPE—*Messiah.* Line 67.

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottos are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.
b. SHENSTONE—*Shepherd's Home. A Pastoral Ballad.* Pt. II. *Hope.*

Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.
c. TENNYSON—*The Lotos-Eaters. Choric Song.*

The plain was grassy, wild, and bare,
Wide, wild, and open to the air,
Which had built up everywhere
An under-roof of doleful gray.
d. TENNYSON—*The Dying Swan.*

Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
That on the high equator ridgy rise,
Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays.
e. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Summer.* Line 644.

The streams with softest sound are flowing,
The grass you almost hear it growing,
You hear it now, if e'er you can.
f. WORDSWORTH—*The Idiot Boy.* St. 57.

In distant wilds, by human eye unseen,
She rears her flowers, and spreads her velvet green;
Pure gurgling rills the lonely desert trace
And waste their music on the savage race.
g. YOUNG—*Love of Fame.* Satire V. Line 220.

LANGUAGE.

Language was given to us that we might say pleasant things to each other.
h. BOVEE—*Summaries of Thought. Language.*

Languages are no more than the keys of Sciences. He who despises one, slights the other.
i. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. XII.

O that those lips had language.
j. COWPER—*On Receipt of My Mother's Picture.*

Language is a city to the building of which every human being brought a stone.
k. EMERSON—*Letters and Social Aims. Quotation and Originality.*

Language is fossil poetry.
l. EMERSON—*Essays. The Poet.*

Language is only the instrument of science, and words are but the signs of ideas.
m. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Preface to the English Dictionary.*

Syllables govern the world.
n. JOHN SELDEN—*Power.*

He has strangled
His language in his tears.
o. *Henry VIII.* Act V. Sc. 1.

O, but they say, the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce, they're seldom spent in vain:
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.
He, that no more may say, is listn'd more.
p. *Richard II.* Act II. Sc. I.

There was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture.
q. *Winter's Tale.* Act. II. Sc. 2.

Language, as well as the faculty of speech, was the immediate gift of God.
r. NOAH WEBSTER—*Preface to Dictionary.*

LAUGHTER.

We must laugh before we are happy, for fear we die before we laugh at all.
s. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. IV.

How much lies in Laughter: the cipher key, wherewith we decipher the whole man.
t. CARLYLE—*Sartor Resartus.* Bk. I. Ch. IV.

Laugh not too much; the wittie man laughs least.
For wit is newes only to ignorance.
Lesse at thine own things laugh; lest in the jest
Thy person share, and the conceit advance.
u. HERBERT—*The Temple. Church Porch* St. 39.

Laugh and be fat, sir, your penance is known
They that love mirth, let them heartily drink,
'Tis the only receipt to make sorrow sink.
v. BEN JONSON—*The Penates.*

Laughter holding both his sides.
w. MILTON—*L'Allegro.* Line 32.

Laugh at your friends, and, if your Friends are sore
So much the better, you may laugh the more.
a. Pope—*Epilogue to Satire.* Dialogue I. Line 55.

To laugh were want of goodness and of grace;
And to be grave, exceeds all Pow'r of face.
b. Pope—*Prologue to Satires.* Line 35.

O, I am stabb'd with laughter.
c. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act V. Sc. 2.

O, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.
d. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act V. Sc. 1.

The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent anything that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me.
e. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act I. Sc. 2.

They laugh that win.
f. *Othello.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

With his eyes in flood with laughter.
g. *Cymbeline.* Act I. Sc. 7.

Laughter almost ever cometh of things most disproportioned to ourselves and nature: delight hath a joy in it either permanent or present; laughter hath only a scornful tickling,
h. Sir Philip Sidney—*The Defence of Poesy.*

The house of laughter makes a house of woe.
i. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night VIII. Line 757.

LEARNING.

Learning hath its infancy, when it is but beginning, and almost childish; then its youth, when it is luxuriant and juvenile; then its strength of years, when it is solid and reduced; and, lastly, its old age, when it waxeth dry and exhaust.
j. Bacon—*Essays Civil and Moral. Of Vicissitude of Things.*

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.
k. Bacon—*Essays. Of Studies.*

And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche.
l. Chaucer—*Canterbury Tales.* Prologue. Line 310.

I speak of that learning which makes us acquainted with the boundless extent of nature, and the universe, and which, even while we remain in this world, discovers to us both heaven, earth, and sea.
m. Cicero.

Learning without thought is labor lost; thought without learning is perilous.
n. Confucius—*Analects.* Bk. I. Ch. IV.

There is the love of knowing without the love of learning; the beclouding here leads to dissipation of mind.
o. Confucius—*Analects.* Bk. I. Ch. IV.

Learning by study must be won
'Twas ne'er entail'd from son to son.
p. Gay—*The Pack Horse and Carrier.* Line 41.

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?
q. Gay—*Shepherd and Philosopher.* Line 15.

And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head should carry all he knew.
r. Goldsmith—*The Deserted Village.* Line 215.

He might be a very clever man by nature, for all I know, but he laid so many books upon his head that his brains could not move.
s. Robert Hall—*Gregory's Life of Hall.*

For Learning is the fountain pure
Out from the which all glory springs:
Whoso therefore will glory win,
With learning first must needs begin.
t. Francis Kinwelmarsh—*Who Will Aspire to Dignity by Learning Must Advanced Be.* St. 5.

The Lord of Learning who upraised mankind
From being silent brutes to singing men.
u. Leland—*The Music-lesson of Confucius.*

Thou art an heyre to fayre lyving, that is nothing, if thou be disherited of learning, for better were it to thee to inherite righteousnesse then riches, and far more seemly were it for thee to haue thy Studie full of bookes, then thy purse full of mony.
v. Lyly—*Euphues. The Anatomy of Wit. To a Young Gentleman Named Alcius.*

A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
Their shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
w. Pope—*Essays on Criticism.* Line 215.

Ask of the Learn'd the way? The Learn'd are blind;
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind;
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment these.
x. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 19.

No man is wiser for his learning * * * wit and wisdom are born with a man.
y. John Selden—*Learning.*

Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
And where we are, our learning likewise is.
a. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

O this learning! what a thing it is.
b. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act I. Sc. 2.

I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning.
c. SHERIDAN—*The Rivals.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Learn to live, and live to learn,
Ignorance like a fire doth burn,
Little tasks make large returns.
d. BAYARD TAYLOR—*To My Daughter.*

Much learning shows how little mortals know;
Much wealth, how little worldlings can enjoy.
e. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night VI. Line 519.

Were man to live coeval with the sun,
The patriarch-pupil would be learning still.
f. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night XII. Line 86.

LEISURE.

And leave us leisure to be good.
g. GRAY—*Ode to Adversity.* St. 3.

Leisure is pain; takes off our chariot wheels;
How heavily we drag the load of life!
Blest leisure is our curse; like that of Cain,
It makes us wander, wander earth around
To fly that tyrant, thought.
h. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 125.

LIBERALITY.

Men might be better if we better deemed
Of them. The worst way to improve the world
Is to condemn it.
i. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *A Mountain.*

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Tho' they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human.
j. BURNS—*Address to the Unco Guid.*

It is better to believe that a man does possess good qualities than to assert that he does not.
k. *Chinese Moral Maxims.* Compiled by John Francis Davis, F.R.S. China, 1823.

'Tis hard to school the heart to be, in spite
Of injury and envy, generous still.
l. HENRY ELLISON—*Sonnet. A Privilege Worth a Hard Earning.*

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to other's show,
That mercy show to me.
m. POPE—*Universal Prayer.*

Be to her virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind.
n. PRIOR—*An English Padlock.*

But, by all thy nature's weakness,
Hidden faults and follies known,
Be thou, in rebuking evil,
Conscious of thine own.
o. WHITTIER—*What the Voice Said.*

LIBERTY.

The people never give up their liberties but under some delusion.
p. BURKE—*Speech at a County Meeting at Bucks,* 1784.

What is liberty without wisdom and without virtue? It is the greatest of all possible evils; for it is folly, vice, and madness, without tuition or restraint.
q. BURKE—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or die.
r. BURNS—*Bannockburn.*

For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeath'd by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft is ever won.
s. BYRON—*The Giaour.* Line 123.

The poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the force of the crown.
t. EARL OF CHATHAM—*Speech on the Excise Bill.*

'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume;
And we are weeds without it.
u. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. V. Line 446.

The love of liberty with life is given,
And life itself the inferior gift of Heaven.
v. DRYDEN—*Palemon and Arcite.* Bk. II. Line 291.

Give me liberty, or give me death.
w. PATRICK HENRY—*Speech.* March, 1775.

License they mean when they cry liberty.
x. MILTON—*On the Detraction which followed Upon My Writing Certain Treatises.*

This is true Liberty when freeborn men,
Having to advise the public, may speak free:
Which he who can and will deserves high praise:
Who neither can nor will may hold his peace.
What can be juster in a state than this?
y. MILTON—Trans. *Horace.* Ep. I. 16, 40.

Give me again my hollow tree
A crust of bread, and liberty!
z. POPE—*Imitations of Horace.* Bk. II. Satire VI. Line 220.

O liberty! liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!
aa. MADAME ROLAND—*Macaulay. Mirabeau.*

Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings.
a. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.
b. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 3.

I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please.
c. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 7.

Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe,
There's nothing, situate under heaven's eye,
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky.
d. *Comedy of Errors.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Deep in the frozen regions of the north,
A goddess violated brought thee forth,
Immortal liberty.
e. SMOLLETT—*Ode to Independence.* Line 5.

On the light of Liberty you saw arise the light of Peace, like
"another morn,
Risen on mid-noon;"
and the sky on which you closed your eye was cloudless.
f. DANIEL WEBSTER—*Speeches. The Bunker Hill Monument.*

LIBRARIES.

The richest minds need not large libraries.
g. AMOS BRONSON ALCOTT—*Table Talk.* Bk. I. *Learning-Books.*

Libraries are as the shrine where all the relics of the ancient saints, full of true virtue, and that without delusion or imposture, are preserved and reposed.
h. BACON—*Libraries.*

That place that does contain
My books, the best companions, is to me
A glorious court, where hourly I converse
With the old sages and philosophers;
And sometimes, for variety, I confer
With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels;
Calling their victories, if unjustly got,
Unto a strict account, and, in my fancy,
Deface their ill-placed statues.
i. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER. *The Elder Brother.* Act I. Sc. 2.

A library is but the soul's burial-ground.
It is the land of shadows.
j. HENRY WARD BEECHER—*Star Papers. Oxford. Bodleian Library.*

The true University of these days is a Collection of Books.
k. CARLYLE—*Heroes and Hero Worship.* Lecture V.

All round the room my silent servants wait,
My friends in every season, bright and dim.
l. BARRY CORNWALL—*My Books.*

A great library contains the diary of the human race.
m. DAWSON—*Address on Opening the Birmingham Free Library.*

A library may be regarded as the solemn chamber in which a man may take counsel with all that have been wise and great and good and glorious amongst the men that have gone before him.
n. DAWSON—*Address on Opening the Birmingham Free Library.* Oct. 26th, 1866.

The great consulting room of a wise man is a library.
o. DAWSON—*Address on opening the Birmingham Free Library.* Oct. 26th, 1866.

It is a vanity to persuade the world one hath much learning by getting a great library.
p. FULLER—*The Holy and Profane States. Books.*

From this slender beginning I have gradually formed a numerous and select library, the foundation of my works, and the best comfort of my life, both at home and abroad.
q. GIBBON—*Memoirs.*

Every library should try to be complete on something, if it were only the history of pinheads.
r. HOLMES—*The Poet at the Breakfast Table.* Ch. VIII.

I look upon a library as a kind of mental chemist's shop, filled with the crystals of all forms and hues which have come from the union of individual thought with local circumstances or universal principles
s. HOLMES—*The Professor at the Breakfast Table.* Ch. I.

The first thing, naturally, when one enters a scholar's study or library, is to look at his books. One gets a notion very speedily of his tastes and the range of his pursuits by a glance round his book-shelves.
t. HOLMES—*The Poet at the Breakfast Table.* Ch. VIII.

What a place to be in is an old library. It seems as though all the souls of all the writers, that have bequeathed their labours to these Bodleians, were reposing here, as in some dormitory, or middle state. I do not want to handle, to profane the leaves, their winding-sheets. I could as soon dislodge a shade. I seem to inhale learning, walking amid their foliage, and the odour of their old moth-scented coverings is fragrant as the first bloom of those sciential apples which grew amid the happy orchard.
u. LAMB—*Essays of Elia. Oxford in the Vacation.*

We enter our studies, and enjoy a society which we alone can bring together. We raise no jealousy by conversing with one in preference to another: we give no offence to the most illustrous by questioning him as long as we will, and leaving him as abruptly. Diversity of opinion raises no tumult in our presence: each interlocutor stands before us, speaks or is silent, and we adjourn or decide the business at our leisure.

a. LANDOR—*Imaginary Conversations. Milton and Andrew Marvell.*

No possession can surpass or even equal a good library to the lover of books. Here are treasured up for his daily use and delectation riches which increase by being consumed, and pleasures which never cloy.

b. LANGFORD—*The Praise of Books. Preliminary Essay.*

Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow.

c. *Titus Andronicus.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

He furnish'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

d. *Tempest.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Shelved around us lie
The mummied authors.

e. BAYARD TAYLOR—*The Poet's Journal. Third Evening.*

LIFE.

Every man's life is a fairy-tale written by God's fingers.

f. HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Life is labour and death is rest.

g. ARCHIAS—*Thracian View of Life and Death.*

Life, which all creatures love and strive to keep,
Wonderful, dear, and pleasant unto each,
Even to the meanest; yea, a boon to all
Where pity is, for pity makes the world
Soft to the weak and noble for the strong.

h. EDWIN ARNOLD—*Light of Asia.* Bk. V. Line 401.

With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done.
Not till the hours of light return
All we have built do we discern.

i. MATTHEW ARNOLD—*Mortality.* St. 2.

A life in which nothing happens.

j. AUERBACH—*On the Heights.*

Corruption springs from Light: 'tis the same power
Creates, preserves, destroys; the matter which
It works on, being one ever-changing form;—
The living, and the dying and the dead.

k. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Water and Wood.*

Life's as serious a thing as death.

l. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *A Library and Balcony.*

Life's but a means unto an end—that end,
Beginning, mean, and end of all things—God.

m. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *A Country Town.*

We live in deeds not years: in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives,
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

n. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *A Country Town.*

God is the author, men are only the players. These grand pieces which are played upon earth have been composed in Heaven.

o. BALZAC.

Life! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and me must part;
And when, or how, or where we met
I own to me's a secret yet.

p. ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD—*Life.*

Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time,
Say not "Good night" but in some brighter clime
Bid me "Good-morning."

q. ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD—*Life.*

We sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up to-morrow.

r. HENRY WARD BEECHER—*Life Thoughts.*

Life, believe, is not a dream,
So dark as sages say;
Oft a little morning rain
Foretells a pleasant day?

s. CHARLOTTE BRONTÉ—*Life.*

If we begin to die when we live, and long life be but a prolongation of death, our life is a sad composition; we live with death, and die not in a moment.

t. Sir THOMAS BROWNE—*Hydriotaphia.* Ch. V.

Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us.

u. Sir THOMAS BROWNE—*Hydriotaphia.* Ch. V.

Whose life is a bubble, and in length a span.

v. WM. BROWNE—*Britannia Pastorals.* Bk. I. *Song. II.*

Life is a kind of Sleep, old Men sleep longest; they never begin to wake, but when they are to die.

a. De La Bruyere—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. II.

Life is but a day at most.

b. Burns—*Friars' Carse Hermitage.* Verse 2.

All is concentred in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being.

c. Byron—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 89.

Between two worlds life hovers like a star
Twixt night and morn upon the horizon's verge.

d. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto XV. St. 123.

Did man compute
Existence by enjoyment, and count o'er
Such hours 'gainst years of life, say, would he name threescore?

e. Byron—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 34.

Our life is two-fold; sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence.

f. Byron—*The Dream.* Canto I. Line 1.

The day drags through, though storms keep out the sun;
And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on.

g. Byron—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 32.

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying fleetness;
And those of Youth a seeming length,
Proportion'd to their sweetness.

h. Campbell—*A Thought Suggested by the New Year.*

I repose, I write, I think; so you see that my way of life, and my pleasures are the same as in my youth.

i. Campbell—*Life of Petrarch.*

A well-written life is almost as rare as a well-spent one.

j. Carlyle—*Essays. Jean Paul Friedrich Richter.*

Our being is made up of light and Darkness, the Light resting on the Darkness, and balancing it.

k. Carlyle—*Essays. Characteristics.*

There is no life of a man, faithfully recorded, but is a heroic poem of its sort, rhymed or unrhymed.

l. Carlyle—*Essays. Memoirs of the Life of Scott.*

How many lives we live in one,
And how much less than one, in all?

m. Alice Cary—*Life's Mysteries.*

The life so short, the craft so long to lerne,
Th' essay so hard, so sharp the conquering.

n. Chaucer—*Canterbury Tales. The Assembly of Foules.* Line 1.

To live long, it is necessary to live slowly.

o. Cicero.

I've lived and loved.

p. Coleridge—Trans. *Wallenstein.* Pt. III. Act II. Sc. 6.

Life is but thought.

q. Coleridge—*Youth and Age.*

To know, to esteem, to love,—and then to part,
Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart!

r. Coleridge—*On Taking Leave of——*

Thank God for life: life is not sweet always,
Hands may be heavy-laden, hearts care full,
Unwelcome nights follow unwelcome days,
And dreams divine end in: wakenings dull,
Still it is life, and life is cause for praise.

s. Susan Coolidge—*Benedicam Domino.*

Thus hand in hand through life we'll go;
Its checker'd paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we'll tread.

t. Cotton—*The Fireside.* St. 13.

His faith perhaps, in some nice tenets might
Be wrong; his life, I'm sure, was in the right.

u. Cowley—*On the Death of Crashaw.* Line 56.

Life for delays and doubts no time does give,
None ever yet made haste enough to live.

v. Cowley—*Imitations. Martial.* Lib. II. Ep. LXL.

Men deal with life as children with their play,
Who first misuse, then cast their toys away.

w. Cowper—*Hope.* Line 127.

Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,
Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns.

x. Cowper—*Conversation.* Line 357.

What is it but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations and its vast concerns?

y. Cowper—*The Task.* Line 55

Let's learn to live, for we must die, alone.

z. Crabbe—*The Borough.* Letter X.

Life is not measured by the time we live.

aa. Crabbe—*The Village.* Bk. II.

Shall he who soars, inspired by loftier views,
Life's little cares and little pains refuse?
Shall he not rather feel a d uble share
Of mortal woe, when doubly arm'd to bear?

bb. Crabbe—*The Library.*

Live while you live, the epicure will say,
And take the pleasures of the present day:
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my views let both united be,
I live in pleasure when I live to Thee.

cc. Doddridge—*Epigram on his Family Arms.* "*Dum Vivimus Vivamus.*"

Take not away the life you cannot give;
For all things have an equal right to live.
a. DRYDEN—*Pythagorean Phil.* Line 705.

Life's a vast sea
That does its mighty errand without fail,
Painting in unchanged strength though waves are changing.
b. GEORGE ELIOT—*Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. III.

Life is not all incident; it has its intervals of thought, as well as action—of feeling—of endurance; and in order to reflect, and profit by these, it is sometimes necessary to sit down as it were upon the sand-hills of the desert, and consider from what point in the horizon the journey has been made, or to what opening in the distance it is likely to lead.
c. Mrs. ELLIS—*Social Distinction; or, Hearts and Homes.* Ch. V.

Sooner or later that which is now life shall be poetry, and every fair and manly trait shall add a richer strain to the song.
d. EMERSON—*Poetry and Imagination.*

When life is true to the poles of nature, the streams of truth will roll through us in song.
e. EMERSON—*Poetry and Imagination.*

Dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.
f. FRANKLIN—*Poor Richard.*

We live merely on the crust or rind of things.
g. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Lucian.*

How short is life! how frail is human trust.
h. GAY—*Trivia.* Bk. III. Line 235.

The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form.
i. GOLDSMITH—*The Traveller.* Line 138.

Along the cool sequestered vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.
j. GRAY—*Elegy in a Country Churchyard.* St. 19.

Man's life is like unto a winter's day,
Some break their fast and so departs away,
Others stay dinner then departs full fed;
The longest age but sups and goes to bed.
Oh, reader, then behold and see,
As we are now so must you be.
k. BISHOP HENSHAW—*Horæ Succisivæ.*

I made a posie, while the day ran by;
Here will I smell my remnant out and tie
My life within this band.
But time did beckon to the flowers, and they
By noon most cunningly did steal away,
And wither'd in my hand.
l. HERBERT—*Life.*

A dream, alas our life's a dream
On earth below,
Like shadows on the waves we seem,
And thus we go.
And when our tardy steps are yet
In space and time,
We are, and know it not, we're led
To heav'n sublime.
m. HERDER.

That man lives twice that lives the first life well.
n. HERRICK—*Hesperides Vertue.*

Life is short and art long.
o. HIPPOCRATES—*Aphorism I.*

There are two worlds; the world that we can measure with line and rule, and the world that we feel with our hearts and imaginations.
p. LEIGH HUNT—*Men, Women, and Books. Fiction and Matter of Fact.*

Man's life a Tragedy his mother's womb
(From which he enters) is ye tyring roome.
This spatious earth ye theatre and ye stage
That country wch he lives in: passions, rage,
Folly and vice are actors. The first cry
The prologe to ye ensuing Tragedy.
The former act consisteth of dumb showes:
The second, he to more perfections growes;
I' the third he is a man and doth beginn
To nurture vice, and act ye deeds of sinn.
I' the forth declynes, I' ye fift deseases clog
And trouble him; then Death's his epilogue.
q. IGNOTO.

There is but halting for the wearied foot;
The better way is hidden. Faith hath failed;
One stronger far than reason mastered her.
It is not reason makes faith hard, but life.
r. JEAN INGELOW—*A Pastor's Letter to a Young Poet.* Pt. II. Line 231.

Enlarge my life with multitude of days!
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays;
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,
That life protracted is protracted wo.
s. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Vanity of Human Wishes.* Line 255.

In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise!
From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driveller and a show.
t. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Vanity of Human Wishes.* Line 315.

Reflect that life, like ev'ry other blessing,
Derives its value from its use alone.
u. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Irene.* Act III. Sc. 8.

The present hour alone is man's.
v. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Irene.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Our whole life is like a play.
a. Ben Jonson—*Discoveries De Vitâ Humanâ.*

For he who gave this vast machine to roll,
Breathed Life in them, in us a reasoning Soul;
That kindred feelings might our state improve,
And mutual wants conduct to mutual love.
b. Juvenal—*Satire XV.* Line 150.

A sacred burden is this life ye bear,
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly,
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.
c. Francis Anne Kemble—*Lines to the Young Gentlemen leaving the Lennox Academy, Mass.*

I doubt whether those who through every clime
Have wandered and sought, in peace and in strife,
For gold and for treasures, have ever found time
To study the genuine value of life.
d. Omar Khayyam—*Bodenstedt*, Trans.

Life will be lengthened while growing, for Thought is the measure of life.
e. Leland—*The Return of the Gods.* Line 85.

In the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives.
f. Longfellow—*The Building of the Ship.* St. 24.

Life hath quicksands,—life hath snares.
g. Longfellow—*Maidenhood.*

Life is the gift of God, and is divine.
h. Longfellow—*Emma and Eginhard.* Line 158.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
i. Longfellow—*A Psalm of Life.*

This life of ours is a wild æolian harp of many a joyous strain,
But under them all there runs a loud perpetual wail, as of souls in pain.
j. Longfellow—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. IV.

Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!
k. Longfellow—*The Village Blacksmith.*

Youth, hope, and love:
To build a new life on a ruined life,
To make the future fairer than the past,
And make the past appear a troubled dream.
l. Longfellow—*The Masque of Pandora.* Pt. VIII.

Haue more minde on thy bookes then my [thy] bags, more desire of godlinesse then gold, greater affection to dye well, then to liue wantonly.
m. Lyly—*Euphues and His England. The Story of Cassander the Hermit and Callimachus.*

Life is a mission. Every other definition of life is false, and leads all who accept it astray. Religion, science, philosophy, though still at variance upon many points, all agree in this, that every existence is an aim.
n. Mazzini—*Life and Writings.* Ch. V.

Life hath set
No landmarks before us.
o. Owen Meredith—*Lucile.* Pt. II. Canto V. St. 14.

Life is good; but not life in itself.
p. Owen Meredith—*The Apple of Life.*

When life leaps in the veins, when it beats in the heart,
When it thrills as it fills every animate part,
Where lurks it? how works it? * * * we scarcely detect it.
q. Owen Meredith—*Lucile.* Pt. II. Canto I. St. 5.

For men to tell how human life began
Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?
r. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VIII. Line 250.

Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st
Live well, how long or short permit to heav'n.
s. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XI. Line 553.

'Tis not the whole of life to live;
Nor all of death to die.
t. Montgomery—*The Issues of Life and Death.*

Life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns,
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns.
u. Moore—*Oh! Think Not My Spirit.*

Life let us cherish.
v. Nagelis's *Volkslied.*

To me the hours of youth are dear,
In transient light that flow:
But age is heavy, cold, and drear,
As winter's rocks of snow.
w. Thomas Love Peacock—*Youth and Age.*

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young disease that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength.
x. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. II. Line 133.

Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate and rot.
a. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. II. Line 63.

For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best;
For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.
In faith and hope, the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity:
All must be false, that thwarts this one great end;
And all of God that bless mankind, or mend.
b. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. III. Line 303,

Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
You've play'd, and lov'd and eat, and drank your fill:
Walk sober off; before a sprightlier age
Comes titt'ring on, and shoves you from the stage.
c. POPE—*Second Book of Horace.* Ep. II. Line 322.

On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gail.
d. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. II. Line 107.

See how the World its Veterans rewards!
A Youth of Frolics, an old Age of Cards;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
Young without Lovers, old without a Friend;
A Fop their Passion, but their Prize a Sot;
Alive, ridiculous, and dead, forgot.
e. POPE—*Moral Essay.* Ep. II. Line 243.

To Be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.
f. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 109.

Our life is but a span.
g. *New England Primer.*

So vanishes our state; so pass our days;
So life but opens now, and now decays;
The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh;
To live is scarce distinguish'd from to die.
h. PRIOR—*Solomon on the Vanity of the World.* Bk. III.

Who breathes must suffer, and who thinks must mourn;
And he alone is blessed who ne'er was born.
i. PRIOR—*Solomon on the Vanity of the World.* Bk. III.

Half my life is full of sorrow,
Half of joy, still fresh and new;
One of these lives is a fancy.
But the other one is true.
j. ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR—*Dream-Life.*

I came at morn—'twas spring, I smiled,
The fields with green were clad;
I walked abroad at noon,—and lo!
'Twas summer,—I was glad;
I sate me down; 'twas Autumn eve,
And I with sadness wept;
I laid me down at night, and then
'Twas winter,—and I slept.
k. MARY PYPER—*Epitaph. A Life.*

The weary pilgrim oft doth seek to know
How far he's come, how far he has to go;
His way is tedious, and his way opprest,
All his desire is to be at rest.
l. QUARLES—*Emblems.*

This life is but the passage of a day,
This life is but a pang and all is over;
But in the life to come which fades not away
Every love shall abide and every lover.
m. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*Saints and Angels.*

Life's but a span, or a tale, or a word,
That in a trice, or a suddaine, is rehearsed.
n. *The Roxburghe Ballads. A Friend's Advice.* Pt. II. Edited by Chas. Hindley.

Man's life compared is unto a Flower,
That grows and withers all within one houre;
And like to grasse that groweth in the field,
Or like true courage, which is loth to yield.
o. *The Roxburghe Ballads. A Discourse of Man's Life.* Edited by Chas. Hindley.

In the hearts holy stillness only beams
The shrine of refuge from life's stormy throng.
p. SCHILLER—*Commencement of the New Century.* Line 33.

O'er Ocean, with a thousand masts, sails forth the stripling bold—
One boat, hard rescued from the deep, draws into port the old!
q. SCHILLER—*Votive Tablets. Expectation and Fulfillment.*

Sound, sound the clarion! fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.
r. SCOTT—*Old Mortality.* Ch. XXXIV. *Motto.*

A man's life's no more than to say, One.
s. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 2.

And so from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour, we rot and rot
And thereby hangs a tale.
t. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 7.

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.
u. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time; for from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys; renown, and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.
a. *Macbeth.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
b. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 3.

I bear a charmed life.
c. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 7.

I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
d. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 2.

It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment; and then we have a prescription to die, when death is our physician.
e. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Let life be short; else shame will be too long.
f. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

Life is a shuttle.
g. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.
h. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
i. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 3.

O excellent! I love long life better than figs.
j. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act I. Sc. 2.

O gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
k. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 2.

Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow.
l. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 5.

Reason thus with life,—
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep.
m. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall;
Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.
n. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 1.

That but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
We'd jump the life to come.
o. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 7.

The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.
p. *Macbeth.* Act II. Sc. 2.

The sands are number'd that make up my life;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.
q. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act I. Sc. 4.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together.
r. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

This day I breathed first: time is come round;
And where I did begin there shall I end;
My life is run his compass.
s. *Julius Cæsar.* Act V. Sc. 3.

This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do.
t. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Thou hast nor youth, nor age;
But, as it were an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld; and when thou art old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant.
u. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Thy life's a miracle.
v. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 6.

When we are born, we cry, that we are come
To this great stage of fools.
w. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 6.

Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee.
x. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 4.

Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep.
y. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity.
z. Shelley—*Adonais.* St. 32.

We have two lives;
The soul of man is like the rolling world,
One half in day, the other dipt in night;
The one has music and the flying cloud,
The other, silence and the wakeful stars.
a. Alex. Smith—*Horton.* Line 76.

I believe that we cannot live better than in seeking to become better, nor more agreeably than having a clear conscience.
b. Socrates.

"Life is not lost," said she, "for which is bought
Endless renown."
c. Spenser—*Fœrie Queene.* Bk. III. Canto XI. Line 19.

Life as a whole, life in detail, each moment, each circumstance, has its sting; for one's own land inspires a thousand pleasures that we guess not till they are lost.
d. Madame de Staël—*Corinne.* Bk. XIV Ch. III.

Life lives only in success.
e. Bayard Taylor—*Amran's Wooing.* St. 5.

Our life is scarce the twinkle of a star
In God's eternal day.
f. Bayard Taylor—*Autumnal Vespers.*

I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees.
g. Tennyson—*Ulysses.* Line 6.

Life is not as idle ore,
But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
And batter'd with the shocks of doom,
To shape and use.
h. Tennyson—*In Memoriam.* Pt. CXVII.

Behold, fond man!
See here thy pictured life; pass some few years,
Thy flowering spring, thy summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene.
i. Thomson—*Winter.* Line 1028.

My life is like a stroll upon the beach,
j. Thoreau—*A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers.*

The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pain grows sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.
k. Hester L. Thrale—*Three Warnings.*

We live not in our moments or our years;
The Present we fling from us like the rind
Of some sweet Future, which we often find
Bitter to taste.
l. Richard Chenevix Trench—*Sonnet. Enjoy the Present.*

One for the cravings of his life provides,
One weaves himself another way to live,
To reach the secret is beyond our lore,
And man must rest, till God doth furnish more.
m. Charles (Tennyson) Turner—*Sonnet. Silkworms and Spiders.*

So life we praise, that does excel,
Not in much time, but acting well.
n. Waller—*Long and Short Life. Epigrams.*

Our life contains a thousand springs, and dies if one be gone;
Strange that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.
o. Watts—*Hymns and Spiritual Songs.* Bk. II. Hymn 19.

"Our lives are albums written through
With good or ill, with false or true
And as the blessed angels turn
The pages of our years,
God grant they read the good with smiles,
And blot the ill with tears!"
p. Whittier—*Written in a Lady's Album.*

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home;
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
q. Wordsworth—*Ode. Intimation of Immortality.*

Cradles rock us nearer to the tomb:
Our birth is nothing but our death begun.
r. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night V. Line 718.

For what are men who grasp at praise sublime,
But *bubbles* on the rapid stream of time.
That rise and fall, that swell and are no more,
Born and forgot, ten thousand in an hour.
s. Young—*Love of Fame.* Satire II. Line 285.

That life is long which answers life's great end.
t. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night V. Line 773.

LIGHT.

Light is the first of painters. There is no object so foul that intense light will not make it beautiful.
u. Emerson—*Nature.* Ch. III.

Light—God's eldest daughter.
v. Fuller—*The Holy and Profane States. Building.*

Against the darkness outer
God's light his likeness takes,
And He from the mighty doubter
The great believer makes.
w. R. W. Gilder—*The New Day.* Pt. IV. *Song* XV. St. 3.

Dark with excessive bright.
a. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. III. Line 380.

Hail, holy light, offering of heav'n, first-born.
b. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. III. Line 1.

He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' th' centre and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun.
c. Milton—*Comus.* Line 381.

Light from her native East
To journey the airy gloom began,
Spher'd in a radiant cloud; for yet the sun was not.
d. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VII. Line 243.

Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom.
e. Milton—*Il Penseroso.* Line 79.

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
f. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act I. Sc. 1.

'Twas a light that made
Darkness itself appear
A thing of comfort.
g. Southey—*The Curse of Kehama.*

God and Nature met in light.
h. Tennyson—*In Memoriam.* Pt. CX.

LINGUISTS.

Away with him, away with him; he speaks Latin.
i. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 7.

By your own report
A linguist.
j. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

O! good, my lord, no Latin;
I'm not such a truant since my coming
As not to know the language I have liv'd in.
k. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Speaks three or four languages word for word without book.
l. *Twelfth Night.* Act I. Sc. 3.

This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist.
m. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

You taught me language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse; the red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!
n. *Tempest.* Act I. Sc. 2.

LISTENING.

But yet she listen'd—'tis enough—
Who listens once will listen twice;
Her heart, be sure, is not of ice,
And one refusal's no rebuff.
o. Byron—*Mazeppa.* St. 6

Listen, every one
That listen may, unto a tale
That's merrier than the nightingale.
p. Longfellow—*Interlude Before the Monk of Casal-Maggiore.*

This cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening.
q. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

LITERATURE.

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.
r. Bacon—*Essay. Of Studies.*

Books only partially represent their authors; The writer is always greater than his work.
s. Bovee—*Summaries of Thought Literature.*

There is a fashion in letters which regulates the books we purchase, and the authors we talk about.
t. Bovee—*Summaries of Thought Literature.*

The noble art from Cadmus took its rise
Of painting words and speaking to the eyes;
He first in wond'rous magic-fetters bound
The airy voice, and stopp'd the flying sound;
The various figures by his pencil wrought
Gave colour, and a body to the thought.
u. Brebeuf—Trans. by Hon. Mary Monk.

Literature is the Thought of thinking Souls.
v. Carlyle—*Essay. Memoirs of the Life of Scott.*

The beaten paths of Literature lead the safeliest to the goal; and the talent pleases us most, which submits to shine with new gracefulness through old forms. Nor is the noblest and most peculiar mind too noble or peculiar for working by prescribed laws.
w. Carlyle—*Essay. Jean Paul Friedrich Richter.*

O blessed Letters! that combine in one
All ages past, and make one live with all:
By you we do confer with who are gone,
And the Dead-living unto council call!
By you the unborn shall have communion
Of what we feel and what doth us befall.
x. Samuel Daniel—*Musophilus.*

But indeed, we prefer books to pounds; and we love manuscripts better than florins: and we prefer small pamphlets to war horses.
y. Isaac Disraeli—*Curiosities of Literature. Pamphlets.*

Literature is an avenue to glory, ever open for those ingenious men who are deprived of honours or of wealth.
z. Isaac Disraeli—*Literary Character.* Ch. XXIV.

Men of letters occupy an intermediate station between authors and readers. They are gifted with more curiosity of knowledge, and more multiplied tastes, and by those precious collections, which they are forming during their lives, are more completely furnished with the means than are possessed by the multitude who read, and the few who write.

a. Isaac Disraeli—*Literary Character of Men of Genius.* Ch. XXI.

Time, the great destroyer of other men's happiness, only enlarges the patrimony of literature to its possessor.

b. Isaac Disraeli—*Literary Character of Men of Genius.* Ch. XXII.

All literature writes the character of the wise man.

c. Emerson—*Essay. Of History.*

Our poetry in the eighteenth century was prose; our prose in the seventeenth, poetry.

d. J. C. and A. W. Hare—*Guesses at Truth.*

The walk of Prose is a walk of business, along a road, with an end to reach, and without leisure to do more than take a glance at the prospect: Poetry's on the other hand is a walk of pleasure, among fields and groves, where she may often loiter and gaze her fill, and even stoop now and then to cull a flower.

e. J. C. and A. W. Hare—*Guesses at Truth.*

Wherever literature consoles sorrow, or assuages pain,—wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and the long sleep,—there is exhibited, in its noblest form, the immortal influence of Athens.

f. Macaulay—*Essay on Mitford's History of Greece.*

There, is first, the literature of knowledge; and, secondly, the literature of power. The function of the first is, to teach; the function of the second is, to move; the first is a rudder, the second an oar or a sail. The first speaks to the mere discursive understanding; the second speaks ultimately, it may happen, to the higher understanding or reason, but always through affections of pleasure and sympathy.

g. Thomas De Quincey—*Essays on the Poets. Alexander Pope.*

We cultivate literature on a little oat meal.

h. Sydney Smith—*Lady Holland's Memoir.*

Literature is that part of thought that is wrought out in the name of the beautiful. A poem, like that of Homer, or an essay upon Milton or Dante or Cæsar from a Macaulay, a Taine, or a Froude, is created in the name of beauty, and is a fragment in literature, just as a Corinthian capital is a fragment in art. When truth, in its outward flow, joins beauty, the two rivers make a new flood called "letters." It is an Amazon of broad bosom, resembling the sea.

i. David Swing—*Club Essays.* "*The Greatest of Fine Arts.*"

LOSS.

What 's saved affords
No indication of what 's lost.

j. Owen Meredith—*The Scroll.*

When wealth is lost, nothing is lost;
When health is lost, something is lost;
When character is lost, all is lost!

k. *Motto Over the Walls of a School in Germany.*

Wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.

l. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act V. Sc. 4.

He came like a dream in the dawn of life,
He fled like a shadow before its noon,
He is gone and my peace is turned to strife,
And I wander and wane like the weary moon.

m. Shelley—*Fragments from an Unfinished Drama.*

Over all things brooding slept
The quiet sense of something lost.

n. Tennyson—*In Memoriam.* Pt. LXXVII.

LOVE.

Mysterious love, uncertain treasure,
Hast thou more of pain or pleasure!
* * * * * * *
Endless torments dwell about thee:
Yet who would live, and live without thee!

o. Addison—*Rosamond.* Act III. Sc. 2.

She raves, and faints, and dies, 'tis true;
But raves, and faints, and dies for you.

p. Addison—*Rosamond.* Act I. Sc. 6.

When love once pleads admission to our hearts,
(In spite of all true virtue we can boast),
The woman that deliberates is lost.

q. Addison—*Cato.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

When love's well-timed, 'tis not a fault to love,
The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise,
Sink in the soft captivity together.

r. Addison—*Cato.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Ask not of me, love, what is love?
Ask what is good of God above—
Ask of the great sun what is light—
Ask what is darkness of the night—
Ask sin of what may be forgiven—
Ask what is happiness of Heaven—
Ask what is folly of the crowd—
Ask what is fashion of the shroud—
Ask what is sweetness of thy kiss—
Ask of thyself what beauty is.

s. Bailey—*Festus.* Sc. *A Large Party and Entertainment.*

Could I love less I should be happier.
a. Bailey—*Festus.* Sc. *Garden and Bower by the Sea.*

I cannot love as I have loved,
And yet I know not why;
It is the one great woe of life
To feel all feeling die.
b. Bailey—*Festus.* Sc. *A Large Party and Entertainment.*

The sweetest joy, the wildest woe is love.
c. Bailey—*Festus.* Sc. *Alcove and Garden.*

The truth of truths is love.
d. Bailey—*Festus.* Sc. *Another and a Better World.*

Love is that orbit of the restless soul
Whose circle graces the confines of space,
Bounding within the limits of its race
Utmost extremes.
e. Geo. H. Boker—*Sonnet.*

We love only partially till we know thoroughly. Grant that a closer acquaintance reveals weakness;—it will also disclose strength.
f. Bovee—*Summaries of Thought. Love.*

Love is like fire. Wounds of fire are hard to bear; harder still are those of love.
g. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen—*Gunnar.*

There is music in the beauty, and the silent note which Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an instrument.
h. Sir Thos. Browne—*Religio Medici.* Pt. II.

Behold me! I am worthy
Of thy loving, for I love thee!
i. E. B. Browning—*Lady Geraldine's Courtship.* St. 79.

But I love you, sir:
And when a woman says she loves a man,
The man must hear her, though he love her not.
j. E. B. Browning—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. IX.

I would not be a rose upon the wall
A queen might stop at, near the palace door,
To say to a courtier, "Pluck that rose for me,
Its prettier than the rest." O Romney Leigh!
I'd rather far be trodden by his foot,
Than lie in a great queen's bosom.
k. E. B. Browning—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. IV.

Then we talked—oh, how we talked! her voice so cadenced in the talking,
Made another singing—of the soul! a music without bars—
While the leafy sounds of woodlands, humming round where we were walking,
Wrought interposition worthy sweet,—as skies about the stars.
l. E. B. Browning—*Lady Geraldine's Courtship.* St. 45.

Yet love, mere love, is beautiful indeed,
And worthy of acceptation.
m. E. B. Browning—*Sonnets from the Portuguese.*

Love alone begets love.
n. De La Bruyere—*The Characters and Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. IV.

Love! who lightest on wealth, who makest thy couch in the soft cheeks of the youthful damsel, and roamest beyond the sea, and 'mid the rural cots, thee shall neither any of the immortals escape, nor men the creatures of a day.
o. Buckley's *Sophocles. Antigone.*

A youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale.
p. Burns—*The Cotter's Saturday Night.* St. 9.

But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love for ever.
q. Burns—*Song. Ae Fond Kiss.*

Never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted!
r. Burns—*Ae Fond Kiss.*

What is life when wanting love.
s. Burns—*Lovely Nancy.*

Love is a boy by poets styl'd;
Then spare the rod and spoil the child.
t. Butler—*Hudibras.* Pt. II. Canto I. Line 843.

What mad lover ever dy'd,
To gain a soft and gentle bride?
Or for a lady tender-hearted,
In purling streams or hemp departed?
u. Butler—*Hudibras.* Pt. III. Canto I. Line 23.

Alas! the love of women! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing.
v. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto II. St. 199.

And to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him.
w. Byron—*The Dream.* St. 2.

Let's love a season,
But let that season be only Spring.
x. Byron—*Stanzas. Could Love Forever.*

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence: man may range
The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the mart;
Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange
Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart,
And few there are whom these cannot estrange;
Men have all these resources, we but one,
To love again, and be again undone.
y. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto I. St. 194.

Oh Love! what is it in this world of ours
Which makes it fatal to be loved? Ah! why
With cypress branches hast thou wreathed thy bowers,
And made thy best interpreter a sigh?
As those who dote on odours pluck the flowers,
And place them on their breast—but place to die;
Thus the frail beings we would fondly cherish
Are laid within our bosoms but to perish.
a. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto III. St. 2.

Oh Love! young Love! bound in thy rosy band,
Let sage and cynic prattle as he will,
These hours, and only these, redeem life's years of ill.
b. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto II. St. 81.

O that the desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her!
c. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 177.

She knew she was by him beloved—she knew,
For quickly comes such knowledge, that his heart
Was darken'd with her shadow.
d. BYRON—*The Dream.* St. 3.

She was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all.
e. BYRON—*The Dream.* St. 2.

The cold in clime are cold in blood,
Their love can scarce deserve the name.
f. BYRON—*The Giaour.* Line 1099.

Who loves, raves—'tis youth's frenzy—but the cure
Is bitterer still.
g. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 123.

Why did she love him? Curious fool!—be still—
Is human love the growth of human will?
h. BYRON—*Lara.* Canto II. St. 22.

Yes, Love indeed is light from heaven;
A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shared, by Alla given,
To lift from earth our low desire.
i. BYRON—*The Giaour.* Line 1127.

I'll bid the hyacinth to blow,
I'll teach my grotto green to be;
And sing my true love, all below
The holly bower and myrtle tree.
j. CAMPBELL—*Caroline.* Pt. I.

Love lies bleeding.
k. CAMPBELL—*O'Connor's Child.* St. 5.

Then fly betimes, for only they
Conquer love, that run away.
l. CAREW—*Conquest by Flight.*

Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are.
m. HARTLEY COLERIDGE—*She is not Fair*

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.
n. COLERIDGE—*Love.*

And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.
o. COLERIDGE—*Christabel.* Pt. II.

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like.
p. COLERIDGE—*Youth and Age.*

I have heard of reasons manifold
Why love must needs be blind,
But this is the best of all I hold
His eyes are in his mind.

What outward form and feature are
He guesseth but in part;
But what within is good and fair
He seeth with the heart.
q. COLERIDGE—*To a Lady.*

In many ways doth the full heart reveal
The presence of the love it would conceal.
r. COLERIDGE—*Motto to Poems.*

True Love is humble, thereby it is known
Girded for service, seeking not its own;
Exalts its object, timid homage pays,
Vaunts not itself, but speaks in self-dispraise.
s. ABRAHAM COLES—*The Microcosm. True Love—Spurious Love.*

If there's delight in love, 'tis when I see
The heart which others bleed for, bleed for me.
t. CONGREVE—*Way of the World.* Act III. Sc. 12.

'Tis better to be left, than never to have been loved.
u. CONGREVE—*Way of the World.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Love me for what I am, Love. Not for sake
Of some imagined thing which I might be,
Some brightness or some goodness not in me,
Born of your hope, as dawn to eyes that wake
Imagined morns before the morning break.
v. SUSAN COOLIDGE—*Of Such As I Have.*

Thank God for Love: though Love may hurt and wound
Though set with sharpest thorns its rose may be,
Roses are not of winter, all attuned
Must be the earth, full of soft stir, and free
And warm ere dawns the rose upon its tree.
w. SUSAN COOLIDGE—*Benedicam Domino.*

A mighty pain to love it is
And 'tis a pain that pain to miss;
But of all pains, the greatest pain
Is to love, but love in vain.
a. COWLEY—*Gold.*

Our love is principle, and has its root
In reason, is judicious, manly, free.
b. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. V. Line 353.

When a man loves a woman, it is of nature; when a woman loves a woman, it is of grace —of the grace that woman makes by her loveliness.
c. CHARLES F. DEEMS—*Address at Funeral of Alice Cary.*

We are all born for love. It is the principle of existence and its only end.
d. DISRAELI (Earl of Beaconsfield)—*Sybil.* Bk. V. Ch. IV.

His love
The life-long sanctuary of her womanhood.
e. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. III.

Is it what we love, or how we love,
That makes true good?
f. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. I.

I think we had the chief of all love's joys
Only in knowing that we love each other.
g. GEORGE ELIOT—*Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. III.

No other crown
Is aught but thorns on my poor woman's brow.
h. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. I.

Their souls are enlarged forevermore by that union, and they bear one another about in their thoughts continually as it were a new strength.
i. GEORGE ELIOT—*Adam Bede.* Ch. XXIX.

'Tis what I love determines how I love.
j. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. I.

Women know no perfect love:
Loving the strong, they can forsake the strong;
Man clings because the being whom he loves
Is weak and needs him.
k. GEORGE ELIOT—*Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. III.

All mankind love a lover.
l. EMERSON—*Essay. Of Love.*

Love which is the essence of God, is not for levity, but for the total worth of man.
m. EMERSON—*Essay. Of Friendship.*

Venus, thy eternal sway
All the race of men obey.
n. EURIPIDES—*Auslice.*

Love, then hath every bliss in store;
'Tis friendship, and 'tis something more.
Each other every wish they give:
Not to know love is not to live.
o. GAY—*Plutus, Cupid and Time.* Line 135.

I love her doubting and anguish;
I love the love she withholds,
I love my love that loveth her,
And anew her being moulds.
p. R. W. GILDER—*The New Day.* Pt. III. *Song XV.*

Love, Love, my Love.
The best things are the truest!
When the earth lies shadowy dark below
Oh then the heavens are bluest!
q. R. W. GILDER—*The New Day.* Pt. IV. *Song I.*

Of the book of books most wondrous
Is the tender one of love.
With attention have I read;
Few of pages joyful,—
Whole editions sorrow.—
Of the sections one is parting;—
Meet again!—a little chapter,
Fragmentary.—Of afflictions
Volumes, lengthened by interpellations,
Endless without goal.
r. GOETHE.

Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And ev'ry care resign:
And we shall never, never part,
My life, my all that's mine!
s. GOLDSMITH—*The Hermit.* St. 39.

Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart.
t. GRAY—*The Bard.* I. 3. Line 12.

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Fair Venus' train appear.
u. GRAY—*On the Spring.*

When all else fails love saves.
v. ANNA KATHARINE GREEN—*The Sword of Damocles.* Title page.

Love is a lock that linketh noble minds,
Faith is the key that shuts the spring of love.
w. ROBERT GREENE—*Alcida. Verses written under a Carving of Cupid Blowing Bladders in the Air.*

The chemist of love
Will this perishing mould,
Were it made out of mire,
Transmute into gold.
x. HAFIZ—*Divan.*

Knowledge is the parent of love; Wisdom, love itself.
y. J. C. and A. W. HARE—*Guesses at Truth.*

Love understands love; it needs no talk.
z. F. R. HAVERGAL—*Royal Commandments. Loving Allegiance.*

Love is like a landscape which doth stand,
Smooth at a distance, rough at hand.
a. Robt. Hegge—*On Love.*

And once again we plighted our troth,
And titter'd, caress'd, kiss'd so dearly.
b. Heine—*Book of Songs.* No 57. St. 2.

The fount of love,
Is the rose and the lily, the sun and the dove.
c. Heine—*Book of Songs. Lyrical Interlude.* No. 3.

Alas! for love, if thou art all,
And naught beyond, O Earth.
d. Mrs. Hemans—*The Graves of a Household.*

You say to me—wards your affection's strong;
Pray love me little, so you love me long.
e. Herrick—*Love me Little, Love me Long.*

O, love, love, love!
Love is like a dizziness;
It winna let a poor body
Gang about his biziness.
f. Hogg—*Love is Like a Dizziness.*

Soft is the breath of a maiden's Yes:
Not tho light gossamer stirs with less;
But never a cable that holds so fast
Through all the battles of wave and blast.
g. Holmes—*Songs of Many Seasons. Dorothy II.* St. 7.

But great loves, to the last, have pulses red;
All great loves that have ever died dropped dead.
h. Helen Hunt—*Dropped Dead.*

Love has a tide!
i. Helen Hunt—*Verses. Tides.*

From henceforth thou shalt learn that there is love
To long for, pureness to desire, a mount
Of consecration it were good to scale.
j. Jean Ingelow—*A Parson's Letter to a Young Poet.* Pt. II. Line 55.

Love leads to present rapture,—then to pain,
But all through Love in time is healed again.
k. Leland—*Sweet Marjoram.*

Love contending with friendship, and self with each generous impulse.
To and fro in his breast his thoughts were heaving and dashing,
As in a foundering ship.
l. Longfellow—*Courtship of Miles Standish.* Pt. III.

Love is master of all arts,
And puts it into human hearts
The strangest things to say and do.
m. Longfellow—*Interlude before The Monk of Casal-Maggiore.*

As thou sittest in the moonlight there,
Its glory flooding thy golden hair,
And the only darkness that which lies
In the haunted chambers of thine eyes,
I feel my soul drawn unto thee,
Strangely, and strongly, and more and more,
As to one I have known and loved before
n. Longfellow—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. IV.

Does not all the blood within me
Leap to meet thee, leap to meet thee,
As the springs to meet the sunshine.
o. Longfellow—*Hiawatha. Wedding Feast.*

How can I tell the signals and the signs
By which one heart another heart divines?
How can I tell the many thousand ways
By which it keeps the secret it betrays?
p. Longfellow—*Emma and Eginhard.* Line 75.

I do not love thee less for what is done,
And cannot be undone. Thy very weakness
Hath brought thee nearer to me, and henceforth
My love will have a sense of pity in it,
Making it less a worship than before.
q. Longfellow—*Masque of Pandora. In the Garden.*

I love thee as the good love heaven.
r. Longfellow—*The Spanish Student.* Act I. Sc. 3.

It is a dream, sweet child! a waking dream,
A blissful certainty, a vision bright
Of that rare happiness, which even on earth
Heaven gives to those it loves.
s. Longfellow—*The Spanish Student.* Act III. Sc. 5.

It is difficult to know at what moment love begins; it is less difficult to know that it has begun.
t. Longfellow—*Kavanagh.* Ch. XXI.

Like Dian's kiss, unask'd, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought.
u. Longfello —*Endymion.* St. 4.

Love keeps the cold out better than a cloak.
It serves for f od nd raiment.
v. Longfellow—*The Spanish Student.* Act I. Sc. 5.

So these lives that had run thus far in separa e c' annels,
Coming in s'ght f each other, then swerving and flowin~ asunder,
Parted by barri rs strong, but drawing nearer and nearer
Rushed t gether at last, and one was lost in the other.
w. Longfellow—*Courtship of Miles Standish.* Pt. VIII.

That was the first sound in the song of love!
Scarce more than silence is, and yet a sound.
Hands of invisible spirits t uch the strings
Of that mysterious instrument, the soul,
And play the prelude of our fate. We hear
The voice prophetic, and are not alone.
x. Longfellow—*The Spanish Student.* Act I. Sc. 3.

The presence of those we love makes us compassionate and generous.
a. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. III. Ch. VII.

There is nothing holier in this life of ours, than the first consciousness of love,—the first fluttering of its silken wings.
b. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. III. Ch. VI.

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more.
c. LOVELACE—*To Lucasta, on going to the Wars.*

Cupid and my Campaspe play'd,
At cards for kisses; Cupid paid.
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows;
His mother's doves and team of sparrows;
Loses them too: then down he throws
The coral of his lip—the rose
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how,)
With these the crystal on his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin;
All these did my Campaspe win;
At last he set her both his eyes;
She won, and cupid blind did rise;
O Love, hath she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me.
d. LYLY—*Cupid and Campaspe.*

None without hope e'er loved the brightest fair;
But Love can hope, where Reason would despair.
e. LORD LYTTLETON—*Epigram.*

The lover in the husband may be lost.
f. LORD LYTTLETON—*Advice to a Lady.*

Love has no thought of self!
Love buys not with the ruthless usurer's gold
The loathsome prostitution of a hand
Without a heart? Love sacrifices all things
To bless the thing it loves.
g. BULWER-LYTTON—*The Lady of Lyons.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Love thou, and if thy love be deep as mine,
Thou wilt not laugh at poets.
h. BULWER-LYTTON—*Richelieu.* Act I. Sc. 1.

But thou, through good and evil, praise and blame,
Wilt thou not love me for myself alone!

Yes; thou wilt love me with exceeding love;
And I will tenfold all that love repay,
Still smiling, though the tender may reprove,
Still faithful, though the trusted may betray.
i. MACAULAY—*Lines Written in August, 1847.*

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods or steepy mountains, yields.
j. MARLOWE—*The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.*

Love me little, love me long.
k. MARLOWE—*The Jew of Malta.* Act IV.

Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?
l. MARLOWE—*Hero and Leander. First Sistiad.*

I loved you ere I knew you; know you now,
And, having known you, love you better still.
m. OWEN MEREDITH—*Vanini.*

Love is all on fire and yet is ever freezing,
Love is much in winning, yet is more in leesing:
Love is ever sick, and yet is never dying;
Love is ever true, and yet is ever lying;
Love does doat in liking, and is mad in loathing;
Love indeed is anything, yet indeed is nothing.
n. MIDDLETON—*Song from Play First Printed in* 1602.

It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit,
Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit
That woman's love can win; or long inherit
But what it is, hard to say, harder to hit.
o. MILTON—*Samson Agonistes.* Line 1010.

So dear I love him, that with him all deaths
I would endure, without him, live no life.
p. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 832.

If anyone should importune me to give a reason why I loved him, I feel it could no otherwise be expressed than by making answer, "Because it was he; because it was I." There is beyond what I am able to say, I know not what inexplicable and inevitable power that brought on this union.
q. MONTAIGNE—*Essays.* Bk. I. Ch. XXVI.

I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.
r. MOORE—*Come, Rest in This Bosom.*

Love on through all ills, and love on till they die.
s. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. The Light of the Harem.*

"Tell me, what's Love;" said Youth, one day,
To drooping Age, who cross'd his way.—
"It is a sunny hour of play,
"For which repentance dear doth pay;
"Repentance! Repentance!
"And this is Love, as wise men say."
t. MOORE—*Youth and Age.*

The heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.
u. MOORE—*Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms.*

There's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.
a. Moore—*Love's Young Dream.*

Duty's a slave that keeps the keys,
But Love, the master, goes in and out
Of his goodly chambers with song and shout,
Just as he please—just as he please.
b. D. M. Mulock—*Plighted.*

What's done is what remains! Ah, blessed they
Who leave completed tasks of love to stay
And answer mutely for them, being dead.
c. Mrs. Norton—*The Lady of La Garaye.* The Conclusion. Line 17.

Let those love now who never lov'd before,
Let those who always loved now love the more.
d. Parnell—*Trans. of the Pervigilium Veneris. Ascribed to Catullus.*

The moods of love are like the wind;
And none knows whence or why they rise.
e. Patmore—*The Angel in the House. The Betrothal. Sarum Plain.*

What thing is love?—for sure love is a thing:—
Love is a prick, love is a sting,
Love is a pretty, pretty, thing;
Love is a fire, love is a coal,
Whose flame creeps in at every hole!
f. George Peele—*Miscellaneous Poems. Love.*

Love will make men dare to die for their beloved—love alone; and women as well as men.
g. Plato—*The Symposium.* I. Line 473,

Ah! what avails it me, the flocks to keep,
Who lost my heart, while I preserv'd my sheep.
h. Pope—*Autumn.* Line 79.

I'll fly from Shepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains;
From shepherds, flocks, and plains I may remove,
Forsake mankind, and all the world but love!
i. Pope—*Autumn.* Line 86.

Is it, in heav'n, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a Lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
For those who greatly think or bravely die?
j. Pope—*Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady.*

Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
k. Pope—*Epistle to Eloisa.* Last line.

Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies,
And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise.
l. Pope—*The Wyf of Bath. Her Prologue.* Line 369.

Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
Not show'rs to larks, or Sun-shine to the bee,
Are half so charming as thy sight to me.
m. Pope—*Autumn.* Line 43.

Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget.
n. Pope—*Eloisa to Abelard.* Line 189.

Oh Tyrant Love!
Wisdom and wit in vain reclaim,
And Arts but soften us to feel thy flame.
o. Pope—*Ode III.* Line 3.

Oh! were I made by some transforming pow'r,
The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r!
Then might my voice thy list'ning ears employ,
And I those kisses he receives enjoy.
p. Pope—*Summer.* Line 45.

O love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes.
q. Pope—*Spring.* Line 49.

One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight;
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight.
r. Pope—*Eloisa to Abelard.* Line 273.

Search then the Ruling Passion; there, alone,
The Wild are constant, and the Cunning known;
The Fool consistent, and the False sincere;
Priests, Princes, Women, no dissemblers here.
s. Pope—*Moral Essay.* Ep. I. Line 176.

Thou know'st the practice of the female train:—
Lost in the children of the present spouse
They slight the pledges of their former vows;
Their love is always with the lover past;
Still the succeeding flame expels the last.
t. Pope's *Homer's Odessey.* Bk. XV. Line 24.

Who love too much, hate in the like extreme.
u. Popes' *Homer's Odessey.* Bk. XV. Line 79.

Two souls in sweet accord,
Each for each caring and each self unheard,
Bringing life's discords into perfect tune;
True to true feeling, and to nature living,
Plighting no faith, nor needing proof nor proving,
Taking for granted, never asking, giving,
Not doubting, and not fearing "how?" or "where?"
Not caring if less bright or young or fair;
Sure to be ever loved, and sure of loving.
v. Helena Clabissa Von Ranke—*Love.*

In their first passion women love their lovers, in all the others they love love.
w. Rochefoucauld—*Maxim* 471.

The pleasure of love is in loving. We are happier in the passion we feel than in what we inspire.
a. Rochefoucauld—*Maxim* 259.

She was good as she was fair.
None—none on earth above her!
As pure in thought as angels are,
To know her was to love her.
b. Rogers—*Jacqueline.*

Those that he loved so long and sees no more,
Loved and still loves,—not dead, but gone before,—
He gathers round him.
c. Rogers—*Human Life.*

"Time is short, life is short." * * *
"Life is sweet, love is sweet, use to-day while you may;
Love is sweet, and to-morrow may fail;
Love is sweet, use it to-day."
d. Christina G. Rossetti—*The Prince's Progress.* St. 7.

A pressing lover seldom wants success,
Whilst the respectful, like the Greek, sits down
And wastes a ten years' siege before one town.
e. Rowe—*To the Inconstant. Epilogue.*

Blessed through love are the gods—through love
Their bliss to ourselves is given;
Heavenlier through love is the heaven above
And love makes the earth a heaven.
f. Schiller—*The Triumph of Love.*

Love can sun the Realms of Light!
g. Schiller—*The Triumph of Love.*

Love, only Love, can guide the creature
Up to the Father-fount of Nature;
What were the soul did Love forsake her:
Love guides the Mortal to the Maker.
h. Schiller—*The Triumph of Love.*

No bridge can love to love convey;
Yet Love has found the way.
i. Schiller—*Hero and Leander.* St. 3.

But he who stems a stream with sand,
And fetters flame with flaxen band,
Has yet a harder task to prove—
By firm resolve to conquer love!
j. Scott—*Lady of the Lake.* Canto III. St. 28.

Her blue eyes sought the west afar,
For lovers love the western star.
k. Scott—*The Lay of the Last Minstrel.* Canto III. St. 24.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.
l. Scott—*The Lay of the Last Minstrel.* Canto III. St. 1.

Love is loveliest when embalm'd in tears.
m. Scott—*Lady of the Lake.* Canto IV. St. 1.

True love's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven.
* * * * * * *
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind.
n. Scott—*The Lay of the Last Minstrel.* Canto V. St. 13.

Where shall the lover rest,
Whom the fates sever,
From his true maiden's breast,
Parted for ever?
Where, through groves deep and high,
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die
Under the willow.
o. Scott—*Marmion.* Canto III. St. 10.

Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth.
p. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?
q. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind.
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound.
r. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

As sweet, and musical,
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
s. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

At lovers' perjuries,
They say Jove laughs.
t. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Be thou, as thou wast wont to be,
See as thou was wont to see;
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.
u. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Ros.—But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?
Orl.—Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.
v. *As You Like It.* Act III. Sc. 2.

By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy.
w. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Didst thou but know the wily touch of love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.
x. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act II. Sc. 7.

Do I not in plainest truth
Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot, love you?
a. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Except I be by Sylvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale.
b. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.
c. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent.
d. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,
Take him, and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
e. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.
It is to be all made of sighs and tears;—
* * * * * * * *
It is to be all made of faith and service;—
* * * * * * * *
It is to be all made of fantasy.
f. *As You Like It.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?
g. *Julius Cæsar.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

He is far gone, far gone: and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this.
h. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Here I clip
The anvil of my sword; and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour.
i. *Coriolanus.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

He was more than over shoes in love.
j. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act I. Sc. 1.

How wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod.
k. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act I. Sc. 2.

I am sure my love's
More ponderous than my tongue.
l. *King Lear.* Act. I. Sc. 1.

I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire;
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.
m. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act II. Sc. 7.

If Heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.
n. *Othello.* Act V. Sc. 2.

If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd.
o. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 4.

I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love;
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.
p. *Merchant of Venice.* Act II. Sc. 9.

I know not why
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason.
q. *Cymbeline.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
That lik'd but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires.
r. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act I. Sc. 1.

It is as easy to count atomies, as to resolve the propositions of a lover.
s. *As You Like It.* Act III. Sc. 2.

It is my soul, that calls upon my name;
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears.
t. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool.
u. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scarr'd the moon with splinters!
v. *Coriolanus.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

Let thy love be younger than thyself
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roses; whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.
w. *Twelfth Night.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
a. *Sonnet CXVI.*

Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs;
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in a lover's eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
b. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit.
c. *Merchant of Venice.* Act II. Sc. 6.

Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and whip, as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too.
d. *As You Like It.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Love is your master, for he masters you;
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.
e. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act. I. Sc. 1.

Love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.
f. *Sonnet XL.*

Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.
g. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.
h. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.
i. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 6.

Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike.
j. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Love's heralds should be thoughts
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams
Driving back shadows over low'ring hills;
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love;
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
k. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 5.

Love's not love,
When it is mingled with regards that stand
Aloof from the entire point.
l. *King Lear.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Love's not Time's fool.
m. *Sonnet CXVI.*

Love keeps his revels where there are but twain.
n. *Venus and Adonis.* Line 123.

Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
For valour, is not Love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides? c. 3.
o. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act IV. S

Love that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence.
p. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Love, therefore, and tongue-tir'd simplicity,
In least, speak most, to my capacity.
q. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee.
r. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 2.

My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne:
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
s. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee
The more I have, for both are infinite.
t. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love.
u. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act I. Sc. 3.

No sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason.
v. *As You Like It.* Act V. Sc. 2.

O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.
w. *As You Like It.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

O, how this spring of love resembleth
Th' uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by-and-by a cloud takes all away!
x. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act I. Sc. 3.

O if (I say) you look upon this verse,
When I, perhaps, compounded am with clay;
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;
But let your love even with my life decay;
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.
y. *Sonnet LXXI.*

What 'tis to love? how want of love tormenteth?
a. *Venus and Adonis.* Line 202.

O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute!
b. *Twelfth Night.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.
c. *Othello.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Reason thus with reason fetter;
Love sought is good, but given unsought, is better.
d. *Twelfth Night.* Act III. Sc. 1.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!
e. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
f. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.
g. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 1.

So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smot
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:
Nor shines the silver moon one-half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light.
h. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Speak low if you speak love.
i. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Stony limits cannot hold love out;
And what love can do, that dares love attempt.
j. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Swearing till my very roof was dry
With oaths of Love.
k. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 2.

The brains of my Cupid's knock'd out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.
l. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act III. Sc. 2.

There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned.
m. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act I. Sc. 1.

The strongest, love will instantly make weak:
Strike the wise dumb; and teach the fool to speak.
n. *Venus and Adonis.* Line 145.

They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform.
o. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act III. Sc. 2.

This bud of love, by Summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!
p. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

This is the very ecstacy of love;
Whose violent property foredoes itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings.
q. *Hamlet* Act II.. Sc. 1.

Though last, not least in love!
r. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 1.

'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone:
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving jealous of his liberty.
t. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans:
Coy looks with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights;
If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won.
u. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act I. Sc. 1.

To be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.
v. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Upon this hint I spake:
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd;
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.
w. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 3.

We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.
x. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 4.

What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eight-score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight-score times?
Oh, weary reckoning!
y. *Othello.* Act III. Sc. 4.

When love speaks the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
a. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyself my love; then didst thou utter,
"I am yours for ever."
b. *A Winter's Tale.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Writers say, As the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime.
c. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act I. Sc. 1.

You know that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.
d. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Your eyes are load-stars; and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear.
e. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Love is sweet
Given or returned. Common as light is love,
And its familiar voice wearies not ever;
* * * * * * *
They who inspire it most are unfortunate,
As I am now: but those who feel it most
Are happier still.
f. Shelley—*Prometheus Unbound.* Act II. Sc. 4.

They love indeed who quake to say they love.
g. Sir Philip Sidney—*Sonnet. Silent Worshipper.*

Thy fatal shafts unerring move,
I bow before thine altar, Love!
h. Smollett—*Roderick Random.* Ch. XL.

They sin who tell us Love can die:
With life all other passions fly;
All others are but vanity.
In Heaven Ambition cannot dwell,
Nor Avarice in the vaults of Hell.
i. Southey—*Curse of Kehama. Mount Meru.* St. 10.

Death is the world, where your light shin'd never;
Well is he born that may behold you never.
j. Spenser—*Sonnet. Love's Living Fire.*

True be it sayd, whatever man it sayd,
That love with gall and hony doth abound;
But if the one be with the other wayd,
For every dram of hony therein found
A pound of gall doth over it redound.
k. Spenser—*Faerie Queeene.* Bk. IV. Canto X. St. 1.

Love is the emblem of eternity: it confounds all notion of time: effaces all memory of a beginning, all fear of an end.
l. Madame de Staël—*Corinne.* Bk. VIII. Ch. II.

Love knows no motive, it seems to be a divine power that works and thinks within us, taking entire possession of us, our having no control over it.
m. Madame de Staël—*Corinne.* Bk. XV. Ch. III.

Where we really love, we often dread more than we desire the solemn moment that exchanges hope for certainty.
n. Madame de Staël—*Corinne.* Bk. VIII. Ch. IV.

Why so pale and wan fond lover,
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?
o. Sir John Suckling—*Song.*

Love is the life of man.
p. Swedenborg.

In all I wish, how happy should I be,
Thou grand Deluder, were it not for thee!
So weak thou art, that fools thy power despise;
And yet as strong, thou triumph'st o'er the wise.
q. Swift—*To Love.*

I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold.
r. Bayard Taylor—*Bedouin Song.*

Love better is than Fame.
s. Bayard Taylor—*Christmas Sonnets. To J. L. G.*

Love is rest.
t. Bayard Taylor—*The Poet's Journal. Third Evening. Under the Moon.*

Love's humility is Love's true pride.
u. Bayard Taylor—*The Poet's Journal. Third Evening. Under the Moon.*

I loved you, and my love had no return,
And therefore my true love has been my death.
v. Tennyson—*Elaine.* Line 1298.

Love could walk with banish'd Hope no more.
w. Tennyson—*The Lover's Tale.* Line 813.

Love is hurt with jar and fret;
Love is made a vague regret.
x. Tennyson—*The Miller's Daughter.* St. 28

Love lieth deep; Love dwells not in lip-depths.
a. TENNYSON—*The Lover's Tale.* Line 466.

Love passeth not the threshold of cold Hate,
And Hate is strange beneath the roof of Love.
b. TENNYSON—*The Lover's Tale.* Line 778.

Love reflects the thing beloved.
c. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. LI.

Love's arms were wreathed about the neck of Hope,
And Hope kiss'd Love, and Love drew in her breath
In that close kiss and drank her whisper'd tales.
They said that Love would die when Hope was gone,
And Love mourn'd long; and sorrow'd after Hope;
At last she sought out Memory, and they trod
The same old paths where Love had walk'd with Hope
And Memory fed the soul of Love with tears.
d. TENNYSON—*The Lover's Tale.* Line 815.

Love's too precious to be lost,
A little grain shall not be spilt.
e. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. LXIV.

She is coming my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed:
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.
f. TENNYSON—*Maud.* Pt. XXII. St. ii.

The nightingale, with long and low preamble,
Warbled from yonder knoll of solemn larches,
And in and out the woodbine's flowery arches
The summer midges wove their wanton gambol
And all the white-stemmed pinewood slept above—
When in this valley first I told my love.
g. TENNYSON—*Sonnet.*

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate;
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"
And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear; I hear;"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."
h. TENNYSON—*Maud.* Pt. XXII. St. 10.

'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.
i. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. XXVII.

It is best to love wisely, no doubt; but to love foolishly is better than not to be able to love at all.
j. THACKERAY—*Pendennis.* Ch. VI.

And let th' aspiring youth beware of love,
Of the smooth glance beware; for 'tis too late
When on his heart the torrent-softness pours;
Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
Dissolves in air away.
k. THOMPSON—*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 980.

For Truth makes holy Love's illusive dreams,
And their best promise constantly redeems.
l. TUCKERMAN—*Love Sonnets.*

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair:
Give me but what this riband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.
m. WALLER—*On a Girdle.*

Could we forbear dispute, and practise love,
We should agree, as angels do above.
n. WALLER—*Divine Love.* Canto III.

To love is to believe, to hope, to know;
'Tis an essay, a taste of heaven below.
o. WALLER—*Divine Love.* Canto III.

O, rank is good, and gold is fair,
And high and low mate ill:
But love has never known a law
Beyond its own sweet will!
p. WHITTIER—*Amy Wentworth.* St. 18.

Your love in a cottage is hungry,
Your vine is a nest for flies—
Your milkmaid shocks the Graces,
And simplicity talks of pies!
You lie down to your shady slumber
And wake with a bug in your ear,
And your dame all that walks in the morning
Is shod like a mountaineer.
q. WILLIS—*Love in a Cottage.*

And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.
r. WORDSWORTH—*A Poet's Epitaph.* St. 2.

He spake of love, such love as Spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
No fears to beat away,—no strife to heal,—
The past unsighed for, and the future sure.
s. WORDSWORTH—*Laodamia.*

Farewell, Love, and all thy laws forever!
t. Sir THOMAS WYAT—*A Renouncing of Love.*

LOYALTY.

God save our gracious king,
Long live our noble king,
God save the king.
u. HENRY CAREY—*God Save the King.* (Also credited to Dr. Bull.)

Now let us sing, Long live the King.
a. Cowper—*History of John Gilpin.*

The first great work (a task performed by few)
Is that yourself may to yourself be true.
b. Wentworth Dillon (Earl of Roscommon)—*Essay on Translated Verse.* Line 71.

Over the hills and far away
To Flanders, Portugal, or Spain,
The King commands, and we'll obey,
Over the hills and far away.
c. George Farquhar—*The Recruiting Officer.* (Quoted by Swift and Gay.)

They love their land, because it is their own,
And scorn to give aught other reason why;
Would shake hands with a king upon his throne,
And think it kindness to his majesty.
d. Fitz-Greene Halleck—*Connecticut.*

Wake in our breasts the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires;
Thy hand hath made our Nation free;
To die for her is serving Thee.
e. Holmes—*Army Hymn.*

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in my age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.
f. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
To th' fire i' th' blood.
g. *Tempest.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.
h. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that
I loved Rome more.
i. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 2.

The swallow follows not summer more
Willingly than we your lordship.
j. *Timon of Athens.* Act III. Sc. 6.

To thine own-self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day.
Thou can'st not then be false to any man.
k. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Where is loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the Earth?
l. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act V. Sc. 1.

LUCK.

O, once in each man's life, at least,
Good luck knocks at his door;
And wit to seize the flitting guest
Need never hunger more.
But while the loitering idler waits
Good luck beside his fire,
The bold heart storms at fortune's gates,
And conquers its desire.
m. Lewis J. Bates—*Good Luck.*

They who make
Good luck a god count all unlucky men.
n. George Eliot—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. I.

Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe.
o. Longfellow—*Evangeline.* Pt. I.

Good luck befriend thee, Son; for at thy birth
The fairy ladies danced upon the hearth.
p. Milton—*At a Vacation Exercise in the College.*

"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,
For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.
q. Lover—*Rory O'More.*

All planets of good luck, I mean.
r. *Henry VIII.* Act V. Sc. 1.

And good luck go with thee.
s. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

As good luck would have it.
t. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act III. Sc. 5.

By the luckiest stars.
u. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Good luck lies in odd numbers * * * they say, there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance or death.
v. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Mine hours were nice and lucky.
w. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck;
And yet methinks I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality.
x. *Sonnet XIV.*

Pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius.
y. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,
And golden times.
z. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act V. Sc. 3.

'Tis a lucky day, boy.
aa. *Winter's Tale.* Act III. Sc. 3.

What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?
bb. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Wheresoe'er thou move, good luck
Shall fling her old shoe after.
cc. Tennyson—*Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue.* St. 27.

LUXURY.

Fell luxury! more perilous to youth
Than storms or quicksands, poverty or chains.
dd. Hannah More—*Belshazzar.*

Luxury and dissipation, soft and gentle as their approaches are, and silently as they throw their silken charms about the heart, enslave it more than the most active and turbulent vices.

a. Hannah More—*Essays. Dissipation.*

On his weary couch
Fat Luxury, sick of the night's debauch,
Lay groaning, fretful at the obtrusive beam
That through his lattice peeped derisively.

b. Pollok—*Course of Time.* Bk. VII. Line 69.

'Tis Use alone that sanctifies Expense
And Splendour borrows all her rays from Sense.

c. Pope—*Moral Essays.* Ep. IV. Line 179.

Rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious bouquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

d. *Taming of the Shrew.* Induction.

M.

MAMMON.

Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
And Mammon wins his way where seraphs might despair.

e. Byron—*Childe Harold.* Canto I. St. 9.

Cursed Mammon be, when he with treasures
To restless action spurs our fate!
Cursed when for soft, indulgent leisures,
He lays for us the pillows straight.

f. Goethe—*Faust.*

Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From Heaven.

g. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 679.

Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store
Sees but a backward steward for the Poor.

h. Pope—*Moral Essays.* Ep. III. Line 171.

MAN.

The man forget not, though in rags he lies,
And know the mortal through a crown's disguise.

i. Akenside—*Epistle to Curio.*

In one respect man is the nearest thing to me, so far as I must do good to men and endure them.

j. Aurelius Antoninus—*Thoughts.* Ch. V.

Men in great place are thrice servants: servants of the sovereign or state; servants of fame; and servants of business.

k. Bacon—*Of Great Place.*

My Lord St. Albans said that nature did never put her precious jewels into a garret four stories high, and therefore that exceeding tall men had ever very empty heads.

l. Bacon—*Apothegm.* No. 17.

It matters not what men assume to be;
Or good, or bad, they are but what they are.

m. Bailey—*Festus.* Sc. *Water and Wood.*

Let each man think himself an act of God,
His mind a thought, his life a breath of God.

n. Bailey—*Festus. Prœm.* Line 162.

Man is the nobler growth our realms supply,
And souls are ripened in our northern sky.

o. Anna Letitia Barbauld—*The Invitation.*

Man is his own star, and that soul that can
Be honest, is the only perfect man.

p. Beaumont and Fletcher—*Miscellaneous Poems.*

Thou wilt scarce be a man before thy mother.

q. Beaumont and Fletcher—*Love's Cure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Most men are bad.

r. Bias of Priene.

The whole creation is a mystery, and particularly that of man.

s. Sir Thomas Browne—*Religio Medici.* Sec. 36.

Acquit youselves like men, my friends.

t. Bryant's *Homer's Iliad.* Bk XV. Line 617.

A man's a man for a' that.

u. Burns—*For A' That.* St. 2.

Man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.

v. Burns—*Man Was Made to Mourn. A Dirge.*

Lord of himself, that heritage of woe!

w. Byron—*Lara.* Canto I. St. 2.

Man!
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and a tear.

x. Byron—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 109.

Without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh! what were man?—a world without a sun.
a. CAMPBELL—*Pleasures of Hope.* Pt. II. Line 24.

Manhood begins when we have in any way made truce with Necessity; begins even when we have surrendered to Necessity, as the most part only do; but begins joyfully and hopefully only when we have reconciled ourselves to necessity; and thus, in reality triumphed over it, and felt that in Necessity we are free.
b. CARLYLE—*Essays. Burns.*

Man stands as in the centre of Nature; his fraction of Time encircled by Eternity, his handbreadth of Space encircled by Infinitude.
c. CARLYLE—*Essays. Characteristics.*

No sadder proof can be given by a man of his own littleness than disbelief in great men.
d. CARLYLE—*Heroes and Hero Worship.* Lecture I.

To understand man, however, we must look beyond the individual man and his actions or interests, and view him in combination with his fellows.
e. CARLYLE—*Essays. Characteristics.*

Men the most infamous are fond of fame;
And those who fear not guilt, yet start at shame.
f. CHURCHILL—*The Author.* Line 86.

The good great man? three treasures, love and light
And calm thoughts regular as infants' breath,
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.
g. COLERIDGE—*Reproof.*

An honest man, close-buttoned to the chin,
Broad cloth without, and a warm heart within.
h. COWPER—*Epistle to Joseph Hill.*

But strive still to be a man before your mother.
i. COWPER—*Motto of No.* 111. *Connoisseur.*

So man, the moth, is not afraid, it seems,
To span Omnipotence, and measure might
That knows no measure, by the scanty rule
And standard of his own, that is to-day,
And is not ere to-morrow's sun go down.
j. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. IV. Line 211.

Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!
k. DANIEL—*To the Countess of Cumberland.* St. 12.

A sacred spark created by his breath,
The immortal mind of man his image bears;
A spirit living 'mid the forms of death,
Oppressed, but not subdued, by mortal cares.
l. Sir H. DAVY—*Written After Recovery from a Dangerous Illness.*

Men are but children of a larger growth.
m. DRYDEN—*All for Love.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

A man is the whole encyclopedia of facts. The creation of a thousand forests is in one acorn, and Egypt, Greece, Rome, Gaul, Britain, America, lie folded already in the first man.
n. EMERSON—*History.*

Man is his own star, and that soul that can
Be honest is the only perfect man.
o. JOHN FLETCHER—*Upon an Honest Man's Fortune.*

Stood I, O Nature! man alone in thee
Then were it worth one's while a man to be.
p. GOETHE—*Faust.*

Ah, tell them they are men!
q. GRAY—*On a Distant Prospect of Eton College.* St. 6.

If goodness leade him not, yet wearinesse
May tosse him to my breast.
r. HERBERT—*The Pulley.* St. 4.

Man is all symmetrie,
Full of proportions, one limbe to another,
And all to all the world besides:
Each part may call the farthest, brother:
For head with foot hath private amitie,
And both with moons and tides.
s. HERBERT—*The Temple. Man.*

Man is one world, and hath another to attend him.
t. HERBERT—*The Temple. Man.*

The scientific study of man is the most difficult of all branches of knowledge.
u. HOLMES—*The Poet at the Breakfast Table.* Ch. XI.

Man dwells apart, though not alone,
He walks among his peers unread;
The best of thoughts which he hath known
For lack of listeners are not said.
v. JEAN INGELOW—*Afternoon at a Parsonage. Afterthought*

Man passes away; his name perishes from record and recollection; his history is as a tale that is told, and his very monument becomes a ruin.
w. WASHINGTON IRVING—*The Sketch Book. Westminster Abbey.*

The only competition worthy a wise man, is with himself.
x. Mrs. JAMESON—*Memoirs and Essays. Washington Allston.*

A man of mark.
a. LONGFELLOW—*Saga of King Olaf.* Pt. IX. St. 2.

Before man made us citizens, great
Nature made us men.
b. LOWELL—*The Capture.*

Three-fifths of him genius and two-fifths sheer fudge.
c. LOWELL—*Fable for Critics.* Line 1296.

Once, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man.
d. MONTGOMERY—*The Common Lot.*

Man is a falling flower; and Fame in vain
Strives to protract his momentaneous reign
Beyond his bounds, to match the rolling tide,
On whose dread waves the long olympiads ride,
Till, led by time, the deep procession grows,
And in long centuries continuous flows;
For what the power of ages can oppose?
e. PETRARCH—*The Triumph of Time.* Line 153.

A minister, but still a man.
f. POPE—*Epistle to James Craggs.*

An honest man's the noblest work of God.
g. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 248.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is man.
h. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. II. Line 1.

So Man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.
i. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 57.

Why has not Man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, Man is not a Fly.
j. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 193.

So if unprejudic'd you scan
The goings of this clock-work, man,
You find a hundred movements made
By fine devices in his head;
But 'tis the stomach's solid stroke
That tells his being, what's o'clock.
k. PRIOR—*Alma, or the Progress of the Mind.* Pt. III. Line 272.

Many men resemble glass, smooth, polished and dull so long as unbroken—then sharp, every splinter pricks.
l. RICHTER.

Such is man! in great affliction, he is elevated by the first minute; in great happiness, the most distant sad one, even while yet beneath the horizon, casts him down.
m. RICHTER—*Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces.* Ch. VI.

Man's but a blast or a smoak, or a cloud,
That in a thought, or a moment, is dispersed.
n. *The Roxburghe Ballads.* Edited by Chas. Hindley. *A Friend's Advice.* Pt. II.

"How poor a thing is man!" alas 'tis true
I'd half forgot it when I chanced on you.
o. SCHILLER—*The Moral Poet.*

A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.
p. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 4.

A proper man as one shall see in a summer's day.
q. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Are you good men and true?
r. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.
s. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man.
t. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 1.

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.
u. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, This was a man!
v. *Julius Cæsar.* Act. V. Sc. 5.

I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.
w. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men.
x. *Timon of Athens.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Men at some time are masters of their fates,
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
y. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love,
z. *As You Like It.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer.
aa. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Men that make
Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment,
Dare bite the best.
bb. *Henry III.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Now hath Time made me his numbering clock:
My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs, they jar
Their watches on into mine eyes, the outward watch,
Where to my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
The sounds that tell what hour it is.
Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell.
a. *Richard II.* Act V. Sc. 5.

O heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect; that one error
Fills him with faults.
b. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act V. Sc. 4.

The foremost man of all this world.
c. *Julius Cæsar.* Act. IV. Sc. 3.

Mur.—We are men, my liege.
Mac.—Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men.
d. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 1.

What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty, in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me, no nor women neither, though by your smiling, you seem to say so.
e. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

What is a man
If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to sleep and feed?
f. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

Why, he's a man of wax.
g. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Man is of soul and body, formed for deeds
Of high resolve, on fancy's boldest wing.
h. Shelley—*Queen Mab.* Canto IV. Line 160.

Man that flowers so fresh at morn, and fades at evening late.
i. Spenser—*Fœrie Queene.* Bk. III. Canto IX.

When I beheld this I sighed, and said within myself: Surely mortal man is a broomstick!
j. Swift—*A Meditation upon a Broomstick, According to the style of Hon. Robt. Boyle's Meditations.*

And ah for a man to rise in me,
That the man I am may cease to be.
k. Tennyson—*Maud.* Pt. X. St. 6.

Man is man, and master of his fate.
l. Tennyson—*Enid.* *Song of Fortune and Her Wheel.*

Men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.
m. Tennyson—*In Memoriam.* Pt. I.

I am a man, nothing that is human do I think unbecoming in me.
n. Terence—*Heautontimoreumenos.* Act I. Sc. 1.

The mind's the standard of the man.
o. Watts—*Horæ Lyricæ.* Bk. II. *False Greatness.*

When faith is lost, when honor dies.
The man is dead!
p. Whittier—*Ichabod.* St. 8.

Ah! how unjust to nature, and himself,
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man.
q. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 112.

Fond man! the vision of a moment made!
Dream of a dream! and shadow of a shade!
r. Young—*Paraphrase of Job.* Line 187.

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
How passing wonder He, who made him such!
s. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night I. Line 68.

Man is the tale of narrative old Time.
t. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night VIII. Line 109.

The man of wisdom is the man of years.
u. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night V. Line 775.

MANNERS.

A moral, sensible, and well bred man
Will not affront me, and no other can.
v. Cowper—*Conversation.* Line 193.

Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices.
w. Emerson—*Social Aims.*

But I,—that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass.
x. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 1.

MARTYRDOM.

Christians have burned each other, quite persuaded
That all the Apostles would have done as they did.
y. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto I. St. 83.

Who falls for love of God, shall rise a star.
z. Ben Jonson—*Underwoods. An Epistle to Master John Selden.*

He strove among God's suffering poor
One gleam of brotherhood to send;
The dungeon oped its hungry door
To give truth one martyr more,
Then shut,—and here behold the end!
aa. Lowell—*On the Death of C. T. Torrey.*

Martyrs! who left for our reaping
Truths you had sown in your blood—
Sinners! whom long years of weeping
Chasten'd from evil to good—
* * * * * *
Say, through what region enchanted
Walk ye, in Heaven's sweet air?
Say, to what spirits 'tis granted
Bright souls, to dwell with you there?
a. Moore—*Where is Your Dwelling, Ye Sainted?*

It is the cause, and not the death, that makes the martyr.
b. Napoleon.

A pale martyr in his shirt of fire.
c. Alex. Smith—*A Life Drama.* St. 2.

MATRIMONY.

He that hath a wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief.
d. Bacon—*Essays. Of Marriage and Single Life.*

My fond affection thou hast seen,
Then judge of my regret
To think more happy thou hadst been
If we had never met!
And has that thought been shared by thee?
Ah, no! that smiling cheek
Proves more unchanging love for me
Than labor'd words could speak.
e. Bayly—*To My Wife.*

No jealousy their dawn of love o'ercast,
Nor blasted were their wedded days with strife;
Each season look'd delightful as it past,
To the fond husband, and the faithful wife.
f. James Beattie. *The Minstrel.* Bk. I.

And from that luckless hour, my tyrant fair,
Has led and turned me by a single hair.
g. Bland's *Anthology.*

"First God's love"
"And next," he smiled; "the love of wedded souls,
Which still presents that mystery's counterpart,
Sweet shadow-rose, upon the water of life.
Of such a mystic substance, Sharon gave
A name to! human, vital, fructuous rose,
Whose calyx holds the multitude of leaves.
Loves filial, loves fraternal, neighbor-loves,
And civic, all fair petals, all good scents,
All reddened, sweetened from one central Heart."
h. E. B. Browning—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. IX.

Cursed be the man, the poorest wretch in life,
The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife,
Who has no will but by her high permission;
Who has not sixpence but in her possession;
Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell;
Who dreads a curtain lecture worse than hell.
Were such the wife had fallen to my part,
I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart.
i. Burns—*The Henpecked Husband.*

There was no great disparity of years,
Though much in temper; but they never clash'd:
They moved like stars united in their spheres,
Or like the Rhone by Leman's waters wash'd,
Where mingled and yet separate appears
The river from the lake, all bluely dash'd
Through the serene and placid glassy deep,
Which fain would lull its river-child to sleep.
j. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto XIV. St. 87.

Man and wife,
Coupled together for the sake of strife.
k. Churchill—*The Rosciad.* Line 1005.

Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure,
Marry'd in haste, we may repent at leisure.
l. Congreve—*The Old Bachelor.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.
m. Cotton—*The Fireside.* St. 5.

Misses! the tale that I relate
This lesson seems to carry,—
Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper time to marry.
n. Cowper—*Pairing Time Anticipated.*

The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear;
And something every day they live
To pity, and perhaps forgive.
o. Cowper—*Mutual Forbearance.* Line 39.

What is there in the vale of life
Half so delightful as a wife,
When friendship, love, and peace combine
To stamp the marriage-bond divine?
The stream of pure and genuine love
Derives its current from above;
And earth a second Eden shows,
Where'er the healing water flows,
p. Cowper—*Love Abused.*

Wedlock, indeed, hath oft compared been
To public feasts, where meet a public rout,
Where they that are without would fain go in,
And they that are within would fain go out.
q. Sir John Davies—*Contention.*

The husband's sullen, dogged, shy,
The wife grows flippant in reply;
He loves command and due restriction,
And she as well likes contradiction.
She never slavishly submits;
She'll have her way, or have her fits.
He this way tugs, she t'other draws;
The man grows jealous, and with cause.
r. Gay—*Cupid, Hymen, and Plutus.*

So, with decorum all things carry'd;
Miss frown'd, and blush'd, and then was—married.
a. GOLDSMITH—*The Double Transformation.* St. 3.

He that hath a wife and children, wants not business.
b. HERBERT—*Jacula Prudentum.*

As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman:
Though she bends him, she obeys him;
Though she draws him, yet she follows;
Useless each without the other!
c. LONGFELLOW—*Hiawatha.* Pt. X.

Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,
And safe from all adversity
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!
For gentleness and love and trust
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;
And in the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives.
d. LONGFELLOW—*The Building of the Ship.*

The sum of all that makes a just man happy
Consists in the well choosing of his wife:
And there, well to discharge it, does require
Equality of years, of birth, of fortune;
For beauty being poor, and not cried up
By birth or wealth, can truly mix with neither.
And Wealth, when there's such difference in years,
And fair descent, must make the yoke uneasy.
e. MASSINGER—*New Way to Pay Old Debts.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

God's universal law
Gave to the man despotic power
Over his female in due awe,
Not from that right to part an hour,
Smile she or lour.
f. MILTON—*Samson Agonistes.* Line 1053.

Hail, wedded love, mysterious law; true source
Of human offspring.
g. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 750.

To the nuptial bower
I led her, blushing like the morn; all Heaven,
And happy constellations on that hour
Shed their selectest influence; the earth
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;
Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs
Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub.
h. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VIII. Line 510.

What thou art is mine;
Our state cannot be sever'd; we are one,
One flesh; to lose thee were to lose myself.
i. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 957.

What thou bidst
Unargued I obey; so God ordains;
God is thy law, thou mine; to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
j. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 635.

Drink, my jolly lads, drink with discerning,
Wedlock's a lane where there is no turning;
Never was owl more blind than a lover,
Drink and be merry, lads, half seas over.
k. D. M. MULOCK—*Magnus and Morna.* Sc. 3.

She who ne'er answers till a Husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shews she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most, when she obeys.
l. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. II. Line 261.

The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;
So dies her love, and so my hopes decay.
m. POPE—*Autumn.* Line 70.

An' thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays.
n. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act I. Sc. 1.

As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage.
o. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 2.

A world-without-end bargain.
p. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married.
q. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one.
r. *Henry V.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
s. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 2.

He counsels a divorce: a loss of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her
That when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king.
t. *Henry VIII.* Act II. Sc. 2.

He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such as she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
u. *King John.* Act II. Sc. 2.

If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.
a. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act II. Sc. 1.

If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away Heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine.
b. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act V. Sc. 3.

I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I, a vine.
c. *Comedy of Errors.* Act II. Sc. 2.

I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet Heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance. I hope, upon familiarity will grow more content; I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.
d. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act I. Sc. 1.

I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed; she would have made Hercules have turned spit: yea and have cleft his club to make the fire too. * * * * I would to God some scholar would conjure her; for, certainly while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary.
e. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Let husbands know,
Their wives have sense like them: they see, and smell,
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have.
f. *Othello.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
Than woman's are.
g. *Twelfth Night.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;
* * * * * * *
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we watch with Henry being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?
h. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 5.

Men are April when they woo, December when they wed; maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives.
i. *As You Like it.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villany; not born, where 't grows;
But worn, a bait for ladies.
j. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more.
k. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 3.

No: the world must be peopled. When I said, I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.
l. *Much Ado About Nothing* Act II. Sc. 3.

Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry by:
And underneath that consecrated roof
Plight me the full assurance of your faith.
m. *Twelfth Night.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
n. *Julius Cæsar.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

O, monstrous arrogance! thou liest, thou thread,
Thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou:
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread!
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.
o. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!
p. *Julius Cæsar.* Act II. Sc. 1.

She is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
q. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act II. Sc. 4.

She shall watch all night;
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is the way to kill a wife with kindness.
r. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

She's not well married that lives married long
But she's best married that dies married young.
s. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

The instances that second marriage move,
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love.
a. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Thy husband commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land;
* * * * * * *
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience,—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
b. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act V. Sc. 2.

What mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage.
c. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act III. Sc. 2.

All day, like some sweet bird, content to sing
In its small cage, she moveth to and fro—
And ever and anon will upward spring
To her sweet lips, fresh from the fount below,
The murmured melody of pleasant thought,
Unconscious uttered, gentle-toned and low.
Light household duties, ever more inwrought
With placid fancies of one trusting heart
That lives but in her smile, and turns
From life's cold seeming and the busy mart,
With tenderness, that heavenward ever yearns
To be refreshed where one pure altar burns.
Shut out from hence the mockery of life;
Thus liveth she content, the meek, fond, trusting wife.
d. Elizabeth Oakes Smith—*The Wife.*

The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.
e. Swift—*Thoughts on Various Subjects.*

As the husband is the wife is; thou art mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.
f. Tennyson—*Locksley Hall.* St. 24.

Marriages are made in Heaven.
g. Tennyson—*Aylmer's Field.* Line 198.

Thrice happy is that humble pair,
Beneath the level of all care!
Over whose heads those arrows fly
Of sad distrust and jealousy.
h. Waller—*Marriage of the Dwarfs.*

Why do not words, and kiss, and solemn pledge,
And nature that is kind in Woman's breast,
And reason that in Man is wise and good,
And fear of Him who is a righteous Judge,
Why do not these prevail for human life,
To keep two hearts together that began
Their spring time with one love.
i. Wordsworth—*The Excursion.* Bk. VI.

Body and soul, like peevish man and wife,
United jar, and yet are loth to part.
j. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 175.

MEDITATION.

The art of meditation may be exercised at all hours, and in all places; and men of genius, in their walks, at table, and amidst assemblies, turning the eye of the mind inwards, can form an artificial solitude; retired amidst a crowd, calm amidst distraction, and wise amidst folly.
k. Isaac Disraeli—*Literary Character of Men of Genius.* Ch. XI.

Thy thoughts to nobler meditations give,
And study how to die, not how to live,
l. Geo. Granville (Lord Lansdowne)—*Meditation on Death.*

Happy the heart that keeps its twilight hour,
And, in the depths of heavenly peace reclined,
Loves to commune with thoughts of tender power,—
Thoughts that ascend, like angels beautiful,
A shining Jacob's-ladder of the mind!
m. Paul H. Hayne—*Sonnet IX.*

This evening late, by them the chewing flocks
Had ta'en their supper on the savoury herb
Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,
I sat me down to watch upon a bank
With ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting honeysuckle, and began
Rapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy.
n. Milton—*Comus.* Line 540.

He is divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suits would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.
o. *Richard III.* Act III. Sc. 7.

In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
p. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act II. Sc. 2.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours;
And ask them what report they bore to heaven:
And how they might have borne more welcome news.
q. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 376.

MEETING.

We met—'twas in a crowd.
r. Thomas Haynes Bayly—*We Met.*

The joy of meeting not unmixed with pain.
s. Longfellow—*Morituri Salutamus.*

In life there are meetings which seem
Like a fate.
t. Owen Meredith—*Lucile.* Pt. II. Canto III. St. 8.

Some day, some day of days, threading the street
With idle, heedless pace,
Unlooking for such grace,
I shall behold your face!
Some day, some day of days, thus may we meet.
u. Nora Perry—*Some Day of Days.*

When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning or in rain?
a. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 1.

MELANCHOLY.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired;
And from her wild, sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul.
b. William Collins—*The Passions.* Line 57.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for his own.
c. Gray—*Elegy in a Country Churchyard. The Epitaph.*

Moping melancholy,
And moon-struck madness.
d. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XI. Line 485.

One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood disconsolate.
e. Moore—*Lalla Rookh, Paradise and the Peri.*

Go—you may call it madness, folly,—
You shall not chase my gloom away;
There's such a charm in melancholy,
I would not, if I could, be gay!
f. Rogers—*To ———.*

Oh, if you knew the pensive pleasure
That fills my bosom when I sigh,
You would not rob me of a treasure
Monarchs are too poor to buy.
g. Rogers—*To ———.*

I can suck melancholy out of a song.
h. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 5.

Melancholy is the nurse of frenzy.
i. *Taming of the Shrew.* Induction.

O, melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiliest harbour in?
j. *Cymbeline.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thy eyes upon the earth;
And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;
And given my treasures, and my rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd musing and curs'd melancholy?
k. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 3.

The greatest note of it is his melancholy.
l. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 2.

MEMORY.

Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,
Long, long, ago, long, long ago.
m. Thomas Haynes Bayly—*Long, Long Ago.*

The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And all that thou hast done for me!
n. Burns—*Lament for Glencairn.*

I die—but first I have possess'd,
And come what may, I have been blest.
o. Byron—*The Giaour.* Line 1114.

To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.
p. Campbell—*Hallowed Ground.* St. 6.

It is with the human race as with the individuals of it, our memories go back but a little way, or, if they go back far, they pick up here a date and there an occurrence half forgotten.
q. Dawson—*Address on Opening the Birmingham Free Library,* Oct. 26th, 1866.

Remember Milo's end,
Wedged in that timber which he strove to rend.
r. Wentworth Dillon (Earl of Roscommon)—*Essay on Translated Verse.* Line 87.

It is the treasure-house of the mind, wherein the monuments thereof are kept and preserved.
s. Fuller—*The Holy and Profane States. Memory.*

Memory, like a purse, if it be over-full that it cannot shut, all will drop out of it; take heed of a gluttonous curiosity to feed on many things, lest the greediness of the appetite of thy memory spoil the digestion thereof.
t. Fuller—*Rules for Improving the Memory.*

Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.
u. Goldsmith—*The Deserted Village.* Line 81.

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.
v. Goldsmith—*The Traveller.* Line 7.

In my remembrance blossom
The images long forsaken.
w. Heine—*Book of Songs. New Spring.* Prologue. No. 30.

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!
a. Hood—*I Remember, I Remember.*

Tho' lost to sight to mem'ry dear
Thou ever wilt remain.
b. Geo. Linley—*Song.*

Nothing now is left
But a majestic memory.
c. Longfellow—*Three Friends of Mine.*

The heart hath its own memory, like the mind,
And in it are enshrined
The precious keepsakes into which is wrought
The giver's loving thought.
d. Longfellow—*From My Arm Chair.* St. 11.

The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustle in the dark.
e. Longfellow—*Fire of Drift-Wood.* St. 7.

There comes to me out of the Past
A voice, whose tones are sweet and wild,
Singing a song almost divine,
And with a tear in every line.
f. Longfellow—*Interlude before "The Mother's Ghost."*

This memory brightens o'er the past,
As when the sun concealed
Behind some cloud that near us hangs,
Shines on a distant field.
g. Longfellow—*A Gleam of Sunshine.*

Oft in the stilly night
E'er slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me.
h. Moore—*Oft in the Stilly Night.*

To live with them is far less sweet
Than to remember thee!
i. Moore—*I Saw Thy Form.*

When I remember all
The friends so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather;
I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed.
j. Moore—*Oft in the Stilly Night.*

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through many a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The love of life's young day.
k. Motherwell—*Jeannie Morison.*

Forgotten? No, we never do forget:
We let the years go: wash them clean with tears,
Leave them to bleach out in the open day,
Or lock them careful by, like dead friends' clothes,
Till we shall dare unfold them without pain,—
But we forget not, never can forget.
l. D. M. Mulock—*A Flower of a Day.*

Remembrance and reflection how allied!
What thin partitions sense from thought divide!
m. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 225.

I remember, I remember
How my childhood fleeted by,—
The mirth of its December,
And the warmth of its July.
n. Praed—*I Remember, I Remember.*

And when you crowd the old barn eaves,
Then think what countless harvest sheaves
Have passed within that scented door
To gladden eyes that are no more.
o. Read—*The Stranger on the Sill.*

Recollection is the only paradise from which we cannot be turned out.
p. Richter.

Hail, memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumber'd treasures shine!
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And Place and Time are subject to thy sway!
q. Rogers—*Pleasures of Memory.* Pt. II.

Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain.
Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies!
r. Rogers—*Pleasures of Memory.* Pt. I.

Sweet memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of Time I turn my sail,
To view the fairy-haunts of long-lost hours,
Blest with far greener shades, far fresher flowers.
s. Rogers—*Pleasures of Memory.* Pt. II.

I have a room whereinto no one enters
Save I myself alone:
There sits a blessed memory on a throne,
There my life centres.
t. Christina G. Rosetti—*Memory.* Pt. II.

I wept for memory.
u. Christina G. Rosetti—*Song.*

Though varying wishes, hopes, and fears,
Fever'd the progress of these years,
Yet now, days, weeks, and months, but seem
The recollection of a dream.
v. Scott—*Marmion.* Introduction to Canto IV.

Briefly thyself remember.
w. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 6.

Die two months ago, and not forgotten yet?
Then there's hope a great man's memory may
outlive his life half a year.
a. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

How sharp the point of this remembrance is!
b. *Tempest.* Act V. Sc. 1.

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.
c. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends;
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense.
d. *Richard II.* Act II. Sc. 2.

If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument, than the bell rings, and the widow weeps. * * * An hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum.
e. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act V. Sc. 2.

I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.
f. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 3.

I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats;
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial.
g. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, my thoughts I did recoil
Twenty-three years; and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
h. *Winter's Tale.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume.
i. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 7.

O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was.
j. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act V. Sc. 4.

Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records.
k. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 5.

Thou comest as the memory of a dream,
Which now is sad because it hath been sweet.
l. SHELLEY—*Prometheus Unbound.* Act I. Sc. 1.

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.
m. SHELLEY—*To a Skylark.* St. 18.

The Right Honorable gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests and to his imagination for his facts.
n. SHERIDAN—*Speech in Reply to Mr. Dundas.*

The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.
o. TATE and BRADY—*Psalm CXII.* St. 6.

A land of promise, a land of memory,
A land of promise flowing with the milk
And honey of delicious memories!
p. TENNYSON—*The Lover's Tale.* Line 333.

As the dew to the blossom, the bud to the bee,
As the scent to the rose, are those memories to me.
q. AMELIA B. WELBY—*Pulpit Eloquence.*

The dust is old upon my "sandal-shoon,"
And still I am a pilgrim; I have roved
From wild America to spicy Ind,
And worshipp'd at innumerable shrines
Of beauty; and the painter's art, to me,
And sculpture, speak as with a living tongue,
And of dead kingdoms I recall the soul,
Sitting amid their ruins.
r. WILLIS—*Florence Gray.*

How bright and fair that afternoon returns
When last we parted! Even now I feel
Its dewy freshness in my soul.
s. JOHN WILSON—*The City of the Plague*

The vapours linger round the Heights,
They melt, and soon must vanish;
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine—
Sad thought, which I would banish,
But that I know, where'er I go,
Thy genuine image, Yarrow!
Will dwell with me—to heighten joy,
And cheer my mind in sorrow.
t. WORDSWORTH—*Yarrow Visited.*

MERCY.

O God! how beautiful the thought,
How merciful the blessed decree,
That grace can e'er be found, when sought,
And naught shut out the soul from Thee!
u. ELIZA COOK—*Prayer.*

And shut the gates of mercy on mankind:
v. GRAY—*Elegy in a Country Churchyard.* St. 17.

Being all fashioned of the self-same dust,
Let us be merciful as well as just!
w. LONGFELLOW—*Emma and Eginhard.* Line 167.

Yet I shall temper so
Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most
Them fully satisfied, and thee appease.
x. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. X. Line 77.

Mercy stood in the cloud, with eye that wept
Essential love.
y. POLLOK—*The Course of Time.* Bk. III. *All-Pervading Wisdom*

A sweet attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by lookes,
Continuall comfort in a face
The lineaments of Gospell bookes.
a. MATHEW ROYDON—*An Elegie on a Friend's Passion for His Astrophill.*

Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace.
b. *King Lear.* Act III. Sc. 2.

How would you be,
If He, who is the top of Judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.
c. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.
d. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.
e. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.
f. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Open the gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee.
g. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act I. Sc. 4.

Pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word.
h. *Coriolanus.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Straight in her heart did mercy come.
i. *Sonnet CXLV.*

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings.
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the heart of kings,
It is an attribute to God Himself:
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice.
j. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.
k. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Well believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does.
l. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence?
m. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful;
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
n. *Titus Andronicus.* Act I. Sc. 2.

You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.
o. *Henry V.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Who will not mercie unto others show,
How can he mercie ever hope to have?
p. SPENSER—*Fœrie Queene.* Bk. IV. Canto I. St. 42.

Lenity will operate with greater force, in some instances than rigor. It is, therefore, my first wish, to have my whole conduct distinguished by it.
q. GEO. WASHINGTON—*Moral Maxims. Punishments.*

MERIT.

Thy father's merit sets thee up to view,
And shows thee in the fairest point of light,
To make thy virtues, or thy faults, conspicuous.
r. ADDISON—*Cato.* Act I. Sc. 2.

View the whole scene, with critic judgment scan,
And then deny him merit if you can.
Where he falls short, 'tis nature's fault alone;
Where he succeeds, the merit's all his own.
s. CHURCHILL—*The Rosciad.* Line 1023.

On their own merits modest men are dumb.
t. G. COLEMAN (The Younger)—*Epilogue to The Heir-at-Law.*

By merit raised
To that bad eminence.
u. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 5.

O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer.
v. *Merchant of Venice*—Act II. Sc. 9.

MERMAIDS.

Once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.
a. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act II. Sc. 2.

O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister flood of tears.
b. *Comedy of Errors.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Slowly sail'd the weary mariners and saw,
Betwixt the green brink and the running foam,
Sweet faces; rounded arms, and bosoms prest
To little harps of gold: and while they mused,
Whispering to each other half in fear,
Shrill music reach'd them on the middle sea.
c. TENNYSON—*The Sea Fairies.*

Who would be
A mermaid fair,
Singing alone,
Combing her hair
Under the sea,
In a golden curl
With a comb of pearl,
On a throne?
I would be a mermaid fair;
I would sing to myself the whole of the day;
With a comb of pearl I would comb my hair;
And still as I comb'd I would sing and say,
"Who is it loves me? who loves not me?"
d. TENNYSON—*The Mermaid.*

MERRIMENT.

The city has May games, feasts, wakes and merry meetings, to solace themselves. * * * * Let them freely feast, sing, and dance, have their puppet plays, hobby-horses, tabors, crowds, bag-pipes, etc., play at ball, and barley breaks.
e. BURTON—*The Anatomy of Melancholy.* Pt. I. Sec. 2.

Merry swithe, it is in halle,
When the beards waveth alle.
f. ADAM DAVIE—*Life of Alexander.*

"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides."
g. MILTON—*L'Allegro.* Line 25.

Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprov'd pleasures free.
h. MILTON—*L'Allegro.* Line 38.

Forward and frolic glee was there,
The will to do, the soul to dare.
i. SCOTT—*Lady of the Lake.* Canto I. St. 21.

A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.
j. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act II. Sc. 1.

And if you can be merry then, I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding day.
k. *Henry III.* Prologue.

And let's be red with mirth.
l. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

As merry as the day is long.
m. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round.
n. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and brayed with minstrelsy.
o. *Timon of Athens.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.
p. *Taming of the Shrew.* Induction.

From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him; he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.
q. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow,—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? Shall we have a play extempore?
r. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act III. Sc. 4.

Jog on, jog on the foot-path way
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.
s. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Merrily, merrily. shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.
t. *Tempest.* Act V. Sc. 1.

'Tis ever common,
That men are merriest when they are from home.
u. *Henry V.* Act I. Sc. 2.

What should a man do, but be merry?
v. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the torturing hour?
w. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act V. Sc. 1.

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
a. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 1.

The glad circle round them yield their souls
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
b. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Summer.* Line 403.

MIDNIGHT.

Is there not
A tongue in every star that talks with man,
And wooes him to be wise? nor wooes in vain;
This dead of midnight is the noon of thought,
And Wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.
c. ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD—*A Summer Evening's Meditation.*

It was evening here,
But upon earth the very noon of night.
d. DANTE—*Purgatorio.* Canto XV. Line 5.

Midnight! the outpost of advancing day!
The frontier town and citadel of night!
The watershed of Time, from which the streams
Of Yesterday and To-morrow take their way,
One to the land of promise and of light,
One to the land of darkness and of dreams.
e. LONGFELLOW—*The Two Rivers.* Pt. I.

O wild and wondrous midnight.
There is a might in thee
To make the charmed body
Almost like spirit be,
And give it some faint glimpses
Of immortality!
f. LOWELL—*Midnight.*

Midnight brought on the dusky hour
Friendliest to sleep and silence.
g. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. V. Line 667.

MIND.

Mind unemployed is mind unenjoyed.
h. BOVEE—*Summaries of Thought. Occupation.*

Measure your mind's height by the shade it casts.
i. BROWNING—*Paracelsus.* II.

The mind, the music breathing from her face.
j. BYRON—*Bride of Abydos.* Canto I. St. 6.

My mind is my kingdom.
k. CAMPBELL—*Song.*

Every mind was made for growth, for knowledge; and its nature is sinned against when it is doomed to ignorance.
l. CHANNING—*The Present Age.*

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such present joys therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss,
That earth affords or grows by kind:
Thou much I want which most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.
m. Sir EDWARD DYER—*Hannah's Courtly Poets.*

Each mind has its own method.
n. EMERSON—*Essay. Intellect.*

A noble mind disdains to hide his head,
And let his foes triumph in his overthrow.
o. ROBERT GREENE—*Alphonso, King of Arragon.* Act I.

The mind is like a sheet of white paper in this, that the impressions it receives the oftenest, and retains the longest, are black ones.
p. J. C. and A. W. HARE—*Guesses at Truth.*

Nobody, I believe, will deny that we are to form our judgment of the true nature of the human mind, not from sloth and stupidity of the most degenerate and vilest of men, but from the sentiments and fervent desires of the best and wisest of the species.
q. ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON—*On the Immortality of the Soul.*

Stern men with empires in their brains.
r. LOWELL—*The Biglow Papers.*

Infinite riches in a little room.
s. MARLOWE—*The Jew of Malta.* Act I.

The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.
t. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 254.

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy there I find,
As far exceeds all earthly bliss,
That God and nature hath assigned.
u. PERCY's *Reliques. From Byrd's Psalmes. Sonnets.* 1588.

Love, Hope, and Joy, fair pleasure's smiling train,
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of pain,
These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd
Make and maintain the balance of the mind.
v. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. II. Line 117.

Strength of mind is exercise, not rest.
w. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. II. Line 117.

Not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none.
x. *Cymbeline.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword!
y. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Spirits are not finely touched
But to fine issues.
a. *Measure for Measure.* Act I. Sc. 1.

There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face.
b. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 4.

'Tis but a base, ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.
c. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act II. Sc. 1.

'Tis the mind that makes the body rich.
d. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act. IV. Sc. 3.

When the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
With casted slough and fresh legerity.
e. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
* * * * * * * * *
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curt'sy to them.
f. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 1.

My mind to me an empire is
While grace affordeth health.
g. Robt. Southwell—*Look Home.*

It is the mynd that makes good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poore.
h. Spenser—*Fœrie Queene.* Bk. XI. Canto IX. St. 30.

Systems exercise the mind, but faith enlightens and guides it.
i. Voltaire—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Soul.*

Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measur'd by my soul;
The mind's the standard of the man.
j. Watts—*False Greatness.*

Minds that have nothing to confer
Find little to perceive.
k. Wordsworth—*Yes! Thou Art Fair.*

MIRACLE.

Every believer is God's miracle.
l. Bailey—*Festus.* Sc. *Home.*

Great floods have flown
From simple sources; and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
m. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act II. Sc. 1.

It must be so: for miracles are ceas'd;
And therefore we must needs admit the means
How things are perfected.
n. *Henry V.* Act I. Sc. 1.

What is a miracle? 'Tis a reproach,
'Tis an implicit satire on mankind;
And while it satisfies, it censures too.
o. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night IX. Line 1245.

MISCHIEF.

He had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute any mischief.
p. Edward Hyde Clarendon—*History of the Rebellion.* Vol. III. Bk. VII. Sec. 84.

Now let it work: mischief thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt.
q. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 2.

O mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
r. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

There's mischief in this man.
s. *Henry VIII.* Act I. Sc. 2.

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
t. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 3.

MISERY.

The niobe of Nations! there she stands
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe.
u. Byron—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 79.

Come the eleventh plague rather than this should be;
Come sink us rather in the sea;
Come rather pestilence and reap us down;
Come God's sword rather than our own.
Let rather Roman come again,
Or Saxon, Norman, or the Dane.
In all the bonds we ever bore,
We griev'd, we sigh'd, we wept; we never blush'd before.
v. Cowley—*Discourse Concerning the Government of Oliver Cromwell.*

Thou shalt by trial know what bitter fare
Is others' bread;—how hard the path to go
Upward and downward by another's stair.
w. Dante—*Paradiso.* Canto XVII. Line 58.

The worst of misery
Is when a nature framed for noblest things
Condemns itself in youth to petty joys,
And, sore athirst for air, breathes scanty life
Gasping from out the shallows.
x. George Eliot—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. III.

Thus woe succeeds a woe, as wave a wave.
y. Herrick—*Sorrows Succeed.*

There are a good many real miseries in life that we cannot help smiling at, but they are the smiles that make wrinkles and not dimples.
z. Holmes—*The Poet at the Breakfast-Table.* Ch. III.

The child of misery, baptized in tears!
a. LANGHORNE—*The Country Justice.*

O yet more miserable!
Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave.
b. MILTON—*Samson Agonistes.* Line 101.

Famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law.
c. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Meagre his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones.
d. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows.
e. *Tempest.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Misery makes sport to mock itself.
f. *Richard II.* Act II. Sc. 1.

One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow.
g. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 7.

Then being there alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends,
"'Tis right," quoth he; "thus misery doth part
The flux of company."
h. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 1.

That loss is common would not make
My own less bitter, rather more:
Too common! Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break.
i. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. VI.

MISFORTUNE.

Calamity is man's true touch-stone.
j. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—*The Triumph of Honour.* Sc. 1.

But strong of limb
And swift of foot misfortune is, and, far,
Outstripping all, comes first to every land,
And there wreaks evil on mankind, which prayers
Do afterwards redress.
k. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. IX. Line 625.

For of fortune's sharpe adversite,
The worst kind of infortune is this,
A man that hath been in prosperite,
And it remember, whan it passed is.
l. CHAUCER—*Canterbury Tales. Troylus and Crysseyde.* Bk. III. Line 1625.

Most of our misfortunes are more supportable than the comments of our friends upon them.
m. C. C. COLTON—*Lacon.*

I was born, sir, when the Crab was ascending, and my affairs go backward.
n. CONGREVE—*Love for Love.* Act II. Sc. 1.

One more unfortunate
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to his death.
o. HOOD—*Bridge of Sighs,*

I never knew a man in my life who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian.
p. POPE—*Thoughts on Various Subjects.*

Cold news for me;
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away.
q. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 1.

Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man?
r. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 2.

Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and, of all my lands,
Is nothing left me, but my body's length!
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.
s. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act V. Sc. 2.

O give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book.
t. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act V. Sc. 3.

The worst is not
So long as we can say, "This is the worst."
u. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

We have seen better days.
v. *Timon of Athens.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

From good to bad, and from bad to worse,
From worse unto that is worst of all,
And then return to his former fall.
w. SPENSER—*The Shepherd's Calendar.* Feb. Line 12.

Misfortune had conquered her, how true it is, that sooner or later the most rebellious must bow beneath the same yoke.
x. MADAME DE STAËL—*Corinne.* Bk. XVIII. Ch. I.

MODERATION.

Take this at least, this last advice, my son:
Keep a stiff reign, and move but gently on:
The coursers of themselves will run too fast,
Your art must be to moderate their haste.
y. ADDISON'S *Ovid's Metamorphoses. Story of Phaelon.* Line 147.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all virtues.
a. Fuller—*Miscellaneous Aphorisms.*

Pan.—Be moderate, be moderate.
Cres.—Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And no less in a sense as strong as that
Which causeth it: How can I moderate it?
b. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

There is a limit to enjoyment, though the sources of wealth be boundless,
And the choicest pleasures of life lie within the ring of moderation.
c. Tupper—*Of Compensation.* Line 15.

MODESTY.

Modesty is to merit, what Shades are to the Figures in a Picture; it gives it Strength and Heightning.
d. De La Bruyere—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. II.

Modesty is that feeling by which honorable shame acquires a valuable and lasting authority.
e. Cicero—*Rhetoricat Invention.*

The conscious water saw its God and blushed.
f. Crashaw's *Translation of His Own Epigram on the Miracle of Cana. St. John's Gospel.* Ch. II.

Thou water turn'st to wine (fair Friend of life)
Thy foe, to cross the sweet arts of thy reign,
Distils from thence the tears of wrath and strife,
And so turns wine to water back again.
g. Crashaw—*To Our Lord Upon the Water Made Wine.*

When Christ, at Cana's feast by power divine,
Inspir'd cold water with the warmth of wine
See! cried they, while in red'ning tide it gush'd,
The bashful stream hath seen its God and blush'd.
h. Crashaw—*Pœmata et Epigrammata.* Trans. by Aaron Hill.

Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit.
i. Fielding—*Tom Thumb the Great.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.
j. Pope—*Epilogue to the Satires.* Dialogue I. Line 135.

Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raise the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there?
k. *Measure for Measure.* Act 2. Sc. 2.

I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
l. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 2.

Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.
m. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.
n. Thomson—*The Seasons. Autumn.* Line 229.

MONEY.

Money was made not to command our will,
But all our lawful pleasures to fulfil.
Shame and wo to us if we our wealth obey,
The horse does with the horseman run away.
o. Cowley—*Imitations. Tenth Epistle of Horace.* Bk. I. Line 75.

Get to live;
Then live, and use it, else it is not true
That thou hast gotten. Surely use alone
Makes money not a contemptible stone.
p. Herbert—*The Temple. The Church Porch.* St. 26.

The Almighty Dollar.
q. Washington Irving—*The Creole Village.*

Get money; still get money boys;
No matter by what means.
r. Ben Jonson—*Every Man in His Humour.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Money brings honor, friends, conquest, and realms.
s. Milton—*Paradise Regained.* Bk. II. Line 422.

But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.
t. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 4.

Importune him for moneys; be not ceas'd
With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when—
"Commend me to your master"—and the cap
Plays in the right hand thus:—but tell him
My uses cry me.
u. *Timon of Athens.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Put but money in thy purse. * * * Fill thy purse with money.
v. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Money is a good soldier sir, and will on.
w. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act II. Sc. 2.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honor feels.
x. Tennyson—*Locksley Hall.* St. 53.

MONTHS.

Fourth, eleventh, ninth, and sixth,
Thirty days to each affix;
Every other thirty-one,
Except the second month alone.
a. *Common in Chester Co., Pa., among the Friends.*

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November,
All the rest have thirty-one
Excepting February alone:
Which hath but twenty-eight, in fine,
Till leap year gives it twenty-nine.
b. *Common in New England States.*

Thirty dayes hath November,
Aprill, June, and September,
February hath xxviii alone,
And all the rest have xxxi.
c. Richard Grafton—*Abridgement of the Chronicles of Englande.* 1570. 8vo. "*A rule to knowe how many dayes every moneth in the yeare hath.*"

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November,
February eight-and-twenty all alone,
And all the rest have thirty-one:
Unless that leap-year doth combine,
And give to February twenty-nine.
d. *Return from Parnassus.*

JANUARY.

Janus was invoked at the commencement of most actions; even in the worship of the other gods the votary began by offering wine and incense to Janus. The first month in the year was named from him; and under the title of Matutinus he was regarded as the opener of the day. Hence he had charge of the gates of Heaven, and hence, too, all gates, Januæ, were called after him, and supposed to be under his care. Hence, perhaps, it was, that he was represented with a staff and key, and that he was named the Opener (Patulcius), and the Shutter (Clusius).
e. M. A. Dwight—*Grecian and Roman Mythology. Janus.*

Janus am I; oldest of potentates!
Forward I look and backward, and below
I count—as god of avenues and gates—
The years that through my portals come and go.
I block the roads and drift the fields with snow,
I chase the wild-fowl from the frozen fen;
My frosts congeal the rivers in their flow,
My fires light up the hearths and hearts of men.
f. Longfellow—*Written for the Children's Almanac.*

FEBRUARY.

Come when the rains
Have glazed the snow and clothed the trees with ice,
While the slant sun of February pours
Into the bowers a flood of light.
Approach!
The incrusted surface shall upbear thy steps
And the broad arching portals of the grove
Welcome thy entering.
g. Bryant—*A Winter Piece.* Line 60.

The February sunshine steeps your boughs
And tints the buds and swells the leaves within.
h. Bryant—*Among the Trees.* Line 53.

February makes a bridge, and
March breaks it.
i. Herbert—*Jacula Prudentum.*

MARCH.

March. Its tree, Juniper. Its stone, Bloodstone. Its motto, "Courage and strength in times of danger."
j. *Old Saying.*

Ah, passing few are they who speak,
Wild, stormy month! in praise of thee,
Yet though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.
For thou, to northern lands, again
The glad and glorious sun doth bring,
And thou hast joined the gentle train
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.
k. Bryant—*March.*

The stormy March is come at last,
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast,
That through the snowy valley flies.
l. Bryant—*March.*

The hazel-blooms, in threads of crimson hue,
Peep through the swelling buds, foretelling Spring,
Ere yet a white-thorn leaf appears in view,
Or March finds throstles pleased enough to sing.
m. Clare—*The Rural Muse. First Sight of Spring.*

The snow-flakes fall in showers,
The time is absent still,
When all Spring's beauteous flowers,
When all Spring's beauteous flowers
Our hearts with joy shall fill.
n. Goethe—*March.*

Ah March! we know thou art
Kind-hearted, spite of ugly looks and threats,
And, out of sight, art nursing April's violets!
a. HELEN HUNT—*Verses. March.*

Slayer of the winter, art thou here again?
O welcome thou that bring'st the summer nigh!
The bitter wind makes not the victory vain,
Nor will we mock thee for thy faint blue sky.
b. WILLIAM MORRIS—*March.*

The Summer's in her ark, and this sunny-pinioned day
Is commissioned to remark whether Winter holds her sway:
Go back, thou dove of peace, with the myrtle on thy wing;
Say that floods and tempests cease, and the world is ripe for spring.
c. HORACE SMITH—*First of March.*

With rushing winds and gloomy skies
The dark and stubborn winter dies:
Far-off, unseen, Spring faintly cries,
Bidding her earliest child arise;
March!
d. BAYARD TAYLOR—*March.*

All in the wild March morning I heard the angels call:
It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was over all;
The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,
And in the wild March-morning I heard them call my soul.
e. TENNYSON—*The May Queen.*
Conclusion. St. 7.

APRIL.

There is no glory in star or blossom
Till looked upon by a loving eye;
There is no fragrance in April breezes
Till breathed with joy as they wander by.
f. BRYANT—*An Invitation to the Country.*

When April winds
Grew soft, the maple burst into a flush
Of scarlet flowers. The tulip tree, high up,
Opened, in airs of June, her multitude
Of golden chalices to humming birds
And silken wing'd insects of the sky.
g. BRYANT—*The Fountain.*

Old April wanes, and her last dewy morn
Her death-bed steeps in tears; to hail the May
New blooming blossoms 'neath the sun are born,
And all poor April's charms are swept away.
h. CLARE—*The Village Minstrel and Other Poems. The Last of April.*

Every tear is answered by a blossom,
Every sigh with songs and laughter blent,
Apple-blooms upon the breezes toss them.
April knows her own, and is content.
i. SUSAN COOLIDGE—*April.*

Now the noisy winds are still;
April's coming up the hill!
All the spring is in her train,
Led by shining ranks of rain;
Pit, pat, patter, clatter,
Sudden sun, and clatter, patter!
First the blue and then the shower;
Bursting bud, and smiling flower;
Brooks set free with tinkling ring;
Birds too full of song to sing;
Crisp old leaves astir with pride,
Where the timid violets hide,—
All things ready with a will,—
April's coming up the hill!
j. MARY MAPES DODGE—*Now the Noisy Winds are Still.*

Within your showers
I breed no flowers,
Each field a barren waste appears:
If you don't weep
My blossoms sleep,
They take such pleasure in your tears.
k. FRENEAU—*May to April.*

Oh, the lovely fickleness of an April day.
l. W. HAMILTON GIBSON—*Pastoral Days. Spring.*

Tell me, eyes, what 'tis ye're seeking;
For ye're saying something sweet,
Fit the ravish'd ear to greet,
Eloquently, softly speaking.
m. GOETHE—*April.*

Golden and snowy and red the flowers,
Golden, snowy and red in vain;
Robins call robins through sad showers;
The white dove's feet are wet with rain.
* * * * * * * *
For April sobs while these are so glad
April weeps while these are so gay,—
Weeps like a tired child who had,
Playing with flowers, lost its way.
n. HELEN HUNT—*Verses. April.*

The children with the streamlets sing,
When April stops at last her weeping;
And every happy growing thing
Laughs like a babe just roused from sleeping.
o. LUCY LARCOM—*The Sister Months.*

I love the season well,
When forest glades are teeming with bright forms,
Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell
The coming-on of storms.
p. LONGFELLOW—*An April Day.*

Sweet April-time—O cruel April-time!
Year after year returning, with a brow
Of promise, and red lips with longing paled,
And backward-hidden hands that clutch the joys
Of vanished springs, like flowers.
q. D. M. MULOCK—*April.*

When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything.
r. *Sonnet XCVIII.*

Well apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads.
a. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

A gush of bird-song, a patter of dew,
A cloud, and a rainbow's warning,
Suddenly sunshine and perfect blue—
An April day in the morning
b. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD—*April.*

MAY.

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made.
c. RICHARD BARNFIELD—*Address to the Nightingale.*

Spring's last-born darling, clear-eyed, sweet,
Pauses a moment, with white twinkling feet,
And golden locks in breezy play,
Half teasing and half tender to repeat
Her song of "May."
d. SUSAN COOLIDGE—*May.*

Light and silv'ry cloudlets hover
In the air, as yet scarce warm;
Mild with glimmer soft tinged over,
Peeps the sun through fragrant balm.
Gently rolls and heaves the ocean
As its waves the bank o'erflow,
And with ever restless motion
Moves the verdure to and fro,
Mirror'd brightly far below.
e. GOETHE—*May.*

But winter lingering chills the lap of May.
f. GOLDSMITH—*The Traveller.* Line 172.

Sweet May hath come to love us,
Flowers, trees, their blossoms don;
And through the blue heavens above us
The very clouds move on.
g. HEINE—*Book of Songs. New Spring.* No. 5.

The earth had long been avaricious,
But May, when she came, gave with great prodigality,
And all things now smile with rapture delicious.
h. HEINE—*Book of Songs. Lyrical Interlude.* No. 30.

The voice of one who goes before to make
The paths of June more beautiful, is thine,
Sweet May!
* * * * * * * * *
O May, sweet-voiced one, going thus before,
Forever June may pour her warm red wine
Of life and passion,—sweeter days are thine!
i. HELEN HUNT—*Verses. May.*

When April steps aside for May,
Like diamonds all the rain-drops glisten;
Fresh violets open every day:
To some new bird each hour we listen.
j. LUCY LARCOM—*The Sister Months.*

It was a pleasure to live on that bright and happy May morning!
k. LONGFELLOW—*The Theologian's Tale. Elizabeth.* Pt. III.

The robin, the forerunner of the spring,
The bluebird with its jocund carolling,
The restless swallows building in the eaves,
The golden buttercups, the grass, the leaves,
The lilacs tossing in the winds of May,
All welcomed this majestic holiday.
l. LONGFELLOW—*Lady Wentworth.* Line 113.

Time will teach thee soon the truth,
There are no birds in last year's nest.
m. LONGFELLOW—*It is not Always May.*

Now the bright Morning star, Day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that doth inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.
n. MILTON—*Song. On May Morning.*

I feel a newer life in every gale;
The winds that fan the flowers,
And with their welcome breathings fill the sail,
Tell of serener hours,—
Of hours that glide unfelt away
Beneath the sky of May.
o. PERCIVAL—*The Reign of May.*

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May.
p. *Sonnet XVIII.*

Another May new buds and flowers shall bring:
Ah! why has happiness no second Spring?
q. CHARLOTTE SMITH—*Elegiac Sonnets, and Other Essays.*

When May, with cowslip-braided locks,
Walks through the land in green attire,
And burns in meadow-grass the phlox
His torch of purple fire:
* * * * * * * *
And when the punctual May arrives,
With cow-slip-garland on her brow,
We know what once she gave our lives,
And cannot give us now!
r. BAYARD TAYLOR—*The Lost May.*

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.
s. TENNYSON—*The May Queen.*

Sweet as the breeze that fans the smiling field;
Sweet as the breath that opening roses yield.
t. THOMSON—*May.*

When the flowers from out the grass 'gin springing,
As if towards the sparkling sunshine smiling
On a May-day in morn's early glow:
And the birdlets in their best are singing.
With delight the flow'ry world beguiling:
O, what rapture can compare thereto?
a. Vogelweide—Trans. in *The Minnesinger of Germany. Women and Spring.*

The daisies peep from every field,
And violets sweet their odour yield;
The purple blossom paints the thorn,
And streams reflect the blush of morn.
Then lads and lasses all, be gay,
For this is nature's holiday.
b. Wolcot—*May Day.*

JUNE.

I gazed upon the glorious sky
And the green mountains round,
And thought that when I came to lie
At rest within the ground,
'Twere pleasant, that in flowery June,
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,
And groves a joyous sound,
The sexton's hand my grave to make,
The rich, green mountain turf should break.
c. Bryant—*June.*

June is bright with roses gay,
Harebells bloom around her feet.
d. Dora Goodale—*The Months.*

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays.
e. Lowell—*The Vision of Sir Launfal.*

So sweet, so sweet the calling of the thrushes,
The calling, cooing, wooing everywhere.
f. Nora Perry—*In June.*

So sweet, so sweet the roses in their blowing,
So sweet the daffodils, so fair to see;
So blithe and gay the humming-bird a-going
From flower to flower, a-hunting with the bee.
g. Nora Perry—*In June.*

JULY.

The linden, in the fervors of July,
Hums with a louder concert. When the wind
Sweeps the broad forest in its summer prime,
As when some master-hand exulting sweeps
The keys of some great organ, ye give forth
The music of the woodland depths, a hymn
Of gladness and of thanks.
h. Bryant—*Among the Trees.* Line 63.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers;
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound,
In Indian wildernesses found;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and birdlike pleasure.
i. Emerson—*To the Humble-Bee.*

AUGUST.

In the parching August wind,
Cornfields bow the head,
Sheltered in round valley depths,
On low hills outspread.
j. Christina G. Rossetti—*A Year's Windfalls.* St 8.

Dead in the air, and still! the leaves of the locust and walnut
Lazily hang from the boughs, inlaying their intricate outlines
Rather on space than the sky,—on a tideless expansion of slumber.
k. Bayard Taylor—*Home Pastorals. August.* Pt. I.

SEPTEMBER.

September stood upon the earth like a goddess of might and glory.
l. Anna Katharine Green—*The Sword of Damocles.* Bk. III. Ch. XXVIII.

The morrow was a bright September morn;
The earth was beautiful as if new-born;
There was that nameless splendor everywhere,
That wild exhilaration in the air,
Which makes the passers in the city street
Congratulate each other as they meet.
m. Longfellow—*The Falcon of Sir Federigo.* Line 135.

OCTOBER.

Suns grow meek, and the meek suns grow brief,
And the year smiles as it draws near its death.
n. Bryant—*October.*

The sweet calm sunshine of October, now
Warms the low spot; upon its grassy mould
The purple oak-leaf falls; the birchen bough
Drops its bright spoil like arrow-heads of gold.
o. Bryant—*October,* 1866.

The October day is a dream, bright and beautiful as the rainbow, and as brief and fugitive. The same clouds and the same sun may be with us on the morrow, but the rainbow will have gone. There is a destroyer that goes abroad by night; he fastens upon every leaf, and freezes out its last drop of life, and leaves it on the parent stem, pale, withered, and dying.
p. W. Hamilton Gibson—*Pastoral Days. Autumn.*

October's gold is dim—the forests rot,
The weary rain falls ceaseless, while the day
Is wrapped in damp.
q. David Gray—*The Luggie and Other Poems. In the Shadows. Sonnet XIX.*

Bending above the spicy woods which blaze,
Arch skies so blue they flash, and hold the sun
Immeasurably far; the waters run
Too slow, so freighted are the river-ways
With gold of elms and birches from the maze
Of forests.

a. HELEN HUNT—*Verses. October.*

October! the foliage becomes a royal crown,
decking nature with mingled hues of green and gold and red.

b ALLAN THROCKMORTON—*Sketches.*

Close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

c. WHITTIER—*Snow-bound.*

NOVEMBER.

When shrieked
The bleak November winds, and smote the woods,
And the brown fields were herbless, and the shades,
That met above the merry rivulet,
Were spoiled, I sought, I loved them still; they seemed
Like old companions in adversity.

d. BRYANT—*A Winter Piece.* Line 22.

Yet one smile more departing, distant sun!
One mellow smile through the soft vapory air,
Ere, o'er the frozen earth, the loud winds run,
Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare.
One smile on the brown hills and naked trees,
And the dark rocks whose summer wreaths are cast.

e. BRYANT—*November.*

The mellow year is hasting to its close;
The little birds have almost sung their last,
Their small notes twitter in the dreary blast—
That shrill-piped harbinger of early snows;
* * * * * * *
The dusky waters shudder as they shine,
The russet leaves obstruct the straggling way
Of oozy brooks, which no deep banks define,
And the gaunt woods, in ragged scant array,
Wrap their old limbs with sombre ivy twine.

f. HARTLEY COLERIDGE—*Poems. November.*

Dry leaves upon the wall,
Which flap like rustling wings and seek escape,
A single frosted cluster on the grape
Still hangs—and that is all.

g. SUSAN COOLIDGE—*November.*

No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—
No company—no nobility—
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
November!

h. HOOD—*November.*

Red o'er the forest peers the setting sun,
The line of yellow light dies fast away
That crown'd the eastern copse: and chill and dun
Falls on the moor the brief November day.

i. KEBLE—*The Christian Year. Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.*

The dead leaves their rich mosaics,
Of olive and gold and brown,
Had laid on the rain-wet pavements,
Through all the embowered town.

j. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW—*November.*

Now Neptune's month our sky deforms,
The angry night cloud teems with storms,
And savage winds, infuriate driven,
Fly howling in the face of heaven!
Now, now, my friends, the gathering gloom
With roseate rays of wine illume:
And while our wreaths of parsley spread
Their fadeless foliage round our head,
Let's hymn th' almighty power of wine,
And shed libations on his shrine!

k. MOORE—*Odes of Anacreon. Ode LXVIII.*

All brilliant flowers are pale and dead
And sadly droop to earth,
While pansies chill in velvet robes
Count life but little worth;
But in these dark November days
That wander wild and wet,
Our thoughts are winged to summer hours
On breath of mignonette.

l. ELIZA O. PEIRSON—*Mignonette.*

The wild November comes at last
Beneath a veil of rain;
The night wind blows its folds aside,
Her face is full of pain.

The latest of her race, she takes
The Autumn's vacant throne:
She has but one short moon to live,
And she must live alone.

m. STODDARD—*November.*

Wrapped in his sad-colored cloak, the Day, like a Puritan, standeth
Stern in the joyless fields. rebuking the lingering color,—
Dying hectic of leaves and the chilly blue of the asters,—
Hearing, perchance, the croke of a crow on the desolate tree-top.

n. BAYARD TAYLOR—*Home Pastorals. November.* Pt. I.

DECEMBER.

Wild was the day; the wintry sea
Moaned sadly on New-England's strand,
When first the thoughtful and the free,
Our fathers, trod the desert land.

o. BRYANT—*The Twenty-second of December.*

Shout now! The months with loud acclaim,
Take up the cry and send it forth;
May, breathing, sweet, her Spring perfumes
November thundering from the North.
With hands upraised, as with one voice,
They join their notes in grand accord;
Hail to December! say they all,
It gave to Earth our Christ the Lord!

Then sprang Aurora to her car,
And showers of light on Earth there fell;
Each ray seemed bound to human hearts,
The wondrous tale of love to tell!
Down from the spheres a peal rang forth;
Angels and men their incense poured;
Hail to the month! Hail to the day!
Which gave all worlds our Christ the Lord!

a. J. K. Hoyt—*The Meeting of the Months.*

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity:
The north cannot undo them
With a sleety whistle through them;
Nor frozen thawings glue them
From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy brook,
Thy bubblings ne'er remember
Apollo's summer look;
But with a sweet forgetting,
They stay their crystal fretting,
Never, never petting
About the frozen time.

b. Keats—*Songs.* St. 1, 2.

In December ring
Every day the chimes;
Loud the gleemen sing
In the streets their merry rhymes.
Let us sing by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire.

c. Longfellow—*By the Fireside. A Christmas Carol.*

In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.

d. Pope—*Dunciad.* Bk. I. Line 77.

The sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon.

e. Whittier—*Snow-Bound.*

MONUMENTS.

The tap'ring pyramid, the Egyptian's pride,
And wonder of the world, whose spiky top
Has wounded the thick cloud.

f. Blair—*The Grave.* Line 190.

Gold once out of the earth is no more due unto it; what was unreasonably committed to the ground, is reasonably resumed from it; let monuments and rich fabricks, not riches, adorn men's ashes.

g. Sir Thomas Browne—*Hydriotaphia.* Ch. III.

To extend our memories by monuments, whose death we daily pray for, and whose duration we cannot hope, without injury to our expectations in the advent of the last day, were a contradiction to our belief.

h. Sir Thomas Browne—*Hydriotaphia.* Ch. V.

Monuments themselves memorials need.

i. Crabbe—*The Borough.* Letter II.

Tombs are the clothes of the dead: a grave is but a plain suit, and a rich monument is one embroidered.

j. Fuller—*The Holy and Profane States. Tombs.*

She sat, like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

k. *Twelfth Night.* Act II. Sc. 4.

This grave shall have a living monument.

l. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

I have executed a monument more lasting than brass, and more sublime than the regal elevation of pyramids, which neither the wasting shower, the unavailing north-wind, or an innumerable succession of years, and the flight of seasons, shall be able to demolish.

m. Smart's *Horace.* Bk. III. *Ode XXX.*

MOON, THE

Doth the moon care for the barking of a dog?

n. Burton—*Anatomy of Melancholy.* Pt. II. Sec. III. Mem. 7.

The moon pull'd off her veil of light,
That hides her face by day from sight,
(Mysterious veil, of brightness made.
That's both her lustre and her shade,)
And in the lantern of the night,
With shining horns hung out her light.

o. Butler—*Hudibras.* Pt. II. Canto I. Line 905.

I saw the man in the moon.

p. Dekker—*Old Fortunatus.*

The moon's fair image quaketh
In the raging waves of ocean,
Whilst she, in the vault of heaven,
Moves with peaceful motion.

q. Heine—*Book of Songs. New Spring.* Prologue. No. 23.

The silver-footed queen.

r. Homer.

Such a slender moon, going up and up,
Waxing so fast from night to night,
And swelling like an orange flower-bud, bright,
Fated, methought, to round as to a golden cup,
And hold to my two lips life's best of wine.
a. Jean Ingelow—*Songs of the Night Watches. The First Watch.* Pt. II.

The magic moon is breaking,
Like a conqueror, from the east
The waiting world awaking
To a golden fairy feast.
b. Ernest Jones—*Moonrise.*

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess, excellently bright!
c. Ben Jonson—*To Cynthia.*

Sweet through the green leaves shines the moon.
d. Leland—*The Swan.*

It is the Harvest Moon! On gilded vanes
And roofs of villages, on woodland crests
And their aerial neighborhoods of nests
Deserted, on the curtained window-panes
Of rooms where children sleep, on country lanes
And harvest-fields, its mystic splendor rests.
e. Longfellow—*The Harvest Moon.*

The moon was pallid, but not faint;
And beautiful as some fair saint,
Serenely moving on her way
In hours of trial and dismay.
As if she heard the voice of God,
Unharmed with naked feet she trod
Upon the hot and burning stars,
As on the glowing coals and bars,
That were to prove her strength, and try
Her holiness and her purity.
f. Longfellow—*Occultation of Orion.*

The rising moon has hid the stars;
Her level rays, like golden bars,
Lie on the landscape green,
With shadows brown between.
g. Longfellow—*Endymion.*

See yonder fire! It is the moon
Slow rising o'er the eastern hill.
It glimmers on the forest tips,
And through the dewy foliage drips
In little rivulets of light,
And makes the heart in love with night.
h. Longfellow—*Christus The Golden Legend.* Pt. VI.

The first pale star of night! the trembling star!
And all heaven waiting till the sun had drawn
His long train after! then a new creation
Will follow their queen-leader from the depths.
i. George Macdonald—*Within and Without.* Pt. IV. Sc. 9.

The dews of summer night did fall;
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
Silver'd the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.
j. Mickle—*Cumnor Hall.*

To behold the wand'ring moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
k. Milton—*Il Penseroso.* Line 67.

Full in her dreamy light, the moon presides,
Shrined in a halo, mellowing as she rides;
And far around, the forest and the stream
Bathe in the beauty of her emerald beam:
The lulled winds, too, are sleeping in their caves,
No stormy murmurs roll upon the waves;
Nature is hush'd.
l. Robert Montgomery—*The Starry Heavens.*

Hail, pallid crescent, hail!
Let me look on thee where thou sitt'st for aye
Like memory—ghastly in the glare of day,
But in the evening, light.
m. D. M. Mulock—*The Moon in the Morning.*

No rest—no dark.
Hour after hour that passionless bright face
Climbs up the desolate blue.
n. D. M. Mulock—*Moon-Struck.*

He * * thought the moon was made of green cheese.
o. Rabelais—*Works.* Bk. I. Ch. XI.

Day glimmer'd in the east, and the White Moon
Hung like a vapor in the cloudless sky.
p. Rogers—*Italy. The Lake of Geneva.*

Again thou reignest in thy golden hall,
Rejoicing in thy sway, fair queen of night!
The ruddy reapers hail thee with delight:
Theirs is the harvest, theirs the joyous call
For tasks well ended ere the season's fall.
q. Roscoe—*To the Harvest Moon.*

Good even, fair moon, good even to thee;
I prithee, dear moon, now show to me
The form and the features, the speech and degree,
Of the man that true lover of mine shall be.
r. Scott—*Heart of Mid-Lothian.* Ch. XVII.

I saw the new moon late yestereen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm.
s. Scott—*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.*

The moon is in her summer glow;
But hoarse and high the breezes blow,
And, racking o'er her face, the cloud
Varies the tincture of her shroud.
t. Scott—*Rokeby.* Canto I. St. 1.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank.
a. *Merchant of Venice.* Act V. Sc. 2.

It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more nearer earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.
b. *Othello.* Act V. Sc. 2.

The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,
That's curded by the frost from purest snow.
c. *Coriolanus.* Act V. Sc. 3.

The moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound:
And, through this distemperature we see
The seasons alter.
d. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Art thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven, and gazing of the earth,
Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth,—
And ever changing, like a joyous eye
That finds no object worth its constancy?
e. SHELLEY—*To the Moon.*

The young moon has fed
Her exhausted horn
With the sunset's fire.
f. SHELLEY—*Hellas.*

With how sad steps, O moon, thou climb'st the skies!
How silently and with how wan a face!
g. Sir PHILIP SIDNEY—*Astrophel and Stella. Sonnet XXXI.*

Diana thus, Heaven's chastest queen,
Struck with Endymion's graceful mien,
Down from her silver chariot came,
And to the shepherd own'd her flame.
h. SWIFT—*To Lord Harley, on his Marriage.*

I with borrow'd silver shine;
What you see is none of mine.
First I show you but a quarter,
Like the bow that guards the Tartar,
Then the half, and then the whole,
Ever dancing round the pole.
i. SWIFT—*On the Moon.*

The sacred Queen of Night,
Who pours a lovely, gentle light,
Wide o'er the dark, by wanderers blest,
Conducting them to peace and rest.
j. THOMSON—*Ode to Seraphina.*

The crimson Moon, uprising from the sea,
With large delight, foretells the harvest near.
k. LORD THURLOW—*Select Poems. The Harvest Moon.*

How peacefully the broad and golden moon
Comes up to gaze upon the reaper's toil!
That they who own the land for many a mile,
May bless her beams, and they who take the boon
Of scattered ears; Oh! beautiful! how soon
The dusk is turned to silver without soil,
Which makes the fair sheaves fairer than at noon,
And guides the gleaner to his slender spoil.
l. CHARLES (TENNYSON) TURNER—*Sonnet. The Harvest Moon.*

MORALITY.

Morality is the object of government. We want a state of things in which crime will not pay, a state of things which allows every man the largest liberty compatible with the liberty of every other man.
m. EMERSON—*Fortune of the Republic.*

Morality, when vigorously alive, sees farther than intellect, and provides unconsciously for intellectual difficulties.
n. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Dirus Cæsar.*

The moral system of the universe is like a document written in alternate ciphers, which change from line to line.
o. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Calvinism.*

Morality without religion is only a kind of dead reckoning,—an endeavor to find our place on a cloudy sea by measuring the distance we have run, but without any observation of the heavenly bodies.
p. LONGFELLOW—*Kavanagh.* Ch. XIII.

The True Grandeur of Humanity is in moral elevation, sustained, enlightened, and decorated by the intellect of man.
q. CHAS. SUMNER—*Oration on The True Grandeur of Nations.*

MORNING.

In saffron-colored mantle from the tides
Of Ocean rose the morning to bring light
To gods and men.
r. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk XIX. Line 1.

Now from the smooth deep ocean-stream the sun
Began to climb the heavens, and with new rays
Smote the surrounding fields.
s. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. VII. Line 525.

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contained no tomb,—
And glowing into day.
t. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 98.

O word and thing most beautiful!
a. SUSAN COOLIDGE—*Morning.*

Slow buds the pink dawn like a rose
From out night's gray and cloudy sheath;
Softly and still it grows and grows,
Petal by petal, leaf by leaf.
b. SUSAN COOLIDGE—*The Morning Comes Before the Sun.*

I saw myself, the lambent easy light
Gild the brown horror, and dispel the night.
c. DRYDEN—*Hind and Panther.* Pt. II. Line 1230.

Beauteous Night lay dead
Under the pall of twilight, and the love-star sickened and shrank.
d. GEORGE ELIOT—*Spanish Gipsy.* Bk. II.

Go forth at morning's birth,
When the glad sun, exulting in his might,
Comes from the dusky-curtained tents of night,
Shedding his gifts of beauty o'er the earth;
When sounds of busy life are on the air,
And man awakes to labour and to care,
Then hie thee forth: go out amid thy kind,
Thy daily tasks to do, thy harvest-sheaves to bind.
e. Mrs. EMBURY—*Autumn Evening.*

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn.
f. GRAY—*Elegy in a Country Churchyard.* St. 5.

The Morn! she is the source of sighs,
The very face to make us sad;
If but to think in other times
The same calm quiet look she had.
g. HOOD—*Ode to Melancholy.*

The blessed morn has come again;
The early gray
Taps at the slumberer's window pane,
And seems to say, —
Break, break from the enchanter's chain,
Away, away!
h. RALPH HOYT—*Snow. A Winter Sketch.*

Hues of the rich unfolding morn,
That, ere the glorious sun be born,
By some soft touch invisible
Around his path are taught to swell.
i. KEBLE—*The Christian Year. Morning.*

"A fine morning,"
"Nothing's the matter with it that I know of.
I have seen better and I have seen worse."
j. LONGFELLOW—*Christus.* Pt. III. *John Endicott.* Act V. Sc. 2.

And the morning pouring everywhere
Its golden glory on the air.
k. LONGFELLOW—*Christus.* Pt. III. Second Interlude. St. 3.

Far off I hear the crowing of the cocks,
And through the opening door that time unlocks
Feel the fresh breathing of To-morrow creep.
l. LONGFELLOW—*To-morrow.*

Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,
Lifts up her purple wing, and in the vales
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned,
And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved.
m. LONGFELLOW—*Autumn.*

Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.
n. MILTON—*Lycidas.* Line 171.

Morn,
Wak'd by the circling hours, with rosy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of light.
o. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VI. Line 2.

Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds.
p. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 641.

The season prime for sweetest scents and airs.
q. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 200.

Far in the east the morn is gray;
I must be gone before 'tis day.
r. D. M. MULOCK—*A Shetland Fairy Tale.* Sc. 4.

How beautiful is morning!
How the sunbeams strike the daisies,
And the kingcups fill the meadow
Like a golden-shielded army
Marching to the uplands fair.
s. D. M. MULOCK—*A Stream's Singing.*

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day.
t. PARNELL—*Hermit.* Line 117.

O'er the ground white snow, and in the air—
Silence. The stars, like lamps soon to expire
Gleam tremblingly; serene and heavenly fair
The eastern hanging crescent climbeth higher:
See, purple on the azure softly steals,
And Morning, faintly touched with quivering fire,
Leans on the frosty summits of the hills,
Like a young girl over her hoary sire.
u. ROSCOE—*Poems and Essays.*

An hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east.
v. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act I. Sc. 1.

But, look, the morn in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.
w. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
x. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act III. Sc. 5.

See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a yonker prancing to his love.
y. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act II. Sc. 1.

The busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer.
a. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
b. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 2.

The golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach.
c. *Titus Andronicus.* Act II. Sc. 1.

The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light.
d. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 3.

The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gray;
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green;
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay.
e. *Titus Andronicus.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Darkness is fled.
Now, flowers unfold their beauties to the sun,
And, blushing, kiss the beam he sends to wake them.
f. SHERIDAN—*The Critic.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Hail, gentle Dawn! mild blushing goddess! hail;
Rejoic'd I see thy purple mantle spread
O'er half the skies, gems pave thy radiant way,
And orient pearls from ev'ry shrub depend.
g. WM. SOMERVILLE—*The Chase.* Bk. II. Line 19.

Now the frosty stars are gone:
I have watched them one by one,
Fading on the shores of Dawn.
Round and full the glorious sun
Walks with level step the spray,
Through his vestibule of Day.
h. BAYARD TAYLOR—*Ariel in the Cloven Pine.*

Yonder fly his scattered golden arrows,
And smite the hills with day.
i. BAYARD TAYLOR—*The Poet's Journal. Third Evening. Morning.*

Morn in the white wake of the morning star
Came furrowing all the orient into gold.
j. TENNYSON—*The Princess.* Pt. III. Line 1.

Rise, happy morn, Rise, holy morn,
Draw forth the cheerful day from night;
O Father, touch the east, and light
The light that shone when Hope was born.
k. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. XXX.

Brown Night retires; young Day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospects wide.
l. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Summer.* Line 51.

The meek-eyed morn appears, mother of dews.
m. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Summer.* Line 47.

It is the fairest sight in Nature's realms,
To see on summer morning, dewy-sweet,
That very type of freshness, the green wheat,
Surging through shadows of the hedgerow elms;
How the eye revels in the many shapes
And colors which the risen day restores!
n. CHARLES (TENNYSON) TURNER—*Sonnet. Morning.*

MORTALITY.

"Lo! as the wind is so is mortal life,
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife."
o. EDWIN ARNOLD—*The Light of Asia.* Bk. III. Line 25.

Flesh is but the glasse, which holds the dust
That measures all our time; which also shall
Be crumbled into dust.
p. HERBERT—*The Temple. Church Monuments.*

Improve each moment as it flies;
Life's a short summer—man a flower—
He dies—alas! how soon he dies.
q. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Winter. An Ode.*

Consider
The lilies of the field whose bloom is brief:—
We are as they;
Like them we fade away,
As doth a leaf.
r. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*Consider.*

Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time: for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality.
s. *Macbeth.* Act II. Sc. 3.

At thirty, man suspects himself a fool,
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty, chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve,
In all the magnanimity of thought;
Resolves, and re-resolves, then dies the same.
And why? because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal but themselves.
t. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night I. Line 417.

Man wants but little, nor that little long;
How soon must he resign his very dust,
Which frugal nature lent him for an hour!
u. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IV. Line 118.

MOTHER.

Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you.
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between;
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain.
Long I to-night for your presence again.
a. ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN—*Rock Me to Sleep.*

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps;
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes.
b. CAMPBELL—*Pleasures of Hope.* Pt. I. Line 225.

A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive.
c. COLERIDGE—*The Three Graves.* St. 10.

There is none,
In all this cold and hollow world, no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
A mother's heart.
d. Mrs. HEMANS—*Siege of Valencia.* Sc. *Room in a Palace of Valencia.*

The aged Mother to her Daughter spake,
Daughter, said she, arise,
Thy Daughter to her Daughter take
Whose Daughter's Daughter cries.
e. HOKEWELL—*Apolog.* I. Ch. V. Sec. 7.

When the rose of thine own being
Shall reveal its central fold,
Thou shalt look within and marvel,
Fearing what thine eyes behold;
What it shows and what it teaches
Are not things wherewith to part;
Thorny rose! that always costeth
Beatings at the heart.
f. JEAN INGELOW—*A Mother Showing the Portrait of Her Child.*

But one upon Earth is more beautiful and better than the wife—that is the mother.
g. L. SCHEFER.

And all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.
h. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 6.

And say to mothers what a holy charge
Is theirs—with what a kingly power their love
Might rule the fountains of the newborn mind.
i. Mrs. SIGOURNEY—*The Mother of Washington.*

Happy he
With such a mother! faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and though he trip and fall,
He shall not blind his soul with clay.
j. TENNYSON—*The Princess.* Canto VII. Line 308.

The bearing and the training of a child is woman's wisdom.
k. TENNYSON—*The Princess.* Canto V. Line 470.

MOTIVE.

What makes life dreary is the want of motive.
l. GEORGE ELIOT—*Daniel Deronda.* Bk. VIII. Ch. LXV.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine.
m. HERBERT—*The Temple. The Elixer*

It is not the deed
A man does, but the way that he does it, should plead
For the man's compensation in doing it.
n. OWEN MEREDITH—*Lucile.* Pt. II. Canto II. St. 1.

MOUNTAINS.

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains;
They crown'd him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow.
o. BYRON—*Manfred.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Whose sun-bright summit mingles with the sky.
p. CAMPBELL—*Pleasures of Hope.* Line 4.

Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.
q. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. II. Line 17.

Yesterday brown was still thy head, as the locks of my loved one,
Whose sweet image so dear silently beckons afar.
Silver-grey is the early snow to-day on thy summit,
Through the tempestuous night streaming fast over thy brow.
r. GOETHE—*The Swiss Alps.*

Round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on his head.
s. GOLDSMITH—*Deserted Village.* Line 192.

Earth has built the great watch-towers of the mountains, and they lift their heads far up into the sky, and gaze ever upward and around to see if the Judge of the World comes not!
t. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. II. Ch. VI.

Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise.
u. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 32.

Mountains are the beginning and the end of all natural scenery.
v. RUSKIN—*True and Beautiful. Nature. Mountains.*

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another.
a. Shelley—*Love's Philosophy.*

MURDER.

Nothing can be in itself so disagreeable to me as to go to London, or to show to the world the face of a man marked by the hand of God.
b. Burke—*Letter to Lord Loughborough.*

Mordre wol out, that seene day by day.
c. Chaucer—*Canterbury Tales. The Nonnes Preestes Tale.* Line 15058.

Murder may pass unpunish'd for a time,
But tardy justice will o'ertake the crime.
d. Dryden—*The Cock and Fox.* Line 285.

Murder, like talent, seems occasionally to run in families.
e. George Henry Lewes—*Physiology of Common Life.* Ch. XII.

One murder made a villain,
Millions a hero. Prince's were privileg'd
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.
Ah! why will kings forget that they are men,
And men that they are brethren?
f. Beilby Porteus—*Death.* Line 154.

Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the golden time
Ere human statute purg'd the general weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end: but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. This is more strange
Than such a murder is.
g. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals!
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!
You have no children, butchers! if you had,
The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse.
h. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act V. Sc. 5.

He took my father grossly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown, as fresh as May;
And, how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven?
i. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Is not the causer of these timeless deaths
As blameful as the executioners?
j. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.
k. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 5.

Murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ.
l. *Hamlet.* Act 2. Sc. 2.

O, pardon me, thou piece of bleeding earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophecy.
m. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 1.

The great King of kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded,
That thou shalt do no murder: Wilt thou then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfill a man's?
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.
n. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 4.

To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust,
But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.
o. *Timon of Athens.* Act III. Sc. 5.

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.
p. *Macbeth.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Cast not the clouded gem away,
Quench not the dim but living ray,—
My brother man, Beware!
With that deep voice which from the skies
Forbade the Patriarch's sacrifice,
God's angel cries, Forbear!
q. Whittier—*Human Sacrifice.* Pt. VII.

One to destroy is murder by the law,
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder thousands takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.
r. Young—*Love of Fame.* Satire VII. Line 55.

MUSIC.

Music religious heat inspires,
It wakes the soul and lifts it high,
And wings it with sublime desires,
And fits it to bespeak the Deity.
s. Addison—*A Song for St. Cecilia's Day.* St. 4.

Rich celestial music thrilled the air
From hosts on hosts of shining ones, who thronged
Eastward and westward, making bright the night.
t. Edwin Arnold—*Light of Asia.* Bk. IV. Line 418.

Music tells no truths.
u. Bailey—*Festus.* Sc. *A Village Feast.*

God is its author, and not man; he laid
The key-note of all harmonies; he planned
All perfect combinations, and he made
Us so that we could hear and understand.
a. M. G. Brainard—*Music.*

The rustle of the leaves in summer's hush
When wandering breezes touch them, and the sigh
That filters through the forest, or the gush
That swells and sinks amid the branches high,—
'Tis all the music of the wind, and we
Let fancy float on this æolian breath.
b. M. G. Brainard—*Music.*

Discords make the sweetest airs.
c. Butler—*Hudibras.* Pt. III. Canto I. Line 919.

Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell.
d. Byron—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 21.

Soprano, basso, even the contra-alto
Wished him five fathom under the Rialto.
e. Byron—*Beppo.* St. 32.

There's music in the sighing of a reed;
There's music in the gushing of a rill;
There's music in all things, if men had ears:
Their earth is but an echo of the spheres.
f. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto XV. St. 5.

Hears thy stormy music of the drum.
g. Campbell—*Pleasures of Hope.* Pt. 1.

Music is well said to be the speech of angels.
h. Carlyle—*Essays. The Opera.*

See deep enough, and you see musically; the heart of Nature being everywhere music, if you can only reach it.
i. Carlyle—*Heroes and Hero Worship.* Lecture III.

With voices sweet entuned, and so smale,
That me thought it the sweetest melody
That ever I heard in my life.
j. Chaucer—*Flower and Leaf.* Line 79.

In hollow murmurs died away.
k. Collins—*The Passions.* Line 68.

In notes by distance made more sweet.
l. Collins—*The Passions.* Line 60.

When music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell.
m. Collins—*The Passions.* Line 1.

Music has charms to sooth a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak;
I've read that things inanimate have moved,
And, as with living souls, have been inform'd,
By magic numbers and persuasive sound.
n. Congreve—*The Mourning Bride.* Act I. Sc. 1.

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.
o. Dryden—*A Song for St. Cecilia's Day.*

Music sweeps by me as a messenger
Carrying a message that is not for me.
p. George Eliot—*Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. III.

There is no feeling, perhaps, except the extremes of fear and grief, that does not find relief in music—that does not make a man sing or play the better.
q. George Eliot—*The Mill on the Floss.* Bk. VI. Ch. VII.

'Tis God gives skill,
But not without men's hands: He could not make
Antonio Stradivari's violins
Without Antonio.
r. George Eliot—*Legend of Jubal. Stradivarius.* Line 151.

Heaven's thunders melt
In music!
s. John Hookham Frere (Wm. and Robt. Whistlecraft)—*The Monks and Giants.* Canto III.

Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.
t. Gray—*Elegy in a Country Church Yard.* St. 108.

He stood beside a cottage lone,
And listened to a lute,
One summer's eve, when the breeze was gone,
And the nightingale was mute.
u. Thos. Hervey—*The Devil's Progress.*

Music may be divine, but its living is its dying. It gushes, and is drunk up by the thirsty silences.
v. J. G. Holland—*Plain Talks on Familar Subjects. Art and Life.*

Music was a thing of the soul—a rose-lipped shell that murmured of the eternal sea—a strange bird singing the songs of another shore.
w. J. G. Holland—*Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects. Art and Life.*

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on,
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to spirit ditties of no tone.
x. Keats—*Ode on a Grecian Urn.*

Music's golden tongue
Flattered to tears this aged man and poor.
y. Keats—*St. Agnes' Eve.* St. 27.

Joy has its voice—so has grief! There are
eloquent tears; and deep sorrows
Melt into songs—in the fields which grow
green the sweet nightingale sings;
Genius and Love never meet but the spirit
of music is near them;
When the heart speaks, lend thine ear—lend
thine ear, for its language is song.
a. CHARLES KISFALUDY—*Sound of Song.*

Sentimentally, I am disposed to harmony,
But organically I am incapable of a tune.
b. LAMB—*A Chapter on Ears.*

Music is in all growing things;
And underneath the silky wings
Of smallest insects there is stirred
A pulse of air that must be heard;
Earth's silence lives, and throbs, and sings.
c. LATHROP—*Music of Growth.*

Of all the arts, great music is the art
To raise the soul above all earthly storms.
d. LELAND—*The Music Lesson of Confucius.*

O secret music! sacred tongue of God!
I hear thee calling to me, and I come!
e. LELAND—*The Music Lesson of Confucius.*

Music is the universal language of mankind.
f. LONGFELLOW—*Outre-Mer. Ancient Spanish Ballads.*

Who through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.
g. LONGFELLOW—*The Day is Done.*

Writ in the climate of Heaven, in the language spoken by angels.
h. LONGFELLOW—*Children of the Lord's Supper.* Line 262.

Yea, music is the Prophet's art;
Among the gifts that God hath sent,
One of the most magnificent!
i. LONGFELLOW—*Christus.* Pt. III. Second Interlude. St. 5.

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
j. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 244.

In an organ from one blast of wind
To many a row of pipes the soundboard
breathes.
k. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 708.

I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of death.
l. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 560.

Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out.
m. MILTON—*L'Allegro.* Line 136.

Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half regain'd Eurydice.
n. MILTON—*L'Allegro.* Line 145.

Such music (as, 'tis said,)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanc'd world on hinges
hung.
o. MILTON—*Hymn on the Nativity.* St. 12.

The hidden soul of harmony,
p. MILTON—*L'Allegro.* Line 144.

There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full voiced quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstacies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.
q. MILTON—*Il Penseroso.* Line 161.

The sound
Symphonius of ten thousand harps that
tuned
Angelic harmonies.
r. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VII. Line 558.

And music too—dear music! that can touch
Beyond all else the soul that loves it much—
Now heard far off, so far as but to seem
Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream.
s. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.*

Music! O how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should Feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well.
t. MOORE—*On Music.*

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled.
u. MOORE—*The Harp That Once.*

The Father spake! In grand reverberations
Through space rolled on the mighty music
tide,
While to its low, majestic modulations,
The clouds of chaos slowly swept aside.
* * * * * *
And wheresoever, in his rich creation,
Sweet music breathes—in wave, or bird, or
soul—
'Tis but the faint and far reverberation
Of that great tune to which the planets roll!
v. FRANCES S. OSGOOD—*Music.*

As some to Church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
w. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 343.

By music minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
* * * * * *
Warriors she fires with animated sounds,
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds.
a. POPE—*Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.*

Hark! the numbers soft and clear,
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder rise
And fill with spreading sounds the skies.
b. POPE—*Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.*

In a sadly pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain.
c. POPE—*Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.*

Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to Heav'n.
d. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. IV. Line 143.

Music resembles Poetry; in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach.
e. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 143.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm:
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.
f. POPE—*Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.*

What woful stuff this madrigal would be
In some starv'd hackney sonnetteer, or me?
But let a Lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
g. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 418.

The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell;
And feeling hearts—touch them but lightly—pour
A thousand melodies unheard before!
h. ROGERS—*Human Life.*

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;
With surest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.
i. *Merchant of Venice.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Give me some music; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.
j. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act II. Sc. 5.

How irksome is this music to my heart!
When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?
k. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act II. Sc. 1.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
l. *Merchant of Venice.* Act V. Sc. 1.

I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say it will penetrate.
m. *Cymbeline.* Act II. Sc. 3.

I am never merry when I hear sweet music.
n. *Merchant of Venice.* Act V. Sc. 1.

If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again,—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.
o. *Twelfth Night.* Act I. Sc. 1.

It will discourse most excellent music.
p. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music.
q. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;
Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.
r. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 4.

Music crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury and my passion,
With its sweet air.
s. *Tempest.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Music do I hear?
Ha! ha! keep time. How sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
t. *Richard II.* Act V. Sc. 5.

Music oft hath such a charm,
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
u. *Measure for Measure.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

One who the music of his own vain tongue,
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony.
v. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act. I. Sc. 1.

Play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.
w. *Henry VIII.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Preposterous ass! that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies or his usual pain?
x. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows!
y. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act I. Sc. 3.

The choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum.*
z. *Henry VIII.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

The man that hath no music in himself,
And is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.
aa. *Merchant of Venice.* Act V. Sc. 1.

The Music of the spheres! list my Marina.
a. *Pericles.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays,
And twenty caged nightingales do sing.
b. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act II. Induction.

Music, when soft voices die
Vibrates in the memory.
c. SHELLEY—*To———.*

Musick! soft charm of heav'n and earth,
Whence dids't thou borrow thy auspicious birth?
Or art thou of eternal date,
Sire to thyself, thyself as old as Fate?
d. EDMUND SMITH—*Ode in Praise of Musick.*

Dischord ofte in musick makes the sweeter lay.
e. SPENSER—*Fœrie Queene.* Bk. III. Canto II. St. 5.

Music revives the recollections it would appease.
f. MADAME DE STAËL—*Corinne.* Bk. IX. Ch. II.

It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all.
g. TENNYSON—*Idyls of the King. Vivien.* Line 240.

Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.
h. TENNYSON—*The Lotos Eaters. Choric Song.* St. 1.

Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes.
i. TENNYSON—*The Lotos Eaters. Choric Song.* St. 1.

Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.
j. WATTS—*Hymns and Spiritual Songs.* Bk. II. Hymn 19.

With a great pain,
And smiles that seem akin to tears,
We hear the wild refrain.
k. WHITTIER—*At Port Royal.*

Soft is the music that would charm forever.
l. WORDSWORTH—*Sonnet. Not Love, Not War.*

The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.
m. WORDSWORTH—*The Solitary Reaper.*

Where music dwells
Lingering, and wandering on as loth to die,
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality.
n. WORDSWORTH—*Inside of King's Chapel, Cambridge.*

N.

NAME.

Oh! no! we never mention her
Her name is never heard;
My lips are now forbid to speak
That once familiar word.
o. THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY—*Oh! No! We Never Mention Her.*

He lives who dies to win a lasting name.
p. DRUMMOND—*Sonnet.*

And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.
q. LEIGH HUNT—*Abou Ben Adhem.*

The name, that dwells on every tongue,
No minstrel needs.
r. DON JORGE MANRIQUE—*Coplas De Manrique.* Trans. by Longfellow.

Oh name forever sad, forever dear!
Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
s. POPE—*Eloisa to Abelard.* Line 31.

I cannot tell what the dickens his name is.
t. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act III. Sc. 2.

I do beseech you,
(Chiefly, that I might set it in my prayers,)
What is your name?
u. *Tempest.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household words—
* * * * *
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
v. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

The one so like the other,
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
w. *Comedy of Errors.* Act I. Sc. 1.

What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet.
x. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

NARRATIVE.

I hate
To tell again a tale once fully told.
y. BRYANT'S *Homer's Odyssey.* Bk. XII. Line 556.

What so tedious as a twice told tale?
z. POPE'S *Homer's Odyssey.* Bk. XII. Last line.

NATURE.

Nature's great law, and law of all men's minds?—
To its own impulse every creature stirs;
Live by thy light, and earth will live by her's!
a. Matthew Arnold—*Religious Isolation.* St. 4.

The course of Nature seems a course of Death,
And nothingness the whole substantial thing.
b. Bailey—*Festus.* Sc. *Water and Wood.*

God quickened—in the sea, and in the rivers—
So many fishes of so many features,
That in the waters we may see all creatures,
Even all that on the earth are to be found,
As if the world were in deep waters to be drown'd,
For seas—as well as skies—have sun, moon, stars;
As well as air—swallows, rooks, and stares;
As well as earth—vines, roses, nettles, melons,
Mushrooms, pinks, gilliflowers, and many millions
Of other plants, more rare, more strange than these;
As very fishes, living in the seas.
c. Du Bartas—*Divine Weeks and Works.*

Nature, too unkind
That made no medicine for a troubled mind!
d. Beaumont and Fletcher—*Philaster.* Act III. Sc. 1.

The roaring cataract, the snow-topt hill,
Inspiring awe, till breath itself stands still.
e. Bloomfield—*Farmer's Boy. Spring.* Line 9.

Nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature; they being both the servants of his providence. Art is the perfection of nature. Were the world now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a chaos. Nature hath made one world, and art another. In brief, all things are artificial, for nature is the art of God.
f. Sir Thomas Browne—*Religio Medici.* Pt. XVI.

Rich with the spoils of nature.
g. Sir Thomas Browne—*Religio Medici.* Pt. XIII.

There are no grotesques in nature; not anything framed to fill up empty cantons, and unnecessary spaces.
h. Sir Thomas Browne—*Religio Medici.* Pt. XV.

Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings.
i. Bryant—*Thanatopsis.*

To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language.
j. Bryant—*Thanatopsis.*

Nature, the vicar of the almightie Lord.
k. Chaucer—*Canterbury Tales. Assembly of Foules.* Line 379.

Not without art, yet to nature true.
l. Churchill—*The Rosciad.* Line 699.

All nature wears one universal grin.
m. Fielding—*Tom Thumb the Great.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Where Nature is sovereign, there is no need of austerity and self-denial.
n. Froude—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Calvinism.*

E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.
o. Gray—*Elegy in a Country Churchyard.* St. 23.

Nature can soothe if she cannot satisfy.
p. Anna Katharine Green—*The Sword of Damocles.* Bk. III. Ch. XXVIII.

Wise is Nature's plan,
Who, in her realm as in the soul of man,
Alternates storm with calm, and the loud noon
With dewy evening's soft and sacred lull.
q. Paul H. Hayne—*Sonnet.*

That undefined and mingled hum,
Voice of the desert never dumb!
r. Hogg—*Verses to Lady Anne Scott.*

Nature with folded hands seemed there,
Kneeling at her evening prayer!
s. Longfellow—*Voices of the Night.* Prelude.

No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.
t. Longfellow—*Sunrise on the Hills.* Line 35.

So nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go,
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.
u. Longfellow—*Nature.*

O Nature, how fair is thy face,
And how light is thy heart, and how friendless thy grace!
v. Owen Meredith—*Lucile.* Pt. I. Canto V. St. 28.

But on and up, where Nature's heart
Beats strong amid the hills.
w. Richard Milnes—*Tragedy of the Lar de Gaube.* St. 2.

Accuse not Nature, she hath done her part;
Do thou but thine!
x. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VIII. Line 561.

This wild abyss,
The womb of Nature and perhaps her grave.
a. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 910.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same;
Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart:
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.
b. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 267.

All nature is but art.
c. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep I. Line 289.

Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise.
d. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 13.

See plastic Nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbor to embrace.
e. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. III. Line 10.

Some touch of Nature's genial glow.
f. Scott—*Lord of the Isles.* Canto III. St. 14.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions.
g. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act III. Sc. 1.

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
h. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 3.

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms!
i. *Winter's Tale.* Act I. Sc. 2.

In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.
j. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.
k. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes.
l. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past;
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er dusted.
m. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act III. Sc. 3.

To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to shew virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.
n. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Yet neither spins, he cards, nor frets,
But to her mother nature all her care she lets.
o. Spenser—*Fœrie Queene.* Bk. II. Canto I.

Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn,
The moans of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.
p. Tennyson—*The Princess.* Canto VII. Line 208.

Nothing in nature is unbeautiful
q. Tennyson—*The Lover's Tale.* Line 350.

O Nature! * * * * * * *
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works;
Snatch me to heaven.
r. Thomson—*The Seasons.* *Autumn.* Line 1350.

Who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast
Amid its gay creation, hues like her's?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows?
s. Thomson—*The Seasons.* *Spring.* Line 465.

Nature is always wise in every part.
t. Lord Thurlow—*Select Poems.* *The Harvest Moon.*

As in the eye of Nature he has lived,
So in the eye of nature let him die!
Wordsworth—*The Old Cumberland Beggar.*

Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her.
u. Wordsworth—*Tintern Abbey.*

Nothing in nature, much less conscious being,
Was e'er created solely for itself.
v. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night IX. Line 706.

Such blessings nature pours,
O'erstock'd mankind enjoy but half her stores:
She rears her flowers and spreads her velvet green.
w. Young—*Love of Fame.* Satire V. Line 219.

The course of nature is the art of God.
a. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IX. Line 1267.

NECESSITY.

Necessity is stronger far than art.
b. ÆSCHYLUS—*Prom.* 514.

Than is it wisdom, as thinketh me,
To maken vertu of necessité,
And take it wel, that we may nat escheive,
And namely that that to us alle is dewe,
c. CHAUCER—*Canterbury Tales. The Knighte's Tale.* Line 2184.

Then 'tis our best, since thus ordained to die,
To make a virtue of necessity.
d. DRYDEN—*Palamon and Arcite.* Bk. III. Line 1084.

Not mine
This saying, but the sentence of the sage,
Nothing is stronger than necessity.
e. EURIPIDES—*Hel.* 514.

Necessity, the mother of invention.
f. FARQUHAR—*The Twin Rivals.* Act I.

My steps have pressed the flowers,
That to the Muses' bowers
The eternal dews of Helicon have given:
And trod the mountain height,
Where Science, young and bright,
Scans with poetic gaze the midnight-heaven;
Yet have I found no power to vie
With thine, severe Necessity!
g. THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK—*Necessity.*

Necessity is the argument of tyrants; it is the creed of slaves.
h. WM. PITT—*Speech on the India Bill.* Nov. 1783.

Necessity—thou best of peacemakers,
As well as surest prompter of invention.
i. SCOTT—*Peveril of the Peak.* Ch. XXVI.

He must needs go that the Devil drives.
j. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Necessity's sharp pinch!
k. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Now sit we close about the taper here,
And call in question our necessities.
l. *Julius Cæsar.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
m. *Richard II.* Act I. Sc. 3.

To make a virtue of necessity.
n. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Necessity seems to bear a divine character, while the determinations of the human will may be imbued with pride.
o. MADAME DE STAËL—*In Abel Steven's Madame de Staël.* Ch. XXXI.

NEGLECT.

The poor too often turn away unheard,
From hearts that shut against them with a sound
That will be heard in heaven.
p. LONGFELLOW—*Spanish Student.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.
q. *Henry V.* Act II. Sc. 4.

NIGHT.

Day is a snow-white Dove of heaven,
That from the east glad message brings:
Night is a stealthy, evil Raven,
Wrapt to the eyes in his black wings.
r. ALDRICH—*Day and Night.*

I love night more than day—she is so lovely;
But I love night the most because she brings
My love to me in dreams which scarcely lie.
s. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Water and Wood. Midnight.*

Night comes, world-jewelled, * * * * *
The stars rush forth in myriads as to wage
War with the lines of Darkness; and the moon,
Pale ghost of Night, comes haunting the cold earth
After the sun's red sea-death—quietless.
t. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Garden and Bower by the Sea.*

When draws near the witching hour of night.
u. BLAIR—*The Grave.* Line 55.

Night wears away, and morn is near,
The stars are high, two-thirds of night are past;
The greater part,—and scarce a third remains.
v. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. X. Line 292.

Most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber!
w. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 93.

The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains—Beautiful!
I linger yet with Nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learn'd the language of another world.
x. BYRON—*Manfred.* Act III. Sc. 4.

'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear:
'Tis sweet to listen as the night winds creep
From leaf to leaf; 'tis sweet to view on high
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.
y. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto I. St. 122.

Til that the brighte sonne had lost his hewe,
For the orizont had reft the sonne his liht,
(This is as much to sayn as it was nyht.)
z. CHAUCER—*The Canterbury Tales. The Frankeleynes Tale.* Line 288.

Night drew her sable curtain down
And pinned it with a star.
a. M'Donald Clarke.

The crackling embers on the hearth are dead;
The indoor note of industry is still;
The latch is fast; upon the window-sill
The small birds wait not for their daily bread;
The voiceless flowers—how quietly they shed
Their nightly odours;—and the household rill
Murmurs continuous dulcet sounds that fill
The vacant expectation, and the dread
Of listening night.
b. Hartley Coleridge—*Poems. Night.*

O radiant Dark! O darkly fostered ray!
Thou hast a joy too deep for shallow Day.
c. George Eliot—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. I.

The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind,—
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
d. Goldsmith—*The Deserted Village.* Line 121.

How gently rock your poplars high
Against the reach of primrose sky
With heaven's pale candles stored.
e. Jean Ingelow—*Supper at the Mill.*

'Tis the witching hour of night,
Orbed is the moon and bright,
And the stars they glisten, glisten,
Seeming with bright eyes to listen—
For what listen they?
f. Keats—*A Prophecy.* Line 1.

I heard the trailing garment of the night
Sweep through her marble halls.
g. Longfellow—*Hymn to the Night.*

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.
h. Longfellow—*Hymn to the Night.*

The night is calm and cloudless,
And still as still can be,
And the stars come forth to listen
To the music of the sea.
They gather, and gather, and gather,
Until they crowd the sky,
And listen, in breathless silence,
To the solemn litany.
i. Longfellow—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. 5.

The Night is come, but not too soon;
And sinking silently,
All silently, the little moon
Drops down behind the sky.
There is no light in earth or heaven,
But the cold light of stars;
And the first watch of night is given
To the red planet Mars.
j. Longfellow—*Light of Stars.*

Then stars arise, and the night is holy.
k. Longfellow—*Hyperion.* Bk. I. Ch. I.

Quiet night, that brings
Rest to the labourer, is the outlaw's day,
In which he rises early to do wrong,
And when his work is ended, dares not sleep.
l. Massinger—*The Guardian.* Act II. Sc. 4.

A night of tears! for the gusty rain
Had ceased, but the eaves were dripping yet;
And the moon look'd forth, as tho' in pain,
With her face all white and wet.
m. Owen Meredith—*The Wanderer.* Bk. IV. *The Portrait.*

The night is come! On the hills above
Her dusky hair she hath shaken free,
* * * * * * *
She hath loosen'd the shade of the cedar grove,
And shaken it over the long dark lea.
She hath kindled the glow-worm, and cradled the dove,
In the silent cypress tree.
n. Owen Meredith—*The Wanderer.* Bk. I. *Desire.* St. 2.

Darkness now rose,
As daylight sunk, and brought in louring Night,
Her shadowy offspring.
o. Milton—*Paradise Regained.* Bk. IV. Line 397.

Now began
Night with her sullen wings to double-shade
The desert; fowls in their clay nests were couch'd,
And now wild beasts came forth, the woods to roam.
p. Milton—*Paradise Regained.* Bk. I. Line 499.

O thievish Night,
Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars
That nature hung in heaven, and filled their lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the misled and lonely traveller?
q. Milton—*Comus.* Line 195.

Sable-vested Night, eldest of things.
r. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 962.

The sun was sunk, and after him the Star
Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring
Twilight upon the earth, and now from end to end
Night's hemisphere had veiled th' horizon round.
s. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 48

Night is the time for rest;
How sweet, when labours close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose,
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Down on our own delightful bed!
a. MONTGOMERY—*Night.* St. 1.

O, such a blessed night is this,
I often think, if friends were near,
How we should feel, and gaze with bliss
Upon the moon-bright scenery here!
b. MOORE—*To Viscount Strangford.* St. 4.

There never was night that had no morn.
c. D. M. MULOCK—*The Golden Gate.*

Day is ended, Darkness shrouds
The shoreless seas and lowering clouds.
d. THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK—*Rhododaphne.*

Now deep in ocean sunk the lamp of light,
And drew behind the cloudy vale of night.
e. POPE'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. VIII. Line 605.

Oh Night, most beautiful and rare!
Thou giv'st the heavens their holiest line,
And through the azure fields of air
Bring'st down the gentle dew.
f. READ—*Night.*

On dreary night let lusty sunshine fall.
g. SCHILLER—*Pompeii and Herculaneum.*

To all, to each, a fair good night,
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light.
h. SCOTT—*Marmion.* Canto VI. Last lines.

Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say,—"Behold!"
The jaws of darkness do devour it up.
i. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night.
j. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Come, seeling night,
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale!
k. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense.
l. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act III. Sc. 2.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank;
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
m. *Merchant of Venice.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky;
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented unto Henry's death.
n. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 1.

I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.
o. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 1.

In the dead waste and middle of the night.
p *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wings to the rooky wood;
Good things of day begin to droop an drowse;
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouse.
q. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Making night hideous.
r. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 4.

Night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle overveil'd the earth.
s. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 2.

Pry'thee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to swim in.
t. *King Lear.* Act III. Sc. 4.

The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea.
u. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 1.

The iron tongue of midnight hath tol'd twelve.—
Lovers to bed.
v. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act V. Sc. 1.

The moon shines bright:—In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise.
w. *Merchant of Venice.* Act V. Sc. 1.

The night is long that never finds the day.
x. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

This is the night
That either makes me, or fordoes me quite.
y. *Othello.* Act V. Sc. 1.

This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick;
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day;
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.
z. *Merchant of Venice.* Act V. Sc. 1.

'Tis now the witching time of night;
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world.
a. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

How beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh
Which Vernal Zephyrs breathe in evening's ear
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene, Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars, unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls
Seems like a canopy which love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world.
b. SHELLEY—*Night.*

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven.
c. SOUTHEY—*Thalaba.*

Dead sounds at night come from the inmost hills,
Like footsteps upon wool.
d. TENNYSON—*Œnone.*

Now black and deep the night begins to fall,
A shade immense. Sunk in the quenching gloom,
Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.
Order confounded lies; all beauty void,
Distinction lost; and gay variety
One universal blot: such the power
Of light to kindle and create the whole.
e. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Autumn.* Line 1136.

Mysterious Night! when the first man but knew
Thee by report, unseen, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely Frame,
This glorious canopy of Light and Blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting Flame,
Hesperus with the Host of Heaven came,
And lo! Creation widened on his view.
Who could have thought what Darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O sun? or who could find,
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such endless Orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Weak man! why to shun Death this anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?
f. JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE—*Night and Death.* Transcribed from an Autograph.

Earth, turning from the sun, brings night to man.
g. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts* Night IX. Line 2011.

How is night's sable mantle labour'd o'er,
How richly wrought with attributes divine!
What wisdom shines! what love! This midnight pomp,
This gorgeous arch, with golden worlds inlay'd!
Built with divine ambition!
h. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IV. Line 385.

Mine is the night, with all her stars.
i. YOUNG—*Paraphrase on Job.* Line 147.

Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world.
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye, nor list'ning ear, an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
j. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night I. Line 18.

NOBILITY.

These look like the workmanship of heaven;
This is the porcelain clay of human kind,
And therefore cast into the noble mould.
k. DRYDEN—*Don Sebastian.* Act I. Sc. 1.

O lady, nobility is thine, and thy form is the reflection of thy nature!
l. EURIPIDES—*Gon.*, 238.

There are epidemics of nobleness as well as epidemics of disease.
m. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Calvinism.*

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and the vast forever
One grand, sweet song.
n. CHARLES KINGSLEY—*A Farewell.* St. 2.

Be noble in every thought
And in every deed!
o. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. II.

Noble by birth, yet noble by great deeds.
p. LONGFELLOW—*Emma and Eginhard.* Line 82.

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.
q. LOWELL—*Sonnet IV.*

His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident
Or Jove for his power to thunder.
r. *Coriolanus.* Act III. Sc. 1.

This was the noblest Roman of them all;
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world: This was a man!
a. *Julius Cæsar.* Act V. Sc. 5.

The two noblest of things, which are sweetness and light.
b. Swift—*Battle of the Books.*

Better not to be at all
Than not be noble.
c. Tennyson—*The Princess.* Pt. II. Line 79.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
d. Tennyson—*Lady Clara Vere de Vere.* St. 7.

O.

OATHS.

He that imposes an oath makes it,
Not he that for convenience takes it.
e Butler—*Hudibras.* Pt. II. Canto II. Line 377.

Oaths were not purpos'd more than law,
To keep the good and just in awe,
But to confine the bad and sinful,
Like mortal cattle in a penfold.
f. Butler—*Hudibras.* Pt. II. Canto III. Line 197.

Then how can any man be said
To break an oath he never made?
g. Butler—*Hudibras.* Pt. II. Canto II. Line 379.

Hence ye profane, I hate ye all,
Both the great, vulgar and the small.
h. Cowley—*Horace.* Bk. III. Ode I.

Oaths terminate, as Paul observes, all strife—
Some men have surely then a peaceful life;
Whatever subject occupy discourse,
The feats of Vestris, or the naval force,
Asseveration blustering in your face
Makes contradiction such a happy case:
In every tale they tell, or false or true,
Well known, or such as no man ever knew,
They fix attention, heedless of your pain,
With oaths like rivets forced into the brain,
And e'en when sober truth prevails throughout,
They swear it, till affirmance breeds a doubt.
i. Cowper—*Conversation.* Line 55.

Sworn on every slight pretence,
Till perjuries are common as bad pence,
While thousands, careless of the damning sin,
Kiss the book's outside, who ne'er look'd within.
j. Cowper—*Expostulation.* Line 384.

And fall a cursing, like a very drab.
k. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

And then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.
l. *Cymbeline.* Act II. Sc. 1.

An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.
m. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

But if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any.
n. *As You Like It.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.
o. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

For it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him.
p. *Twelfth Night.* Act III. Sc. 4.

I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;
Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both.
q. *Pericles.* Act I. Sc. 2.

It is a great sin, to swear unto a sin;
But greater sin, to keep a sinful oath.
r. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act V. Sc. 1.

It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;
But vows to every purpose must not hold.
s. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Or having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
t. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act I. Sc. 1.

That suck'd the honey of his music vows.
u. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 1.

'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth;
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.
a. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act. IV. Sc. 2.

Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
b. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act II. Sc. 6.

What fool is not so wise,
To lose an oath to win a paradise.
c. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths.
d. *Cymbeline*—Act II. Sc. 1.

"He shall not die, by God," cried he.
The Accusing Spirit which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath blushed as he gave it in: and the Recording Angel as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out forever.
e. STERNE—*Tristram Shandy.* Ch. VIII.

OBEDIENCE.

Who hearkens to the gods, the gods give ear
f. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. I. Line 280.

He who obeys with modesty, appears worthy of some day or other being allowed to command.
g. CICERO—Leg. III. 2.

Obey him gladly; and let him too know,
You were not made for him, but he for you.
h. COWLEY—*The Davideis.* Bk. IV. Line 674.

One day thou wilt be blest;
So still obey the guiding hand that fends
Thee safely through these wonders for such ends.
i. KEATS—*Endymion.* Bk. II. Line 575.

I find the doing of the will of God, leaves me no time for disputing about His plans.
j. GEORGE MACDONALD—*The Marquis of Lossie.* Ch. LXXII.

Obedience is the key to every door.
k. GEORGE MACDONALD—*The Marquis of Lossie.* Ch. LIII.

I follow thee, safe guide, the path
Thou lead'st me, and to the hand of heav'n submit.
l. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XI. Line 371.

"To him who wears the cross," he said,
"The first great law is—To Obey!"
m. SCHILLER—*The Fight with the Dragon.*

And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain.
n. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 5.

It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it.
o. *Pericles.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Obey, and be attentive.
p. *Tempest.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array.
q. *King Lear.* Act III. Sc. 4.

OBLIVION.

Oblivion is not to be hired.
r. Sir THOMAS BROWNE—*Hydriotaphia.* Ch. V

It is not in the storm nor in the strife
We feel benumb'd and wish to be no more,
But in the after-silence on the shore,
When all is lost except a little life.
s. BYRON—*On Hearing that Lady Byron was Ill.* Line 9.

Oblivion is the dark page, whereon Memory writes her light-beam characters, and makes them legible; were it all light, nothing could be read there, any more than if it were all darkness.
t. CARLYLE—*Essays. On History Again.*

Without oblivion, there is no remembrance possible. When both oblivion and memory are wise, when the general soul of man is clear, melodious, true, there may come a modern Iliad as memorial of the Past.
u. CARLYLE—*Cromwell's Letters and Speeches.* Introduction. Ch. I.

What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion.
v. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

OBSCURITY.

Content thyself to be obscurely good;
When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.
w. ADDISON—*Cato.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
x. GRAY—*Elegy in a Country Churchyard.* St. 14.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.
y. POPE—*Ode on Solitude.*

OCCUPATIONS.

I hold every man a debtor to his profession; from the which as men of course do seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavor themselves by way of amends to be a help and ornament thereunto.

a. Bacon—*Maxim of the Law.* Preface.

Despatch is the soul of business.

b. Earl of Chesterfield—*Letter.* Feb. 5, 1750.

A business with an income at its heels.

c. Cowper—*Retirement.* Line 614.

A manufacturing district * * sends out, as it were, suckers into all its neighborhood.

d. Hallam—*View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages.* Ch. IX. Pt. II.

Choose brave employments with a naked sword
Throughout the world.

e. Herbert—*The Temple. The Church Porch.*

The eternal Master found
His single talent well employ'd.

f. Saml. Johnson—*Verses on Robt. Levet.* St. 7.

Business dispatched is business well done, but business hurried is business ill done.

g. Bulwer-Lytton—*Caxtoniana.* Essay XXVI.

I'll give thrice so much land to any well deserving friend;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

h. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act III. Sc. 1.

The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

i. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to it with delight.

j. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

That which is everybody's business, is nobody's business.

k. Izaak Walton—*Complete Angler.* Pt. I. Ch. II.

ACTING—THE STAGE.

Farce follow'd Comedy, and reach'd her prime
In ever laughing Foote's fantastic time;
Mad wag! who pardon'd none, nor spared the best,
And turn'd some very serious things to jest.
Nor church nor state escaped his public sneers,
Arms nor the gown, priests, lawyers, volunteers:
"Alas, poor Yorick!" now forever mute!
Whoever loves a laugh must sigh for Foote.

We smile, perforce, when histrionic scenes
Ape the swoln dialogue of kings and queens,
When "Chrononhotonthologos must die"
And Arthur struts in mimic majesty.

l. Byron—*Hints from Horace.* Line 329.

I think I love and reverence all arts equally, only putting my own just above the others; because in it I recognize the union and culmination of my own. To me it seems as if when God conceived the world, that was Poetry; He formed it, and that was Scripture; He colored it, and that was Painting; He peopled it with living beings, and that was the grand, divine, eternal Drama.

m. Charlotte Cushman.

Tragedy should blush as much to stoop
To the low mimic follies of a farce,
As a grave matron would to dance with girls.

n. Wentworth Dillon (Earl of Roscommon)—*Horace. Of the Art of Poetry.* Line 270.

Like hungry guests, a sitting audience looks:
Plays are like suppers; poets are the cooks.
The founder's you: the table is this place:
The carvers we: the prologue is the grace.
Each act, a course, each scene, a different dish
Though we're in Lent, I doubt you're still for flesh.
Satire's the sauce, high-season'd, sharp, and rough.
Kind masks and beaux, I hope you're pepper-proof?
Wit is the wine; but 'tis so scarce the true
Poets, like vintners, balderdash and brew.
Your surly scenes, where rant and bloodshed join,
Are butcher's meat, a battle's a sirloin:
Your scenes of love, so flowing, soft and chaste,
Are water-gruel without salt or taste.

o. George Farquhar—*The Way to Win Him.* Prologue.

On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting,
'Twas only that when he was off, he was acting.

p. Goldsmith—*Retaliation.* Line 101.

Everybody has his own theatre, in which he is manager, actor, prompter, playwright, sceneshifter, boxkeeper, doorkeeper, all in one, and audience into the bargain.
a. J. C. and A. W. HARE—*Guesses at Truth.*

A long, exact, and serious Comedy;
In every scene some Moral let it teach,
And, if it can, at once both please and preach.
b. POPE—*Epistle to Miss Blount.* IV. Line 22.

Our scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation, and Italian song.
Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage.
c. POPE—*Prologue to Addison's Cato.* Line 42.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
Live over each scene, and be what they behold:
For this the tragic Muse first trod the stage.
d. POPE—*Prologue to Addison's Cato.* Line 1.

A beggarly account of empty boxes.
e. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

A play there is, my lord, some ten words long,
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious.
f. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts.
g. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Good, my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstracts, and brief chronicles of the time. After your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you lived.
h. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion.
i. *Richard III.* Act III. Sc. 5.

If it be true, that "good wine needs no bush," 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue.
j. *As You Like It.* Epilogue.

I have heard, that guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have porcelain'd their malefactions.
k. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

In a theatre, the eyes of men.
After a well grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious.
l. *Richard II.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his whole conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage wann'd
m. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
n. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Like a dull actor now,
I have forgotten my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace.
o. *Coriolanus.* Act V. Sc. 3.

O, there be players that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly—not to speak it profanely, that neither, having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.
p. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hands thus; but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, (and as I may say) the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness,
q. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.
r. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he shall weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion,
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears.
s. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

The play is done; the curtain drops,
Slowly falling to the prompter's bell:
A moment yet the actor stops,
And looks around, to say farewell.
It is an irksome word and task;
And when he's laughed and said his say,
He shows as he removes the mask,
A face that's anything but gay.
t. THACKERAY—*The End of the Play.*

In other things the knowing artist may
Judge better than the people; but a play
(Made for delight, and for no other use)
If you approve it not, has no excuse.
u. WALLER—*Prologue to the Maid's Tragedy.*

AGRICULTURE.

Thou destroy'st thy labouring steer, who till'd,
And plough'd with pains thy else ungrateful field?
From his yet reeking neck to draw the yoke,
(That neck with which the surly clods he broke),
And to the hatchet yield thy husbandman.
a. DRYDEN—*Pythagorean Philosophy, from Fifteenth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses.* Line 179.

The first farmer was the first man, and all historic nobility rests on possession and use of land.
b. EMERSON—*Society and Solitude. Farming.*

Smoothly and lightly the golden seed by the furrow is cover'd.
c. GOETHE—*To the Husbandman.*

Oft did the harvest to the sickle yield;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke,
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!
d. GRAY—*Elegy in a Country Churchyard.* St. 7.

And the maize-field grew and ripened,
Till it stood in all the splendor
Of its garments green and yellow.
e. LONGFELLOW—*Hiawatha.* Pt. XIII.

Adam, well may we labour, still to dress
This garden, still to tend plant, herb and flower.
f. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 205.

Each tree,
Laden with fairest fruit, that hung to th' eye
Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite
To pluck and eat.
g. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VIII. Line 306.

The fruit that can fall without shaking,
Indeed is too mellow for me.
h. LADY MONTAGUE—*The Answer.*

A pear tree planted nigh,
'Twas charg'd with fruit that made a goodly show,
And hung with dangling pears was every bough.
i. POPE—*January and May.* Line 602.

Here Ceres' gift in waving prospect stand;
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand.
j. POPE—*Windsor Forest.* Line 39.

Our rural Ancestors, with little blest,
Patient of labour when the end was rest,
Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain,
With feasts, and off'rings, and a thankful strain.
k. POPE—*Second Book of Horace.* Ep. I. Line 241.

Weary reapers quit the sultry field,
And crown'd with corn their thanks to Ceres yield.
l. POPE—*Summer.* Line 66.

Where grows? where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture not the soil.
m. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 14.

Fruits that blossom first will first be ripe.
n. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Methinks, I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.
o. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing bough may live.
p. *Richard II.* Act III. Sc. 4.

The ripest fruit first falls.
q. *Richard II.* Act II. Sc. 1.

The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbor'd by fruit of baser quality.
r. *Henry V.* Act I. Sc. 1.

You sunburn'd sickle men, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry.
s. *Tempest.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

In ancient times, the sacred plough employed
The Kings and awful fathers of mankind:
And some, with whom compared your insect tribes
Are but the beings of a summer's day,
Have held the scale of empire, ruled the storm
Of mighty war; then, with unwearied hand,
Disdaining little delicacies, seized
The plough, and greatly independent lived.
t. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 58.

The juicy pear
Lies in a soft profusion scattered round.
u. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Autumn.* Line 630.

Blessed be agriculture! if one does not have too much of it.
v. CHAS. DUDLEY WARNER—*My Summer in a Garden.* Preliminary.

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine;
* * * * *
But let the good old corn adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us, for his golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God!
w. WHITTIER—*The Corn-Song.*

O,—fruit loved of boyhood!—the old days recalling,
When wood-grapes were purpling and brown nuts were falling!
When wild, ugly faces we carved in its skin,
Glaring out through the dark with a candle within!
When we laughed round the corn-heap, with hearts all in tune,
Our chair a broad pumpkin,—our lantern the moon,
Telling tales of the fairy who travelled like steam
In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for her team!

a. WHITTIER—*The Pumpkin.*

ALCHEMY.

By fire
Of sooty coal th' empiric alchymist
Can turn, or holds it possible to turn,
Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold.

b. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. V. Line 439.

The starving chemist in his golden views
Supremely blest.

c. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. II. Line 269.

The glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist;
Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,
The meager cloddy earth to glittering gold.

d. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 1.

You are an alchymist; make gold of that.

e. *Timon of Athens.* Act V. Sc. 1.

ARCHITECTURE.

Houses are built to live in, not to look on; therefore, let use be preferred before uniformity, except where both can be had.

f. BACON—*Essays. Of Building.*

The Gothic cathedral is a blossoming in stone subdued by the insatiable demand of harmony in man. The mountain of granite blooms into an eternal flower, with the lightness and delicate finish, as well as the ærial proportions and perspective of vegetable beauty.

g. EMERSON—*Essay. Of History.*

Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing.

h. GRAY—*A Long Story.*

Grandeur * * * consists in form and not in size: and to the eye of the philosopher the curve drawn on a paper two inches long, is just as magnificent, just as symbolic of divine mysteries and melodies, as when embodied in the span of some cathedral roof.

i. CHARLES KINGSLEY—*Prose Idylls. My Winter-Garden.*

The architect
Built his great heart into these sculptured stones,
And with him toiled his children,—and their lives
Were builded, with his own, into the walls,
As offerings unto God.

j. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. III.

Nor did there want
Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculpture graven.

k. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 715.

The hasty multitude
Admiring enter'd: and the work some praise,
And some the architect: his hand was known
In heaven by many a tower'd structure high,
Where scepter'd angels held their residence,
And sat as princes.

l. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 730.

When we view some well-proportion'd dome,
No single parts unequally surprize,
All comes united to th' admiring eyes.

m. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 249.

Architecture is the work of nations.

n. RUSKIN—*True and Beautiful. Sculpture.*

Better the rudest work that tells a story or records a fact, than the richest without meaning. There should not be a single ornament put upon great civic buildings, without some intellectual intention.

o. RUSKIN—*True and Beautiful. Architecture. The Lamp of Memory.*

I would have, then, our ordinary dwelling-houses built to last, and built to be lovely; as rich and full of pleasantness as may be within and without, and with such differences as might suit and express each man's character and occupation and partly his history.

p. RUSKIN—*Seven Lamps of Architecture. The Lamp of Memory.*

No person who is not a great sculptor or painter, *can* be an architect. If he is not a sculptor or painter, he can only be a builder.

q. RUSKIN—*True and Beautiful. Sculpture.*

Ornamentation is the principal part of architecture, considered as a subject of fine art.

r. RUSKIN—*True and Beautiful. Sculpture.*

The value of Architecture depends on two distinct characters:—the one, the impression it receives from human power; the other, the image it bears of the natural creation.

s. RUSKIN—*True and Beautiful. Architecture. The Lamp of Beauty.*

When we build, let us think that we build (public edifices) for ever. Let it not be for the present delight, nor for present use alone, let it be such work as our descendants will thank us for, and let us think, as

we lay stone on stone, that a time is to come when those stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them, and that men will say as they look upon the labor and wrought substances of them, "See! this our fathers did for us."

a. RUSKIN—*Seven Lamps of Architecture. The Lamp of Memory.*

Architecture is frozen music.

b. SCHELLING—*Philosophie der Kunst.* P. 576.

'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich,

c. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act V. Sc. 3.

He that hath a house to put his head in, has a good head piece.

d. *King Lear.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Spires whose "silent finger points to heaven."

e. WORDSWORTH—*The Excursion.* Bk. VI.

ASTRONOMY.

An astronomer rapt in abstraction, while he gazes on a star, must feel more exquisite delight than a farmer who is conducting his team.

f. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Literary Character of Men of Genius. On Habituating Ourselves to an Individual Pursuit.*

And God made two great lights, great for their use
To man, the greater to have rule by day,
The less by night altern.

g. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VII. Line 346.

At night astronomers agree.

h. PRIOR—*Phillis's Age.* St. 3.

And teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night.

i. *Tempest.* Act I. Sc. 2.

My lord, they say five moons were seen tonight:
Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wondrous motion.

j. *King John.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Those earthly god-fathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star.

k. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act I. Sc. 1.

AUTHORSHIP.

The circumstance which gives authors an advantage above all these great masters, is this, that they can multiply their originals; or rather can make copies of their works to what number they please, which shall be as valuable as the originals themselves.

l. ADDISON—*The Spectator.* No. 166.

A book made, renders succession to the author: for as long as the book exists, the author remaining ἀθανατος, immortal, cannot perish.

m. RICHARD AUNGERVYLE (Richard De Bury). *Philobiblon.*

Write to the mind and heart, and let the ear
Glean after what it can.

n. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Home.*

Unless a man can link his written thoughts with the everlasting wants of men, so that they shall draw from them as from wells, there is no more immortality to the thoughts and feelings of the soul than to the muscles and the bones.

o. HENRY WARD BEECHER—*Star Papers. Oxford. Bodleian Library.*

Art thou a pen, whose task shall be
To drown in ink
What writers think?
Oh, wisely write,
That pages white
Be not the worse for ink and thee.

p. ETHEL LYNN BEERS—*The Gold Nugget.*

Honor to the men who bring honor to us—glory to the country, dignity to character, release from vacuity, wings to thought, knowledge of things, precision to principles, sweetness to feeling, happiness to the fireside—authors.

q. BOVEE—*Summaries of Thought. Authors.*

There is probably no hell for authors in the next world—they suffer so much from critics and publishers in this.

r. BOVEE—*Summaries of Thought. Authors.*

A man of moderate Understanding, thinks he writes divinely: A man of good Understanding, thinks he writes reasonably.

s. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. I.

A man starts upon a sudden, takes Pen, Ink and Paper, and without ever having had a thought of it before, resolves within himself he will write a Book; he has no Talent at Writing, but he wants fifty Guineas.

t. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. XV.

The genius of an Author consists in Designing well, and Pointing well.

u. DE LA BRUYERE—*Of the Works of Wit and Eloquence.*

'Tis as much a Trade to make a Book, as to make a Watch; there's something more than Wit requisite to make an Author.

v. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. I.

And so I penned
It down, until at last it came to be,
For length and breadth, the bigness which you see.

w. BUNYAN—*Apology for his Book.*

Writers, especially when they act in a body and in one direction, have great influence on the public mind.

a. BURKE—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling, like dew, upon a thought produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions think.

b. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto III. St. 88.

Dear authors! suit your topics to your strength,
And ponder well your subject, and its length;
Nor lift your load, before you're quite aware
What weight your shoulders will, or will not, bear.

c. BYRON—*Hints from Horace.*

The authors who affect contempt for a name in the world put their names to the books which they invite the world to read.

d. CICERO.

That writer does the most, who gives his reader the most knowledge and takes from him the least time.

e. C. C. COLTON—*Lacon.* Preface.

Habits of close attention, thinking heads,
Become more rare as dissipation spreads,
Till authors hear at length one general cry,
Tickle and entertain us, or we die!

f. COWPER—*Retirement.* Line 707.

None but an author knows an author's cares,
Or Fancy's fondness for the child she bears.

g. COWPER—*The Progress of Error.* Line 376.

The jest is clearly to be seen,
Not in the words—but in the gap between:
Manner is all in all, whate'er is writ,
The substitute for genius, sense, and wit.

h. COWPER—*Table Talk.* Line 540.

But then to write at a loose rambling rate,
In hope that the world will wink at all our faults,
Is such a rash illgrounded confidence
As men may pardon, but will never praise.

i. WENTWORTH DILLON (Earl of Roscommon)—Trans. *Horace. Of the Art of Poetry.* Line 290.

Choose an author as you choose a friend.

j. WENTWORTH DILLON (Earl of Roscommon)—*Essay on Translated Verse.* Line 96.

Ev'ry busy little scribbler now
Swells with the praises which he gives himself,
And, taking sanctuary in the crowd,
Brags of his impudence, and scorns to mend.

k. WENTWORTH DILLON (Earl of Roscommon)—*Horace. Of the Art of Poetry.* Line 473

The men who labour and digest things most
Will be much apter to despond than boast;
For if your author be profoundly good
'Twill cost you dear before he's understood.

l. WENTWORTH DILLON (Earl of Roscommon)—*Essay on Translated Verse.* Line 163.

Authors stand between the governors and the governed, and form the single organ of both. Those who govern a nation cannot at the same time enlighten the people, for the executive power is not empirical; and the governed cannot think, for they have no continuity of leisure.

m. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Literary Character of Men of Genius.* Ch. XXV.

It is style alone by which posterity will judge of a great work, for an author can have nothing truly his own but his style.

n. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Literary Miscellanies. Style.*

No considerable work was ever composed till its author, like an ancient magician, first retired to the grove, or to the closet, to invocate.

o. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Literary Character of Men of Genius.* Ch. X.

Of all the sorrows in which the female character may participate, there are few more affecting than those of an authoress.

p. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Calamities of Authors. The Life of an Authoress.*

Readers may be classed into an infinite number of divisions; but an author is a solitary being, who, for the same reason he pleases one, must consequently displease another.

q. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Literary Character of Men of Genius. On Reading.*

The public mind is the creation of the Master-Writers.

r. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Literary Character of Men of Genius.* Ch. XXV.

We find great men often greater than the books they write.

s. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Literary Character of Men of Genius.* Ch. XV.

All writing comes by the grace of God, and all doing and having.

t. EMERSON—*Essay. Of Expereince.*

No man can write anything who does not think that what he writes is, for the time, the history of the world,

u. EMERSON—*Essay. Of Nature.*

The writer, like a priest, must be exempted from secular labor. His work needs a frolic health; he must be at the top of his condition.

v. EMERSON—*Poetry and Imagination. Creation.*

Envy's a sharper spur than pay:
No author ever spared a brother;
Wits are gamecocks to one another.

a. Gay— *The Elephant and the Bookseller.* Line 74.

Pride often guides the author's pen;
Books as affected are as men;
But he who studies nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxims draws;
And those, without our schools, suffice
To make men moral, good, and wise.

b. Gay—*The Shepherd and the Philosopher.* Line 75.

Every author, in some degree, portrays himself in his works even be it against his will.

c. Goethe—*The Poet's Year.*

The most original modern authors are not so because they advance what is new, but simply because they know how to put what they have to say, as if it had never been said before.

d. Goethe.

One writer, for instance, excels at a plan, or a title-page, another works away at the body of the book, and a third is a dab at an index.

e. Goldsmith—*The Bee.* No. 1. Oct. 6, 1759.

His imperial fancy has laid all nature under tribute, and has collected riches from every scene of the creation and every walk of art. (Of Burke).

f. Robert Hall—*Apology for the Freedom of the Press.*

Whatever an author puts between the two covers of his book is public property; whatever of himself he does not put there is his private property, as much as if he had never written a word.

g. Gail Hamilton—*Country Living and Country Thinking.* Preface.

Let your literary compositions be kept from the public eye for nine years at least.

h. Horace.

A man may write at any time if he set himself doggedly to it.

i. Sam'l Johnson—*Boswell's Life of Johnson.* An. 1773.

Each change of many-colored life he drew,
Exhausted worlds and then imagined new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.

j. Sam'l Johnson—*Prologue on the Opening of the Drury Lane Theatre.*

The chief glory of any people arises from its authours.

k. Sam'l Johnson—*Preface to Dictionary.*

Authors' lives in general are not uniform—they are strangely checquered by vicissitudes; and even were the outward circumstances uniform, the inward struggles must still be various.

l. Geo. Henry Lewes—*The Spanish Drama.* Ch. II.

To write much, and to write rapidly, are empty boasts. The world desires to know what you have done, and not how you did it.

m. Geo. Henry Lewes—*The Spanish Drama.* Ch. II.

If you once understand an author's character, the comprehension of his writing becomes easy.

n. Longfellow—*Hyperion.* Bk. I. Ch. V.

Look, then, into thine heart and write.

o. Longfellow—*Voices of the Night.* Prelude. St. 19.

Perhaps the greatest lesson which the lives of literary men teach us is told in a single word: Wait!

p. Longfellow—*Hyperion.* Bk. I. Ch. VIII.

Whatever hath been written shall remain,
Nor be erased nor written o'er again;
The unwritten only still belongs to thee:
Take heed, and ponder well what that shall be.

q. Longfellow—*Morituri Salutamus.* Line 168.

He that commeth in print because he woulde be knowen, is like the foole that commeth into the Market because he woulde be seen.

r. Lyly—*Euphues. The Anatomy of Wit. To the Gentlemen Readers.*

Beneath the rule of men entirely great
The pen is mightier than the sword.

s. Bulwer-Lytton—*Richelieu.* Act II. Sc. 2.

He who writes prose builds his temple to Fame in rubble; he who writes verses builds it in granite.

t. Bulwer-Lytton—*Caxtoniana.* Essay XXVII.

No author ever drew a character, consistent to human nature, but what he was forced to ascribe to it many inconsistencies.

u. Bulwer-Lytton—*What Will He Do With It?* Bk. IV. Ch. XIV.

Take away the sword,
States can be saved without it; bring the pen.

v. Bulwer-Lytton—*Richelieu.* Act II. Sc. 2.

The ink of the scholar is more sacred than the blood of the martyr.

w. Mohammed—*Tribute to Reason.*

If I were a writer of books, I would compile a register, with a comment, of the various deaths of men; and it could not but be useful, for he who should teach men to die would at the same time teach them to live.

x. Montaigne—*Essays.* Bk. I. Ch. XIX.

Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true;
But are not Critics to their judgment too?
a. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 17.

Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old.
b. POPE—*Second Book of Horace.* Ep I. Line 35.

E'en copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest art, the art to blot.
c. POPE—*Second Book of Horace.* Ep. I. Line 280.

For authors nobler palms remain.
d. POPE—*The Dunciad.* Bk. II. Line 190.

Most authors steal their works or buy;
Garth did not write his own Dispensary.
e. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 618.

Our Author * * * * * * * * *
Produc'd his Play, and begg'd the Knight's advice;
Made him observe the subject, and the plot,
The manners, passions, unities, what not?
f. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 274.

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But, of the two, less dang'rous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
g. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 1.

Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,
Or whiten'd wall provoke the skew'r to write:
In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,—
Like Lee, or Budgel, I will rhyme and print.
h. POPE—*Second Book of Horace.* Satire I. Line 97.

Who shames a Scribbler? break one cobweb thro',
He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew.
i. POPE—*Prologue to Satire.* Line 89.

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
Dipt' me in ink, my parents' or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.
j. POPE—*Prologue to Satire.* Line 125.

'Tis not how well an author says;
But 'tis how much, that gathers praise.
k. PRIOR—*Epistle to Fleetwood Shepherd.*

I lived to write, and wrote to live.
l. ROGERS—*Italy. A Character.* I. 16.

Devise, wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio.
m. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose pen, no matter.
n. *Twelfth Night.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Write till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity.
o. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.
p. SHEFFIELD—*Essay on Poetry.*

Look in thy heart and write.
q. SIDNEY—*Maxim.*

The great and good do not die even in this world. Embalmed in books, their spirits walk abroad. The book is a living voice. It is an intellect to which one still listens.
r. SAM'L SMILES—*Character.* Ch. X.

Like Cæsar, now thou writest what thou hast done,
These acts, this book, will live while there's a sun.
s. Capt. JOHN SMITH— *Smith's General History*

What thou hast done shows all is in thy power;
And to write better, only must write more.
t. THOMAS SOUTHERNE—*To Congreve. On The Old Bachelor.* Line 40.

In every author let us distinguish the man from his works.
u. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Poets.*

So must the writer, whose production should
Take with the vulgar, be of vulgar mould.
v. WALLER—*To Mr. Killegrew.*

A work of genius is the essence, it may be, of a whole life, the condensed knowledge, judgment, skill, that make up the man,
w. THEODORE DWIGHT WOOLSEY—*Sermons. The Religion of the Present and of the Future.*

An author! 'tis a venerable name!
How few deserve it, and what numbers claim!
Unbless'd, with sense, above their peers refined,
Who stand up, dictators to mankind?
Nay who dare shine, if not in virtue's cause?
That sole proprietor of just applause.
x. YOUNG—*Epistles to Mr. Pope.* Ep. II. *From Oxford.* Line 15.

Who can write so fast as men run mad?
y. YOUNG—*Love of Fame.* Satire I. Line 278.

BLACKSMITHING.

And him who, with the steady sledge,
Smites the shrill anvil all day long.
z. BRYANT—*The Song of the Sower.* St. 4.

Curs'd be that wretch (Death's factor sure) who brought
Dire swords into the peaceful world, and taught
Smiths, who before could only make
The spade, the ploughshare, and the rake,
Arts, in most cruel wise
Man's left t' epitomize.
aa. COWLEY—*In Commendation of the Time we live in, under the Reign of our gracious King, Charles II.*

And the smith his iron measures hammered
to the anvil's chime;
Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom
makes the flowers of poesy bloom
In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues
of the loom.
a. LONGFELLOW—*Nuremberg.*

As great Pythagoras of yore,
Standing beside the blacksmith's door,
And hearing the hammers, as they smote
The anvils with a different note,
Stole from the varying tones; that hung
Vibrant on every iron tongue,
The secret of the sounding wire,
And formed the seven-chorded lyre.
b. LONGFELLOW—*To a Child.*

In other part stood one who, at the forge
Labouring, two massy clods of iron and
brass
Had melted.
c. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XI.
Line 564.

He doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself.
d. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 2.

I saw a smith stand with his hammer thus,
The whilst his iron did on his anvil cool.
e. *King John.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

The painful smith, with force of fervent heat.
The hardest iron soon doth mollifie,
That with his heavy sledge he can it beat,
And fashion to what he it list apply.
f. SPENSER—*Sonnet XXXII.*

BUTCHERING.

Whoe'er has gone thro' London street,
Has seen a Butcher gazing at his meat,
And how he keeps
Gloating upon a sheep's
Or bullock's personals, as if his own;
How he admires his halves
And quarters—and his calves,
As if in truth upon his own legs grown.
g. HOOD—*A Butcher.*

Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 'twas he that made the
slaughter?
h. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 2.

Why, that's spoken like an honest drover; so they sell bullocks.
i. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II.
Sc. 1.

The butcher in his killing clothes.
j. WALT WHITMAN—*Carol of Occupations.*
Pt. VI. St. 32.

CABINET-MAKERS.

Ingenious Fancy, never better pleased
Than when employ'd t' accommodate the
fair,
Heard the sweet moan of pity, and devised
The soft settee; one elbow at each end,
And in the midst an elbow it received,
United yet divided, twain at once.
k. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. I.
Line 71.

Joint stools were then created; on three legs
Upborne they stood—three legs upholding
firm
A massy slab, in fashion square or round.
On such a stool immortal Alfred sat.
l. COWPER—*The Sofa.* Bk. I. Line 19.

Necessity invented stools,
Convenience next suggested elbow-chairs,
And Luxury the accomplish'd Sofa last.
m. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. I.
Line 85.

A three-legg'd table, O ye fates!
n. HORACE.

When on my three-foot stool I sit.
o. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 3.

CARPENTRY.

Are the tools without, which the carpenter puts forth his hands to, or are they and all the carpentry within himself; and would he not smile at the notion that chest or house is more than he?
p. BARTOL—*The Rising Faith.*
Personality.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the Gods see everywhere.
q. LONGFELLOW—*The Builders.*

If they cannot cut, it may be said
His Saws are toothless, and his Hatchets
lead.
r. POPE—*Epilogue to Satires.*
Dialogue II. Line 149.

He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.
s. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 1.

Flav.—Speak, what trade art thou?
1st Cit.—Why, sir, a carpenter.
Mar.—Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
t. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 1.

The carpenter dresses his plank—the tongue of his fore-plane whistles its wild ascending lisp.
u. WALT WHITMAN—*Leaves of Grass.*
Walt Whitman. Pt. XV. St. 77.

The house-builder at work in cities or anywhere,
The preparatory jointing, squaring, sawing, mortising,
The hoist-up of beams, the push of them in their places, laying them regular,
Setting the studs by their tenons in the mortises according as they were prepared,
The blows of the mallets and hammers.
a. Walt Whitman—*Song of the Broad-Axe.* Pt. III. St. 4.

CULINARY.

Besides they always smell of bread and butter.
b. Byron—*Beppo.* St. 39.

Nearer as they came, a genial savour
Of certain stews and roast-meats, and pilaus,
Things which in hungry mortal's eyes find favour.
c. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto V. St. 47.

Yet smelt roast meat, beheld a huge fire shine,
And cooks in motion with their clean arms bared.
d. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto V. St. 50.

Ever a glutton, at another's cost,
But in whose kitchen dwells perpetual frost.
e. Dryden—*Fourth Satire of Persius.* Line 58.

Heaven sends us good meat, but the devil sends us cooks.
f. Garrick—*Epigram on Goldsmith's Retaliation.*

Here is bread, which strengthens man's heart, and therefore is called the staff of life.
g. Matthew Henry—*Commentaries.* Psalm CIV.

Her that ruled the rost in the kitchen.
h. Heywood—*History of Women.* Ed. 1624. P. 286.

We may live without poetry, music, and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books:
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.
i. Owen Meredith—*Lucile.* Bk. I. Canto II. St. 24.

Herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses.
j. Milton—*L'Allegro.* Line 85.

"Pray take them, Sir,—Enough's a Feast;
"Eat some, and pocket up the rest.
k. Pope—*First Book of Horace.* Ep. VII. Line 24.

Epicurean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite.
l. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Get me twenty cunning cooks.
m. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Pan.—He that will have a cake out of the wheat must needs tarry the grinding.
Tro.—Have I not tarried?
Pan.—Ay, the grinding: but you must tarry the bolting.
Tro.—Have I not tarried?
Pan.—Ay, the bolting: but you must tarry the leavening.
Tro.—Still have I tarried.
Pan.—Ay, to the leavening: but here's yet in the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking: nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.
n. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act I. Sc. 1.

'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat:
What dogs are these? Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
o. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Cap.—What's there?
1*st Serv.*—Things for the cook, sir: but I know not what.
p. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept?
q. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.
r. *Comedy of Errors.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Would the cook were of my mind!
s. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Bread is the staff of life.
t. Swift—*Tale of a Tub.*

Corne, which is the staffe of life.
u. Winslow—*Good News from New England.*

DANCING.

On with the dance! let joy be unconfin'd;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet.
v. Byron—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 22.

To brisk notes in cadence beating,
Glance their many twinkling feet.
w. Gray—*Progress of Poesy.* Pt. I. Verse 3. Line 10.

And the dancing has begun now,
And the dancers whirl round gaily
In the waltz's giddy mazes,
And the ground beneath them trembles.
x. Heine—*Book of Songs. Don Ramiro.* St. 23.

Twelve dancers are dancing, and taking no rest,
And closely their hands together are press'd:
And soon as a dance has come to a close,
Another begins, and each merrily goes.
y. Heine—*Dream and Life.*

Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows;
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.
a. Longfellow—*Evangeline.* Pt. I. IV.

Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantastic round.
b. Milton—*Comus.* Line 143.

Dancing in the chequer'd shade.
c. Milton—*L'Allegro.* Line 96.

Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charm'd the small-pox, or chas'd old-age away;
* * * * * * *
To patch, nay ogle, might become a Saint,
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
d. Pope—*Rape of the Lock.* Canto V. Line 19.

Others import yet nobler arts from France,
Teach Kings to fiddle, and make Senates dance.
e. Pope—*Dunciad.* Bk. IV. Line 597.

He, perfect dancer, climbs the rope,
And balances your fear and hope.
f. Prior—*Alma, or the Progress of the Mind.* Canto II. Line 9.

They have measured many a mile,
To tread a measure with you on this grass.
g. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act V. Sc. 2.

When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' th' sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that.
h. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

DENTISTRY.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which, when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rosebuds fill'd with snow.
i. Richard Allison—*An Howres Recreation in Musike.*

My curse upon thy venom'd stang,
That shoots my tortured gums alang;
And through my lugs gies many a twang,
Wi' gnawing vengeance;
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like racking engines!
j. Burns—*Address to the Toothache.*

One said a tooth drawer was a kind of unconscionable trade, because his trade was nothing else but to take away those things whereby every man gets his living.
k. Hazlitt—*Shakespeare Jest Books. Conceits, Clinches, Flashes and Whimzies.* No. 84.

For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently.
l. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act V. Sc. 1.

I have the toothach.
* * * * * *
What? sigh for the toothach?
m. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 2.

HATTERS.

A hat not much the worse for wear.
n. Cowper—*History of John Gilpin.*

My new straw hat, that's trimly lin'd with green,
Let Peggy wear.
o. Gay—*Shepherd's Week. Friday.* Line 123.

INN-KEEPING.

He who has not been at a tavern knows not what a paradise it is. O holy tavern! O miraculous tavern!—holy, because no carking cares are there, nor weariness, nor pain; and miraculous, because of the spits, which of themselves turn round and round!
p. Arentio—Quoted by Longfellow in *Hyperion.* Bk. III. Ch. II.

For he, by geometric scale,
Could take the size of pots of ale.
q. Butler—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto I. Line 121.

Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn.
r. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?
s. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act III. Sc. 3.

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.
t. Shenstone—*Written on the Window of an Inn.*

We left the shade:
And, ere the stars were visible, had reached
A village inn,—our evening resting-place.
u. Wordsworth—*The Excursion.* Bk I. Last lines.

INSTRUCTION.

O ye! who teach the ingenious youth of nations,
Holland, France, England, Germany or Spain,
I pray ye flog them upon all occasions,
It mends their morals,—never mind the pain.
v. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto II. St. 1.

He is wise who can instruct us and assist us in the business of daily virtuous living.
w. Carlyle—*Essays. Schiller.*

Seek to delight, that they may mend mankind.
And, while they captivate, inform the mind.
x. Cowper—*Hope.* Line 770.

There is no teaching until the pupil is brought into the same state or principle in which you are; a transfusion takes place; he is you, and you are he; there is a teaching; and by no unfriendly chance or bad company can he ever quite lose the benefit.

a. EMERSON—*Essay. Of Spiritual Laws.*

Instruction does not prevent waste of time or mistakes; and mistakes themselves are often the best teachers of all.

b. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Education.*

Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he.
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd.

c. GOLDSMITH—*Deserted Village.* Line 201.

Grave is the Master's look; his forehead wears
Thick rows of wrinkles, prints of worrying cares:
Uneasy lie the heads of all that rule,
His worst of all whose kingdom is a school.
Supreme he sits; before the awful frown
That binds his brows the boldest eye goes down;
Not more submissive Israel heard and saw
At Sinai's foot the Giver of the Law.

d. HOLMES—*The School Boy.*

Whilest that the childe is young, let him be instructed in vertue and lytterature.

e. LYLY—*Euphues. The Anatomy of Wit. Of the Education of Youth.*

To dazzle let the vain design,
To raise the Thought, and touch the Heart, be thine!

f. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. II. Line 249.

I do present you with a man of mine
Cunning in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences.

g. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act II. Sc 1.

Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. * * * * *
* * * * * * To cunning men
I will be very kind; and liberal
To mine own children, in good bringing up.

h. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act I. Sc. 1.

We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring in the winter.

i. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 4.

When I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble,
* * * * *
Say, I taught thee.

j. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Whoe'er excels in what we prize,
Appears a hero in our eyes;
Each girl when pleased with what is taught,
Will have the teacher in her thought.
* * * * * *
A blockhead with melodious voice,
In boarding-schools may have his choice.

k. SWIFT—*Cadenus and Vanessa.* Line 733.

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the enliv'ning spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.

l. THOMSO —*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 1149.

INVENTION.

The golden hour of invention must terminate like other hours, and when the man of genius returns to the cares, the duties, the vexations, and the amusements of life, his companions behold him as one of themselves —the creature of habits and infirmities.

m. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Literary Character of Men of Genius.* Ch XVI.

Only an inventor knows how to borrow, and every man is or should be an inventor.

n. EMERSON—*Letters and Social Aims. Quotation and Originality.*

This is a man's invention, and his hand.

o. *As You Like It.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

JEWELRY.

A pearl may in a toad's head dwell,
And may be found too in an oyster shell.

p. BUNYAN—*Apology for his Book.* Line 89.

Stones of small worth may lie unseen by day,
But night itself does the rich gem betray.

q. COWLEY—*Davideis.* Bk. III. Line 37.

These gems have life in them: their colors speak,
Say what words fail of.

r. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. I.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of Ocean bear.

s. GRAY—*Elegy in a Country Churchyard.* St. 14.

My ear-rings! my ear-rings! he'll say they should have been,
Not of pearl and of silver, but of gold and glittering sheen,
Of jasper and of onyx, and, of diamond shining clear,
Changing to the changing light with radiance insincere.

t. J. G. LOCKHART—*Zara's Ear-rings.*

On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.

u. POPE—*Rape of the Lock.* Canto II. Line 7.

A quarrel, * * * *
About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring.
a. *Merchant of Venice.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Ever out of frame;
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right!
b. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd.
c. *Comedy of Errors.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Jew.—I have a jewel here.
Mer.—O, pray, let's see 't.
d. *Timon of Athens.* Act I. Sc. 1.

I'll give my jewels, for a set of beads.
e. *Richard II.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Jewels; two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stol'n by my daughter!
f. *Merchant of Venice.* Act II. Sc. 8.

Our chains and our jewels.
Your broaches, pearls, and owches.
g. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act II. Sc. 4.

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
h. *Twelfth Night.* Act III. Sc. 1.

The jewel best enamelled
Will lose his beauty; and though gold 'bides still,
That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold.
i. *Comedy of Errors.* Act II. Sc. 1.

'Tis plate of rare device: and jewels,
Of rich and exquisite form; their value's great;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage.
j. *Cymbeline.* Act I. Sc. 7.

Hast.—[Within] What is 't clock?
Mus.—Upon the stroke of four.
k. *Richard III.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
That ever swore her faith.
l. *Cymbeline.* Act V. Sc. 5.

The lively diamond drinks thy purest rays,
Collected, light, compact.
m. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Summer.* Line 142.

JOURNALISM.

Advertisements are of great use to the vulgar: first of all, as they are instruments of ambition. A man that is by no means big enough for the gazette, may easily creep into the advertisements, by which means we often see an apothecary in the same paper of news with a plenipotentiary, or a running footman with an ambassador.
n. ADDISON—*Tatler.* No. 224.

I would * * * earnestly advise them for their good to order this paper to be punctually served up, and to be looked upon as a part of the tea equipage.
o. ADDISON—*Spectator.* No. 10.

No little scribbler is of wit so bare,
But has his fling at the poor wedded pair.
p. ADDISON—*The Drummer.* Epilogue.

The great art in writing advertisements, is the finding out a proper method to catch the reader's eye; without a good thing may pass over unobserved, or be lost among commissions of bankrupt.
q. ADDISON—*The Tatler.* No. 224.

They consume a considerable quantity of our paper manufacture, employ our artisans in printing, and find business for great numbers of indigent persons.
r. ADDISON—*Spectator.* No. 367.

The office of a good newspaper is to represent well the interests of its time.
s. BOVEE—*Summaries of Thought. Newspapers.*

The highest reach of a News-writer is an empty Reasoning on Policy, and vain Conjectures on the public Management.
t. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. I.

The News-writer lies down at Night in great Tranquility, upon a piece of News which corrupts before Morning, and which he is obliged to throw away as soon as he awakes.
u. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. I.

'Tis the business of the journalist to inform us when a book is published, for whom 'tis printed.
v. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. I.

Hear, land o' cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groat's,
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it;
A chiel's amang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it.
w. BURNS—*On Capt. Grose's Peregrinations Through Scotland.*

A would-be satirist, a hired buffoon,
A monthly scribbler of some low lampoon,
Condemn'd to drudge the meanest of the mean,
And furbish falsehoods for a magazine.
x. BYRON—*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.* Line 975.

He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, and frozen locks;
News from all nations lumbering at his back.
y. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. IV. Line 5.

This folio of four pages, happy work!
Which not e'en critics criticise; that holds
Inquisitive Attention, while I read,
Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break.
a. Cowper—*The Task.* Bk. IV. Line 50.

Miscellanists are the most popular writers among every people; for it is they who form a communication between the learned and the unlearned, and, as it were, throw a bridge between those two great divisions of the public.
b. Isaac Disraeli—*Literary Character of Men of Genius. Miscellanists.*

Ill news is wing'd with fate, and flies apace.
c. Dryden—*Threnodia Agustalis.* Line 49.

If you would learn to write 'tis in the street you must learn it.
d. Emerson—*Society and Solitude.*

Newspapers always excite curiosity. No one ever lays one down without a feeling of disappointment.
e. Lamb—*Essays of Elia. Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading.*

For evil news rides post, while good news bates.
f. Milton—*Samson Agonistes.* Line 1530.

Four hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a thousand bayonets.
g. Napoleon.

The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease.
h. Pope—*Epistles of Horace.* Ep. I. Bk. II. Line 108.

I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 'twas said to me.
i. Scott—*Lay of the Last Minstrel.* Canto II. St. 22.

Bring me no more reports.
j. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Celia.—Here comes Monsieur le Beau,
Rosa.—With his mouth full of news.
Celia.—Which he will put on us as pigeons feed their young.
Rosa.—Then shall we be news-crammed.
k. *As You Like It.* Act I. Sc. 2.

How goes it now, Sir? this news, which is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion.
l. *Winter's Tale.* Act V. Sc. 2.

I drown'd these news in tears.
m. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act II. Sc. 1.

If it be summer news,
Smile to 't before: if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still.
n. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Master, master! news, old news, and such news as you never heard of.
o. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act III. Sc. 3.

My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered.
p. *King John.* Act V. Sc. 7.

News fitting to the night
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.
q. *King John.* Act V. Sc. 6.

O God, defend me! how am I beset—
What kind of catechising call you this?
r. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together.
s. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act II. Sc. 5.

Pr'ythee, say on:
The setting of thine eye and cheek, proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.
t. *Tempest.* Act II. Sc. I.

Prythee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that
I may drink thy tidings.
u. *As You Like It.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.
v. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act II. Sc. 5.

Report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.
w. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Tell him, there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of news.
x. *Merchant of Venice.* Act V. Sc. 1.

The first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office, and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departed friend.
y. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act I. Sc. 1.

There's villainous news abroad
z. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 4.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news; give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.
aa. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act II. Sc. 5.

What news, lord Bardolph? every minute now
Should be the father of some stratagem;
The times are wild.
bb. *Henry IV.* Act I. Sc. 1.

For whatsoever mother-wit or art
Could work, he put in proof.
cc. Spenser—*Mother Hubberd's Tale.* Line 1138.

Here shall the Press the People's right maintain,
Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain;
Here patriot Truth her glorious precepts draw,
Pledged to Religion, Liberty and Law.
a. Story—*Motto of the Salem Register. Life of Story.*

Through the rare felicity of the times, you are permitted to think what you please, and to publish what you please.
b. Tacitus.

LAW.

One of the Seven was wont to say; "That laws were like cobwebs; where the small flies were caught, and the great break through."
c. Bacon—*Apothegms.* No. 181.

The only thing certain about litigation is its uncertainty.
d. Bovee—*Thoughts, Feelings, and Fancies. Washington Irving.*

The law of Heaven and Earth is life for life.
e. Byron—*The Curse of Minerva.*

Where law ends, tyranny begins.
f. Earl of Chatham—*Speech.* Jan. 9, 1770. *Case of Wilkes.*

Reason is the life of the law; nay, the common law itself is nothing else but reason. * * * The law which is perfection of reason.
g. Sir Edward Coke—*First Institute.*

The gladsome light of jurisprudence.
h. Sir Edward Coke—*First Institute.*

Just laws are no restraint upon the freedom of the good, for the good man desires nothing which a just law will interfere with.
i. Froude—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Reciprocal Duties of State and Subject.*

Our human laws are but the copies, more or less imperfect, of the eternal laws, so far as we can read them.
j. Froude—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Calvinism.*

The time shall come when his more solid sense
With nod important shall the laws dispense;
A justice with grave justices shall sit;
He praise their wisdom, they admire his wit.
k. Gay—*The Birth of the Squire.* Line 74.

Whenever the offence inspires less horror than the punishment, the rigour of penal law is obliged to give way to the common feelings of mankind.
l. Gibbon—*The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.* Chap. XIV.

Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law.
m. Goldsmith—*The Traveller.* Line 386.

Lawyers are made in a day.
n. J. G. Holland—*Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects. Working and Shirking.*

We must never assume that which is incapable of proof.
o. Geo. Henry Lewes—*The Physiology of Common Life.* Ch. XIII.

The law is a sort of hocus-pocus science, that smiles in yer face while it picks yer pocket; and the glorious uncertainty of it is of mair use to the professors than the justice of it.
p. Macklin—*Love à la Mode.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Alas! the small Discredit of a Bribe
Scarce hurts the Lawyer, but undoes the Scribe.
q. Pope—*Epilogue to Satire.* Dialogue II. Line 46.

All, all look up, with reverential Awe,
At Crimes that 'scape, or triumph o'er the Law.
r. Pope—*Epilogue to Satire.* Dialogue I. Line 167.

Once (says an Author; where, I need not say)
Two Trav'lers found an Oyster in their way;
Both fierce, both hungry; the dispute grew strong,
While Scale in hand Dame Justice past along.
Before her each with clamour pleads the Laws,
Explain'd the matter, and would win the cause.
Dame Justice weighing long the doubtful Right,
Takes, opens, swallows it, before their sight.
The cause of strife remov'd so rarely well,
"There take" (says Justice), "take ye each a shell.
We thrive at Westminster on Fools like you:
'Twas a fat oyster—Live in peace—Adieu."
s. Pope—*Verbatim from Boileau.*

Piecemeal they win this acre first, then that,
Glean on and gather up the whole estate.
t. Pope—*Satires of Dr. Donne.* Satire II. Line 91.

Let us consider the reasons of the case. For nothing is law that is not reason.
u. Sir John Powell—*Coggs vs. Bernard.* 2 Ld. Raym. 911.

Before I be convict by course of law,
To threaten me with death is most unlawful.
v. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 4.

Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor.
w. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act II. Sc. 1.

But I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king?—and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antick the law.
x. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 2.

2 *Clo.*—But is this "law."
1 *Clo.*—Ay, marry is't; crowner's-quest law.
a. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Do as adversaries do in law,—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.
b. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Faith, I have been a truant in the law;
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.
c. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 4.

He hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power.
d. *Coriolanus.* Act III. Sc. 1.

He's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.
e. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act I. Sc. 1.

I am a subject
And challenge law: attorneys are denied me;
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance.
f. *Richard II.* Act II. Sc. 3.

In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil?
g. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 2.

In the corrupted currents of the world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: But 'tis not so above.
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence.
h. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 3.

It pleases time and fortune, to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath stepp'd into the law; which is past depth
To those that, without heed, plunge into't.
i. *Timon of Athens.* Act III. Sc. 5.

Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him.
j. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Still you keep o' the windy side of the law.
k. *Twelfth Night.* Act III. Sc. 4.

The bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense.
l. *Othello.* Act 1. Sc. 3.

The first thing we do, lets kill all the lawyers.
m. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 2.

They have been grand jury-men since before Noah was a sailor.
n. *Twelfth Night.* Act III. Sc. 2.

'Tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for 't.
o. *King Lear.* Act I. Sc. 4.

To offend and judge, are distinct offices, and of opposed nature.
p. *Merchant of Venice.* Act II. Sc. 9.

We are for law; he dies.
q. *Timon of Athens.* Act III. Sc. 5.

We must not make a scare-crow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.
r. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 1.

When law can do no right,
Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong.
s. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 1.

You wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller; and then rejourn the controversy of threepence to a second day of audience.
t. *Coriolanus.* Act II. Sc. 1.

A little bench of heedless bishops,
And there a chancellor in embryo.
u. Shenstone—*The Schoolmistress.* St. 28.

When the state is most corrupt, then the laws are most multiplied.
v. Tacitus.

No man e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law.
w. John Trumbull—*McFingal.* Canto III. Line 489.

LIVERY.

Go call a coach, and let a coach be called,
And let the man who calleth be the caller;
And in his calling let him nothing call,
But Coach! Coach! Coach! O for a coach, ye gods!
x. Henry Carey—*Chrononhotonthologos.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Come, my coach! Good-night, ladies.
y. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

Many carriages he hath dispatched.
z. *King John.* Act V. Sc. 7.

My coach, which stays for us
At the park gate.
aa. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Our chariot and our horsemen be in readiness.
bb. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 5.

MACHINERY.

O the engineer's joys!
To go with a locomotive!
To hear the hiss of steam—the merry shriek—the steam-whistle—the laughing locomotive!
To push with resistless way, and speed off in distance.
cc. Walt Whitman—*Poems of Joys.* St. 4.

The narrowest hinge in my hand puts to scorn all machinery.

a. Walt Whitman—*Leaves of Grass. Walt Whitman.* Pt. XXXI. St. 184.

MASONS.

Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it.

b. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 2.

The elder of them, being put to nurse,
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age.

c. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 2.

The crowded line of masons with trowels in their right hands, rapidly laying the long side wall,
The flexible rise and fall of backs, the continual click of the trowels striking the bricks,
The bricks, one after another, each laid so workman-like in its place, and set with a knock of the trowel-handle.

d. Walt Whitman—*Song of the Broad-Axe.* Pt. III. St. 4.

MEDICINE.

A man's own observation on what he finds good of, and what he finds hurt of, is the best physic to preserve health.

e. Bacon—*Essays. Of Regimen of Health.*

Learn'd he was in med'c'nal lore,
For by his side a pouch he wore,
Replete with strange hermetic powder
That wounds nine miles point-blank would solder.

f. Butler—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto II. Line 223.

'Tis not amiss, ere ye're giv'n o'er,
To try one desp'rate med'cine more;
For where your case can be no worse,
The desp'rat'st is the wiser course.

g. Butler—*Epistle of Hudibras to Sidrophel.* Line 5.

Physicians mend or end us,
Secundum artem: but although we sneer
In health—when ill, we call them to attend us,
Without the least propensity to jeer.

h. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto X. St. 42.

When taken
To be well shaken.

i. George Colman, Jr.—*The Newcastle Apothecary.*

So lived our sires, ere doctors learned to kill,
And multiplied with theirs the weekly bill.

j. Dryden—*To John Dryden, Esq.* Line 71.

See one physician, like a sculler plies,
The patient lingers and by inches dies,
But two physicians, like a pair of oars,
Waft him more swiftly to the Stygian shores.

k. "D." Probably John Dunscomb—*A Note in Nichols' Select Collection of Poems.*

"Is there no hope?" the sick man said,
The silent doctor shook his head,
And took his leave with signs of sorrow,
Despairing of his fee to-morrow.

l. Gay—*The Sick Man and the Angel.*

After death, the doctor.

m. Herbert—*Jacula Prudentum.*

Extreme remedies are very appropriate for extreme diseases.

n. Hippocrates—*Aphorism I.*

You behold in me
Only a travelling physician;
One of the few who have a mission
To cure incurable diseases,
Or those that are called so.

o. Longfellow—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. I.

In requital ope his leathern scrip,
And show me simples of a thousand names,
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties.

p. Milton—*Comus.* Line 626.

How the Doctor's brow should smile
Crown'd with wreaths of chamomile.

q. Moore—*Wreaths for Ministers.*

Time is generally the best doctor.

r. Ovid.

Banished the doctor, and expell'd the friend.

s. Pope—*Moral Essays.* Ep. III. Line 330.

Learn from the beast the physic of the field.

t. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. III. Line 174.

Modern Pothecaries, taught the art
By Doctor's bills to play the Doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fool.

u. Pope—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 108.

Who shall decide where Doctors disagree,
And soundest Casuists doubt, like you and me?

v. Pope—*Moral Essay.* Ep. III. Line 1.

But when the wit began to wheeze,
And wine had warm'd the politician,
Cur'd yesterday of my disease
I died last night of my physician.

w. Prior—*The Remedy Worse than the Disease.*

You tell your doctor that y're ill;
And what does he but write a bill'
Of which you need not read one letter;
The worse the scrawl, the dose the better,
For if you knew but what you take,
Though you recover, he must break.

x. Prior—*Alma.* Canto III.

Physicians, of all men, are most happy: whatever good success soever they have, the world proclaimeth; and what faults they commit, the earth covereth.

y. Quarles—*Hieroglyphics of the Life of Man.*

Use three Physicians,
Still-first Dr. Quiet,
Next Dr. Merry-man
And Dr. Dyet.
a. *From Regimen Sanitatis Salernitanum.* Edition 1607.

Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil.
b. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 4.

By medicine life may be prolonged, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.
c. *Cymbeline.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Macb.—Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow:
Raze out the written trouble of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?
Doc.—Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
Macb.—Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.
d. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliances are reliev'd
Or not at all.
e. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Mac.—How does your patient doctor?
Doc.—Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fan s.
f. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 3.

I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.
g. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health.
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.
h. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 3.

In poison there is physic; and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me sick;
Being sick, have in some measure made me well.
i. *King Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act. I. Sc. 1.

In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.
j. *Merchant of Venice.* Act V. Sc. 1.

In this point
All his tricks founder; and he brings his physic
After his patient's death.
k. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.
l. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act II. Sc. 2.

No cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death.
m. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 7.

Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel.
n. *King Lear.* Act III. Sc. 4.

'Tis time to give them physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.
o. *Henry VIII.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob.
p. *Timon of Athens.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

When I was sick you gave me bitter pills.
q. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act II. Sc. 4.

You rub the sore
When you should bring the plaster.
r. *Tempest.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Nothing is more estimable than a physician who, having studied nature from his youth, knows the properties of the human body, the diseases which assail it, the remedies which will benefit it, exercises his art with caution, and pays equal attention to the rich and the poor.
s. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Physicians.*

MERCANTILE.

The calculations of the counting-room involve consequences beyond the accumulation of wealth. They are made, not merely for the actual necessities and artificial requirements of society, but they bring from strange lands, new objects for investigation, and suggestions which give encouragement to thought.
t. FREEMAN HUNT—*Lives of American Merchants.* Introductory Essay.

The merchant to secure his treasure
Conveys it in a borrow'd name.
u. PRIOR—*An Ode.*

To you, ye gods, belongs the merchant!—o'er
The waves, his sails the wide world's goods explore;
And, all the while, wherever waft the gales,
The wide world's goods sails with him as he sails!
a. SCHILLER—*The Merchant.*

A merchant of great traffic through the world.
b. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act I. Sc. 1.

I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.
c. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enough to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint.
d. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Traffic's thy god, and thy god confound thee!
e. *Timon of Athens.* Act I. Sc. 1.

To things of sale a seller's praise belongs.
f. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

And what is true of a shopkeeper, is true of a shopkeeping nation.
g. TUCKER (Dean of Gloucester)—Tract, 1766.

MILITARY.

Ay me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron!
What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps
Do dog him still with after-claps!
h. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto III. Line 1.

He slept an iron sleep,—
Slain fighting for his country.
i. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. XI. Line 285.

Take thou thy arms and come with me,
For we must quit ourselves like men, and strive,
To aid our cause, although we be but two.
Great is the strength of feeble arms combined,
And we can combat even with the brave.
j. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. XIII. Line 289.

For the army is a school in which the miser becomes generous, and the generous prodigal; miserly soldiers are like monsters, but very rarely seen.
k. CERVANTES—*Don Quixote.* Ch. XXXIX.

He stands erect; his slouch becomes a walk,
He steps right onward, martial in his air,
His form and movement.
l. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. IV. Line 638.

Mouths without hands; maintained at vast expense.
In peace a charge, in war a weak defense;
Stout once a month they march, a blustering band
And ever but in times of need, at hand.
m. DRYDEN—*Cymon and Iphigenia.* Line 400.

The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,—
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
n. GOLDSMITH—*The Deserted Village.* Line 155.

And though the warrior's sun has set,
Its light shall linger round us yet,—
Bright, radiant, blest.
o. DON JORGE MANRIQUE—*Coplas De Manrique.* Trans. by Longfellow. Last Lines.

How shall we rank thee upon Glory's page?
Thou more than soldier and just less than sage.
p. MOORE—*To Thos. Hume, Esq., M. D.*

Hail to the chief, who in triumph advances.
q. SCOTT—*Lady of the Lake.* Canto II. St. 19.

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more:
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking.
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.
r. SCOTT—*Lady of the Lake.* Canto I. St. 31.

Warriors!—and where are warriors found,
If not on martial Britain's ground?
And who when waked with notes of fire,
Love more than they the British lyre?
s. SCOTT—*Lord of the Isles.* Canto IV. St. 20.

A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court.
t. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act III. Sc. 2.

Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.
u. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act IV. Sc. 7.

Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier and afear'd?
v. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.
w. *Henry V.* Act III. Sc. 7.

God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.
x. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 7.

He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar,
And give direction.
y. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 3.

I am a soldier; and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.
a. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 3.

I said an elder soldier, not a better.
Did I say a better?
b. *Julius Cæsar.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

May that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
c. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Then a soldier;
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth.
d. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 7.

The painful warrior, famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foiled,
Is from the books of honor razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toiled.
e. *Sonnet XXV.*

'Tis the soldier's life
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.
f. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy swordsmen.
g. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act II. Sc. 1.

You may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.
h. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing:
The bravest are the tenderest,—
The loving are the daring.
i. BAYARD TAYLOR—*The Song of the Camp.*

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.
j. WOLFE—*The Burial of Sir John Moore.*

Doomed to go in company with pain,
And fear, and bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower.
k. WORDSWORTH—*Character of the Happy Warrior.*

Some for hard masters, broken under arms,
In battle lopt away, with half their limbs,
Beg bitter bread thro' realms their valour saved.
l. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night I. Line 250.

MUSICIANS.

The silent organ loudest chants
The master's requiem.
m. EMERSON—*Dirge.*

Of all artists, musicians are most exclusive in devotion to their own art, and in the want of sympathy, if not absolute contempt, for other arts.
n. MRS. JAMESON—*Studies. Music and Musicians.*

He is dead, the sweet musician!
* * * * * *
He has moved a little nearer
To the Master of all music.
o. LONGFELLOW—*Hiawatha.* Pt. XV.

He touched his harp, and nations heard, entranced,
As some vast river of unfailing source,
Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flowed,
And opened new fountains in the human heart.
p. POLLOK—*Course of Time.* Bk. IV. Line 674.

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by;
In sweet music is such art:
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.
q. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his music, plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers,
There had made a lasting spring.
r. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 1. *Song.*

Softly her fingers wander o'er
The yielding planks of the ivory floor.
s. BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR—*Songs of Yesterday.*

NAVIGATION.

O pilot! 'tis a fearful night,
There's danger on the deep.
t. THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY—*The Pilot.*

Cooped in their winged sea-girt citadel.
u. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto II. St. 28.

O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea.
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire, and behold our home!
v. BYRON—*The Corsair.* Canto I. St. 1.

She bears her down majestically near,
Speed on her prow, and terror on her tier.
w. BYRON—*The Corsair.* Canto III. St. 15.

Ye mariners of England!
That guard our native seas:
Whose flag has brav'd a thousand years
The battle and the breeze!
x. CAMPBELL—*Ode. Ye Mariners of England.*

Here's to the pilot that weathered the storm.
a. CANNING—*The Pilot that Weathered the Storm.*

Skill'd in the globe and sphere, he gravely stands,
And, with his compass, measures seas and lands.
b. DRYDEN—*Sixth Satire of Juvenal.* Line 760.

The winds and waves are always on the sides of the ablest navigators.
c. GIBBON—*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.* Ch. LXVIII.

The best pilots have need of mariners, besides sails, anchor and other tackle.
d. BEN JONSON—*Discoveries. Illiteratus Princeps.*

A fleet descry'd
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs.
e. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 638.

Thus far we run before the wind.
f. ARTHUR MURPHY—*The Apprentice.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Through the black night and driving rain,
A ship is struggling, all in vain,
To live upon the stormy main;—
Miserere Domine!
g. ADELAIDE A. PROCTER—*The Storm.*

Merrily, merrily goes the bark
On a breeze from the northward free,
So shoots through the morning sky the lark,
Or the swan through the summer sea.
h. SCOTT—*Lord of the Isles.* Canto IV. St. 10.

Upon the gale she stoop'd her side,
And bounded o'er the swelling tide,
As she were dancing home;
The merry seaman laugh'd to see
Their gallant ship so lustily
Furrow the green sea-foam.
i. SCOTT—*Marmion.* Canto II. St. 1.

Well, then, our course is chosen; spread the sail,—
Heave oft the lead, and mark the soundings well;
Look to the helm, good master; many a shoal
Marks this stern coast, and rocks where sits the siren,
Who, like ambition, lures men to their ruin.
j. SCOTT—*Kenilworth.* Ch. XVII. Motto.

Behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge.
k. *Henry V.* Act III. Chorus.

She comes majestic with her swelling sails,
The gallant Ship: along her watery way,
Homeward she drives before the favoring gales;
Now flirting at their length the streamers play,
And now they ripple with the ruffling breeze.
l. SOUTHEY—*Sonnet XIX.*

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill.
m. TENNYSON—*Break, Break, Break.*

I hear the noise about thy keel;
I hear the bell struck in the night;
I see the cabin-window bright;
I see the sailor at the wheel.

Thou bringest the sailor to his wife,
And travell'd men from foreign lands;
And letters unto trembling hands;
And, thy dark freight, a vanish'd life.
n. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. X.

Speed on the ship!—But let her bear
No merchandise of sin,
No groaning cargo of despair
Her roomy hold within;
No Lethean drug for Eastern lands,
No poison-draught for ours;
But honest fruits of toiling hands
And Nature's sun and showers.
o. WHITTIER—*The Ship-Builders.*

PAINTING.

And those that paint them truest praise them most.
p. ADDISON—*The Campaign.* Last line.

From the mingled strength of shade and light
A new creation rises to my sight
Such heav'nly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with light his blended colours glow.
* * * * * * *
Amidst the soft variety I'm lost.
q. ADDISON—*Letter from Italy.* Line 96.

The glowing portraits, fresh from life, that bring
Home to our hearts the truth from which they spring.
r. BYRON—*Monody on the Death of Sheridan.*

Here take my likeness with you whil'st 'tis so;
For when from whence you go,
The next sun's rising will behold
Me pale, and lean, and old.
The man who did this picture draw,
Will swear next day my face he never saw.
s. COWLEY—*Poem from the Mistress.*

Hard features every bungler can command;
To draw true beauty shows a master's hand.
t. DRYDEN—*To Mr. Lee, on his Alexander.* Line 53.

Pictures must not be too picturesque.
u. EMERSON—*Essay. Of Art.*

A flattering painter who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
a. GOLDSMITH—*Retaliation.* Line 63.

Well, something must be done for May,
The time is drawing nigh,
To figure in the Catalogue,
And woo the public eye.
Something I must invent and paint;
But, oh! my wit is not
Like one of those kind substantives
That answer—Who and What?
b. HOOD—*The Painter Puzzled.*

A picture is a poem without words.
c. HORACE.

He that seeks popularity in art closes the door on his own genius: as he must needs paint for other minds, and not for his own.
d. Mrs. JAMESON—*Memoirs and Essays. Washington Allston.*

Drawings ought always to be valuable, whether of plants, animals, or scenery, provided only they are accurate; and the more spirited and full of genius they are, the more accurate they are certain to be; for Nature being alive, a lifeless copy of her is necessarily an untrue copy.
e. CHAS. KINGSLEY—*Health and Education. The Study of Natural History.*

Dead he is not, but departed,—for the artist never dies.
f. LONGFELLOW—*Nuremburg.* St. 13.

He best can paint them who shall feel them most.
g. POPE—*Eloisa and Abelard.* Last line.

Lely on animated canvas stole
The sleepy eye, that spoke the melting soul.
h. POPE—*Second Book of Horace.* Ep. I. Line 149.

If it is the love of that which your work represents—if, being a landscape painter, it is love of hills and trees that moves you—if, being a figure painter, it is love of human beauty, and human soul that moves you—if, being a flower or animal painter, it is love, and wonder, and delight in petal and in limb that move you, then the spirit is upon you, and the earth is yours, and the fullness thereof.
i. RUSKIN—*The Two Paths.*

Painting with all its technicalities, difficulties, and peculiar ends, is nothing but a noble and expressive language, invaluable as the vehicle of thought, but by itself nothing.
j. RUSKIN—*True and Beautiful. Painting.* Introduction.

The more the Artist charms, the more the thinker knows.
k. SCHILLER—*The Artists.* St. 27.

Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture.
l. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Dost thou love pictures?
m. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act II. Induction.

I'll say of it
It tutors nature: artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.
n. *Timon of Athens.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Look here, upon this picture, and on this.
o. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 4.

The painting is almost the natural man:
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside; pencill'd figures are
Ev'n such as they give out.
p. *Timon of Athens.* Act I. Sc. 1.

What demi-god
Hath come so near creation?
q. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Timon.—Wrought he not well that painted it?
Apem.—He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.
r. *Timon of Athens.* Act I. Sc. 1.

There is no such thing as a dumb poet or a handless painter. The essence of an artist is that he should be articulate.
s. SWINBURNE—*Essays and Studies. Matthew Arnold's New Poems.*

Let the faint copier, on old Tiber's shore,
Nor mean the task, each breathing bust explore,
Line after line, with painful patience trace,
This Roman grandeur, that Athenian grace.
t. THOMAS TICKELL—*To Sir Godfrey Knellor.*

I would I were a painter, for the sake
Of a sweet picture, and of her who led,
A fitting guide, with reverential tread,
Into that mountain mystery.
u. WHITTIER—*Mountain Pictures.* No. 2.

PERFUMERY.

In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,
Save thine "incomparable oil," Macassar!
v. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto I. St. 17.

I cannot talk with civet in the room,
A fine puss-gentleman that's all perfume.
w. COWPER—*Conversation.* Line 283.

A steam
Of rich, distill'd perfumes.
x. MILTON—*Comus.* 556.

Sabean odours from the spicy shore
Of Arabie the blest.
y. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 162.

Die of a rose in aromatic pain.
z. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Line 200.

All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.
a. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 1.

From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs.
b. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections?
c. *Cymbeline.* Act I. Sc. 6.

Perfume for a lady's chamber.
d. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

So perfumed that
The winds were lovesick.
e. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act II. Sc. 2.

The perfumed tincture of the roses.
f. *Sonnet LIV.*

Your papers,
Let me have them very well perfumed,
For she is sweeter than perfume itself
To whom they go.
g. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act I. Sc. 2.

POST.

The welcome news is in the letter found;
The carrier's not commission'd to expound:
It speaks itself, and what it does contain,
In all things needful to be known, is plain.
h. Dryden—*Religio Laici.* Line 366.

Every day brings a ship,
Every ship brings a word;
Well for those who have no fear,
Looking seaward well assured
That the word the vessel brings
Is the word they wish to hear.
i. Emerson—*Letters.*

Thy letter, sent to prove me,
Inflicts no sense of wrong;
No longer wilt thou love me,—
Thy letter, though, is long.
j. Heine—*Book of Songs. New Spring.* No. 37.

Thy letter was a flash of lightning,
Illuming night with sudden glow;
It served with dazzling force to show
How deep my misery is, how fright'ning.
k. Heine—*Latest Poems. Appendix to Lazarus.* No. 8.

Letters from absent friends, extinguish fear,
Unite division, and draw distance near;
Their magic force each silent wish conveys,
And wafts embodied thought a thousand ways.
Could souls to bodies write, death's pow'r were mean,
For minds could then meet minds with heav'n between.
l. Aaron Hill.

I know where ladies live enchained
In luxury's silken fetters,
And flowers as bright as glittering gems
Are used for written letters.
m. Mary Howitt—*The Broom-Flower.*

An exquisite invention this,
Worthy of Love's most honeyed kiss,—
This art of writing billet-doux—
In buds, and odors, and bright hues!
In saying all one feels and thinks
In clever daffodils and pinks;
In puns of tulips; and in phrases,
Charming for their truth, of daisies.
n. Leigh Hunt—*Love-Letters Made of Flowers.*

Growing one's own choice words and fancies
In orange tubs, and beds of pansies;
One's sighs and passionate declarations,
In odorous rhetoric of carnations.
o. Leigh Hunt—*Love-Letters Made of Flowers.*

A piece of simple goodness—a letter gushing from the heart; a beautiful unstudied vindication of the worth and untiring sweetness of human nature—a record of the invulnerability of man, armed with high purpose, sanctified by truth.
p. Douglas Jerrold—*Specimens of Jerrold's Wit. The Postman's Budget.*

A stray volume of real life in the daily packet of the postman. Eternal love, and instant payment.
q. Douglas Jerrold—*Specimens of Jerrold's Wit. The Postman's Budget.*

Kind messages that pass from land to land,
Kind letters that betray the heart's deep history,
In which we feel the pressure of a hand,
One touch of fire and all the rest is mystery!
r. Longfellow—*The Sea-side and Fire-side. Dedication.* Line 16.

Good-bye—my paper's out so nearly
I've only room for—your's sincerely.
s. Moore—*The Fudge Family in Paris.* Letter VI.

Ingenious Nature's zeal for friendship's laws
A means for distant friends to meet could find,
Lines which the hand with ink on paper draws,
Betokening from afar the anxious mind.
t. Palladas—*Jacob's Anth.* Trans. by Dr. Wellesley.

Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid.
u. Pope—*Eloisa to Abelard.* Line 51.

I no more think I can have too many of your letters, than I could have too many writings to entitle me to the greatest estate in the world; which I think so valuable a friendship as yours is equal to.
v. Pope—*To Lady Montagu.*

Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led thro' a sad variety of woe:
Now warm in love, now with'ring in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!
a. POPE—*Eloisa to Abelard.* Line 35.

Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
b. POPE—*Eloisa to Abelard.* Line 29.

Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.
c. POPE—*Eloisa to Abelard.* Line 41.

The world agrees,
That he writes well, who writes with ease:
Then he, by sequel logical,
Writes best, who never thinks at all.
d. PRIOR—*Epistle to Fleetwood Shepherd.* Line 37.

The pangs of absence to remove
By letters, soft interpreters of love.
e. PRIOR—*Henry and Emma.* Line 147.

With all submission, I
* * * * *
Send you each year a homely letter,
Who may return me much a better.
f. PRIOR—*Epistle to Fleetwood Shepherd.* Line 23.

I will touch
My mouth unto the leaves, caressingly;
And so wilt thou. Thus, from these lips of mine
My message will go kissingly to thine,
With more than Fancy's load of luxury,
And prove a true love-letter.
g. SAXE—*Sonnet. (With a Letter.)*

It is by the benefit of Letters, that absent friends are in a manner brought together.
h. SENECA.

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper.
i. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 2.

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot. I'll give 't him.
j. *Twelfth Night.* Act III. Sc. 4.

I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof so larded with my matter,
That neither, singly, can be manifested,
Without the show of both.
k. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act IV. Sc. 6.

Jove, and my stars, be praised!—Here is yet a postscript.
l. *Twelfth Night.* Act II. Sc. 5.

Let me hear from thee by letters.
m. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act I. Sc. 1.

My letters
Before did satisfy you.
n. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act II. Sc. 2.

The letter is too long by half a mile.
o. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act V. Sc. 2.

What! have I 'scaped love-letters in the holy-day time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them?
p. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Go, little letter, apace, apace,
Fly!
Fly to the light in the valley below—
Tell my wish to her dewy blue eye.
q. TENNYSON—*The Letter.*

I read
Of that glad year that once had been,
In those fall'n leaves which kept their green,
The noble letters of the dead:
And strangely on the silence broke
The silent-speaking words.
r. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. XCIV.

Thou bringest * * * * *
* * * * letters unto trembling hands.
s. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. X.

Never has any minister who superintended the department of the post opened the letters of any individual, except when it was absolutely necessary that he should know their contents.
t. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Post.*

The post is the grand connecting link of all transactions, of all negotiations. Those who are absent, by its means become present; it is the consolation of life.
u. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Post.*

POTTERY.

Thou spring'st a leak already in thy crown,
A flaw is in thy ill-baked vessel found;
'Tis hollow, and returns a jarring sound,
Yet, thy moist clay is pliant to command;
Unwrought and easy to the potter's hand:
Now take the mould; now bend thy mind to feel
The first sharp motions of the forming wheel.
v. DRYDEN—*Third Satire of Persius.* Line 35.

A potter near his modest cot
Was shaping many an urn and pot;
He took the clay for the earthen things
From beggars' feet and heads of kings.
w. OMAR KHAYYAM—*Bodenstedt,* Trans.

And yonder by Nankin, behold!
The tower of porcelain, strange and old,
Uplifting to the astonished skies,
Its nine-fold painted balconies,
With balustrades of twining leaves,
And roofs of tile, beneath whose eaves
Hang porcelain bells that all the time
Ring with a soft melodious chime;
While the whole fabric is ablaze
With varied tints all fused in one
Great mass of color, like a maze
Of flowers illumined by the sun.
x. LONGFELLOW—*Keramos.* Line 336.

Figures that almost move and speak.
a. LONGFELLOW—*Keramos.* Line 236.

Here Gubbio's workshops gleam and glow
With brilliant irridescent dyes,
The dazzling whiteness of the snow,
The cobalt blue of summer skies;
And vase and scutcheon, cup and plate,
In perfect finish emulate,
Faenza, Florence, Persaro.
b. LONGFELLOW—*Keramos.* Line 165.

Turn, turn my wheel! Turn round and round
Without a pause, without a sound:
So spins the flying world away!
This clay, well mixed with marl and sand,
Follows the motion of my hand;
For some must follow, and some command,
Though all are made of clay!
c. LONGFELLOW—*Keramos.* Line 1.

PREACHING.

I preached as never sure to preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men,
Love breathing Thanks and Praise.
d. RICHARD BAXTER—*Love Breathing Thanks and Praise.*

Man resolves in himself he will preach; and he preaches.
e. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. XV.

What makes all doctrines plain and clear?
About two hundred pounds a year,
And that which was proved true before,
Prove false again. Two hundred more.
f. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. III. Canto I. Line 1277.

Every one cleaves to the doctrine he has happened upon, as to a rock against which he has been thrown by tempest.
g. CICERO.

A kick that scarce would move a horse
May kill a sound divine.
h. COWPER—*The Yearly Distress.* St. 16.

Alas for the unhappy man that is called to stand in the pulpit, and *not* give the bread of life.
i. EMERSON—*An Address.* July 15, 1838.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
j. GOLDSMITH—*The Deserted Village.*

Judge not the preacher, for he is thy Judge:
If thou mislike him, thou conceiv'st him not.
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.
The worst speaks something good.
k. HERBERT—*The Temple. The Church Porch.*

As pleasant songs, at morning sung,
The words that dropped from his sweet tongue
Strengthened our hearts; or, heard at night,
Made all our slumbers soft and light.
l. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. I.

It is by the Vicar's skirts that the
Devil climbs into the Belfry.
m. LONGFELLOW—*The Spanish Student.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Skilful alike with tongue and pen,
He preached to all men everywhere
The Gospel of the Golden Rule,
The New Commandment given to men,
Thinking the deed, and not the creed,
Would help us in our utmost need.
n. LONGFELLOW—*Prelude to Tales of a Wayside Inn.* Line 218.

He of their wicked ways
Shall them admonish and, before them set
The paths of righteousness.
o. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XI. Line 812.

The gracious Dew of Pulpit Eloquence,
And all the well-whip'd Cream of Courtly Sense.
p. POPE—*Epilogue to the Satires.* Dialogue I. Line 70.

To rest, the cushion and soft Dean invite,
Who never mentions Hell to ears polite.
q. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. IV. Line 149.

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to Heaven,
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read.
r. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 3.

He who the sword of heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself, to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go.
s. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose
Untouch'd, slightly handled, in discourse.
t. *Richard III.* Act III. Sc. 7.

It is a good divine that follows his own instructions; I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow mine own teachings.
u. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 2.

May.—See, where his grace stands 'tween two clergymen!
Buck.—And, see, a book of prayer in his hand;
True ornaments to know a holy man.
v. *Richard III.* Act III. Sc. 7.

Sermons in stones and good in everything.
w. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?
a. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act III. Sc. 1.

A little round, fat, oily man of God.
b. THOMSON—*Castle of Indolence.* Canto I. St. 69.

PRINTING.

There are no tools more ingeniously wrought, or more potent than those which belong to the art of the printer.
c. MANN—*The Common School Journal.* February, 1843. *Printing and Papermaking.*

Though an angel should write, still 'tis devils must print.
d. MOORE—*The Fudges in England.*

I'll print it,
And shame the fools.
e. POPE—*Prologue to Satires.* Line 61.

Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the King, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill.
f. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 7.

The jour printer with gray head and gaunt jaws works at his case,
He turns his quid of tobacco, while his eyes blurr with the manuscript.
g. WALT WHITMAN—*Leaves of Grass. Walt Whitman.* Pt. XV. St. 77.

PUBLISHERS.

I account the use that a man should seek of the publishing of his own writings before his death, to be but an untimely anticipation of that which is proper to follow a man, and not to go along with him.
h. BACON—*An Advertisement Touching a Holy War.*

Yon second-hand bookseller is second to none in the worth of the treasures which he dispenses.
i. LEIGH HUNT—*On the Beneficence of Book-stalls.*

If I publish this poem for you, speaking as a trader, I shall be a considerable loser. Did I publish all I admire, out of sympathy with the author, I should be a ruined man.
j. BULWER-LYTTON—*My Novel.* Bk. VI. Ch. XIV.

If the bookseller happens to desire a privilege for his merchandize, whether he is selling Rabelais or the Fathers of the Church, the magistrate grants the privilege without answering for the contents of the book.
k. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Books.* Sec. 1.

QUARRYING.

And him who breaks the quarry-ledge;
With hammer-blows, plied quick and strong.
l. BRYANT—*The Song of the Sower.* St. 4.

SCULPTURE.

The stone unhewn and cold
Becomes a living mould,
The more the marble wastes
The more the statue grows.
m. MICHAEL ANGELO—*Sonnet.* Trans. by Mrs. Henry Roscoe.

In sculpture did ever any body call the Apollo a fancy piece? Or say of the Laocoön how it might be made different? A masterpiece of art has in the mind a fixed place in the chain of being, as much as a plant or a crystal.
n. EMERSON—*Society and Solitude. Art.*

And the cold marble leapt to life a god.
o. MILMAN—*The Belvedere Apollo.*

Then marble, soften'd into life, grew warm.
p. POPE—*Second Book of Horace.* Ep. I. Line 146.

The sculptor does not work for the anatomist, but for the common observer of life and nature.
q. RUSKIN—*True and Beautiful. Sculpture.*

So stands the statue that enchants the world,
So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.
r. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Summer.* Line 1346.

SHOEMAKING.

A cobbler, * * * * produced several new grins of his own invention, having been used to cut faces for many years together over his last.
s. ADDISON—*Spectator.* No. 173.

When some brisk youth, the tenent of a stall,
Employs a pen less pointed than an awl,
Leaves his snug shop, forsakes his store of shoes,
St. Crispin quits, and cobbles for the muse,
Heavens! how the vulgar stare! how crowds applaud!
How ladies read, and literati laud!
* * * * * * * *
Ye tuneful cobblers! still your notes prolong,
Compose at once a slipper and a song;
So shall the fair your handywork peruse,
Your sonnets sure shall please—perhaps your shoes.
t. BYRON—*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.* Line 751.

The shoemaker makes a good shoe because he makes nothing else.
u. EMERSON—*Letters and Social Aims. Greatness.*

Let firm, well hammered soles protect thy feet
Though freezing snows, and rains, and soaking sleet,
Should the big last extend the sole too wide,
Each stone will wrench the unwary step aside;
The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,
The cracking joint unhinge, or ankle sprain,
And when too short the modish shoes are worn,
You'll judge the seasons by your shooting corns.

a. GAY—*Trivia.* Bk. I. Line 33.

He cobbled and hammered from morning till dark,
With the foot gear to mend on his knees,
Stitching patches, or pegging on soles as he sang,
Out of tune, ancient catches and glees.

b. OSCAR H. HARPEL—*The Haunted Cobbler.*

One said he wondered that lether was not dearer than any other thing. Being demanded a reason: because, saith he, it is more stood upon then any other thing in the world.

c. HAZLITT—*Shakespeare Jest Books. Conceits, Clinches, Flashes and Whimzies.* No. 86.

A careless shoe string, in whose tie I see a wild civility.

d. HERRICK—*Delight in Disorder.*

Where the shoe pinches.

e. PLUTARCH—*Life of Æmilius Paulus.*

Flav.—Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2*d Cit.*—Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: * * * * I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes.

f. *Julius Cæsar.* Act. I. Sc. 1.

What trade are you?
Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

g. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Mar.—What trade art thou? answer me directly.

2*d Cit.*—A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience; which is indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

h. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Flav.—Wherefore art not in the shop today? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2*d Cit.*—Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work.

i. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 1.

When bootes and shoes are torne up to the lefts,
Coblers must thrust their awles up to the hefts.

j. NATHANIEL WARD—*The Simple Cobler of Aggavvam in America.*

Keezar sat on the hillside
Upon his cobbler's form,
With a pan of coals on either hand
To keep his waxed-ends warm.

k. WHITTIER—*Cobbler Keezar's Vision.*

STATESMANSHIP.

A disposition to preserve, and an ability to improve, taken together, would be my standard of a statesman.

l. BURKE—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

It is strange so great a statesman should
Be so sublime a poet.

m. BULWER-LYTTON—*Richelieu.* Act I. Sc. 2.

His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehensive head; all Int'rests weigh'd,
All Europe sav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.

n. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. I. Line 82.

Statesman, yet friend to Truth, of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear;
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the Muse he lov'd.

o. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. V. Line 67.

When a Statesman wants a day's defence,
Or Envy holds a whole week's war with Sense,
Or simple pride for flatt'ry makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands!

p. POPE—*Prologue to Satires.* Line 251.

And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne.

q. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. LXIII.

TAILORING.

Thy clothes are all the soul thou hast.

r. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—*Honest Man's Fortune.* Act V. Sc. 3.

May Moorland weavers boast Pindaric skill,
And tailors' lays be longer than their bill!
While punctual beaux reward the grateful notes,
And pay for poems—when they pay for coats.

s. BYRON—*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.* Line 781.

Great is the tailor, but not the greatest.

t. CARLYLE—*Essays. Goethe's. Works.*

Sister! look ye,
How by a new creation of my tailor's,
I've shook off old mortality.

u. JOHN FORD—*Fancies Chaste and Noble.* Act I. Sc. 3.

One commending a Tayler for his dexteritie in his profession, another standing by ratified his opinion, saying tailors had their businesse at their fingers ends.

a. HAZLITT—*Shakespeare Jest Books. Conceits, Clinches, Flashes and Whimzies.* No. 93.

As if thou e'er wert angry
But with thy tailor! and yet that poor shred
Can bring more to the making up of a man,
Than can be hoped from thee; thou art his creature;
And did he not, each morning, new create thee,
Thou'dst stink, and be forgotten.

b. MASSINGER—*Fatal Dowry.* Act I. Sc. 1.

What a fine man
Hath your tailor made you!

c. MASSINGER—*City Madam.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Yes, if they would thank their maker,
And seek no further; but they have new creators,
God-tailor and god-mercer.

d. MASSINGER—*Very Woman.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Th' embroider'd suit at least he deem'd his prey,
That suit an unpay'd tailor snatch'd away.

e. POPE—*The Dunciad.* Bk. II. Line 117.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy!
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

f. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 3.

I'll be at charges for a looking glass;
And entertain a score or two of tailors
To study fashions to adorn my body.

g. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Corn.—Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

Kent.—A tailor, sir; a stone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

h. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Thou villain base,
Know'st not me by my clothes?
Gui.—No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather? he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

i. *Cymbeline.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Thy gown? why, ay;—Come, tailor, let us see't.
O mercy, God! what masking stuff is here?
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop:—
Why, what, o' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

j. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

TEA DEALERS.

Tea! thou soft, thou sober, sage, and venerable liquid; * * * thou female tongue-running, smile-smoothing, heart-opening, wink-tippling cordial, to whose glorious insipidity I owe the happiest moment of my life, let me fall prostrate.

k. CIBBER—*Lady's Last Stake.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Here thou great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

l. POPE—*Rape of the Lock.* Canto III. Line 7.

Tea does our fancy aid,
Repress those vapors which the head invade,
And keeps the palace of the soul.

m. WALLER—*On Tea.*

TOBACCONISTS.

Am I not—a smoker and a brother?

n. A VETERAN OF SMOKEDOM—*The Smoker's Guide.* Ch. IV.

Look at me—follow me—smell me! The "stunning" cigar I am smoking is one of a sample intended for the Captain General of Cuba, and the King of Spain, and positively cost a shilling! Oh! * * * I have some dearer at home. Yes the expense is frightful, but it! who can smoke the monstrous rubbish of the shops?

o. A VETERAN OF SMOKEDOM—*The Smoker's Guide.* Ch. IV.

To smoke a cigar through a mouthpiece is equivalent to kissing a lady through a respirator.

p. A VETERAN OF SMOKEDOM—*The Smoker's Guide.* Ch. V.

Sublime tobacco! which from east to west,
Cheers the tar's labour or the Turkman's rest;
Which on the Moslem's ottoman divides
His hours, and rivals opium and his brides;
Magnificent in Stamboul, but less grand,
Though not less loved, in Wapping or the Strand;
Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe,
When tipp'd with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe;
Like other charmers, wooing the caress
More dazzlingly when daring in full dress;
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
Thy naked beauties—Give me a cigar!

q. BYRON—*The Island.* Canto II. St. 19.

Pernicious weed! whose scent the fair annoys,
Unfriendly to society's chief joys,
Thy worst effect is banishing for hours
The sex whose presence civilizes ours.

r. COWPER—*Conversation.* Line 251.

The pipe, with solemn interposing puff,
Makes half a sentence at a time enough;
The dozing sages drop the drowzy strain,
Then pause, and puff and speak, and pause again.

a. COWPER—*Conversation.* Line 245.

Tobacco is a lawyer,
His pipes do love long cases,
When our brains it enters,
Our feet do make indentures,
Which we seal with stamping paces.

Tobacco is a traveller,
Come from the Indies hither;
It passed sea and land
Ere it came to my hand,
And 'scaped the wind and weather.

Tobacco's a musician,
And in a pipe delighteth;
It descends in a close,
Through the organ of the nose,
With a relish that inviteth.

b. BARTEN HOLIDAY—*Song in Play of Technogamia.*

Ods me I marle what pleasure or felicity they have in taking their roguish tobacco. It is good for nothing but to choke a man, and fill him full of smoke and embers.

c. BEN JONSON—*Every Man In His Humour.* Act III. Sc. 3.

For I hate, yet love thee, so,
That whichever thing I show,
The plain truth will seem to be
A constrained hyperbole,
And the passion to proceed
More from a mistress than a weed.

d. LAMB—*A Farewell to Tobacco.*

For thy sake, Tobacco, I
Would do anything but die.

e. LAMB—*A Farewell to Tobacco.*

Nay, rather,
Plant divine, of rarest virtue;
Blisters on the tongue would hurt you.

f. LAMB—*A Farewell to Tobacco.*

Thou in such a cloud dost bind us,
That our worst foes cannot find us,
And ill fortune, that would thwart us,
Shoots at rovers, shooting at us;
While each man, through thy height'ning steam,
Does like a smoking Etna seem.

g. LAMB—*A Farewell to Tobacco.*

Thou through such a mist dost show us
That our best friends do not know us.

h. LAMB—*A Farewell to Tobacco.*

He who doth not smoke hath either known no great griefs, or refuseth himself the softest consolation, next to that which comes from heaven.

i. BULWER-LYTTON—*What Will He Do With It?* Bk. I. Ch. VI.

Woman in this scale, the weed in that, Jupiter, hang out thy balance, and weigh them both; and if thou give the preference to woman, all I can say is the next time Juno ruffles thee—O Jupiter try the weed.

j. BULWER-LYTTON—*What Will He Do With It?* Bk. I. Ch. VI.

Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
The gnomes direct, to every atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.

k. POPE—*Rape of the Lock.* Canto V. Line 80.

Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane.

l. POPE—*Rape of the Lock.* Canto IV. Line 122.

Divine tobacco.

m. SPENSER—*Fœrie Queene.* Bk III. Canto V. St. 32.

Yes, social friend, I love thee well,
In learned doctors' spite;
Thy clouds all other clouds dispel
And lap me in delight.

n. CHARLES SPRAGUE—*To My Cigar.*

TONSORIAL.

With odorous oil thy head and hair are sleek;
And then thou kemb'st the tuzzes on thy cheek:
Of thy barbers take a costly care.

o. DRYDEN—*Fourth Satire of Persius.* Line 89.

Thy boist'rous locks, no worthy match
For valour to assail, nor by the sword
* * * * * *
But by the barber's razor best subdued.

p. MILTON—*Samson Agonistes.* Line 1164.

Hoary whiskers and a forky beard.

q. POPE—*Rape of the Lock.* Canto III. Line 37.

Thy chin the springing beard began
To spread a doubtful down, and promise man?

r. PRIOR—*An Ode to the Memory of the Honourable Colonel George Villiers.* Line 5.

And his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble land at harvest home.

s. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 3.

He that hath a beard is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard is less than a man.

t. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II. Sc. 1.

I must to the barber's; for, methinks, I am marvelous hairy about the face.

u. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls.

v. *Titus Andronicus.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Our courteous Antony,
* * * * * * *
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast.
a. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act II. Sc. 2.

The barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.
b. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 2.

This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd,
At suit of his grey beard.
c. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 2.

What a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my thill-horse has on his tail.
d. *Merchant of Venice.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire;
And, ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My master preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with scissors nicks him for a fool.
e. *Comedy of Errors.* Act V. Sc. 1.

UMBRELLA-MAKERS.

Good housewives all the winter's rage despise,
Defended by the riding-hood's disguise;
Or, underneath the umbrella's oily shade,
Safe through the wet on clinking pattens tread.
Let Persian dames the umbrella's ribs display,
To guard their beauties from the sunny ray;
Or sweating slaves support the shady load,
When Eastern monarchs show their state abroad;
Britain in winter only knows its aid,
To guard from chilling showers the walking maid.
f. GAY—*Trivia.* Bk. I. Line 209.

UNDERTAKERS.

See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The Sexton, hoary-headed chronicle,
Of hard, unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
A gentle tear.
g. BLAIR—*The Grave.* Line 150.

Ye undertakers! tell us,
'Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
Why is the principal conceal'd, for which
You make this mighty stir?
h. BLAIR—*The Funeral Procession.*

Alas, poor Tom! how oft, with merry heart,
Have we beheld thee play the sexton's part?
Each comic heart must now be grieved to see
The sexton's dreary part performed on thee.
i. ROBERT FERGUSON—*On the Death of Mr. Thomas Lancashire, Comedian.*

Why is the hearse with scutcheons blazon'd round,
And with the nodding plume of ostrich crown'd?
No; the dead know it not, nor profit gain;
It only serves to prove the living, vain.
j. GAY—*Trivia.* Bk. III. Line 231.

Ham.—Hath this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at gravemaking?
Hor.—Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.
k. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

The houses that he makes last till doomsday.
l. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?
m. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

OCEAN.

Ye waves,
That o'er th' interminable ocean wreath
Your crisped smiles.
n. AESCHYLUS—*Prom.* 89.

Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man.
o. BRYANT—*Thanatopsis.*

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward; from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers.
p. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 184.

How the giant element
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound.
q. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 70.

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider.
r. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 2.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore.
s. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 179.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar.
t. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 178.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's
form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or
storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless, and
sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy shrine
The monsters of the deep are made; each
zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathom-
less, alone.
a. Byron—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV.
St. 183.

For, graceful creatures, you live by dying,
Save your life when you fling it away,
Flow through all forms, all forms defying,
And in wildest freedom strict rule obey.
b. James F. Clarke—*White-Capped
Waves.*

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more.
c. Barry Cornwall—*The Sea.*

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
d. Barry Cornwall—*The Sea.*

The sea is flowing ever,
The land retains it never.
e. Goethe—*Hikmet Nameh. Book of
Proverbs.*

The sea appears all golden
Beneath the sunlit sky.
f. Heine—*Book of Songs. New Poems.
Seraphina.* No. 15.

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast;
And the woods against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches toss'd.
g. Mrs. Hemans—*The Landing of the
Pilgrim Fathers in New England.*

Praise the sea, but keep on land.
h. Herbert—*Jacula Prudentum.*

Breezy waves toss up their silvery spray.
i. Hood—*Ode to the Moon.*

Seas rough with black winds and storms.
j. Horace.

Love the sea? I dote upon it—from the
beach.
k. Douglas Jerrold—*Specimen of Jerrold's
Wit. Love of the Sea.*

When up some woodland dale we catch
The many-twinkling smile of ocean,
Or with pleas'd ear bewilder'd watch
His chime of restless motion;
Still as the surging waves retire
They seem to gasp with strong desire,
Such signs of love old Ocean gives,
We cannot choose but think he lives.
l. Keble—*The Christian Year. Second
Sunday after Trinity.*

The sea is silent, the sea is discreet,
Deep it lies at thy very feet.
m. Longfellow—*Christus. The Golden
Legend.* Pt. V.

To the ocean now I fly,
And these happy climes, that lie
Where day never shuts his eye.
n. Milton—*Comus. Song III.*

Distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea.
o. Montgomery—*The Ocean.* St. 6.

He laid his hand upon "the Ocean's mane"
And played familiar with his hoary locks.
p. Pollok—*Course of Time.* Bk. IV.
Line 689.

Why does the sea moan evermore?
Shut out from heaven it makes its moan,
It frets against the boundary shore;
All earth's full rivers cannot fill
The sea, that drinking thirsteth still.
q. Christina G. Rossetti—*By the Sea.*
St. 1.

The always-wind-obeying deep.
r. *Comedy of Errors.* Act I. Sc. 1.

The Sea's a thief.
s. *Timon of Athens.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

And ocean with the brine on his gray locks.
t. Shelley—*The Witch of Atlas.* St. 10.

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another.
u. Shelley—*Love's Philosophy.*

There the sea I found
Calm as a cradled child in dreamless slumber
bound.
v. Shelley—*The Revolt of Islam.*
Canto I. St. 15.

The unpastured sea hungering for calm.
w. Shelley—*Prometheus Unbound.*
Act III. Sc. 2.

Blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue.
x. Southey—*Madoc in Wales.* Pt. V.

Ye who dwell at home, ye do not know the
terrors of the main.
y. Southey—*Madoc in Wales.* Pt. IV.

Children are we
Of the restless sea,
Swelling in anger or sparkling in glee;
We follow and race,
In shifting chase,
Over the boundless ocean-space!
Who hath beheld when the race begun?
Who shall behold it run?
z. Bayard Taylor—*The Waves.*

Breathings of the sea.
aa. Tennyson—*Audley Court.*

This mounting wave will roll us shoreward
soon.
bb. Tennyson—*The Lotos Eaters.*

Ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.
a. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night I. Line 153.

OPINION.

For most men, (till by losing rendered sager)
Will back their own opinions by a wager.
b. BYRON—*Beppo.* St. 27.

What will Mrs. Grundy say?
c. MORTON—*Speed the Plough.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan,
The outward habit by the inward man.
d. *Pericles.* Act II. Sc. 2.

We will proceed no further in this business.
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.
e. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 7.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.
f. TENNYSON—*Locksley Hall.* St. 25.

OPPORTUNITY.

There is an hour in each man's life appointed
To make his happiness, if then he seize it.
g. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—*Custom of the Country.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Do not delay:
Do not delay; the golden moments fly!
h. LONGFELLOW—*Masque of Pandora.* Pt. VII.

Nothing is too late
Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.
i. LONGFELLOW—*Morituri Salutamus.*

The busy world shoves angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set,
Until occasion tell him what to do;
And he who waits to have his task marked out,
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.
j. LOWELL—*A Glance Behind the Curtain.* Line 206.

Danger will wink on Opportunity.
k. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 401.

Zeal and duty are not slow;
But on occasion's forelock watchful wait.
l. MILTON—*Paradise Regained.* Bk. III. Line 172.

See thee now, though late, redeem thy name,
And glorify what else is damn'd to fame.
m. SAVAGE—*Character of Foster.*

Strike while the iron is hot.
n. SCOTT—*The Fair Maid of Perth.* Ch. V.

A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.
o. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 1.

That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,
* * * * * * *
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might be set abroach.
p. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 2.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
q. *Julius Cæsar.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

There's place, and means, for every man alive.
r. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act. IV. Sc. 3.

Urge them, while their souls
Are capable of this ambition;
Lest zeal, now melted, by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.
s. *King John.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.
t. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act. II. Sc. 7.

ORACLE.

Or if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook, that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God.
u. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 10.

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs thro' the arched roof in words deceiving.
v. MILTON—*Hymn on Christ's Nativity.* Line 173.

ORATORY.

The Orator persuades and carries all with him, he knows not how; the Rhetorician can prove that he ought to have persuaded and carried all with him.
w. CARLYLE—*Essays. Characteristics.*

He mouths a sentence as curs mouth a bone.
x. CHURCHILL—*The Rosciad.* Line 322.

There is no true orator who is not a hero.
y. EMERSON—*Essays. Of Eloquence.*

The object of oratory alone is not truth, but persuasion.
z. MACAULAY—*Essay on the Athenian Orators.*

The capital of the orator is in the bank of the highest sentimentalities and the purest enthusiasms.
aa. EDW. G. PARKER—*The Golden Age of American Oratory.* Ch. I.

Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator.
a. *Comedy of Errors.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green.
b. *Venus and Adonis.* St. 25. Line 145.

Doubt not, my lord; I'll play the orator,
As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
Were for myself.
c. *Richard III.* Act III. Sc. 5.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
* * * * * * * I only speak right on.
d. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 2.

List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music.
e. *Henry V.* Act I. Sc. 1.

ORDER.

Confusion heard his voice and wild Uproar
Stood ruled, stood vast Infinitude confined;
Till at his second bidding, Darkness fled,
Light shone, and order from disorder sprung.
f. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. III. Line 710.

Mark what unvary'd laws preserve each state,
Laws wise as Nature, and as fixed as Fate.
g. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. III. Line 189.

Not Chaos-like together crush'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd:
Where order in variety we see,
And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.
h. Pope—*Windsor Forest.* Line 14.

Order is heaven's first law; and this confest,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest.
i. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 49.

Not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent, with broom, before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.
j. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act V. Sc. 2.

The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order.
k. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act I. Sc. 3.

P.

PAIN.

Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet the pleasure after pain.
l. Dryden—*Alexander's Feast.* Line 58.

No love
Is deep that bringeth not forth pain! pain! pain!
m. Marie Josephine—*Rosa Mystica.* P. 281.

There is purpose in pain,
Otherwise it were devilish.
n. Owen Meredith—*Lucile.* Pt. II. Canto V. St. 8.

You purchase Pain with all that Joy can give,
And die of nothing but a rage to live.
o. Pope—*Moral Essays.* Ep. II. Line 99.

Pain is no longer pain when it is past.
p. Margaret J. Preston—*Old Songs and New.* *Nature's Lesson.*

The most painful part of our bodily pain is that which is bodiless, or immaterial, namely, our impatience, and the delusion that it will last forever.
q. Richter—*Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces.* Ch. VI.

Why, all delights are vain; and that most vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain,
r. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act I. Sc. 1.

A man of pleasure is a man of pains.
s. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night VIII. Line 793.

PARADISE.

In this fool's paradise, he drank delight.
t. Crabbe—*The Borough Payers.* Letter XII.

Stormy winter, burning summer, rage within those regions never,
But perpetual bloom of roses and unfading spring forever;
Lilies gleam, the crocus glows, and dropping balms their scents deliver.
u. Cardinal Peter Damiani—*The Joys of Heaven.*

The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are open paradise.
v. Gray—*Ode on the Pleasure Arising from Vicissitudes.* Line 53.

The birds were twittering above
Their joyous melodies of love;
The sun was red with rays of gold,
The flowers all lovely to behold.
w. Heine—*Book of Songs.* *Youthful Sorrows.* Pt. I. *Visions.* No. 2.

A limbo large and broad since call'd
The paradise of fools, to few unknown.
a. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. III. Line 495.

A wilderness of sweets.
b. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. V. Line 294.

In heaven the trees
Of life, ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines
Yield nectar.
c. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. V. Line 426.

Must I leave thee Paradise! thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades?
d. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XI. Line 269.

And oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.
e. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. Light of the Harem.*

To th' Elysian shades
Dismiss my soul, where no carnation fades.
f. POPE—*The Dunciad.* Bk. IV. Line 418.

PARTING.

Fare thee well! and if for ever,
Still for ever, fare thee well.
g. BYRON—*Fare Thee Well.*

Let's not unman each other—part at once;
All farewells should be sudden, when for ever,
Else they make an eternity of moments,
And clog the last sad sands of life with tears.
h. BYRON—*Sardanapalus.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Such partings break the heart they fondly hope to heal.
i. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto I. St. 10.

We two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years.
j. BYRON—*When We Two Parted.*

In every parting there is an image of death.
k. GEORGE ELIOT—*Amos Barton.* Ch. X.

That farewell kiss which resembles greeting, that last glance of love which becomes the sharpest pang of sorrow.
l. GEORGE ELIOT—*Daniel Deronda.* Bk. VI. Ch. XLIII.

Tis grievous parting with good company.
m. GEORGE ELIOT—*Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. II.

Excuse me, then; you know my heart
But dearest friends, alas! must part.
n. GAY—*The Hare and Many Friends.* Line 61.

We only part to meet again.
o. GAY—*Black-eyed Susan.* St. 4.

Good-night! good-night! as we so oft have said
Beneath this roof at midnight, in the days
That are no more, and shall no more return.
Thou hast but taken up thy lamp and gone to bed;
I stay a little longer, as one stays
To cover up the embers that still burn.
p. LONGFELLOW—*Three Friends of Mine.* Pt. IV.

Two lives that once part, are as ships that divide
When, moment on moment, there rushes between
The one and the other, a sea;—
Ah, never can fall from the days that have been
A gleam on the years that shall be!
q. BULWER-LYTTON—*A Lament.*

If we must part forever.
Give me but one kind word to think upon,
And please myself with, while my heart is breaking.
r. OTWAY—*Parting.*

At once, good night:—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.
s. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say—good-night, till it be to-morrow.
t. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.
u. *As You Like It.* Act I. Sc. 2.

If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.
v. *Julius Cæsar.* Act V. Sc. 1.

They say he parted well, and paid his score;
And so, God be with him.
w. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 7.

So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.
x. SHENSTONE—*A Pastoral.* Pt. I.

Must we part?
Well, if—we must—we must—
And in that case
The less is said the better.
y. SHERIDAN—*The Critic; or, A Tragedy Rehearsed.* Act II. Sc. 2.

But fate ordains that dearest friends must part.
z. YOUNG—*Love of Fame.* Satire II. Line 230.

PASSION.

Take heed lest passion sway
Thy judgment to do aught which else free will
Would not admit.
aa. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VIII. Line 635

And you brave Cobham! to the latest breath
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death.
a. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. I. Line 262.

In Men, we various Ruling Passions find;
In Women, two almost divide the kind;
Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The Love of Pleasure, and the Love of Sway.
b. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. II. Line 207.

The ruling Passion, be it what it will,
The ruling Passion conquers Reason still.
c. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. III. Line 153.

May I govern my passions with absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away,
d. WALTER POPE—*The Old Man's Wish.*

Passions are likened best to floods and streams,
The shallows murmur, but the deeps are dumb.
e. Sir WALTER RALEIGH—*The Silent Lover.*

His soul, like bark with rudder lost,
On Passion's changeful tide was tost;
Nor Vice nor Virtue had the power
Beyond the impression of the hour;
And O! when Passion rules, how rare
The hours that fall to Virtue's share!
f. SCOTT—*Rokeby.* Canto V. St. 23.

A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.
g. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act IV. Sc. 8.

His flaw'd heart,
* * * * * * * *
Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief.
h. *King Lear.* Act V. Sc. 3.

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;
So calm are we when passions are no more!
i. WALLER—*On Divine Poems.* Line 7.

PAST, THE

Therefore well does Agathon say, "Of this alone is even God deprived, the power of making that which is past never to have been."
j. ARISTOTLE—*Ethic.* VI. 2.

We cannot overstate our debt to the Past, but the moment has the supreme claim. The Past is for us; but the sole terms on which it can become ours are its subordination to the Present.
k. EMERSON—*Letters and Social Aims. Quotation and Originality.*

Thoughts, like a loud and sudden rush of wings,
Regrets and recollections of things past,
With hints and prophecies of things to be,
And inspirations, which, could they be things,
And stay with us, and we could hold them fast,
Were our good angels,—these I owe to thee.
l. LONGFELLOW—*Sonnet. The Two Rivers.*

You smile to see me turn and speak
With one whose converse you despise;
You do not see the dreams of old
That with his voice arise:
How can you tell what links have made
Him sacred in my eyes?
O there are Voices of the Past,
Links of a broken chain,
Wings that can bear me back to Times
Which cannot come again:
Yet God forbid that I should lose
The echoes that remain!
m. ADELAIDE A. PROCTER—*Voices of the Past.*

What's past is prologue.
n. *Tempest.* Act II. Sc. 1.

The past Hours weak and grey,
With the spoil which their toil
Raked together
From the conquest but One could foil.
o. SHELLEY—*Prometheus Unbound.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

The eternal landscape of the past.
p. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. XLV.

Whose yesterdays look backward with a smile.
q. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 334.

PATIENCE.

Blessings may appear under the shape of pains, losses, and disappointments, but let him have patience, and he will see them in their proper figure.
r. ADDISON—*The Guardian.* No. 117.

I worked with patience which is almost power.
s. E. B. BROWNING—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. III. Line 105.

There is however a limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue.
t. BURKE—*Observations on a Late Publication on the Present State of the Nation.*

To bear is to conquer our fate.
u. CAMPBELL—*Lines Written on Visiting a Scene in Argyleshire.*

Patience and shuffle the cards.
v. CERVANTES—*Don Quixote.* Pt. II. Bk. I. Ch. VI.

This flour of wifly patience.
a. CHAUCER—*Canterbury Tales. The Clerkes Tale.* Pars. V. Line 8797.

Patience is sorrow's salve.
b. CHURCHILL—*Prophecy of Famine.* Line 363.

His patient soul endures what Heav'n ordains,
But neither feels nor fears ideal pains.
c. CRABBE—*The Borough.* Letter XVII.

Patience is the strongest of strong drinks, for it kills the giant Despair.
d. DOUGLAS JERROLD—*Specimens of Jerrold's Wit. Patience.*

What a goblet! It is set round with diamonds from the mines of Eden; it is carved by angelic hands, and filled at the eternal fount of goodness.
e. DOUGLAS JERROLD—*Specimens of Jerrold's Wit. The Cup of Patience.*

Patience is powerful.
f. LONGFELLOW—*The Saga of King Olaf.* Pt. XXII. *The Nun of Nidaros.*

Rule by patience, Laughing Water!
g. LONGFELLOW—*Hiawatha.* Pt. X. *Hiawatha's Wooing.*

Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.
h. LONGFELLOW—*A Psalm of Life.*

Arm the obdured breast
With stubborn patience as with triple steel.
i. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 568.

They also serve who only stand and wait.
j. MILTON—*Sonnet. On His Blindness.*

With patience bear the lot to thee assign'd;
Nor think it chance, nor murmur at the load,
For know what man calls Fortune is from God.
k. ROWE—*The Golden Verses of Pythagoras.* Trans. from the Greek.

A high hope for a low heaven: God grant us patience!
l. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act I. Sc. 1.

And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
m. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc 1.

Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating.
n. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Had it pleas'd Heaven
To try me with affliction * * * * *
I should have found, in some part of my soul,
A drop of patience.
o. *Othello.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

He that will have a cake out of the wheat
Must needs tarry the grinding.
p. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act I. Sc. 1.

How poor are they, that have not patience!—
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
q. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 3.

I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.
r. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

I will with patience hear: and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this.
s. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act.
t. *Pericles.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Patience, unmov'd, no marvel though she pause;
They can be meek that have no other cause.
A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;
But were we burthen'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain.
u. *Comedy of Errors.* Act II. Sc. 1

She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek; she pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.
v. *Twelfth Night.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whe'r I will, or no,
I must have patience to endure the load.
w. *Richard III.* Act III. Sc. 7.

Sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
x. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 3.

That which in mean men we entitle patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
y. *Richard II.* Act I. Sc. 2.

There's some ill planet reigns;
I must be patient, till the heaven's look
With an aspect more favourable.
z. *A Winter's Tale.* Act III. Sc. 1.

'Tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself.
aa. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act V. Sc. 1.

PATRIOTISM.

Who would not be that youth? what pity is it
That we can die but once to save our country.
a. Addison—*Cato.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

Our ships were British oak,
And hearts of oak our men.
b. S. J. Arnold—*Death of Nelson.*

True patriots all; for be it understood
We left our country for our country's good.
c. George Barrington—*New South Wales. Prologue for the Opening of the Play-House at New South Wales,* Jan. 16, 1796.

Washington 's a watchword such as ne'er
Shall sink while there's an echo left to air.
d. Byron—*Age of Bronze.* St. 5.

We join ourselves to no party that does not carry the flag and keep step to the music of the Union.
e. Rufus Choate—*Letter to the Whig Convention.*

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
* * * * *
By fairy hands their knell is sung,
By forms unseen their dirge is rung.
f. Collins—*Ode Written in* 1746.

The patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
g. Goldsmith—*The Traveller.* Line 73.

Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires;
God, and your native land.
h. Fitz-Greene Halleck—*Marco Bozzaris.*

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky.
i. Holmes—*Poetry. A Metrical Essay.*

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me:
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.
j. Julia Ward Howe—*Battle Hymn of the Republic.*

Our Federal Union! It must be preserved.
k. Andrew Jackson—*Toast Given on the Jefferson Birthday Celebration in* 1830.

Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.
l. Sam'l Johnson—*Boswell's Life of Johnson.* An. 1775.

This nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.
m. Lincoln—*Speech at Gettysburg.* Nov. 19, 1863.

Thus too, sail on, O ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
n. Longfellow—*The Building of the Ship.*

To Greece we give our shining blades.
o. Moore—*Evenings in Greece. First Evening.*

A song for our banner? The watchword recall
Which gave the Republic her station;
"United we stand—divided we fall!"
It made and preserves us a nation!
p. George P. Morris—*The Flag of Our Union.*

A weapon that comes down as still
As snowflakes fall upon the sod;
But execute a freeman's will,
As lightning does the will of God;
And from its force, nor doors, nor locks
Can shield you; 'tis the ballot-box.
q. Pierpont—*A Word from a Petitioner.*

Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute.
r. Pinkney—*When Ambassador to the French Republic.* 1796.

The bullet comes—and either
A desolate hearth may see;
And God alone to-night knows where
The vacant place may be!
The dread that stirs the peasant
Thrills nobles' hearts with fear;
Yet above selfish sorrow
Both hold their country dear.
s. Adelaide A. Procter—*Lesson of the War.*

First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens.
t. *Resolutions on the Death of General Washington. Marshall's Life of Washington.*

Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.
u. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike,
* * * * * I had rather have eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptously surfeit out of action.
v. *Coriolanus.* Act I. Sc. 3.

I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life.
w. *Coriolanus.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.
x. Daniel Webster—*Second Speech on Foot's Resolution.*

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish,
I give my hand and heart to this vote.
a. DANIEL WEBSTER—*Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson.*

"Shoot, if you must this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.
b. WHITTIER—*Barbara Fritchie.*

A Briton, even in love should be
A subject, not a slave!
c. WORDSWORTH—*Ere With Cold Beads of Midnight Dew.*

PEACE.

This hand, to tyrants ever sworn the foe,
For freedom only deals the deadly blow;
Then sheathes in calm repose the vengeful blade,
For gentle peace in freedom's hallowed shade.
d. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS—*Written in an Album.*

I will learn of thee a prayer,
To Him who gave a home so fair,
A lot so blest as ours—
The God who made, for thee and me,
This sweet lone isle amid the sea.
e. BRYANT—*A Song of Pitcairn's Island.*

Mark! where his carnage and his conquests cease!
He makes a solitude and calls it peace!
f. BYRON—*Bride of Abydos.* Canto II. St. 20.

Why dost thou shun the salt? that sacred pledge,
Which once partaken blunts the sabre's edge,
Makes e'en contending tribes in peace unite,
And hated hosts seem brethren to the sight!
g. BYRON—*The Corsair.* Canto II. Pt. IV.

Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.
h. COLLINS—*Eclogue II.* Line 68. *Hassan.*

O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade;
Where rumor of oppression and deceit
Of unsuccessful or successful war
Might never reach me more.
i. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. II. Line 1.

Nothing can bring you peace but yourself.
Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles.
j. EMERSON—*Essay. Of Self-Reliance.*

Breathe soft, ye winds! ye waves, in silence sleep.
k. GAY—*To a Lady.* Ep. I. Line 17.

O for a seat in some poetic nook,
Just hid with trees, and sparkling with a brook.
l. LEIGH HUNT—*Politics and Poetics.*

We love peace as we abhor pusillanimity; but not peace at any price. There is a peace more destructive of the manhood of living man than war is destructive of his material body. Chains are worse than bayonets.
m. DOUGLAS JERROLD—*Specimens of Jerrold's Wit. Peace.*

Buried was the bloody hatchet;
Buried was the dreadful war-club;
Buried were all war-like weapons,
And the war-cry was forgotten;
Then was peace among the nations.
n. LONGFELLOW—*Hiawatha.* Pt. XIII.

Very hot and still the air was,
Very smooth the gliding river,
Motionless the sleeping shadows.
o. LONGFELLOW—*Hiawatha.* Pt. XVIII.

A pillar'd shade
High over-arch'd, and echoing walks between.
p. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 1106.

Peace hath her victories,
No less renowned than War.
q. MILTON—*Sonnet. To the Lord General Cromwell.*

How calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour, when storms are gone.
r. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. The Fire Worshippers.* Pt. III. St. 7.

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the world,
A heart that was humble might hope for it here."
s. MOORE—*Ballad Stanzas.*

For peace do not hope; to be just you must break it.
Still work for the minute and not for the year.
t. JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY—*Rules of the Road.*

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
And lover's songs be turn'd to holy psalms;
A man at arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers, which are old age's alms.
u. GEO. PEELE—*Sonnet ad fin. Polyhymnia.*

Time's blest wings of peace.
v. PETRARCH—*To Laura in Death. Sonnet XLVIII.*

So peaceful shalt thou end thy blissful days,
And steal thyself from life by slow decays.
w. POPE'S *Homer's Odyssey.* Bk. XI. Line 164.

People are always expecting to get peace in Heaven: but you know whatever peace they get there will be ready-made. Whatever, of making peace they can be blest for, must be on the earth here.
x. RUSKIN—*Eagle's Nest.*

A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.
a. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 2.

Blessed are the peace-makers on earth.
b. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act II. Sc. 1.

In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility.
c. *Henry V.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Peace,
Dear muse of arts, plenties, and joyful births.
d. *Henry V.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues.
e. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Let the bugles sound the Truce of God to the whole world forever.
f. CHARLES SUMNER—*Oration on the True Grandeur of Nations.*

Peace the offspring is of Power.
g. BAYARD TAYLOR—*A Thousand Years.*

Rest on your oars, that not a sound may fall
To interrupt the stillness of our peace:
The fanning west-wind breathes upon our cheeks,
Yet glowing with the sun's departed beams.
h. MARY TIGHE—*Sonnet. Written at Killarney.*

As on the sea of Galilee,
The Christ is whispering "Peace."
i. WHITTIER—*The Tent on the Beach. Kallundborg Church.*

Ne'er to meet, or ne'er to part, is peace.
j. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night V. Line 1058.

PEN, THE

Oh! nature's noblest gift—my gray-goose quill!
Slave of my thoughts, obedient to my will,
Torn from thy parent bird to form a pen,
That mighty instrument of little men!
k. BYRON—*English Bard and Scotch Reviewers.* Line 7.

The pen became a clarion.
l. LONGFELLOW—*Monte Cassino.* St. 13.

The feather, whence the pen,
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,
Dropped from an Angel's wing.
m. WORDSWORTH—*Walton's Book of Lives.*

PERCEPTION.

And finds with keen, discriminating sight,
Black's not so black;—nor white so very white.
n. CANNING—*New Morality.*

To see what is right and not to do it, is want of courage.
o. CONFUCIUS—*Analects.* Bk. I. Ch. IV.

PERFECTION.

Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy,
Thou art all beauty, or all blindness I.
p. CHRISTOPHER CODRINGTON—*On Garth's Dispensary.*

The very pink of perfection.
q. GOLDSMITH—*She Stoops to Conquer.* Act I. Sc. 1

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
r. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 253.

By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon!
s. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 6.

How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection.
t. *Merchant of Venice.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive;
Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serve,
Humble call'd mistress.
u. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act V. Sc. 3.

PERSEVERANCE.

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out.
v. HERRICK—*Seeke and Finde.*

For thine own purpose, thou hast sent
The strife and the discouragement!
w. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. II.

O Palissy! within thy breast
Burned the hot fever of unrest:
Thine was the prophet's vision, thine
The exultation, the divine
Insanity of noble minds,
That never falters nor abates,
But labours and endures, and waits,
Till all that it foresees, it finds,
Or, what it cannot find, creates!
x. LONGFELLOW—*Keramos.* Line 119.

In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves for a bright manhood, there is no such word as—fail!
y. BULWER-LYTTON—*Richelieu.* Act II. Sc. 2.

So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse
Met ever, and to shameful silence brought,
Yet gives not o'er, though desperate of success.
z. MILTON—*Paradise Regained.* Bk. IV. Line 21.

Hope against hope, and ask till ye receive.
aa. MONTGOMERY—*The World Before the Flood.* Canto V.

Push on—keep moving.
bb. THOMAS MORTON—*A Cure for the Heartache.* Act II. Sc. 1

We shall escape the uphill by never turning back.
a. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*Amor Mundi.*

Perseverance
Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery.
b. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Such a nature,
Sickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon.
c. *Coriolanus.* Act I. Sc. 1.

To suffer woes which hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than the death of night;
To defy power which seems omnipotent;
To love and bear; to hope till hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
Neither to change, to falter, nor repent;
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great, and joyous, beautiful and free;
This is alone life, joy, empire and victory.
d. SHELLEY—*Prometheus.* Act IV.

PERSUASION.

His tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels.
e. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 112.

Persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it.
f. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act I. Sc. 1.

PHILOSOPHY.

A little philosophy inclineth a man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.
g. BACON—*Essays. Atheism.*

Beside, he was a shrewd Philosopher,
And had read ev'ry text and gloss over;
What'e'er the crabbed'st author hath,
He understood b' implicit faith.
h. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto I. Line 127.

Before philosophy can teach by Experience, the Philosophy has to be in readiness, the Experience must be gathered and intelligibly recorded.
i. CARLYLE—*Essays. On History.*

All philosophy lies in two words, "sustain" and "abstain."
j. EPICTETUS.

Philosophy goes no further than probabilities, and in every assertion keeps a doubt in reserve.
k. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Calvinism.*

How charming is divine philosophy!
Not, harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.
l. MILTON—*Mask of Comus.* Line 476.

That stone, * * * * *
Philosophers in vain so long have sought.
m. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. III. Line 600.

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy.
n. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act III. Sc. 3.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
o. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 5.

The philosopher is the lover of wisdom and truth; to be a sage, is to avoid the senseless and the depraved. The philosopher therefore should live only among philosophers.
p. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Philosopher.* Sec. 5.

What does Philosophy impart to man
But undiscover'd wonders?—Let her soar
Even to her proudest heights—to where she caught
The soul of Newton and of Socrates,
She but extends the scope of wild amaze
And admiration.
q. HENRY KIRKE WHITE—*Time.* Line 307.

PITY.

Of all the paths lead to a woman's love
Pity's the straightest.
r. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—*The Knight of Malta.* Act I. Sc. 1.

He scorned his own, who felt another's woe.
s. CAMPBELL—*Gertrude of Wyoming.* Pt. I. St. 24.

Pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour, but an empty bubble.
t. DRYDEN—*Alexander's Feast.* Line 96.

More helpful than all wisdom is one draught of simple human pity that will not forsake us.
u. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Mill on the Floss.* Bk. VII. Ch. 1.

Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
v. GOLDSMITH—*The Deserted Village.* Line 161.

Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.
w. GOLDSMITH—*The Hermit.* St. 6.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have brought him to your door.
x. THOS. MOSS—*The Beggar's Petition.*

At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,
('Twas then his threshold first received a guest,)
How creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half the welcomes in the shivering pair.
a. PARNELL—*The Hermit.* Line 97.

But, I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense;
For policy sits above conscience.
b. *Timon of Athens.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Vio.—I pity you.
Oli. —That's a degree of love.
c. *Twelfth Night.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
d. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act III. Sc. 5.

My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs.
e. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act IV. Sc. 8.

O heavens! can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?
f. *Titus Andronicus.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
g. *Timon of Athens.* Act III. Sc. 5.

Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.
h. *Richard III.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Which, of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,—
If two such murderers as yourself came to you,—
Would not entreat for life?
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my distress.
A begging prince what beggar pities not?
i. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 4.

Soft pity never leaves the gentle breast
Where love has been received a welcome guest;
As wandering saints poor huts have sacred made,
He hallows every heart he once has sway'd,
And, when his presence we no longer share,
Still leaves compassion as a relic there.
j. SHERIDAN—*The Duenna.* Act II. Sc. 3. *Trio.*

Pity's akin to love; and every thought
Of that soft kind is welcome to my soul.
k. THOS. SOUTHERNE—*Oroonoka.* Act II. Sc. 1.

I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry, 'Tis all barren.
l. STERNE—*Sentimental Journey.*

Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay;
And if in death still lovely, lovelier these,
Far lovlier! Pity swells the tide of Love.
m. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night III. Line 104.

PLAGIARISM.

The plagiarism of orators is the art, or an ingenious and easy mode, which some adroitly employ to change, or disguise, all sorts of speeches of their own composition or of that of other authors, for their pleasure, or their utility; in such a manner that it becomes impossible even for the author himself to recognise his own work, his own genius, and his own style, so skilfully shall the whole be disguised.
n. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Curiosities of Literature. Professors of Plagiarism and Obscurity.*

It has come to be practically a sort of rule in literature, that a man, having once shown himself capable of original writing, is entitled thenceforth to steal from the writings of others at discretion. Thought is the property of him who can entertain it; and of him who can adequately place it. A certain awkwardness marks the use of borrowed thoughts; but as soon as we have learned what to do with them, they become our own.
o. EMERSON—*Shakespeare.*

When he speaks,
The air, * * * * * is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences.
p. *Henry V.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Steal! to be sure they may, and, egad—serve your best thoughts as gypsies do stolen children,—disfigure them to make 'em pass for their own.
q. SHERIDAN—*The Critic.* Act I. Sc. 1.

All the makers of dictionaries, all compilers who do nothing else than repeat backwards and forwards the opinions, the errors, the impostures, and the truths already printed, we may term plagiarists; but honest plagiarists, who arrogate not the merit of invention.
r. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Plagiarism.*

Call them if you please bookmakers, not authors, range them rather among second-hand dealers than plagiarists.
s. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Plagiarism.*

PLEASURE.

Doubtless the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat.
t. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. II. Canto III. Line 1.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed!
u. BURNS—*Tam O'Shanter.* Line 59.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

a. Byron—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 178.

Pleasure admitted in undue degree
Enslaves the will, nor leaves the judgment free.

b. Cowper—*Progress of Error.* Line 267.

The fall of waters and the song of birds,
And hills that echo to the distant herds,
Are luxuries excelling all the glare
The world can boast and her chief favorites share.

c. Cowper—*Retirement.* Line 83.

Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet the pleasure after pain.

d. Dryden—*Alexander's Feast.* Line 58.

Ever let the Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home.

e. Keats—*Fancy.*

Let me lean
On heap'd-up flowers, in regions clear, and far.

f. Keats—*Sonnet. On Leaving Some Friends at an Early Hour.*

I fly from pleasure because pleasure has ceased to please: I am lonely because I am miserable.

g. Sam'l Johnson—*Rasselas.* Ch. III.

Pleasure the servant, Virtue looking on.

h. Ben Jonson—*Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue.*

There is a pleasure that is born of pain.

i. Owen Meredith—*The Wanderer.* Bk. I. Prologue.

It were a journey like the path to heaven,
To help you find them.

j. Milton—*Comus.* Line 303.

The joyous Time, when pleasures pour
Profusely round and, in their shower,
Hearts open, like the Season's Rose,—
The Flow'ret of a hundred leaves,
Expanding while the dew fall flows,
And every leaf its balm receives.

k. Moore—*Lalla Rookh. Light of the Harem.*

The roses of pleasure seldom last long enough to adorn the brow of him who plucks them; for they are the only roses which do not retain their sweetness after they have lost their beauty.

l. Hannah More—*Essays on Various Subjects. On Dissipation.*

Pleased to the last—he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.

m. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 83.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes;
And when in act they cease, in prospect rise.

n. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. II. Line 123.

When our old pleasures die
Some new one still is nigh;
Oh fair variety!

o. Rowe—*Ode for the New Year.*

Boys mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure.

p. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act I. Sc. 4.

And painfule pleasure turnes to pleasing paine.

q. Spenser—*Fœrie Queene.* Bk. III. Canto X. St. 60.

I built my soul a lordly pleasure-house,
Wherein at ease for aye to dwell.

r. Tennyson—*The Palace of Art.* St. 1.

They who are pleased themselves must always please.

s. Thomson—*The Castle of Indolence.* Canto I. St. 15.

All human race from China to Peru,
Pleasure, howe'er disguis'd by art, pursue.

t. Thomas Warton—*The Universal Love of Pleasure.*

Sure as night follows day,
Death treads in pleasure's footsteps round the world,
When pleasure treads the paths which reason shuns.

u. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night V. Line 863.

POETS.

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravished eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground.

v. Addison—*A Letter from Italy.*

A poet not in love is out at sea;
He must have a lay-figure.

w. Bailey—*Festus.* Sc. *Home.*

Poets are all who love,—who feel great truths,
And tell them.

x. Bailey—*Festus.* Sc. *Another and a Better World.*

God's prophets of the Beautiful,
These poets were.

y. E. B. Browning—*Vision of Poets.* St. 98.

O brave poets, keep back nothing;
Nor mix falsehood with the whole!
Look up Godward! speak the truth in
Worthy song from earnest soul!
Hold, in high poetic duty,
Truest Truth, the fairest Beauty.
a. E. B. Browning—*The Dead Pan.* St. 39.

Many are the poets who have never penn'd
Their inspiration, and perchance the best.
b. Byron—*Prophecy of Dante.* Canto IV. Line 1.

There is no heroic poem in the world but is at bottom a biography, the life of a man.
c. Carlyle—*Essays. Memoirs of the Life of Scott.*

He could songes make, and wel endite.
d. Chaucer—*Canterbury Tales.* Prologue. Line 95.

Poets, accustom'd by their trade to feign,
Oft' substitute creations of the brain
For real substance, and, themselves deceiv'd,
Would have the fiction by mankind believ'd.
e. Churchill—*The Farewell.* Line 371.

Poets by death are conquer'd, but the wit
Of poets triumphs over it.
f. Cowley—*On the Praise of Poetry.*

Spare the poet for his subject's sake.
g. Cowper—*Charity.* Last line.

There is a pleasure in poetic pains
Which only poets know.
h. Cowper—*The Task.* Bk. II. Line 285.

They best can judge a poet's worth,
Who oft themselves have known
The pangs of a poetic birth
By labours of their own.
i. Cowper—*To Dr. Darwin.* St. 2.

Sure there are poets which did never dream
Upon Parnassus, nor did taste the stream
Of Helicon; we therefore may suppose
Those made not poets but the poets those.
j. Denham—*Cooper's Hill.*

Poets, the first instructors of mankind,
Brought all things to their proper native use.
k. Wentworth Dillon (Earl of Roscommon)—Trans. *Horace. Of the Art of Poetry.* Line 447.

The poet must be alike polished by an intercourse with the world as with the studies of taste; one to whom labour is negligence, refinement a science, and art a nature.
l. Isaac Disraeli—*Literary Character of Men of Genius. Vers De Société.*

But Shakspeare's magic could not copied be;
Within that circle none durst walk but he.
m. Dryden—*The Tempest.* Prologue.

Three poets in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England, did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd,
The next, in majesty, in both, the last.
The force of nature could no further go;
To make a third, she join'd the former two.
n. Dryden—*Under Mr. Milton's Picture.*

Verse-makers' talk! fit for a world of rhymes,
Where facts are feigned to tickle idle ears,
Where good and evil play at tournament,
And end in amity,—a world of lies,—
A carnival of words where every year
Stale falsehoods serve fresh men.
o. George Eliot—*Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. I.

All men are poets at heart.
p. Emerson—*Literary Ethics.*

One more royal trait properly belongs to the poet. I mean his cheerfulness, without which no man can be a poet,—for beauty is his aim. He loves virtue, not for its obligation, but for its grace; he delights in the world, in man, in woman, for the lovely light that sparkles from them. Beauty, the spirit of joy and hilarity, he sheds over the universe.
q. Emerson—*Shakespeare.*

Poets should be law-givers; that is, the boldest lyric inspiration should not chide and insult, but should announce and lead, the civil code, and the day's work.
r. Emerson—*Essay. Of Prudence.*

The finest poetry was first experience.
s. Emerson—*Shakespeare.*

The true poem is the poet's mind.
t. Emerson—*Essay. Of History.*

"Give me a theme," a little poet cried,
"And I will do my part,"
"'Tis not a theme you need," the world replied;
"You need a heart."
u. Gilder—*The Poet and His Master.*

Singing and rejoicing,
As aye since time began,
The dying earth's last poet
Shall be the earth's last man.
v. Anastasius Grün—*The Last Poet.*

His virtues formed the magic of his song.
w. Hayley—*Inscription on the Tomb of Cowper.*

In his own verse the poet still we find,
In his own page his memory lives enshrined,
As in their amber sweets the smothered bees,—
As the fair cedar, fallen before the breeze,
Lies self-embalmed amidst mouldering trees.
x. Holmes—*Songs of Many Seasons. Bryant's Seventieth Birthday.* St. 17.

We call those poets who are first to mark
Through earth's dull mist the coming of the dawn,—
Who see in twilight's gloom the first pale spark,
While others only note that day is gone.
a. HOLMES—*Songs of Many Seasons. Shakespeare.* St. IV.

Where go the poet's lines?
Answer, ye evening tapers!
Ye auburn locks, ye golden curls,
Speak from your folded papers!
b. HOLMES—*The Poet's Lot.*

Was ever poet so trusted before!
c. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Boswell's Life of Johnson.* An. 1773.

He was not of an age, but for all time,
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!
d. BEN JONSON—*Lines to the Memory of Shakespeare.*

Many and many a verse I hope to write,
Before the daisies, vermiel rim'd and white,
Hide in deep herbage; and ere yet the bees
Hum about globes of clover and sweet peas.
e. KEATS—*Endymion.* Bk. I. Line 49.

O 'tis a very sin
For one so weak to venture his poor verse
In such a place as this.
f. KEATS—*Endymion.* Bk. III. Line 965.

All that is best in the great poets of all countries is not what is national in them, but what is universal.
g. LONGFELLOW—*Kavanagh.* Ch. XX.

For voices pursue him by day,
And haunt him by night,—
And he listens, and needs must obey,
When the angel says: "Write!"
h. LONGFELLOW—*L'Envoi. The Poet and His Songs.*

His songs were not divine;
Were not songs of that high art,
Which, as wounds do in the pine,
Find an answer in each heart.
i. LONGFELLOW—*Oliver Basselin.* St. 6.

Like the river, swift and clear,
Flows his song through many a heart.
j. LONGFELLOW—*Oliver Basselin.* St. 11.

Next to being a great poet is the power of understanding one.
k. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. II. Ch. III.

O ye dead Poets, who are living still
Immortal in your verse, though life be fled,
And ye, O living Poets, who are dead
Though ye are living, if neglect can kill,
Tell me if in the darkest hours of ill,
With drops of anguish falling fast and red
From the sharp crown of thorns upon your head,
Ye were not glad your errand to fulfill?
l. LONGFELLOW—*The Poets.*

To the poetic mind all things are poetical.
m. LONGFELLOW—*Drift-Wood. Twice Told Tales.*

For his chaste Muse employed her heaven-taught lyre
None but the noblest passions to inspire,
Not one immortal, one corrupted thought,
One line, which dying he could wish to blot.
n. BULWER-LYTTON—*Prologue to Thomson's Coriolanus.*

Poets alone are sure of immortality; they are the truest diviners of nature.
o. BULWER-LYTTON—*Caxtoniana.* Essay XXVII.

The mind to virtue is by verse subdu'd;
And the true poet is a public good.
p. AMBROSE PHILIPS—*Epigrams and Short Poems. To Mr. Addison on Cato.*

Poets utter great and wise things which they do not themselves understand.
q. PLATO.

But touch me, and no Minister so sore,
Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,
Sacred to Ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burthen of some merry song.
r. POPE—*Second Book of Horace.* Satire I. Line 76.

Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe.
s. POPE—*Prologue to Satires.* Line 283.

Dulness! whose good old cause I yet defend,
With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end.
t. POPE—*The Dunciad.* Bk. I. Line 165.

Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of Arts,
* * * * * *
So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky.
u. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 219.

He, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
Mars not, but blunders round about a meaning;
And he whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not Poetry, but prose run mad.
v. POPE—*Prologue to Satires.* Line 185.

Poets like painters, thus, unskill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
w. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 293.

The Bard whom pilfer'd Pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half a Crown,
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains, from hard-bound brains eight lines a year.
x. POPE—*Prologue to Satires.* Line 179.

Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy! to catch me, just at dinner-time.
a. Pope—*Prologue to Satires.* Line 13.

While pensive poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep.
b. Pope—*The Dunciad.* Bk. I. Line 93.

Who pens a stanza when he should engross.
c. Pope—*Prologue to Satires.* Line 18.

Who says in verse what others say in prose.
d. Pope—*Epistles of Horace.* Bk. II. Line 202.

Call it not vain;—they do not err,
Who say, that, when the poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies.
e. Scott—*The Lay of the Last Minstrel.* Canto V. St. 1.

Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs.
f. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Such a deal of wonder is broken out in within this hour, that the ballad makers cannot be able to express it.
g. *Winter's Tale.* Act V. Sc. 2.

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
h. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong;
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.
i. Shelley—*Julian and Maddalo.* Line 556.

Show me one wicked man who has written poetry, and I will show you where his poetry is not poetry; or rather I will show you in his poetry no poetry at all.
j. Miss Shephard—*Counterparts.*

Nature never let forth the earth in so rich tapistry, as divers Poets have done, neither with pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet smelling flowers: nor whatsoever els may make the too much loved earth more lovely. Her world is brasen, the Poets only deliver a golden.
k. Sir Philip Sidney—*An Apologie for Poetrie.*

Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled,
On fame's eternall beadroll worthie to be fyled.
l. Spenser—*Fœrie Queene.* Bk. IV. Canto II. St. 32.

I learnt life from the poets.
m. Madame de Staël—*Corinne.* Bk. XVIII. Ch. V.

The constant Muse,
Who sought me when I needed her—ah when
Did I not need her, solitary else?
n. Stoddard—Proem. Line 87.

The Poet in his Art
Must imitate the whole, and say the smallest part.
o. Story—*The Unexpressed.*

Then rising with Aurora's light,
The muse invoked, sit down to write;
Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
Enlarge, diminish, interline.
p. Swift—*On Poetry.*

Unjustly poets we asperse;
Truth shines the brighter clad in verse,
And all the fictions they pursue
Do but insinuate what is true.
q. Swift—*To Stella.*

There are few delights in any life so high and rare as the subtle and strong delight of sovreign art and poetry; there are none more pure and more sublime. To have read the greatest work of any great poet, to have beheld or heard the greatest works of any great painter or musician, is a possession added to the best things of life.
r. Swinburne—*Essays and Studies. Victor Hugo. L'Année Terrible.*

There is no such thing as a dumb poet or a handless painter. The essence of an artist is that he should be articulate.
s. Swinburne—*Essays and Studies. Matthew Arnold's New Poems.*

The Poet's leaves are gathered one by one,
In the slow process of the doubtful years.
t. Bayard Taylor—*The Poet's Journal. Third Evening.*

The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above;
Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love.
* * * * * * * *
And bravely furnish'd all abroad to fling
The wingéd shafts of truth
To throng with stately blooms the breathing spring
Of hope and youth.
u. Tennyson—*The Poet.* Sts. 1 and 7.

Poets lose half the praise they should have got,
Could it be known what they discreetly blot.
v. Waller—*Miscellanies LX. Upon the Earl of Roscommon's Translation of Horace De Arte Poetica; and of the use of Poetry.* Line 41.

It was Homer who inspired the poet.
w. Wayland—*The Iliad and the Bible.*

Give lettered pomp to teeth of time,
So Bonny Doon but tarry;
Blot out the epic's stately rhyme,
But spare his Highland Mary.
a. WHITTIER—*Lines on Burns.*

And, when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The Thing became a trumpet; whence he blew
Soul-animating strains,—alas! too few.
b. WORDSWORTH—*Miscellaneous Sonnets. Scorn not the Sonnet.*

Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares—
The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!
c. WORDSWORTH—*Personal Talk.*

He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own.
d. WORDSWORTH—*A Poet's Epitaph.* St. 10.

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride;
Of him who walked in glory and in joy,
Following his plough along the mountain side.
e. WORDSWORTH—*Resolution and Independence.* St. 7.

That mighty orb of song,
The divine Milton.
f. WORDSWORTH—*The Excursion.* Bk. I. Line 252.

The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream.
g. WORDSWORTH—*Suggested by a Picture of Beele Castle.* St. 4.

Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart.
h. WORDSWORTH—*London*, 1802.

POETRY.

It (Poesy) was ever thought to have some participation of divineness, because it doth raise and erect the mind, by submitting the shews of things to the desires of the mind.
i. BACON—*Advancement of Learning.* Bk. II.

Poetry is itself a thing of God;
He made his prophets poets; and the more
We feel of poesie do we become
Like God in love and power,—under-makers.
j. BAILEY—*Festus.* Proem. Line 5.

Florid prose, nor honied lies of rhyme,
Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime.
k. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto I. St. 3.

Poetry, above all, we should have known long ago, is one of those mysterious things whose origin and developments never can be what we call explained; often it seems to us like the wind, blowing where it lists, coming and departing with little or no regard to any the most cunning theory that has yet been devised of it.
l. CARLYLE—*Essays. Early German. Literature.*

In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column:
In the pentameter aye falling in melody back.
m. COLERIDGE—*The Ovidian Elegiac Metre.*

Poetry is the blossom and the fragrance of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions, emotion, language.
n. COLERIDGE—*Biographia Literaria.* Ch. XV.

Poetry is older than prose. Of this we have what may be called paleontological proof in the structure of all languages. Our every day speech is fossil poetry. Words which are now dead were once alive. The farther we recede and the lower we descend, the more these wonderful petrifactions of old forms of poetic thought and feeling abound.
o. ABRAHAM COLES—*The Evangel.* Introduction.

Poetry is unfallen speech. Paradise knew no other, for no other would suffice to answer the need of those ecstatic days of innocence.
p. ABRAHAM COLES—*The Evangel.* Introduction.

'Tis very dang'rous tamp'ring with a muse;
The profit's small, and you have much to lose;
For tho' true wit adorns your birth or place,
Degen'rate lines degrade th' attained race.
q. WENTWORTH DILLON (Earl of Roscommon)—*Miscellanies. Essay on Translated Verse.* Line 284.

It does not need that a poem should be long. Every word was once a poem.
r. EMERSON—*Essay. Of The Poet.*

It is not metres, but a meter-making argument that makes a poem.
s. EMERSON—*Essay. The Poet.*

Only that is poetry which cleanses and man's me.
t. EMERSON—*Inspiration.*

Rhyme, being a kind of music, shares this advantage with music, that it has a privilege of speaking truth which all Philistia is unable to challenge. Music is the poor man's Parnassus.
u. EMERSON—*Poetry and Imagination. Melody, Rhyme, Form.*

Rhymes are difficult things—they are stubborn things, sir.
v. FIELDING—*Amelia.*

Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound;
All at her work the village maiden sings,
Nor while she turns the giddy wheel around,
Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things.
a. GIFFORD—*Contemplation.*

What is a Sonnet? 'Tis the pearly shell
That murmurs of the far-off, murmuring sea;
A precious jewel carved most curiously;
It is a little picture painted well.
What is a Sonnet? 'Tis the tear that fell
From a great poet's hidden ecstacy;
A two-edged sword, a star, a song—ah me!
Sometimes a heavy tolling funeral bell.
b. GILDER—*The Poet and His Master, and Other Poems.*

God to his untaught children sent
Law, order, knowledge, art, from high,
And ev'ry heav'nly favour lent,
The world's hard lot to qualify.
They knew not how they should behave,
For all from Heav'n stark-naked came;
But Poetry their garments gave,
And then not one had cause for shame.
c. GOETHE—*Poetry.*

Poetry is the key to the hieroglyphics of Nature.
d. J. C. and A. W. HARE—*Guesses at Truth.*

A verse may finde him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.
e. HERBERT—*The Temple. The Church Porch.*

Poetry begotten of passion is ever debasing; poetry born of real heartfulness ennobles always and uplifts.
f. A. A. HOPKINS—*Waifs and Their Authors.*

Poetry is the breath of beauty, flowing around the spiritual world, as the winds that wake up the flowers do about the material.
g. LEIGH HUNT—*Men, Women, and Books. Of Statesmen Who Have Written Verses.*

The essence of poetry is invention; such invention as, by producing something unexpected, surprises and delights.
h. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Life of Waller.*

A drainless shower
Of light is poesy; 'tis the supreme of power;
'Tis might half slumbering on its own right arm.
i. KEATS—*Sleep and Poetry.* Line 237.

The poetry of earth is never dead;
* * * * * * *
The poetry of earth is ceasing never.
j. KEATS—*On the Grasshopper and Cricket.*

The Sonnet swelling loudly
Up to its climax, and then dying proudly.
k. KEATS—*To Charles Cowden Clarke.*

Never did Poesy appear
So full of heaven to me, as when
I saw how it would pierce through pride and fear
To the lives of coarsest men.
l. LOWELL—*An Incident in a Railroad Car.*

I do loves poetry, sir, 'specially the sacred.
* * * For there be summut in it * * * which smooths a man's heart like a clothes-brush, wipes away the dust and dirt, and sets all the nap right.
m. BULWER-LYTTON—*Eugene Aram.* Bk. IV. Ch. IV.

You speak
As one who fed on poetry.
n. BULWER-LYTTON—*Richelieu.* Act I. Sc. 1.

The merit of poetry, in its wildest forms, still consists in its truth,—truth conveyed to the understanding, not directly by the words, but circuitously by means of imaginative associations, which serve as its conductors.
o. MACAULAY—*Essay. On the Athenian Orators.*

Poesy, drawing within its circle all that is glorious and inspiring, gave itself but little concern as to where its flowers originally grew.
p. KARL OTTFRIED MÜLLER.

Poetry, like the world, may be said to have four ages, but in a different order: the first age of poetry being the age of iron; the second of gold; the third of silver; and the fourth of brass.
q. THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK—*The Four Ages of Poetry.*

The world is full of poetry;—the air
Is living with its spirit; and the waves
Dance to the music of its melodies,
And sparkle in its brightness.
r. PERCIVAL—*Poetry.*

Poetry comes nearer the vital truth than history.
s. PLATO.

A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
t. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Pt. II. Line 156.

Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-eyed Virgin, steal a tear!
u. POPE—*Prologue to Satires.* Line 283.

It is not poetry but prose run mad.
v. POPE—*Prologue to Satires.* Line 188.

Not with such majesty, such bold relief,
The Forms august, of King, or conqu'ring Chief,
E'er swell'd on marble; as in verse have shin'd,
(In polish'd verse,) the Manners and the Mind.
w. POPE—*Second Book of Horace.* Ep. I. Line 390.

Now times are chang'd, and one Poetic Itch
Has seiz'd the court and city, poor and rich:
Sons, Sires and grandsires, all will wear the bays,
Our wives read Milton, and our daughters Plays,
To Theatres, and to Rehearsals throng,
And all our grace at table is a song.
a. POPE—*Second Book of Horace.* Ep. I. Line 169.

One simile that solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines.
b. POPE—*Second Book of Horace.* Ep. 1. Line 111.

The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine.
c. POPE—*To Augustus.* Ep. I. Line 267. Bk. II.

What woful stuff this madrigal would be,
In some starv'd hackney sonneteer or me!
But let a Lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the style refines.
d. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 418.

I would the gods had made thee poetical.
e. *As You Like It.* Act III. Sc. 3.

O for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!
f. *Henry V.* Chorus.

The elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy.
g. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

I consider poetry very subordinate to moral and political science.
h. SHELLEY—*Letter to Thomas L. Peacock.*

Sweet food of sweetly uttered knowledge.
i. Sir PHILIP SIDNEY—*The Defense of Poesy.*

A poem round and perfect as a star.
j. ALEX. SMITH—*A Life Drama.* Sc. 2.

There are few delights in any life so high and rare as the subtle and strong delight of sovereign art and poetry; there are none more pure and more sublime. To have read the greatest works of any great poet, to have beheld or heard the greatest works of any great painter or musician, is a possession added to the best things of life.
k. SWINBURNE—*Essays and Studies: Victor Hugo. L'Année Terrible.*

One merit of poetry few persons will deny: it says more and in fewer words than prose.
l. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionary.*

Poetry is the music of the soul, and above all of great and feeling souls.
m. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionary.*

Old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good.
n. WALTON—*Complete Angler.* Pt. I. Ch. IV.

Poetry is found to have few stronger conceptions, by which it would affect or overwhelm the mind, than those in which it presents the moving and speaking image of the departed dead to the senses of the living.
o. DANIEL WEBSTER—*Discourse Delivered at Plymouth, on the 22d of December*, 1820.

Wisdom married to immortal verse.
p. WORDSWORTH—*The Excursion.* Bk. VII.

There is in poesy a decent pride,
Which well becomes her when she speaks to prose,
Her younger sister.
q. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night V. Line 64.

POLITICS.

A thousand years scarce serve to form a state;
An hour may lay it in the dust.
r. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 84.

As the laws are above magistrates, so are the magistrates above the people; and it may truly be said, that the magistrate is a speaking law, and the law a silent magistrate.
s. CICERO.

Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
t. GOLDSMITH—*Retaliation.* Line 31.

Old Politicians chew on wisdom past,
And totter on in bus'ness to the last.
u. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. I. Line 228.

O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
v. *Merchant of Venice.* Act II. Sc. 9.

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.
w. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 4.

Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter: that, when he speak,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still.
x. *Henry V.* Act I. Sc. 1.

POPULARITY.

Their poet, a sad trimmer, but no less
In company a very pleasant fellow,
Had been a favourite of full many a mess
Of men, and made them speeches when half mellow;
And though his meaning they could scarcely guess,
Yet still they deign'd to hiccup or to bellow
The glorious word of popular applause,
Of which the first ne'er knows the second cause.
y. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto III. St. 82.

Popularity is as a blaze of illumination, or alas, of conflagration kindled round a man; showing what is in him; not putting the smallest item more into him; often abstracting much from him; conflagrating the poor man himself into ashes and *caput mortuum*.
a. CARLYLE—*Essays. Memoirs of the Life of Scott.*

To some men popularity is always suspicious. Enjoying none themselves, they are prone to suspect the validity of those attainments which command it.
b. GEO. HENRY LEWES—*The Spanish Drama.* Ch. III.

I have seen the dumb men throng to see him,
And the blind to hear him speak:
Matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he passed; the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue; and the commons made
A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts.
c. *Coriolanus.* Act II. Sc. 1.

The ladies call him sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet.
d. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act V. Sc. 2.

POVERTY.

Leave the poor
Some time for self-improvement. Let them not
Be forced to grind the bones out of their arms
For bread, but have some space to think and feel
Like moral and immortal creatures.
e. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *A Country Town.*

Feel you the barren flattery of a rhyme?
Can poets soothe you, when you pine for bread;
By winding myrtle round your ruin'd shed?
f. CRABBE—*The Village.* Bk. I.

And plenty makes us poor.
g. DRYDEN—*The Medal.* Line 126.

Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so.
h. GOLDSMITH—*Deserted Village.* Line 413.

Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.
i. GRAY—*Elegy in a Country Churchyard.* St. 13.

The short and simple annals of the poor.
j. GRAY—*Elegy in a Country Churchyard.* St. 8.

Yes, child of suffering, thou may'st well be sure
He who ordained the Sabbath loves the poor!
k. HOLMES—*Urania.*

With fingers weary and worn.
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
Would that its tone could reach the Rich,
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"
l. HOOD—*Song of the Shirt.* St. 2.

This mournful truth is everywhere confess'd,
Slow rises worth by poverty depress'd.
m. SAM'L JOHNSON—*London.* Line 175.

Rattle his bones over the stones,
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns.
n. THOMAS NOEL—*The Pauper's Drive.*

To the world no bugbear is so great,
As want of figure, and a small Estate.
o. POPE—*First Book of Horace.* Ep. I. Line 67.

Where are those troops of Poor, that throng'd of yore
The good old landlord's hospitable door?
p. POPE—*Satires of Dr. Donne.* Satire II. Line 113.

Yon Alms-house, neat, but void of state,
Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate.
q. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. III. Line 265.

Poverty is the only load which is the heavier the more loved ones there are to assist in supporting it.
r. RICHTER—*Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces.* Ch. X.

He that wants money, means and content, is without three good friends.
s. *As You Like It.* Act III. Sc. 2.

I am as poor as Job, my lord; but not so patient.
t. *Henry IV.* Act I. Pt. II. Sc. 2.

It is still her use,
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty.
u. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

No, Madam, 'tis not so well that I am poor; though many of the rich are damned.
v. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act I. Sc. 3.

No matter what; he's poor, and that's revenge enough.
w. *Timon of Athens.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches, fineless, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
x. *Othello.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Poverty, but not my will, consents.
y. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips.
a. *Othello.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

There shall be, in England, seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny: the three hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer.
b. *Henry VI.* Act IV. Pt. II. Sc. 2.

What will this come to?
He commands us to provide and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer.
c. *Timon of Athens.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Whose plenty made him pore.
d. SPENSER—*Fœrie Queene.* Bk. I. Canto IV. St. 29.

One gains courage by showing himself poor; in that manner one robs poverty of its sharpest sting.
e. THÜMMEL.

POWER.

He hath no power that hath not power to use.
f. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *A Visit.*

We love and live in power. It is the spirits' end.
Mind must subdue. To conquer is its life.
g. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Wood and Water.*

Then, everlasting Love, restrain thy will;
'Tis god-like to have power, but not to kill.
h. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—*The Chances.* Act II. Sc. 2. *Song.*

Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of power.
i. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto II. St. 2.

Men are never very wise and select in the exercise of a new power.
j. CHANNING—*The Present Age.*

To know the pains of power, we must go to those who have it; to know its pleasures, we must go to those who are seeking it: the pains of power are real, its pleasures imaginary.
k. C. C. COLTON—*Lacon.*

Mightiest powers by deepest calms are fed,
And sleep, how oft, in things that gentlest be!
l. BARRY CORNWALL—*English Songs and Other Small Poems. The Sea in Calm.*

She knows her man, and when you rant and swear
Can draw you to her with a single hair.
m. DRYDEN—*Persius.* Satire V. Line 246.

Power, in its quality and degree, is the measure of manhood. Scholarship, save by accident, is never the measure of a man's power.
n. J. G. HOLLAND—*Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects. Self-Help.*

Patience and Gentleness is Power.
o. LEIGH HUNT—*Sonnet. On a Lock of Milton's Hair.*

No pent-up Utica contracts your powers,
But the whole boundless continent is yours.
p. SEWALL—*Epilogue to Cato.*

The Devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape.
q. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Power, like a desolating pestilence,
Pollutes whate'er it touches; and obedience,
Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,
Makes slaves of men, and of the human frame
A mechanized automaton.
r. SHELLEY—*Queen Mab.* Pt. III.

The good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.
s. WORDSWORTH—*Rob Roy's Grave.*

Who murders time, he crushes in the birth a power ethereal.
t. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 110.

PRAISE.

Praise me not too much,
Nor blame me, for thou speakest to the Greeks, Who know me.
u. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. X. Line 289.

Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.
v. COLERIDGE—*Hymn Before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni.*

There are three kinds of praise: that which we yield, that which we lend, and that which we pay. We yield it to the powerful from fear, we lend it to the weak from interest, and we pay it to the deserving from gratitude.
w. C. C. COLTON—*Lacon.*

Praise enough
To fill the ambition of a private man,
That Chatham's language was his mother-tongue.
x. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. II. Line 235.

Long open panegyric drags at best,
And praise is only praise when well address'd.
y. GAY. Ep. I. Line 29.

And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning praised
God and his works.
z. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VII. Line 253.

Gladly then he mixed
Among those friendly Powers, who him received
With joy and acclamations loud, that one,
That of so many myriads fallèn yet one
Returned not lost.
aa. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VI. Line 21.

Join voices, all ye living souls; ye birds,
That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
a. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. V. Line 197.

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer.
b. Pope—*Prologue to Satires.* Line 201.

Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise.
c. Pope—*Epistles of Horace.* Ep. I. Bk II. Line 413.

To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urg'd thro' sacred lust of praise!
d. Pope—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 520.

Delightful praise!—like summer rose,
That brighter in the dew-drop glows,
The bashful maiden's cheek appear'd,
For Douglas spoke, and Malcolm heard.
e. Scott—*Lady of the Lake.* Canto II. St. 24.

All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him.
f. *Coriolanus.* Act II. Sc. 1.

In his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me.
g. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 4.

Now, God be prais'd; that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair.
h. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act II. Sc. 1.

Our praises are our wages.
i. *Winter's Tale.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear.
j. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Speak me fair in death.
k. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.
l. *Merchant of Venice.* Act II. Sc. 9.

Good men will yield thee praise; then slight the rest;
'Tis best, praise-worthy, to have pleased the best.
m. Capt. John Smith—*General History.*

The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns more or less, and glows in ev'ry heart.
n. Young—*The Love of Fame.* Satire I. Line 51.

The man is vain who writes for praise;
Praise no man e'er deserved who sought no more
o. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night V. Line 3.

The sweetest of all sounds is praise.
p. Xenophon—*Hier.* I. 15.

PRAYER.

Yet then from all my grief, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free,
Whilst in the confidence of pray'r
My soul took hold on thee.
q. Addison—*Miscellaneous Poems.* *Divine Ode, made by a Gentleman on the Conclusion of his Travels.*

Hope, he called, belief
In God,—work, worship * * therefore let us pray!
r. E. B. Browning—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. III.

They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!
s. Burns—*The Cotter's Saturday Night.* St. 6.

Father! no prophet's laws I seek,—
Thy laws in Nature's works appear;
I own myself corrupt and weak,
Yet will I pray, for thou wilt hear.
t. Byron—*The Prayer of Nature.*

Father of Light! great God of Heaven!
Hear'st thou the accents of despair?
Can guilt like man's be e'er forgiven?
Can vice atone for crimes by prayer?
u. Byron—*The Prayer of Nature.*

To Thee, my God, to thee I call!
Whatever weal or woe betide
By thy command I rise or fall,
In thy protection I confide.
v. Byron—*The Prayer of Nature.*

Be not afraid to pray—to pray is right.
Pray, if thou canst, with hope; but ever pray,
Though hope be weak or sick with long delay;
Pray in the darkness, if there be no light.
w. Hartley Coleridge—*Poems.* (*Posthumous.*) *Prayer.*

Pray to be perfect, though material leaven
Forbid the spirit so on earth to be;
But if for any wish thou darest not pray,
Then pray to God to cast that wish away.
x. Hartley Coleridge—*Poems.* (*Posthumous.*) *Prayer.*

So have I dreamed!—Oh, may the dream be true!—
That praying souls are purged from mortal hue,
And grow as pure as He to whom they pray.
y. Hartley Coleridge—*Poems.* (*Posthumous.*) *Prayer.*

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things, both great and small.
z. Coleridge—*The Ancient Mariner.* Pt. VII.

He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.
aa. Coleridge—*The Ancient Mariner.* Pt. VII.

The saints will aid if men will call:
For the blue sky bends over all.
a. COLERIDGE—*Christabel.*

And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
b. COWPER—*Exhortation to Prayer.*

Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.
c. CHARLES M. DICKINSON—*The Children.*

Grant folly's prayers that hinder folly's wish,
And serve the ends of wisdom.
d. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. IV.

No man ever prayed heartily, without learning something.
e. EMERSON—*Nature.* Ch. VIII.

He who prays without confidence, cannot hope that his prayers will be granted.
f. FENELON—*On Prayer.*

A good prayer, though often used, is still fresh and fair in the ears and eyes of Heaven.
g. FULLER—*Good Thoughts in Bad Times. Meditations on all Kinds of Prayers.*

Ejaculations are short prayers darted up to God on emergent occasions.
h. FULLER—*Good Thoughts in Bad Times. Meditations on all Kinds of Prayers. Ejaculations, their use.*

In extemporary prayer, what men most admire God least regardeth.
i. FULLER—*Good Thoughts in Bad Times. Meditations on all Kinds of Prayers. Their Privilege.*

The soldier at the same time may shoot out his prayer to God, and aim his pistol at his enemy, the one better hitting the mark for the other.
j. FULLER—*Good Thoughts on Bad Times. Meditations on all Kinds of Prayers. Their Privilege.*

Fools who came to scoff remain'd to pray.
k. GOLDSMITH—*Deserted Village.* Line 179.

He that will learn to pray, let him go to sea.
l. HERBERT—*Jacula Prudentum.*

Who goes to bed and doth not pray,
Maketh two nights of ev'ry day!
m. HERBERT—*The Temple. Charms and Knots.* St. 4.

In prayer the lips ne'er act the winning part
Without the sweet concurrence of the heart.
n. HERRICK—*Hesperides. The Heart.*

Like one in prayer I stood.
o. LONGFELLOW—*Voices of the Night.* Prelude.

Prayer is Innocence, friend; and willingly flieth incessant
'Twixt the earth and the sky, the carrier-pigeon of heaven.
p. LONGFELLOW—*The Children of the Lord's Supper.* Line 156.

But that from us aught should ascend to heav'n
So prevalent as to concern the mind
Of God high-blest, or to incline his will,
Hard to believe may seem, yet this will prayer.
q. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XI. Line 143.

Hear his sighs though mute;
Unskilful with what words to pray, let me
Interpret for him.
r. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XI. Line 31.

If by pray'r
Incessant I could hope to change the will
Of Him who all things can, I would not cease
To weary Him with my assiduous cries.
s. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XI. Line 307.

Sighs now breath'd
Unutterable, which the spirit of pray'r
Inspir'd, and wing'd for heav'n with speedier flight
Than loudest oratory.
t. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XI. Line 6.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
u. MONTGOMERY—*What is Prayer?*

O sad state
Of human wretchedness; so weak is man,
So ignorant and blind, that did not God
Sometimes withhold in mercy what we ask,
We should be ruin'd at our own request.
v. HANNAH MORE—*Moses.*

Lo! all life this truth declares,
Laborare est orare;
And the whole earth rings with prayers.
w. D. M. MULOCK—*Thirty Years. Labor Is Prayer.*

Whose very looks are prayers.
x. D. M. MULOCK—*Thirty Years. A Sketch.*

In all thou dost, first let thy prayers ascend,
And to the gods thy labours first commend:
From them implore success, and hope a prosperous end.
y. PYTHAGORAS.

The first petition that we are to make to Almighty God is for a good conscience, the next for health of mind, and then of body.
z. SENECA.

All his mind is bent to holiness,
To number Ave-Maries on his beads:
a. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act I. Sc. 3.

Bow, stubborn knees! and heart with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe.
b. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Get him to say his prayers, Good Sir Toby, get him to pray.
c. *Twelfth Night.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.
d. *Henry VIII.* Act II. Sc. 1.

His worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way: but nobody but has his fault,—but let that pass.
e. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act I. Sc. 4.

If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.
f. *Othello.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.
g. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act II. Sc. 1.

My prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers and wishes
Are all I can return.
h. *Henry VIII.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Now I am past all comfort here, but prayers.
i. *Henry VIII.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Rather let my head
Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any,
Save to the God of heaven and to my king.
j. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 1.

To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;
Sleeping, and waking, O defend me still.
k. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 3.

True prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere sun-rise.
l. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 4.

We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good: so we find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.
m. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.
n. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects: Heaven hath my empty words.
o. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Prayers are heard in heaven very much in proportion to our faith. Little faith will get very great mercies, but great faith still greater.
p. SPURGEON—*Gleanings Among the Sheaves. Believing Prayer.*

Four things which are not in thy treasury,
I lay before thee, Lord, with this petition:—
My nothingness, my wants,
My sins, and my contrition.
q. SOUTHEY—*Occasional Pieces.* XIX. Imitated from the Persian.

To pray together, in whatever tongue or ritual, is the most tender brotherhood of hope and sympathy that men can contract in this life.
r. MADAME DE STAËL—*Corinne.* Bk. X. Ch. V.

Battering the gates of heaven with storms of prayer.
s. TENNYSON—*St. Simeon Stylites.* Line 7.

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round world is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
t. TENNYSON—*Idyls of the King. The Passing of Arthur.* Line 247.

Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others—that we are not always strong;
That we are ever overborne with care;
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy, and strength, and courage are with thee?
u. TRENCH—*Sonnet. On Prayer.*

Serve God before the world; let him not go,
Until thou hast a blessing; then resigne,
The whole unto him; and remember who
Prevail'd by wrestling ere the sun did shine.
Poure oyle upon the stones; weep for thy sin
Then journey on, and have an eie to heav'n.
v. VAUGHAN—*Rules and Lessons.*

Prayer moves the Hand which moves the world.
w. JOHN AIKMAN WALLACE—*There is an Eye that Never Sleeps.* Line 19.

Making their lives a prayer.
a. WHITTIER—*On Receiving a Basket of Sea Mosses.*

Prayers ardent open heaven.
b. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night VIII. Line 721.

PREJUDICE.

He hears but half who hears one party only.
c. ÆSCHYLUS—*Eum.*, 428.

The great obstacle to progress is prejudice.
d. BOVEE—*Summaries of Thought. Prejudice.*

Prejudice renders a man's virtue his habit, and not a series of unconnected acts. Through just prejudice, his duty becomes a part of his nature.
e. BURKE—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

When the judgment's weak,
The prejudice is strong.
f. KANE O'HARA—*Midas. A Burletta.* Act I. Sc. 4.

PRESUMPTION.

Who dares
To say that he alone has found the truth?
g. LONGFELLOW—*Christus.* Part III. *John Endicott.* Act II. Sc. 3.

He will steal himself into a man's favour, and, for a week, escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.
h. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act III. Sc. 6.

How dare the plants look up to heaven, from whence
They have their nourishment?
i. *Pericles.* Act I. Sc. 2.

PRIDE.

There is no passion which steals into the heart more imperceptibly and covers itself under more disguises, than pride.
j. ADDISON—*The Guardian.* No. 153.

As proud as Lucifer.
k. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *A Country Town*

Ay, do despise me, I'm the prouder for it;
I like to be despised.
l. BRICKERSTAFF—*The Hypocrite.* Act V. Sc. 1.

And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride that apes humility.
m. COLERIDGE—*The Devil's Thoughts.*

Pride (of all others the most dang'rous fault)
Proceeds from want of sense or want of thought.
n. WENTWORTH DILLON (Earl of Roscommon—*Essay on Translated Verse.* Line 161.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he slew the slain.
o. DRYDEN—*Alexander's Feast.* Line 66.

When people's feelings have got a deadly wound, they can't be cured with favors.
p. GEORGE ELIOT—*Adam Bede.* Ch. XLVIII.

In every department of life—in its business and in its pleasures, in its beliefs and in its theories, in its material developments and in its spiritual connections—we thank God that we are not like our fathers.
q. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. On Progress.*

Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of humankind pass by,
r. GOLDSMITH—*The Traveller.* Line 327.

In Pride, in reas'ning Pride our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies;
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
s. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 124.

Unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, the pageant of a day;
So perish all whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For others good, or melt at others woe.
t. POPE—*Memory of an Unfortunate Lady* Line 46.

What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is Pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
u. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 201.

In general, pride is at the bottom of all great mistakes.
v. RUSKIN—*True and Beautiful. Morals and Religion. Conception of God.*

But man, proud man!
Drest in a little brief authority;
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven,
As make the angels weep.
w. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it
Cry—*No recovery.*
x. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act II. Sc. 3

He that is proud, eats up himself; pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.
y. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act II. Sc. 3.

I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.
z. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act II. Sc. 3.

I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me.
a. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 2.

O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
b. *Twelfth Night.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Pride hath no other glass
To show itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.
c. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk.
d. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 3.

She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty.
e. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act I. Sc. 3.

Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon.
f. *Coriolanus.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea.
g. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 7.

PRISON.

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd—
To fetters and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom.
h. Byron—*Sonnet. On Chillon.*

A prison is a house of care,
A place where none can thrive,
A touchstone true to try a friend,
A grave for men alive.
Sometimes a place of right,
Sometimes a place of wrong,
Sometimes a place of rogues and thieves,
And honest men among.
i. *Inscription on the Old Prison of Edinburgh.*

I have been studying how I may compare
This prison, where I live, unto the world:
And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it;—yet I'll hammer it out.
j. *Richard II.* Act V. Sc. 5.

PROGRESSION.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.
k. Bishop Berkeley—*On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America.*

All things journey: sun and moon
Morning, noon, and afternoon,
Night and all her stars;
'Twixt the east and western bars
Round they journey,
Come and go!
We go with them!
l. George Eliot—*Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. III. *Song.*

Westward the star of empire takes its way.
m. *Epigraph to Bancroft's History of United States.*

All growth that is not towards God
Is growing to decay.
n. George MacDonald—*Within and Without.* Pt. I. Sc. 3.

PROMISES.

He promised to meet me two hours since:
and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.
o. *Measure for Measure.* Act I. Sc. 2.

His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he now is, nothing.
p. *Henry VIII.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.
q. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 7.

Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloomed, and fruitful were the next.
r. *Henry VI.* Part I. Act I. Sc. 6.

Verily!
You put me off with limber vows: But I,
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say, Sir, no going. Verily,
You shall not go; a lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's.
s. *Winter's Tale.* Act I. Sc. 1.

There buds the promise of celestial worth.
t. Young—*The Last Day.* Bk. III.

PROPHECY.

Prophet of evil! never hadst thou yet
A cheerful word for me. To mark the signs
Of coming mischief is thy great delight,
Good dost thou ne'er foretel nor bring to pass.
u. Bryant's *Homer's Iliad* Bk. I. Line 38.

Of all the horrid, hideous notes of woe,
Sadder than owl-songs or the midnight blast;
Is that portentous phrase "I told you so."
v. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto XIV. St. 50.

Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
w. Fitz-Greene Halleck—*Marco Bozzaris.*

In nature's infinite book of secrecy,
A little I can read.
a. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act I. Sc. 2.

PROVIDENCE.

And pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.
b. ADDISON—*The Campaign.*

If heaven send no supplies,
The fairest blossom of the garden dies.
c. WILLIAM BROWNE—*Sonnet Visions.*

Though to the vilest things beneath the moon
For poor Ease' sake I give away my heart,
And for the moment's sympathy let part
My sight and sense of truth, Thy precious boon,
My painful earnings, lost, all lost, as soon,
Almost, as gained; and though aside I start,
Belie Thee daily, hourly,—still Thou art,
Art surely as in heaven the sun at noon.
d. CLOUGH—*Early Poems. Blank Misgivings of a Creature Moving About in Worlds not Realized.* St. 2.

Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
e. COWPER—*Light Shining Out of Darkness.*

God made bees, and bees made honey,
God made man, and man made money;
Pride made the devil, and the devil made sin;
So God made a cole-pit to put the devil in.
f. *Transcribed by* JAMES HENRY DIXON, *from the fly-sheet of a Bible, belonging to a pitman who resided near Hutton-Henry, in County of Denham.*

Whatever is is in its causes just.
g. DRYDEN—*Œdipus.* Act III. Sc. 1.

There is a remedy for every wrong and a satisfaction for every soul.
h. EMERSON—*Immortality.*

Man proposeth, God disposeth.
i. HERBERT—*Jacula Prudentum.*

To a close-shorn sheep, God gives wind by the measure.
j. HERBERT—*Jacula Prudentum.*

Behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.
k. LOWELL—*The Present Crisis.* St. 8.

What in me is dark,
Illumine; what is low, raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.
l. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 22.

O sad estate
Of human wretchedness; so weak is man,
So ignorant and blind, that did not God
Sometimes withhold in mercy what we ask,
We should be ruined at our own request.
m. HANNAH MORE—*Moses in the Bulrushes.* Pt. I.

All Nature is but Art unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction, which thou canst not see;
All Discord, Harmony not understood;
All partial Evil, universal Good;
And spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.
n. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 289.

That Pow'r who bids the Ocean ebb and flow,
Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain,
Thro' reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain,
Builds life on Death, on Change Duration founds,
And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds.
o. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. III. Line 164.

Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees.
p POPE—*Essay on Man.* Epistle I. Line 271.

Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?
q. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Epistle I. Line 206.

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
r. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 87.

That very law which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source;
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.
s. ROGERS—*On a Tear.*

Consider
The sparrows of the air of small account:
Our God doth view
Whether they fall or mount,—
He guards us too.
t. CHRISTINA G. ROSETTI—*Consider.* St. 2.

For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give.
u. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 3.

He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to mine age!
v. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 3.

He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister;
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes.
w. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act II. Sc. 1

Merciful heaven!
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle.
a. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

O God! thy arm was here,
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all.—When without stratagem,
But in plain shock, and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss
On one part and on th' other?—Take it, God,
For it is only thine!
b. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 8.

There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.
c. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 2.

We defy augury: there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come; the readiness is all.
d. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 2.

God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold,
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
e. May Riley Smith—*Sometime.*

He maketh kings to sit in sovereignty;
He maketh subjects to their power obey;
He pulleth down, he setteth up on high;
He gives to this, from that he takes away;
For all we have is his; what he will do, he may.
f. Spenser—*Fœrie Queene.*

The God of nature alone, can revive the flower the mind has withered.
g. Madame de Staël—*Corinne.* Bk. XIV. Ch. IV.

God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.
h. Sterne—*Sentimental Journey.*

And I will trust that He who heeds
The life that hides in mead and wold,
Who hangs yon alder's crimson beads,
And stains these mosses green and gold,
Will still, as he hath done, incline
His gracious care to me and mine.
i. Whittier—*Last Walk in Autumn.* St. 26.

PUNISHMENT.

See they suffer death,
But in their deaths remember they are men,
Strain not the laws to make their tortures grievous.
j. Addison—*Cato.* Act III. Sc. 5.

That is the bitterest of all,—to wear the yoke of our own wrong-doing.
k. George Eliot—*Daniel Deronda.* Bk. V. Ch. XXXVI

Never yet were the feelings and instincts of our nature violated with impunity; never yet was the voice of conscience silenced without retribution.
l. Mrs. Jameson—*Studies. Goethe's Tasso, Iphigenia, and Clavigo.*

The object of punishment is, prevention from evil; it never can be made impulsive to good.
m. Mann—*Lectures and Reports on Education.* Lecture VII.

Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings.
n. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 699.

O, Heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold;
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world.
o. *Othello.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Some of us will smart for it.
p. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.
q. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act II. Sc. 5.

Q.

QUACKERY.

Despairing Quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile Attorneys now an useless race.
r Pope—*Moral Essays.* Ep. III. Line 274.

I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death
That is but scratch'd withal.
s. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 7.

QUALITY.

The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.
a. Burns—*Honest Poverty.*

Come, give us a taste of your quality.
b. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

The best of this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.
c. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act V. Sc. 1.

A man cannot have an idea of perfection in another, which he was never sensible of in himself.
d. Sir Richard Steele—*The Tatler.* No. 227.

QUIET.

What sweet delight a quiet life affords.
e. Drummond—*Sonnet.*

'Tis noon; a calm, unbroken sleep
Is on the blue waves of the deep;
A soft haze, like a fairy dream,
Is floating over hill and stream;
And many a broad magnolia flower
Within its shadowy woodland bower
Is gleaming like a lovely star.
f. Prentice—*To an Absent Wife.*

It is a strange soothing feeling that comes over us when from the tumult of a market-place we go forth at once into the serene expanse of the soberly clad creation,—into her silent dark cathedral.
g. Richter—*Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces.* Ch. III.

I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.
h. *King John.* Act V. Sc. 4.

The noonday quiet holds the hill.
i. Tennyson—*Œnone.* St. 3.

QUOTATION.

A good thought is indeed a great boon for which God is to be first thanked; next he who is the first to utter it, and then, in a lesser, but still in a considerable degree, the friend who is the first to quote it to us.
j. Bovee—*Summaries of Thought. Thought and its Circulation.*

To quote copiously and well, requires taste, judgment, and erudition, a feeling for the beautiful, an appreciation of the noble, and a sense of the profound.
k. Bovee—*Summaries of Thought. Quoters and Quoting.*

Some men have written more than others have spoken. Pineda quotes more authors in one work than are necessary in a whole world.
l. Sir Thomas Browne—*Religio Medici.* Sec. 24.

Quotations from profane Authors, cold Allusions, false Pathetic, Anthesis's and Hyperboles, are out of doors.
m. De La Bruyere—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. XV.

'Twas not an Age ago since most of our Books were nothing but Collections of Latin Quotations, there was not above a line or two of French in a Page.
n. De La Bruyere—*The Character or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. XV.

All which he understood by rote,
And, as occasion serv'd would quote.
o. Butler—*Hudibras.* Line 135.

Perverts the Prophets, and purloins the Psalms.
p. Byron—*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.* Line 326.

With just enough of learning to misquote.
q. Byron—*English Bards.* Line 66.

To copy beauties forfeits all pretence
To fame;—to copy faults is want of sense.
r. Churchill—*The Rosciad.* Line 457.

When found make a note of it.
s. Dickens—*Dombey and Son.* Ch. XV.

It is generally supposed that where there is no Quotation, there will be found most originality. * * * * * The greater part of our writers, in consequence, have become so original, that no one cares to imitate them; and those who never quote, in return are seldom quoted.
t. Isaac Disraeli—*Curiosities of Literature. Quotation.*

Quotation, like much better things, has its abuses. One may quote till one compiles.
u. Isaac Disraeli—*Curiosities of Literature. Quotation.*

The art of quotation requires more delicacy in the practise than those conceive who can see nothing more in a quotation than an extract.
v. Isaac Disraeli—*Curiosities of Literature. Quotation.*

The Quoters who deserve the title, and it ought to be an honorary one, are those who trust no one but themselves.
w. Isaac Disraeli—*Curiosities of Literature. Quotation.*

The wisdom of the wise, and the experience of ages, may be preserved by quotation.
x. Isaac Disraeli—*Curiosities of Literature. Quotation.*

Whenever the mind of a writer is saturated with the full inspiration of a great author, a quotation gives completeness to the whole; it seals his feelings with undisputed authority.

a. Isaac Disraeli—*Curiosities of Literature. Quotation.*

A book which hath been culled from the flowers of all books.

b. George Eliot—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. II.

A great man quotes bravely, and will not draw on his invention when his memory serves him with a word as good.

c. Emerson—*Letters and Social Aims. Quotation and Originality.*

All minds quote.

d. Emerson—*Letters and Social Aims. Quotation and Originality.*

By necessity, by proclivity, and by delight, we quote. We quote not only books and proverbs, but arts, sciences, religion, customs, and laws; nay, we quote temples and houses, tables and chairs by imitation.

e. Emerson—*Letters and Social Aims. Quotation and Originality.*

Genius borrows nobly.

f. Emerson—*Letters and Social Aims. Quotation and Originality.*

In literature quotation is good only when the writer whom I follow goes my way, and, being better mounted than I, gives me a cast as we say; but if I like the gay equipage so well as to go out of my road, I had better have gone afoot.

g. Emerson—*Letters and Social Aims. Quotation and Originality.*

Next to the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter of it.

h. Emerson—*Letters and Social Aims. Quotation and Originality.*

Our best thought came from others.

i. Emerson—*Letters and Social Aims. Quotation and Originality.*

Quotation confesses inferiority.

j. Emerson—*Letters and Social Aims. Quotation and Originality.*

We are as much informed of a writer's genius by what he selects as by what he originates.

k. Emerson—*Letters and Social Aims. Quotation and Originality.*

Classical quotation is the parole of literary men all over the world.

l. Sam'l Johnson—*Boswell's Life of Johnson. Conversation on Tuesday.* May 8, 1781.

Every quotation contributes something to the stability or enlargement of the language.

m. Sam'l Johnson—*Preface to Dictionary.*

I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them together.

n. Montaigne—*Essays.* Bk. III. Ch. XII.

Each man has his hobby; and mine is, not to suffer a quotation to pass without verification. It is fortunate that I am not a despotic monarch, or I would certainly make it felony, without benefit of clergy, to quote a passage without giving a plain reference.

o. L. S., *in Notes and Queries.* Vol. I. P. 230.

A thing is never too often repeated which is never sufficiently learned.

p. Seneca.

The Devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.

q. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 3.

They have been at a great feast of languages and stolen the scraps.

r. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act V. Sc. 1.

To your audit comes
Their distract parcels in combined sums.

s. *A Lover's Complaint.* Line 230.

Fine words! I wonder where you stole them.

t. Swift—*Verses. Occasioned by Whitehed's Motto on his Coach.*

Some, for renown, on scraps of learning dote,
And think they grow immortal as they quote.

u. Young—*Love of Fame.* Satire I. Line 89.

R.

RAIN.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
The white of their leaves, the amber grain
Shrunk in the wind,—and the lightning now
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain!

v. Aldrich—*Before the Rain.*

A little rain will fill
The lily's cup which hardly moists the field.

w. Edwin Arnold—*The Light of Asia.* Bk. VI. Line 215.

Such is thy power, O Rain! the heart to bless,
Wiling the soul away from its own wretchedness.

x. Burleigh—*Sonnet. Rain.*

The rain-drops' showery dance and rhythmic beat,
With tinkling of innumerable feet.

y. Abraham Coles—*The Microcosm. Hearing. Powers of Sound, &c.*

She waits for me, my lady Earth,
Smiles and waits and sighs;
I'll say her nay, and hide away,
Then take her by surprise.
a. Mary Mapes Dodge—*How the Rain Comes. April.*

All day the rain
Bathed the dark hyacinths in vain,
The flood may pour from morn till night
Nor wash the pretty Indian white.
b. Hafiz.

The grey-eyed Morn was saddened with a shower,
A silent shower, that trickled down so still
Scarce drooped beneath its weight the tenderest flower,
Scarce could you trace it on the twinkling rill,
Or moss-stone bathed in dew.
c. Keble—*At Hooker's Tomb.*

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
How beautiful is the rain!
d. Longfellow—*Rain in Summer.* St. 1.

The ceaseless rain is falling fast,
And yonder gilded vane,
Immovable for three days past,
Points to the misty main.
e. Longfellow—*Travels by the Fireside.* St. 1.

The day is dark and cold and dreary;
It rains and the wind is never weary.
f. Longfellow—*The Rainy Day.*

The hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain.
g. Longfellow—*Midnight Mass.*

For the rain it raineth every day.
h. *Twelfth Night.* Act V. Sc. 1. *Song.*

O Earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
* * * * * *
Than youthful April shall with all his showers:
In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still.
i. *Titus Andronicus.* Act III. Sc. 1.

The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,
In large effusion, o'er the freshen'd world.
j. Thomson—*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 172.

RAINBOW, THE

God's glowing covenant.
k. Hosea Ballou—*MSS. Sermon.*

And lo! in the dark east, expanded high,
The rainbow brightens to the setting sun.
l. Beattie—*The Minstrel.* Bk. I. St. 30.

Over her hung a canopy of state,
Not of rich tissue, nor of spangled gold,
But of a substance, though not animate,
Yet of a heavenly and spiritual mould,
That only eyes of spirits might behold:
Such light as only from main rocks of diamond,
Shooting their sparks at Phœbus, would rebound,
And little angels, holding hands, danced all around.
m. Giles Fletcher—*The Rainbow.*

O, beautiful rainbow;—all woven of light!
There's not in thy tissue, one shadow of night;
Heaven surely is open when thou dost appear,
And, bending above thee, the angels draw near,
And sing,—"The rainbow! the rainbow!
The smile of God is here."
n. Mrs. Hale—*Poems.*

Mild arch of promise! on the evening sky
Thou shinest fair with many a lovely ray,
Each in the other melting.
o. Southey—*Sonnets. The Evening Rainbow.*

Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow in the sky!
p. Tennyson—*Idyls of the King. The Coming of Arthur.* Line 361.

Hung on the shower that fronts the golden West,
The rainbow bursts like magic on mine eyes!
In hues of ancient promise there imprest;
Frail in its date, eternal in its guise.
q. Charles (Tennyson) Turner—*Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces. The Rainbow.*

Bright pledge of peace and sunshine! the sure tie
Of thy Lord's hand, the object of His eye!
When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
Distinct, and low, I can in thine see Him
Who looks upon thee from His glorious throne,
And minds the covenant between all and One.
r. Vaughan—*The Rainbow.*

READING.

Reading is to the mind, what exercise is to the body. As by the one, health is preserved, strengthened, and invigorated; by the other, virtue (which is the health of the mind) is kept alive, cherished, and confirmed.
s. Addison—*The Tatler.* No. 147.

Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention.
t. Bacon—*Essays. Of Studies.*

All rests with those who read. A work or thought
Is what each makes it to himself, and may
Be full of great dark meanings, like the sea,
With shoals of life rushing.
a. BAILEY—*Festus.* Proem. Line 307.

We have not *read* an author till we have seen his object, whatever it may be, as *he* saw it.
b. CARLYLE—*Essays. Goethe's Helena.*

The mind, relaxing into needful sport,
Should turn to writers of an abler sort,
Whose wit well managed, and whose classic style,
Give truth a lustre, and make wisdom smile.
c. COWPER—*Retirement.* Line 715.

Half the gossip of society would perish if the books that are truly worth reading were but read.
d. DAWSON—*Address on Opening the Birmingham Free Library.* Oct. 26th, 1866.

The man who is fond of books is usually a man of lofty thought and of elevated opinions.
e. DAWSON—*Address on Opening the Birmingham Free Library.* Oct. 26th, 1866.

Some will only read old books, as if there were no valuable truths to be discovered in modern publications: while others will only read new books, as if some valuable truths are not among the old. Some will not read a book, because they are acquainted with the author; by which the reader may be more injured than the author: others not only read the book, but would also read the man; by which the most ingenius author may be injured by the most impertinent reader.
f. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Literary Character of Men of Genius. On Reading.*

The delight of opening a new pursuit, or a new course of reading, imparts the vivacity and novelty of youth even to old age.
g. ISAAC DISRAELI—*Literary Character of Men of Genius.* Ch. XXII.

If we encountered a man of rare intellect, we should ask him what books he read.
h. EMERSON—*Letters and Social Aims. Quotation and Originality.*

I should as soon think of swimming across the Charles river when I wish to go to Boston, as of reading all my books in originals, when I have them rendered for me in my mother tongue.
i. EMERSON—*Essay. Books.*

Our high respect for a well-read man is praise enough of literature.
j. EMERSON—*Letters and Social Aims. Quotation and Originality.*

'Tis the good reader that makes the good book; a good head cannot read amiss; in every book he finds passages which seem confidences or asides hidden from all else, and unmistakably meant for his ear.
k. EMERSON—*Success.*

My early and invincible love of reading, I * * * * would not exchange for the treasures of India.
l. GIBBON—*Memoirs.*

In a polite age almost every person becomes a reader, and receives more instruction from the press than the pulpit.
m. GOLDSMITH—*The Citizen of the World.* Letter LXXV.

The first time I read an excellent book, it is to me just as if I had gained a new friend: when I read over a book I have perused before, it resembles the meeting with an old one.
n. GOLDSMITH—*The Citizen of the World.* Letter LXXXIII.

With spots of sunny openings, and with works
To lie and read in, sloping into brooks.
o. LEIGH HUNT—*The Story of Rimini.*

The foundation of knowledge must be laid by reading. General principles must be had from books, which, however, must be brought to the test of real life. In conversation you never get a system. What is said upon a subject is to be gathered from a hundred people. The parts which a man gets thus are at such a distance from each other that he never attains to a full view.
p. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Boswell's Life of Johnson. Conversation Between Dr. Johnson and James Boswell.* Sunday, April 16, 1775.

What is twice read is commonly better remembered than what is transcribed.
q. SAM'L JOHNSON—*The Idler.* No 74.

No matter what his rank or position may be, the lover of books is the richest and the happiest of the children of men.
r. LANGFORD—*The Praise of Books. Preliminary Essay.*

The love of books is a love which requires neither justification, apology, nor defence.
s. LANGFORD—*The Praise of Books. Preliminary Essay.*

Leave us heirs to amplest heritages
Of all the best thoughts of the greatest sages,
And giving tongues unto the silent dead!
t. LONGFELLOW—*Sonnet on Mrs. Kemble's Reading from Shakespeare.*

Many readers judge of the power of a book by the shock it gives their feelings.
u. LONGFELLOW—*Kavanagh.* Ch. XIII.

In science, read by preference, the newest works; in literature, the oldest The classic literature is always modern.
v. BULWER-LYTTON—*Caxtoniana. Hints on Mental Culture.*

What a wonderful,—what an almost magical boon, a writer of great genius confers upon us, when we read him intelligently. As he proceeds from point to point in his argument or narrative, we seem to be taken up by him, and carried from hill-top to hill-top, where, through an atmosphere of light, we survey a glorious region of thought, looking freely, far and wide, above and below, and gazing in admiration upon all the beauty and grandeur of the scene.

a. MANN—*Lectures on Education.* Lecture VI.

His classical reading is great: he can quote
Horace, Juvenal, Ovid, and Martial by rote.
He has read Metaphysics * * * Spinoza and Kant;
And Theology too: I have heard him descant
Upon Basil and Jerome. Antiquities, art,
He is fond of. He knows the old masters by heart,
And his taste is refined.

b. OWEN MEREDITH—*Lucile.* Canto II. Pt. IV.

Who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
(And what he brings what need he elsewhere seek?)
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
Deep versed in books and shallow in himself,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys
And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge,
As children gathering pebbles on the shore.

c. MILTON—*Paradise Regained.* Bk. IV. Line 322.

A Lumber-house of books in ev'ry head,
For ever reading, never to be read!

d. POPE—*The Dunciad.* Bk. III. Line 193.

He hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts.

e. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

We burn daylight;—here, read, read.

f. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
For all books else appear so mean, so poor;
Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need.

g. SHEFFIELD—*Essay on Poetry.*

Studious let me sit,
And hold high converse with the mighty dead.

h. THOMSON—*Seasons. Winter.* Line 431.

Learn to read slow; all other graces
Will follow in their proper places.

i. WM. WALKER—*Art of Reading.*

REASON.

Two angels guide
The path of man, both aged and yet young,
As angels are, ripening through endless years.
On one he leans: some call her Memory,
And some, Tradition; and her voice is sweet,
With deep mysterious accords: the other,
Floating above, holds down a lamp which streams
A light divine and searching on the earth,
Compelling eyes and footsteps. Memory yields,
Yet clings with loving check, and shines anew
Reflecting all the rays of that bright lamp
Our angel Reason holds. We had not walked
But for Tradition; we walk evermore
To higher paths, by brightning Reason's lamp.

j. GEORGE ELIOT—*Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. II.

To be rational is so glorious a thing, that two-legged creatures generally content themselves with the title.

k. LOCKE—*Letter to Antony Collins, Esq.*

There are two principall and peculiar gifts in the nature of man, Knowledge and Reason: the one commaundeth, the other obeyeth: these things neither the whirling wheel of Fortune can chaunge, neither the deceitful cavilling of wordlings separate, neither sicknesse abate, neither age abolish.

l. LYLY—*Euphues. The Anatomy of Wit. Of the Education of Youth.*

Reason, however able, cool at best,
Cares not for service, or but serves when prest,
Stays till we call, and then not often near.

m. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. III. Line 85.

Reason raise o'er instinct as you can;
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man.

n. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. III. Line 97.

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace and Competence.

o. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 79.

There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
The Feast of Reason and the Flow of Soul.

p. POPE—*Second Book of Horace.* Satire I. Line 128.

But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain.
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.

q. *Julius Cæsar.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Find out the cause of this effect:
Or, rather say, the cause of this defect;
For this effect defective, comes by cause.

r. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion.
a. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 4.

Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
b. *Julius Cæsar.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Sure, He that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason,
To fust in us unus'd.
c. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

Let cavillers deny
That brutes have reason; sure 'tis something more;
'Tis heaven directs, and stratagems inspire,
Beyond the short extent of human thought.
d. SOMERVILLE—*Chase.* Bk. II. Line 207.

While Reason drew the plan the Heart inform'd
The moral page, and Fancy lent it grace.
e. THOMSON—*Liberty.* Pt. IV.

And what is reason? Be she thus defined:
Reason is upright stature in the soul.
f. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night VII. Line 1526.

Reason's progressive, Instinct is complete;
Swift Instinct leaps; slow reason feebly climbs.
Brutes soon their zenith reach. In ages they
No more could know, do, covet or enjoy.
Were men to live coeval with the sun,
The patriarch pupil would be learning still.
g. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night VII. Pt. II. Line 81.

REBELLION.

Men seldom, or rather never for a length of time and deliberately, rebel against anything that does not deserve rebelling against.
h. CARLYLE—*Essays. Goethe's Works.*

Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God.
i. *Inscription on a Cannon near which the ashes of President John Bradshaw were lodged, on the top of hill near Martha Bay in Jamaica.*

In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and scatter'd
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number.
j. *Coriolanus.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Unthread the rude eye of rebellion.
k. *King John.* Act V. Sc. 4.

RECKLESNESS.

I tell thee be not rash; a golden bridge
Is for a flying enemy.
l. BYRON—*The Deformed Transformed.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Who falls from all he knows of bliss
Cares little into what abyss.
m. BYRON—*The Giaour.* Line 1091.

I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.
n. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 1.

RECOMPENSE.

Recompense injury with justice, and recompense kindness with kindness.
o. CONFUCIUS—*Analects.* Bk. I. Ch. IV.

Mercy to him that shows it, is the rule.
p. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. VI. Line 595.

If little labour, little are our gaines:
Man's fortunes are according to his paines.
q. HERRICK—*Hesperides. No Paines, No Gaines.*

Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee.
r. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 4.

Forever from the hand that takes
One blessing from us, others fall;
And soon or late, our Father makes
His perfect recompense to all!
s. WHITTIER—*Summer by the Lakeside. Evening.* St. 12.

RECREATION.

If those who are the enemies of innocent amusements had the direction of the world, they would take away the spring, and youth, the former from the year, the latter from the human life.
t. BALZAC.

It is a poor sport that is not worth a candle.
u. HERBERT—*Jacula Prudentum.*

A clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the game.
v. LAMB—*Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist.*

Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
w. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act V. Sc. 1.

REDEMPTION.

And now, without redemption all mankind
Must have been lost, adjudged to Death and Hell
By doom severe.
x. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. III. Line 222.

Heav'nly pow'rs where shall we find such love?
Which of ye will be mortal, to redeem
Man's mortal crime; and just th' unjust to save?
a. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. III. Line 213.

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy.
b. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

And on his brest a bloodie crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore.
c. SPENSER—*Fœrie Queene.* Bk. I. Canto I. St. 2.

REFLECTION.

The contemplation of celestial things will make a man both speak and think more sublimely and magnificently when he descends to human affairs.
d. CICERO.

The solitary side of our nature demands leisure for reflection upon subjects on which the dash and whirl of daily business, so long as its clouds rise thick about us, forbid the intellect to fasten itself.
e. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Sea Studies.*

Summe up at night, what thou hast done by day;
And in the morning, what thou hast to do.
Dresse and undresse thy soul; mark the decay
And growth of it: if with thy watch, that too
Be down, then winde up both, since we shall be
Most surely judg'd, make thy accounts agree.
f. HERBERT—*The Temple. The Church Porch.*

The learn'd reflect on what before they knew.
g. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Pt. III. Line 180.

But with the morning cool reflections came.
h. SCOTT—*Chronicles of the Cannongate.* Ch. IV.
See *Monastery.* Ch. III.
Rob Roy. Ch. XII.
Antiquary. Ch. XV.

Think on thy sins.
i. *Othello.* Act V. Sc. 2.

A soul without reflection, like a pile
Without inhabitant, to ruin runs.
j. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night V. Line 596.

REFORMATION.

'Tis the talent of our English nation,
Still to be plotting some new reformation.
k. DRYDEN—*Prol. to Sophonisba.* Line 9.

Like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
l. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 2.

My desolation does begin to make
A better life.
m. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act V. Sc. 2.

REGRET.

Thou wilt lament
Hereafter, when the evil shall be done
And shall admit no cure.
n. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. IX. Line 308.

I only know we loved in vain—
I only feel—Farewell!—Farewell!
o. BYRON—*Farewell! if Ever.*

Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel,
He nursed the pinion which impell'd the steel.
p. BYRON—*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.* Line 823.

Sighing that Nature formed but one such man,
And broke the die—in moulding Sheridan.
q. BYRON—*Monody on the Death of R. B. Sheridan.* Line 117.

O lost days of delight, that are wasted in doubting and waiting!
O lost hours and days in which we might have been happy!
r. LONGFELLOW—*Elizabeth.* St. 4.

For who, alas! has lived,
Nor in the watches of the night recalled
Words he has wished unsaid and deeds undone.
s. ROGERS—*Reflections.*

I could have better spar'd a better man.
t. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 4.

Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead.
u. TENNYSON—*Idyls of the King. Morte D'Arthur.* Line 228.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been."
v. WHITTIER—*Maud Muller.* Line 105.

RELIGION.

There was never law, or sect, or opinion did so magnify goodness as the Christian religion doth.
w. BACON—*Essay. Of Goodness, and Goodness of Nature.*

Men's works have an age, like themselves; and though they outlive their authors, yet have they a stint and period to their duration. This only is a work too hard for the teeth of time, and cannot perish but in the general flames, when all things shall confess their ashes.
x. Sir THOMAS BROWNE—*Religio Medici.* Sec. 23.

Persecution is a bad and indirect way to plant religion.

a. Sir THOMAS BROWNE—*Religio Medici.*

Speak to me low, my Saviour, low and sweet
From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,
Lest I should fear and fall, and miss Thee so
Who art not missed by any that entreat.

b. E. B. BROWNING—*Comfort.*

The body of all true religion consists, to be sure, in obedience to the will of the Sovereign of the world, in a confidence in His declarations, and in imitation of His perfections.

c. BURKE—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

We know, and, what is better, we feel inwardly, that religion is the basis of civil society, and the source of all good, and of all comfort.

d. BURKE—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

G— knows I'm no the thing I should be,
Nor am I even the thing I could be
But twenty times I rather would be
An atheist clean,
Than under gospel colours hid be
Just for a screen.

e. BURNS—*Epistle to Rev. John M'Math.* St. 8.

Religion, the pious worship of God.

f. CICERO.

Men will wrangle for religion; write for it; fight for it; die for it; anything but—live for it.

g. C. C. COLTON—*Lacon.*

Pity Religion has so seldom
A skilful guide into poetic ground!
The flowers would spring where'er she deign'd to stray,
And every muse attend her in her way.

h. COWPER—*Table Talk.* Line 688.

Religion does not censure or exclude
Unnumbered pleasures, harmlessly pursued.

i. COWPER—*Retirement.* Line 782.

Religion, if in heavenly truths attired,
Needs only to be seen to be admired.

j. COWPER—*Expostulation.* Line 492.

The Cross,
There, and there only, (though the deist rave,
And atheist, if Earth bears so base a slave),
There, and there only, is the power to save.

k. COWPER—*The Progress of Error.* Line 613.

And that the Scriptures, though not every where
Free from corruption, or entire, or clear,
Are uncorrupt, sufficient, clear, entire,
In all things which our needful faith require.

l. DRYDEN—*Religio Laici.* Line 316.

Piety, like wisdom, consists in the discovery of the rules under which we are actually placed, and in faithfully obeying them.

m. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Calvinism.*

Sacrifice is the first element of religion, and resolves itself in theological language into the love of God.

n. FROUDE—*Short Stories on Great Subjects. Sea Studies.*

There are at bottom but two possible religions—that which rises in the moral nature of man, and which takes shape in moral commandments, and that which grows out of the observation of the material energies which operate in the external universe.

o. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Calvinism.*

A little skill in antiquity inclines a man to Popery; but depth in that study brings him about again to our religion.

p. FULLER—*The True Church Antiquary.*

The consciousness of faith, of sins forgiven,
Of wrath appeased, of heavy guilt thrown off,
Sheds on my breast its long forgotten peace,
And shining steadfast as the noonday sun,
Lights me along the path that duty marks.

q. L. J. HALL—*Miriam.*

Of Law there can be no less acknowledged, than that her seat is the bosom of God, the harmony of the world: all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power.

r. RICHARD HOOKER—*Ecclesiastical Polity.* Bk. I.

To be of no church is dangerous.

s. JOHNSON—*Life of Milton.*

The Cross! it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup;
It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.

t. THOMAS KELLY—*We Sing the Praise of Him Who Died.*

Life and religion are one, or neither is anything: I will not say neither is growing to be anything. Religion is no way of life, no show of life, no observance of any sort. It is neither the food nor medicine of being. It is life essential.

u. GEORGE MACDONALD—*The Marquis of Lossie.* Ch. LXI.

One drop of baptismal water poured upon the infant's head, from the holy font of wisdom and love, will quench more of the fires of guilt, than an ocean of consecrated waters can afterwards extinguish.

v. MANN—*Lectures and Reports on Education.* Lecture VI.

Law can discover sin, but not remove,
Save by those shadowy expiations weak.
a. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XII. Line 290.

Near, so very near to God,
Nearer I cannot be;
For in the person of his Son
I am as near as he.
b. CATESBY PAGET—*Hymn.*

Remote from man, with God he passed the days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.
c. PARNELL—*The Hermit.* Line 5.

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.
d. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. III. Line 306.

For virtue's self may too much zeal be had;
The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.
e. POPE—*To Murray.* Ep. VI. of *Horace.* Line 26.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind.
f. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 99.

Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And unawares morality expires.
g. POPE—*The Dunciad.* Bk. IV. Line 649.

Human happiness has no perfect security but freedom;—freedom none but virtue;—virtue none but knowledge; and neither freedom, nor virtue, nor knowledge has any vigor, or immortal hope, except in the principles of the Christian faith, and in the sanctions of the Christian religion.
h. JOSIAH QUINCY—*Centennial Address, Boston,* Sept. 17, 1830.

Obedience, we may remember, is a part of religion, and therefore an element of peace; but love which includes obedience, is the whole.
i. SEWELL—*Passing Thoughts on Religion. Following Afar Off.*

In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text.
j. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Piety, whose soul sincere,
Fears God, and knows no other fear.
k. SMYTH—*Ode for the Installation of the Duke of Gloucester, as Chancellor of Cambridge.*

A religious life is a struggle and not a hymn.
l. MADAME DE STAËL—*Corinne.* Bk. X. Ch. V.

Mystery such as is given of God, is beyond the power of human penetration, yet not in opposition to it.
m. MADAME DE STAËL—*Corinne.* Bk. X. Ch. V.

We have just enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love, one another.
n. SWIFT—*Thoughts on Various Subjects, Moral and Diverting.*

None but God can satisfy the longings of an immortal soul; that as the heart was made for Him, so He only can fill it.
o. TRENCH—*On the Prodigal Son.*

See the Gospel Church secure,
And founded on a Rock!
All her promises are sure;
Her bulwarks who can shock?
Count her every precious shrine;
Tell, to after-ages tell,
Fortified by power divine,
The Church can never fail.
p. CHARLES WESLEY—*Scriptural.* Psalm XLVIII.

But who would force the soul, tilts with a straw
Against a champion cased in adamant.
q. WORDSWORTH—*Persecution of the Scottish Covenanters.*

And without breathing, man as well might hope
For life, as, without piety, for peace.
r. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night VIII. Line 689.

Religion's all. Descending from the skies
To wretched man, the goddess in her left
Holds out this world, and, in her right, the next.
s. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IV. Line 550.

REMORSE.

Cruel Remorse! where Youth and Pleasure sport,
And thoughtless Folly keeps her court,—
Crouching 'midst rosy bowers thou lurk'st unseen;
Slumbering the festal hours away,
While Youth disports in that enchanting scene;
Till on some fated day
Thou with a tiger-spring dost leap upon thy prey,
And tear his helpless breast, o'erwhelmed with wild dismay.
t. ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD—*Ode to Remorse.*

To be left alone
And face to face with my own crime, had been
Just retribution.
u. LONGFELLOW—*Masque of Pandora.* Pt. VII. *In the Garden.*

He that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the midday sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.
v. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 383.

High minds, of native pride and force,
Most deeply feel thy pangs, Remorse!
Fear, for their scourge, mean villians have,
Thou art the torturer of the brave!
a. Scott—*Marmion.* Canto III. St. 13.

Abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate.
b. *Othello.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets,
More needs she the divine than the physician.
c. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 1.

REPARATION.

Thou who for me didst feel such pain,
Whose precious blood the cross did stain,
Let not those agonies be vain.
d. Wentworth Dillon (Earl of Roscommon)—*On the Day of Judgment.* St. 10.

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is—to die.
e. Goldsmith—*Vicar of Wakefield.* Ch. XXIV.

What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,
To wash it white as snow?
f. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 3.

REPENTANCE.

Restore to God his due in tithe and time:
A tithe purloin'd cankers the whole estate.
g. Herbert—*The Temple.* *The Church Porch.*

Who after his transgression doth repent,
Is halfe, or altogether, innocent.
h. Herrick—*Penitence.* *Hesperides.*

Illusion is brief, but Repentance is long.
i. Schiller—*The Lay of the Bell.* St. 4.

And wet his grave with my repentant tears.
j. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.
k. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An' I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse: the inside of a church! Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.
l. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act III. Sc. 3.

While music flows around,
Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours;
Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears
Her snaky crest; a quick-returning pang
Shoots through the conscious heart.
m. Thomson—*The Seasons.* *Spring.* Line 994.

REPOSE.

To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flames from wasting, by repose.
n. Goldsmith—*Deserted Village.* Line 87.

The toils of honour dignify repose.
o. Hoole's *Metastasia*—*Achilles in Lycias.* Act III. Scene Last.

Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.
p. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

The best of men have ever loved repose:
They hate to mingle in the filthy fray;
Where the soul sours, and gradual rancour grows,
Imbitter'd more from peevish day to day.
q. Thomson—*The Castle of Indolence.* Canto I. St. 17.

REPROOF.

Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise.
r. Pope—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 582.

Better a little chiding than a great deal of heartbreak.
s. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act V. Sc. 5.

Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth.
t. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 4.

I will chide no breather in the world, but myself; against whom I know most faults.
u. *As You Like It.* Act III. Sc. 2.

REPUTATION.

A lost good name is ne'er retriev'd.
v. Gay—*The Fox Dying.* Pt. I. Line 46.

Reputation is but a synonyme of popularity: dependent on suffrage, to be increased or diminished at the will of the voters.
w. Mrs. Jameson—*Memoirs and Essays.* *Washington Allston.*

Reputations, like beavers and cloaks, shall last some people twice the time of others.
x. Douglas Jerrold—*Specimens of Jerrold's Wit.* *Reputations.*

No man was ever written out of reputation but by himself.
y. Monk—*Life of Bentley.*

In various talk th' instructive hours they past,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At every word a reputation dies.
Snuff or the fan supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.
a. POPE—*Rape of the Lock.* Pt. III. Line 2.

I have offended reputation:
A most unnoble swerving.
b. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act III. Sc. 9.

I see, my reputation at stake:
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.
c *Troilus and Cressida.* Act III. Sc. 3.

I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought.
d. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 2.

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water.
e. *Henry VIII.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving.
f. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself.
g. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 3.

The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
h. *Richard II.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick.
i. *Richard II.* Act II. Sc. 1.

RESIGNATION.

No earthly friend being near me, interpose
No deathly angel 'twixt my face and Thine,
But stoop Thyself to gather my life's rose,
And smile away my mortal to Divine.
j. E. B. BROWNING—*A Thought for a Lonely Death-Bed.*

Sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.
k. BRYANT—*Thanatopsis.*

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And, whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate.
l. BYRON—*To Thomas Moore.*

Dare to look up to God and say, Deal with me in the future as Thou wilt; I am of the same mind as Thou art; I am Thine; I refuse nothing that pleases Thee; lead me where Thou wilt; cloth me in any dress Thou choosest.
m. EPICTETUS—Bk. II. Ch. XVI.

Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.
n. GOLDSMITH—*Deserted Village.* Line 110.

What's gone, and what's past help,
Should be past grief.
o. *Winter's Tale.* Act III. Sc. 2.

It seem'd so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed sun,
And now it seems so hard to stay; and yet His will be done!
But still I think it can't be long before I find release;
And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words of peace.
p. TENNYSON—*The May-Queen.* Conclusion. St. 3.

RESOLUTION.

For when two
Join in the same adventure, one perceives
Before the other how they ought to act;
While one alone, however prompt resolves
More tardily and with a weaker will.
q. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. X. Line 257.

Every tub must stand upon its own bottom.
r. BUNYAN—*Pilgrim's Progress.* Pt. I.

A good intention clothes itself with sudden power.
s. EMERSON—*Essay. Fate.*

He only is a well-made man who has a good determination.
t. EMERSON—*Essay. Culture.*

Resolve, and thou art free.
u. LONGFELLOW—*Masque of Pandora. In the Garden.*

One of the grandest things in having rights is that, being your rights, you may give them up.
v. GEORGE MACDONALD—*The Marquis of Lossie.* Ch. XLII.

Bell, book, and candle, shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on.
w. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great;
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
x. *King John.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee.
a. *Coriolanus.* Act IV. Sc 1.

Eat, speak, and move, under the
Influence of the most received star;
And though the devil lead the measure
Such are to be followed.
b. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act II. Sc. 1.

For what I will, I will, and there an end.
c. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act I. Sc. 3.

From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done.
d. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd
Give me my armour.
e. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 3.

I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity.
f. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act II. Sc. 1.

I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak;
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
g. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 3.

I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors.
h. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 3.

And hearts resolved and hands prepared,
The blessings they enjoy to guard.
i. SMOLLETT—*Leven Water.* Last line.

I will die in the ditch.
j. WILLIAM OF ORANGE—*Hume's England.* Ch. LXV.

RESPONSIBILITY.

All persons possessing any portion of power ought to be strongly and awfully impressed with an idea that they act in trust, and that they are to account for their conduct in that trust to the one great Master, Author, and Founder of society.
k. BURKE—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.* 1790.

It is meat and drink to me to see a clown;
By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for.
l. *As You Like It.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Men's minds are as variant as their faces. Where the motives of their actions are pure, the operation of the former is no more to be imputed to them, as a crime, than the appearance of the latter: for both, being the work of nature, are alike unavoidable.
m. GEO. WASHINGTON—*Social Maxims. Benevolence. Difference of Opinion no Crime.*

REST.

Silken rest,
Tie all thy cares up!
n. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—*Four Plays in One.* Sc. 4. *Triumph of Love.*

Absence of occupation is not rest
A mind quite vacant is a mind distress'd.
o. COWPER—*Retirement.* Line 628.

Rest is not quitting the busy career;
Rest is the fitting of self to its sphere.
p. JOHN DWIGHT—*True Rest.*

I thirst for thirstiness; I weep for tears;
Well pleased am I to be displeased thus:
The only thing I fear is want of fears;
Suspecting I am not suspicious.
I cannot choose but live, because I die,
And, when I am not dead, how glad am I!
Yet, when I am thus glad for sense of pain,
And careful am, lest I should careless be,
Then do I desire for being glad again,
And fear lest carelessness take care from me.
Amidst these restless thoughts this rest I find,
For those that rest not here, there's rest behind.
q. THOMAS GATAKER—*B. D.* Nat. 4. Sep. 1574.

On every mountain height
Is rest.
r. GOETHE.

Oh, some seek bread—no more—life's mere subsistance,
And some seek wealth and ease—the common quest;
And some seek fame, that hovers in the distance;
But all are seeking rest.
s. LANGBRIDGE—*Seeking Rest.*

Now the hour of rest
Hath come to thee.
t. LONGFELLOW—*Delia.*

Rest is sweet after strife.
u. OWEN MEREDITH—*Lucile.* Pt. I. Canto VI. St. 26.

In his journey bates at noon,
Though bent on speed.
v. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XII. Line 1.

Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.
w. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 6.

Who, with a body filled, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread.
a. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly please.
b. Spenser—*Fœrie Queene.* Bk. I. Canto IX. Line 40.

Rest, that strengthens unto virtuous deeds,
Is one with Prayer.
c. Bayard Taylor—*Temptation of Hassan Ben Khaled.* St. 4.

Now is done thy long day's work;
Fold thy palms across thy breast,
Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest.
Let them rave.
d. Tennyson—*A Dirge.*

God giveth quietness at last.
e. Whittier—*On the Death of Alice Cary.* St. 1.

RESULTS.

From hence, let fierce contending nations know,
What dire effects from civil discord flow.
f. Addison—*Cato.* Act V. Sc. 4.

I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed.
g. Byron—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 10.

The Present is the living sum-total of the whole Past.
h. Carlyle—*Essays. Characteristics.*

What is done is done; has already blended itself with the boundless; ever-living, ever-working Universe, and will also work there for good or for evil, openly or secretly, throughout all time.
i. Carlyle—*Essays. Voltaire.*

We receive but what we give,
And in our life alone doth nature live;
Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud.
j. Coleridge—*Dejection. An Ode.* IV.

From little spark may burst a mighty flame.
k. Dante—*Paradiso.* Canto I. Line 34.

The remedy is worse than the disease.
l. Dryden—*Sixteenth Satire of Juvenal.* Line 31.

Consequences are unpitying. Our deeds carry their terrible consequences, quite apart from any fluctuations that went before—consequences that are hardly ever confined to ourselves.
m. George Eliot—*Adam Bede.* Ch. XVI.

A bad ending follows a bad beginning.
n. Euripides—*Frag. Melanip.* (*Stob*).

Large streams from little fountains flow,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow.
o. David Everett—*Lines Written for a School Declamation.*

So comes a reckoning when the banquet's o'er,
The dreadful reckoning, and men smile no more.
p. Gay—*What D'ye Call't.* Act II. Sc. 9.

From small fires comes oft no small mishap.
q. Herbert—*The Temple. Artillerie.*

Of what mighty endeavours begun
What results insufficient remain,
And of how many victories won
Half the spoils have been taken again!
r. Owen Meredith—*Epilogue.*

What dire offence from am'rous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things.
s. Pope—*Rape of the Lock.* Line 1.

The end must justify the means.
t. Prior—*Hans Carvel.*

Where lives the man that has not tried,
How mirth can into folly glide,
And folly into sin!
u. Scott—*The Bridal of Triermain.* Canto I. St. 21.

Great floods have flown
From simple sources.
v. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act II. Sc. 1.

O most lame and impotent conclusion!
w. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 1.

These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder.
x. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 6.

Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.
y. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 2.

The blood will follow where the knife is driven,
The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear.
z. Young—*The Revenge.* Act V. Sc. 2.

RESURRECTION.

The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound
Shall thro' the rending tombs rebound,
And wake the nations under ground.
aa. Wentworth Dillon (Earl of Roscommon)—*Miscellanies. On the Day of Judgment.* St. 3.

The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard:
Lo the depths of the stone-cover'd charnels are stirr'd:
From the sea, from the land, from the south and the north,
The vast generations of man are come forth.
bb. Milman—*Hymns for Church Service. Second Sunday in Advent.*

Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,
No resurrection know? Shall man alone,
Imperial man! be sown in barren ground,
Less privileged than grain, on which he feeds?
a. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IV. Line 704.

RETRIBUTION.

God's mill grinds slow but sure.
b. HERBERT—*Jacula Prudentum.*

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness grinds He all.
c. FRIEDRICH VON LOGAU—*Retribution. From the Sinngedichte.* Trans. by Longfellow.

One sole desire, one passion now remains
To keep life's fever still within his veins,
Vengeance! dire vengeance on the wretch who cast,
O'er him and all he lov'd that ruinous blast.
* * * * * * *
For this he still lives on, careless of all
The wreaths that Glory on his path lets fall;
For this alone exists—like lightning fire,
To speed one bolt of vengeance, and expire!
d. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.*

Eating the bitter bread of banishment.
e. *Richard II.* Act III. Sc. 1.

If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
f. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 5.

REVELATION.

Lochiel! Lochiel! though my eyes I should seal,
Man can not keep secret what God would reveal.
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
g. CAMPBELL—*Lochiel's Warning.*

'Tis Revelation satisfies all doubts,
Explains all mysteries except her own,
And so illuminates the path of life,
That fools discover it, and stray no more.
h. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. II. *The Time-Piece.* Line 526.

Nature is a revelation of God;
Art a revelation of man.
i. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. III. Ch. V.

REVENGE.

Sweet is revenge—especially to women,
Pillage to soldiers, prize-money to seamen.
j. BYRON—*Don Juan*—Canto I. St. 124.

Revenge is profitable.
k. GIBBON—*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.* Ch. III.

Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long back on itself recoils.
l. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 171.

Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.
m. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 105.

Be ready, gods, with your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!
n. *Julius Cæsar.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Bring me within the level of your frown,
But shoot not at me in your waken'd halls.
o. *Sonnet CXVII.*

If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge.
p. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 1.

If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
q. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 3.

If it will feed nothing else it will feed my revenge.
r. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 1.

It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddest thou.
s. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 7.

I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways.
t. *As You Like It.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Now infidel, I have thee on the hip.
u. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Priest, beware your beard:
I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly:
Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat;
In spite of pope, or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I drag thee up and down.
v. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 3.

To have him suddenly convey'd from hence:—
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, The dog is dead!
w. *Richard III.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
x. *Titus Andronicus.* Act II. Sc. 3.

You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humour; Is it answer'd?
a. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Souls made of fire and children of the sun,
With whom revenge is virtue.
b. YOUNG—*The Revenge.* Act V. Sc. 2.

REVERENCE.

Henceforth the Majesty of God revere;
Fear Him and you have nothing else to fear.
c. FORDYCE—*Answer to a Gentleman who Apologized to the Author for Swearing.*

When once thy foot enters the church, be bare:
God is more there than thou; for thou art there
Only by his permission. Then beware,
And make thyself all reverence and fear.
d. HERBERT—*The Temple. The Church Porch.*

From the tree her step she turn'd;
But first low reverence done, as to the Power
That dwelt within whose presence had infus'd
Into the plant sciential sap, derivèd
From nectar, drink of Gods.
e. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 834.

Rather let my head
Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,
Save to the God of heaven, and to my king.
f. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 1.

RIVERS.

At last the muse rose * * * and scattered
* * * * as they flew
Their blooming wreaths from fair Valclusa's bowers
To Arno's myrtle border.
g. AKENSIDE—*Pleasure of the Imagination.* II.

The first time I beheld thee, beauteous stream,
How pure, how smooth, how broad thy bosom heav'd!
What feelings rush'd upon my heart!—a gleam
As of another life my kindling soul received.
h. MARIA BROOKS—*To the River St. Lawrence.* St. 1.

Is it not better, then, to be alone,
And love Earth only for its earthly sake?
By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,
Or the pure bosom of its nursing lake.
i. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 71.

On, on the vessel flies, the land is gone,
And winds are rude, in Biscay's sleepless bay,
Four days are sped, but with the fifth, anon,
New shores descried make every bosom gay,
And Cintra's mountain greets them on their way,
And Tagus dashing onward to the deep,
His fabled golden tribute bent to pay;
And soon on board the Lusian pilots leap,
And steer 'twixt fertile shores where yet few rustics reap.
j. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto I. St. 14.

The castled crag of Drachenfels,
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scatter'd cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine.
k. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 55.

The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne;
But tell me, nymphs! what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?
l. COLERIDGE—*Cologne.*

Oh, my beloved nymph, fair Dove,
Princess of rivers, how I love
Upon thy flowery banks to lie,
And view thy silver stream,
When gilded by a summer's beam!
And in it all thy wanton fry,
Playing at liberty;
And with my angle, upon them
The all of treachery
I ever learned, industriously to try?
m. CHARLES COTTON—*The Retirement.*

And see the rivers, how they run
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,—
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endless sleep!
n. JOHN DYER—*Grongar Hill.* Line 93.

Beautiful River! goldenly shining
Where with thee cistus and woodbines are twining,
(Birklands around thee, mountains above thee):
Rivilin wildest! do I not love thee?
o. EBENEZER ELLIOTT—*Farewell to Rivilin.*

Those graceful groves that shade the plain,
Where Tiber rolls majestic to the main,
And flattens, as he runs, the fair campagne.
p. Sir SAM'L GARTH—*Ovid's Metamorphoses.* Bk. XIV. *Æneas Arrives in Italy.* Line 8

How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew.
a. GOLDSMITH—*The Traveller.* Line 243.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po.
b. GOLDSMITH—*The Traveller.* Line 1.

Thou hast fair forms that move
With queenly tread;
Thou hast proud fanes above
Thy mighty dead.
Yet wears thy Tiber's shore
A mournful mien:—
Rome, Rome! thou art no more
As thou hast been!
c. Mrs. HEMANS—*Roman Girl's Song.*

Do pilgrims find their way to Indian Ridge,
Or journey onward to the far off bridge,
And bring to younger ears the story back
Of the broad stream the mighty Merrimack?
d. HOLMES—*The School Boy.*

It flows through old hush'd Egypt and its sands,
Like some grave mighty thought threading a dream.
e. LEIGH HUNT—*Sonnet. The Nile.*

Son of the old Moon-mountains African!
Stream of the Pyramid and Crocodile?
We call thee fruitful, and that very while
A desert fills our seeing's inward span.
f. KEATS—*Sonnet. To the Nile.*

"O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee;"
The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,
And all alone went she.
g. CHARLES KINGSLEY—*The Sands o' Dee.*

Beneath me flows the Rhine, and, like the stream of Time, it flows amid the ruins of the Past.
h. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. I. Ch. III.

O lovely river of Yoette!
O darling stream! on balanced wings
The wood-birds sang the chansonette
That here a wandering poet sings.
i. LONGFELLOW—*To the River Yoette.*

The Nile, forever new and old,
Among the living and the dead,
Its mighty, mystic stream has rolled.
j. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. I.

The Rhine! the Rhine! a blessing on the Rhine!
k. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. I. Ch. II.

Thou Royal River, born of sun and shower
In chambers purple with the alpine glow,
Wrapped in the spotless ermine of the snow
And rocked by tempests!
l. LONGFELLOW—*To the River Rhone.*

Two ways the rivers
Leap down to different seas, and as they roll
Grow deep and still, and their majestic presence
Becomes a benefaction to the towns
They visit, wandering silently among them,
Like patriarchs old among their shining tents.
m. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. V.

Shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.
n. MARLOWE—*The Passionate Shepherd to His Love.*

Hail, gentle stream! forever dear
The rudest murmurs to mine ear!
Torn from thy banks, though far I rove,
The slave of poverty and love,
Ne'er shall thy bard, where'er he be,
Without a sigh remember thee!
o. JOHN MAYNE—*To the River Nith.*

Alone by the Schuylkill a wanderer rov'd,
And bright were its flowery banks to his eye;
But far, very far, were the friends that he lov'd,
And he gaz'd on its flowery banks with a sigh.
p. MOORE—*Lines Written on Leaving Philadelphia.*

Now scantier limits the proud Arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine;
A small Euphrates thro' the piece is roll'd,
And little Eagles wave their wings in gold.
q. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. V. Line 27.

Where stray ye, Muses, in what lawn or grove,
In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides,
Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?
r. POPE—*Summer.* Line 23.

On this I ponder
Where'er I wander
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork of thee,—
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.
s. FATHER PROUT (Francis Mahony)—*The Bells of Shandon.*

Sweet Teviot! on thy silver tide
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more,
No longer steel-clad warriors ride
Along thy wild and willow'd shore.
t. SCOTT—*Lay of the Last Minstrel.* Canto IV. St. 1.

Affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank.
u. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 3.

Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exaulted shores of all.
a. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 1.

The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises; as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.
b. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act II. Sc. 7.

Thrice from the banks of Wye,
And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,
Bootless home, and weather-beaten back.
c. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act III. Sc. 1.

O'er Egypt's land of memory floods are level,
And they are thine, O Nile! and well thou knowest
That soul-sustaining airs and blasts of evil,
And fruits and poisons spring where'er thou flowest.
d. SHELLEY—*Sonnet. To the Nile.* (See Keats' Poems.)

On Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love,
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod the Arcadian plain.
Pure stream! in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrents stain thy limpid source,
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread.
e. SMOLLETT—*Ode to Leven Water.*

Mysterious Flood,—that through the silent sands
Hast wandered, century on century,
Watering the length of great Egyptian lands,
Which were not, but for thee.
f. BAYARD TAYLOR—*To the Nile.*

Oh sweet is thy current by town and by tower,
The green sunny vale and the dark linden bower;
Thy waves as they dimple smile back on the plain,
And Rhine, ancient river, thou'rt German again!
g. HORACE WALLACE—*Ode on the Rhine's Returning into Germany from France.*

Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendor valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will.
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!
h. WORDSWORTH—*Westminster Bridge.*

ROMANCE.

Parent of golden dreams, Romance!
Auspicious queen of childish joys,
Who lead'st along, in airy dance,
Thy votive train of girls and boys.
i. BYRON—*To Romance.*

He loved the twilight that surrounds
The border-land of old romance;
Where glitter hauberk, helm, and lance,
And banner waves and trumpet sounds,
And ladies ride with hawk on wrist,
And mighty warriors sweep along,
Magnified by the purple mist,
The dusk of centuries and of song.
j. LONGFELLOW—*Prelude to Tales of a Wayside Inn.* Line 132.

Romance is the poetry of literature.
k. MADAME NECKER.

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
l. SCOTT—*Lay of the Last Minstrel.* Canto II. St. 1.

He cometh unto you with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner.
m. Sir PHILIP SIDNEY—*The Defense of Poesy.*

ROYALTY.

Many a crown
Covers bald foreheads.
n. E. B. BROWNING—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. I. Line 754.

The rule
Of many is not well. One must be chief
In war and one the king.
o. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. II. Line 52.

The son of Saturn gave
The nod with his dark brows. The ambrosial curls
Upon the Sovereign One's immortal head
Were shaken, and with them the mighty mount
Olympus trembled.
p. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. I. Line 666.

Kings will be tyrants from policy, when subjects are rebels from principle.
q. BURKE—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

Every noble crown is, and on Earth will forever be, a crown of thorns.
r. CARLYLE—*Past and Present.* Bk. III. Ch. VIII.

A man's a man;
But when you see a king, you see the work
Of many thousand men.
s. GEORGE ELIOT—*Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. I.

As yourselves your empires fall,
And every kingdom hath a grave.
t. WILLIAM HABINGTON—*Night.*

God gives not kings the stile of Gods in vaine,
For on his throne his sceptre do they swey:
And as their subjects ought them to obey,
So kings should feare and serve their God againe.
a. King James—*Sonnet addressed to his son, Prince Henry.*

The trappings of a monarchy would set up an ordinary commonwealth.
b. Sam'l Johnson—*Life of Milton.*

A prince without letters is a pilot without eyes. All his government is groping.
c. Ben Jonson—*Discoveries. Illiteratus Princeps.*

Princes that would their people should do well,
Must at themselves begin, as at the head;
For men, by their example, pattern out
Their imitations, and regard of laws:
A virtuous court, a world to virtue draws.
d. Ben Jonson—*Cynthia's Revels.* Act V. Sc. 3.

They say princes learn no art truly, but the art of horsemanship. The reason is, the brave beast is no flatterer. He will throw a prince as soon as his groom.
e. Ben Jonson—*Discoveries. Illiteratus Princeps.*

Ah! vainest of all things
Is the gratitude of kings.
f. Longfellow—*Belisarius.* St. 8.

A crown
Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights
To him who wears the regal diadem.
g. Milton—*Paradise Regained.* Bk. II. Line 468.

His fair large front and eye sublime declared
Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad.
h. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 309.

Wherefore do I assume
These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazzard as of honour, due alike
To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazzard more as he above the rest
High honoured sits.
i. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 450.

A crown! what is it?
It is to bear the miseries of a people!
To hear their murmurs, feel their discontents,
And sink beneath a load of splendid care.
j. Hannah More—*Daniel.*

The King of France went up the hill,
With twenty thousand men;
The King of France came down the hill,
And ne'er went up again.
k. *In a tract called Pigge's Corantol, or, News from the North.*

Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod,
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the god.
l. Pope's *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. I. Line 684.

The Right Divine of kings to govern wrong.
m. Pope—*Dunciad.* Bk. IV. Line 188.

Were I a king, I would never make war.
n. *Saying (reported) of the Crown Prince of Russia.*

Monarchs seldom sigh in vain.
o. Scott—*Marmion.* Canto V. St. 9.

A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth the inland brook
Into the main of waters.
p. *Merchant of Venice.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Ay, every inch a king.
q. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 6.

Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own.
r. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Frame them
To royalty unlearned; honor untaught;
Civility not seen from other.
s. *Cymbeline.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Heaven forbid,
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid.
t. *Pericles.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Heaven knows, my son,
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways,
I met this crown; and I myself know well,
How troublesome it sat upon my head.
u. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 4.

His legs bestrid the ocean; his rear'd arm
Crested the world: his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't.
v. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:—
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd,
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd,
All murder'd.
w. *Richard II.* Act III. Sc. 2.

She had all the royal makings of a queen;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems,
Laid nobly on her.
a. *Henry VIII.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Since I may say, now lie I like a king.
b. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a Satyr.
c. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

The colour of the king doth come and go
Between his purpose and his conscience.
d. *King John.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

The gallant monarch is in arms;
And like an eagle o'er his aery towers,
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.
e. *King John.* Act V. Sc. 2.

The gates of Monarchs
Are arch'd so high that giants may get through
And keep their impious turbans on.
f. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 3.

The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth
Than is the throne of Denmark to my father.
g. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverence, mercy, loveliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them.
h. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would.
i. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.
j. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.
k. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 1.

Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown.
l. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 1.

We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm,
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand.
m. *Richard II.* Act I. Sc. 4.

Yet looks he like a king; behold his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty.
n. *Richard II.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Kings are like stars—they rise and set, they have
The worship of the world, but no repose.
o. SHELLEY—*Hellas. Mahmud to Hassan.*

A prince, the moment he is crown'd
Inherits every virtue sound,
As emblems of the sovereign power,
Like other baubles in The Tower:
Is generous, valiant, just, and wise,
And so continues till he dies.
p. SWIFT—*On Poetry.* Line 190.

Broad based upon her people's will,
And compassed by the inviolate sea.
q. TENNYSON—*To the Queen.* St. 9.

A partial world will listen to my lays,
While Anna reigns, and sets a female name
Unrival'd in the glorious lists of fame.
r. YOUNG—*Force of Religion.* Bk. I. Line 6.

RUIN.

There is a temple in ruin stands,
Fashion'd by long forgotten hands;
Two or three columns, and many a stone,
Marble and granite, with grass o'er grown!
s. BYRON—*Siege of Corinth.* St. 18.

Prostrate the beauteous ruin lies; and all
That shared its shelter, perish in its fall.
t. WM. PITT—*The Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin.* No. 36.

I do love these ancient ruins.
We never tread upon them but we set
Our foot upon some reverend history.
u. JOHN WEBSTER—*The Duchess of Malfi.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Final Ruin fiercely drives
Her ploughshare o'er creation.
v. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IX. Line 167.

RUMOR.

The sad breaking of that Parliament
Broke him, as that dishonest victory
At Chæronea, fatal to liberty,
Killed with report that old man eloquent.
w. MILTON—*Sonnet. To the Lady Margaret Ley.*

Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it.
x. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act I. Induction.

S.

SABBATH.

On Sundays, at the matin-chime,
The Alpine peasants, two and three,
Climb up here to pray;
Burghers and dames, at Summer's prime,
Ride out to church from Chamberry,
Dight with mantles gay,
But else it is a lonely time
Round the Church of Brou.
a. MATTHEW ARNOLD—*The Church of Brou.* II. St. 3.

Of all the days that's in the week,
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday.
b. HENRY CAREY—*Sally in Our Alley.*

How still the morning of the hallow'd day!
Mute is the voice of rural labour, hush'd
The ploughboy's whistle, and the milkmaid's song.
c. GRAHAME—*The Sabbath. Song.*

Sundaies observe: think when the bells do chime,
'Tis angel's musick; therefore come not late.
d. HERBERT—*The Temple. The Church Porch.*

The Sundaies of man's life,
Threaded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal, glorious King.
On Sunday heaven's gates stand ope;
Blessings are plentifull and rife,
More plentifull than hope.
e. HERBERT—*The Temple. Sunday.*

O day of rest! How beautiful, how fair,
How welcome to the weary and the old!
Day of the Lord! and truce to earthly care!
Day of the Lord, as all our days should be!
f. LONGFELLOW—*Christus.* Pt. III. *John Endicott.* Act I. Sc. 2.

'Twas Easter-Sunday. The full-blossomed trees
Filled all the air with fragrance and with joy.
g. LONGFELLOW—*Spanish Student.* Act I. Sc. 3.

So rang they, and the Empyrean rung
With Halleleuahs. There was Sabbath kept.
h. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk VII. Line 632.

For, bless the gude mon, gin he had his own way,
He'd na let a cat on the Sabbath say "mew;"
Nae birdie maun whistle, nae lambie maun play,
An' Phœbus himsel could nay travel that day,
As he'd find a new Joshua in Andie Agnew.
i. MOORE—*Sunday Ethics.*

See Christians, Jews, one Sabbath keep,
And all the western world believe and sleep.
j. POPE—*The Dunciad.* Line 99.

The sabbaths of Eternity,
One sabbath deep and wide.
k. TENNYSON—*St. Agnes.*

SADNESS.

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles rain.
l. LONGFELLOW—*The Day is Done.*

Alas! that we must dwell, my heart and I,
So far asunder.
m. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*Twilight Night.*

They praise my rustling show, and never see
My heart is breaking for a little love.
n. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*To L. E. L.*

Be sad, good brothers,
Sorrow so royally in you appears,
That I will deeply put the fashion on.
o. *Henry IV.* Act V. Sc. 2.

We look before and after,
And sigh for what is not,
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.
p. SHELLEY—*To a Skylark.*

Can I but relive in sadness?
q. TENNYSON—*Locksley Hall.* St. 54.

'Tis impious in a good man to be sad.
r. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IV. Line 676.

SATIRE.

Unless a love of virtue light the flame,
Satire is, more than those he brands, to blame;
He hides behind a magisterial air
His own offences, and strips others' bare.
s. COWPER—*Charity.* Line 670.

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend.
a. POPE—*Prologue to Satires.* Line 201.

Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a muck and tilt at all I meet.
b. POPE—*Second Book of Horace.* Satire I. Bk. II. Line 69.

There are, to whom my Satire seems too bold;
Scarce to wise Peter complaisant enough,
And something said of Chartres much too rough.
c. POPE—*Second Book of Horace.* Satire I. Line 2.

The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen,
Above the sense of sense: so sensible
Seemeth their conference, their conceits have wings,
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.
d. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act V. Sc. 2.

SCIENCE.

I value Science—none can prize it more,
It gives ten thousand motives to adore:
Be it religious, as it ought to be,
The heart it humbles, and it bows the knee:
What time it lays the breast of Nature bare,
Discerns God's fingers working everywhere;
In the vast sweep of all embracing laws,
Finds Him the real and the only Cause;
And, in the light of clearest evidence,
Perceives Him acting in the present tense;—
Not as some claim, once acting but now not,
The glorious product of His hands forgot—
Having wound up the grand automaton,
Leaving it, henceforth, to itself to run.
e. ABRAHAM COLES—*The Microcosm. Christian Science.*

Science is certainty, is truth found out.
f. ABRAHAM COLES—*The Evangel.* P. 5.

Great contest follows, and much learned dust
Involves the combatants; each claiming truth,
And truth disclaiming both.
g. COWPER—*The Task. The Garden.* Line 161.

Steam, that great civilizer.
h. FREEMAN HUNT—*Lives of American Merchants.* Introductory Essay.

Science, is * * like virtue, its own exceeding great reward.
i. CHAS. KINGSLEY—*Health and Education. Science.*

To the natural philosopher to whom the whole extent of nature belongs, all the individual branches of science constitute the links of an endless chain, from which not a single link can be detached without destroying the harmony of the whole.
j. SCHOEDLER—*The Book of Nature. Astronomy.*

SEASONS, THE

Our seasons have no fixed returns,
Without our will they come and go;
At noon our sudden summer burns.
Ere sunset all is snow.
k. LOWELL—*To———.*

Autumn to winter, winter into spring,
Spring into summer. summer into fall,—
So rolls the changing year, and so we change;
Motion so swift, we know not that we move.
l. D. M. MULOCK—*Immutable.*

The spring, the summer,
The chilling autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries.
m. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act II. Sc. 2.

January grey is here,
Like a sexton by her grave;
February bears the bier,
March with grief doth howl and rave,
And April weeps—but, O ye hours
Follow with May's fairest flowers.
n. SHELLEY—*Dirge for the Year.*

SPRING.

For one swallow does not make spring, nor yet one fine day.
o. ARISTOTLE—*Ethic.* I. 6.

Fair Spring! whose simplest promise more delights
Than all their largest wealth, and through the heart
Each joy and new-born hope
With softest influence breathes.
ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD—*Ode to Spring.*

Sweet daughter of a rough and stormy sire,
Hoar Winter's blooming child; delightful spring!
Whose unshorn locks with leaves
And swelling buds are crowned.
Sweet is thy reign but short—the red dog star
Shall scorch thy tresses, and the mower's scythe
Thy greens, thy flowerets all,
Remorseless shall destroy.
q. ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD—*Ode to Spring.*

Still sweet with blossoms is the year's fresh prime;
Her harvests still the ripening Summer yields:
Fruit-laden Autumn follows in his time,
And rainy Winter waters still the fields.
a. BRYANT—*The Order of Nature.*

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daises white
Out o'er the grassy lea.
b. BURNS—*Lament of Mary, Queen of Scots.*

The summer will soon be here, sweet Ruth,
For the birds of brighter bowers
Are singing their way from the balmy South
To the land of opening flowers.
c. JAMES G. CLARKE—*Sweet Ruth.*

The hedges luxuriant
With flowers and balm
Are purple with violets,
And shaded with palm.
d. ELIZA COOK—*Spring.*

Spring hangs her infant blossoms on the trees,
Rock'd in the cradle of the western breeze.
e. COWPER—*Tirocinium.* Line 43.

The winter is over and gone at last,
The days of snow and cold are past,
Over the field the flowers appear,
It is the Spirits' voice we hear.
The singing of birds,
A warbling band,
And the Spirits' voice!
The voice of the truth is heard in our land.
f. BISHOP COXE—*The Singing of Birds.*

Down beside the tall, rank sedges,
Flag flaunt from the pool's green edges,
Fair, sweet roses haunt the hedges—
Laugh, O murmuring Spring!
g. SARAH F. DAVIS—*Summer Song.*

Starred forget-me-nots smile sweetly,
Ring, blue-bells, ring!
Winning eye and heart completely,
Sing, robin, sing!
All among the reeds and rushes,
Where the brook its music hushes,
Bright the calopogon blushes,—
Laugh, O murmuring Spring!
h. SARAH F. DAVIS—*Summer Song.*

Eternal spring, with smiling verdure, here
Warms the mild air, and crowns the youthful year:
* * * * * * * *
The tub'rose ever breathes, and violets blow.
i. Sir SAM'L GARTH—*The Dispensary.* Canto IV. Line 300.

Hark! I hear the bird-lets singing,
Music through woods sweetly ringing;
Clinging—you see flowers loom through the grass.
Trace—of early summer-pleasure
Shows the heather in full measure:
Treasure—of rare flowers and roses red.
GOTTFRIED VON NIFEN—*Trans. in The Minnesinger of Germany. The Meadow.*

The meadows roll and swell in billowy waves, bearing like a white-speckled foam upon their crests a sea of daisies, with here and there a floating patch of crimson clover, or a golden haze of buttercups.
k. W. HAMILTON GIBSON—*Pastoral Days. Spring.*

Spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil.
l. HEBER—*Seventh Sunday after Trinity.*

In the wood, the verdure's shooting,
Joy-oppress'd, like some fair maiden;
Yet the sun laughs sweetly downward:
"Welcome, young spring, rapture-laden!"
m. HEINE—*Book of Songs. New Spring.* Prologue. No. 2.

Sweet fragrance all the herbs exhale,
And sweetly, softly blows the gale;
And all things glisten, all things smile,
And show their loveliness the while.
n. HEINE—*Book of Songs. Youthful Sorrows.* No. 2.

The beauteous eyes of the spring's fair night
With comfort are downward gazing.
o. HEINE—*Book of Songs. New Spring.* No. 3.

The linden blossom'd, the nightingale sung,
The sun was laughing with radiance bright.
p. HEINE—*Book of Songs. Lyrical Interlude.* No. 26.

The nightingale appear'd the first,
And as her melody she sang,
The apple into blossom burst,
To life the grass and violets sprang.
q. HEINE—*Book of Songs. New Spring.* No. 9.

The snowy lambs are springing
In clover green and soft.
r. HEINE—*Book of Songs. New Spring.* No. 5.

The spring's already at the gate
With looks my care beguiling;
The country round appeareth straight
A flower-garden smiling.
s. HEINE—*Book of Songs. Catherine.* No. 6.

When the spring returns with the sun's sweet light,
The flowers then bud and blossom apace.
t. HEINE—*Book of Songs. Quite True.*

I come, I come! ye have call'd me long,
I come o'er the mountain with light and song:
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves, opening as I pass.
u. Mrs. HEMANS—*Voice of Spring.*

Sweet spring, full of sweet dayes and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My musick shows ye have you closes,
And all must die.
a. HERBERT—*The Temple. Vertue.*

The air is rife with wings,
Rustling through wood or dripping over lake.
b. GEORGE HILL—*Sonnet. Spring.*

All flowers of Spring are not May's own;
The crocus cannot often kiss her;
The snow-drop, ere she comes, has flown;—
The earliest violets always miss her.
c. LUCY LARCOM—*The Sister Months.*

April and May one moment meet,—
But farewell sighs their greetings smother;
And breezes tell, and birds repeat
How May and April love each other.
d. LUCY LARCOM—*The Sister Months.*

May-flowers bloom before May comes
To cheer, a little, April's sadness;
The peach-bud glows, the wild bee hums,
And wind-flowers wave in graceful gladness.
e. LUCY LARCOM—*The Sister Months.*

That weary time that comes between
The last snow and the earliest green!
One barren clod the wild fields lie,
And all our comfort is the sky.
f. LUCY LARCOM—*Wild Roses of Cape Ann. Between Winter and Spring.*

And softly came the fair young queen
O'er mountain, dale, and dell;
And where her golden light was seen
An emerald shadow fell.
The good-wife oped the window wide,
The good-man spanned his plough;
'Tis time to run, 'tis time to ride,
For Spring is with us now.
g. LELAND—*Spring.*

Came the Spring with all its splendor,
All its birds and all its blossoms,
All its flowers and leaves and grasses.
h. LONGFELLOW—*Hiawatha.* Pt. XXI.

Sweet is the air with the budding haws,
And the valley stretching for miles below
Is white with blossoming cherry-trees,
As if just covered with the lightest snow.
i. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. IV.

The lovely town was white with apple-blooms,
And the great elms o'erhead
Dark shadows wove on their ærial looms
Shot through with golden thread.
j. LONGFELLOW—*Hawthorne.*

The sun is bright,—the air is clear,
The darting swallows soar and sing,
And from the stately elms I hear
The bluebird prophesying Spring.
k. LONGFELLOW—*It is not Always May.*

Thus came the lovely spring with a rush of blossoms and music;
Flooding the earth with flowers, and the air with melodies vernal.
l. LONGFELLOW—*Tales of a Wayside Inn. Elizabeth.* Pt. III.

Again has come the Spring-time,
With the crocus's golden bloom,
With the sound of the fresh-turned earth-mould
And the violet's perfume.
m. SAM'L LONGFELLOW—*November-April. Atlantic Monthly,* July, 1858.

The holy spirit of the spring
Is working silently.
n. GEORGE MACDONALD—*Songs of the Spring Days.* Pt. II.

The wood that looked so grisly
With snow and ice lifelessly,
Is now with glorious colors blest.
O, children, haste
T' enjoy its treat,
And where gay flowers grow swing your feet.

On many a green branch swinging,
Little birdlets singing
Warble sweet notes in the air.
Flowers fair
There I found
Green spread the meadow all around.
o. NITHART—*Trans. in The Minnesinger of Germany. Spring-Song.*

Gentle Spring! in sunshine clad,
Well dost thou thy power display!
For Winter maketh the light heart sad,
And thou, thou makest the sad heart gay.
p. CHARLES D'ORLÉANS—*Spring.* Trans. by Longfellow.

The soft green grass is growing,
O'er meadow and o'er dale;
The silvery founts are flowing
Upon the verdant vale;
The pale snowdrop is springing,
To greet the glowing sun;
The primrose sweet is flinging
Perfume the fields among;
The trees are in the blossom,
The birds are in their song,
As spring upon the bosom
Of Nature's born along.
q. THOMAS J. OUSELEY—*The Seasons of Life. Spring.*

Youth of the year! celestial spring!
Again descend thy silent showers;
New loves, new pleasures dost thou bring,
And earth again looks gay with flowers.
r. THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK—*Trans. from the Italian of Guacini.*

Here the bright crocus and blue vi'let glow;
Here western winds on breathing roses blow.
s. POPE—*Spring.* Line 31.

Hark! the hours are softly calling
Bidding Spring arise,
To listen to the rain-drops falling
From the cloudy skies,
To listen to Earth's weary voices,
Louder every day,
Bidding her no longer linger
On her charm'd way;
But hasten to her task of beauty
Scarcely yet begun.
a. Adelaide A. Procter—*Spring.*

I wonder if the sap is stirring yet,
If wintry birds are dreaming of a mate,
If frozen snowdrops feel as yet the sun
And crocus fires are kindling one by one.
b. Christina G. Rossetti—*The First Spring Day.* St. 1.

There is no time like Spring that passes by,
Now newly born, and now
Hastening to die.
c. Christina G. Rossetti—*Spring.* St. 4.

There is no time like Spring,
When life's alive in everything,
Before new nestlings sing,
Before cleft swallows speed their journey back
Along the trackless track.
d. Christina G. Rossetti—*Spring.* St. 3.

Spring flies, and with it all the train it leads;
And flowers, in fading, leave us but their seeds.
e. Schiller—*Farewell to the Reader.*

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight.
f. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act. V. Sc. I. *Song.*

So forth issew'd the seasons of the yeare:
First, lusty Spring, all dight in leaves of flowres
That freshly budded and new bloosmes did beare,
In which a thousand birds had built their bowres
That sweetly sung to call forth paramours;
And in his hand a ravelin he did beare,
And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures)
A guilt engraven morion he did weare;
That as some did him love, so others did him feare.
g. Spenser—*Faerie Queene.* Canto VII. *Legend of Constancie.* St. 28.

Come from the almond bough, you stir,
The myrtle thicket where you sigh—
Oh, leave the nightingale, for here
The robin whistles far and nigh!
h. Harriet Prescott Spofford—*O, Soft Spring Airs.*

Then come, O fresh spring airs, once more
Create the old delightful things,
And woo the frozen world again
With hints of heaven upon your wings!
i. Harriet Prescott Spofford—*O, Soft Spring Airs.*

The maple's gems of crimson lie
Upon the thick green grass.
The dogwood sheds its clusters white,
The birch has dropped its tassels slight,
Cowslips are round the rill.
j. Albert B. Street—*An American Forest Spring.*

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;
In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest;
In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove;
In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.
k. Tennyson—*Locksley Hall.* St. 9.

The boyhood of the year.
l. Tennyson—*Sir Launcelot and Queene Guinevere.*

The maiden Spring upon the plain
Came in a sunlit fall of rain.
m. Tennyson—*Sir Launcelot and Queene Guinevere.*

At once, amazed
In all the colours of the flushing year,
By nature's swift and secret-working hand,
The garden glows.
n. Thomson—*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 94.

Come gentle Spring! ethereal mildness come!
o. Thomson—*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 1.

Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace,
Throws out the snow-drop and the crocus first.
p. Thomson—*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 529.

To-day the Spring is in the air
And in the blood: sweet sun-gleams come and go
Upon the hills, in lanes the wild-flowers flow,
And tender leaves are bursting everywhere.
About the hedge the small birds peer and dart,
Each bush is full of amorous flutterings
And little rapturous cries.
q. John Todhunter—*Laurella and Other Poems. First Spring Day.*

'Tis spring-time on the eastern hills!
Like torrents gush the summer rills;
Through winter's moss and dry dead leaves
The bladed grass revives and lives,
Pushes the mouldering waste away,
And glimpses to the April day.
r. Whittier—*Mogg Megone.* Pt. III.

The spring is here—the delicate footed May,
With its slight fingers full of leaves and flowers,
And with it comes a thirst to be away,
Wasting in wood-paths its voluptuous hours.
s. Willis—*Ode to Spring.*

SUMMER.

In lang, lang days o' simmer,
When the clear and cloudless sky
Rufuses ae wee drap o' rain
To Nature, parched and dry,
The genial night, wi' balmy breath,
Gars verdure spring anew,
An' ilka blade o' grass
Keps its ain drap o' dew.
a. Ballantine—*Its Ain Drap o' Dew.*

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays.
b. Burns—*The Birks of Aberfeldy.*

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.
c. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto III. St. 86.

The richest of perfumes and jewels are mine,
While the dog-roses blow and the dew-spangles shine.
d. Eliza Cook—*Summer is Nigh.*

All green and fair the Summer lies,
Just budded from the bud of Spring,
With tender blue of wistful skies,
And winds which softly sing.
e. Susan Coolidge—*Menace.*

From all the misty morning air, there comes a summer sound,
A murmur as of waters from skies, and trees and ground.
The birds they sing upon the wing, the pigeons bill and coo.
f. R. W. Gilder—*The Poet and his Master. A Midsummer Song.*

Bright summer is crowned with roses,
Deep in the forest arbutus doth hide.
g. Dora Goodale—*Summer is Coming.*

Thou'rt bearing hence thy roses,
Glad Summer, fare thee well!
Thou'rt singing thy last melodies
In every wood and dell.
h. Mrs. Hemans—*The Parting of Summer.*

Delightful Summer! then adieu
Till thou shalt visit us anew:
But who without regretful sigh
Can say, adieu, and see thee fly?
i. Hood—*The Departure of Summer.*

—Summer glow
Lieth low
Upon heath, field, wood, and grass.
—Here and there
In the glare,
White, red, gold peeps from the place.
—Full of joy
Laughs the sky,
Laughs what on the earth doth rove.
j. Ulrich von Lichenstein—*Trans. in The Minnesinger of Germany. Love's Bliss.*

O summer day beside the joyous sea!
O summer day so wonderful and white,
So full of gladness and so full of pain!
Forever and forever shalt thou be
To some the gravestone of a dead delight,
To some the landmark of a new domain.
k. Longfellow—*A Summer Day by the Sea.*

The full ripe corn is bending
In waves of golden light;
The new-mown hay is sending
Its sweets upon the night;
The breeze is softly sighing,
To cool the parchèd flowers;
The rain, to see them dying,
Weeps forth its gentle showers;
The merry fish are playing,
Adown yon crystal stream;
And night from day is straying,
As twilight gives its gleam.
l. Thomas J. Ouseley—*The Seasons of Life. Summer.*

It's surely summer, for there's a swallow:
Come one swallow, his mate will follow,
The bird race quicken and wheel and thicken.
m. Christina G. Rossetti—*A Bird Song.*

The Summer dawn's reflected hue
To purple changed Loch Katrine blue,
Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kiss'd the Lake, just stirr'd the trees,
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled but dimpled not for joy.
n. Scott—*Lady of the Lake.* Canto III. St. 2.

Thy eternal summer shall not fade.
o. *Sonnet XVIII.*

The garlands fade that Spring so lately wove,
Each simple flower, which she had nursed in dew,
Anemonies, that spangled every grove,
The primrose wan, and harebell mildly blue.
No more shall violets linger in the dell,
Or purple orchis variegate the plain,
Till Spring again shall call forth every bell,
And dress with hurried hands her wreaths again.
p. Charlotte Smith—*Elegiac Sonnets and Other Poems.*

Heat, ma'am! it was so dreadful here that I found there was nothing left for it but to take off my flesh and sit in my bones.
q. Sydney Smith—*Lady Holland's Memoir.* Vol. I. P. 267.

Then came the jolly sommer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock, coloured greene,
That was unlyned all, to be more light,
r. Spenser—*Fœrie Queene.* Bk. VII. Canto VII. St. 29.

Summer is come, for every spray now springs.
s. Earl of Surrey—*Sonnet. Description of Spring.*

All-conquering Heat, O, intermit thy wrath!
And on my throbbing temples potent thus
Beam not so fierce! incessant still you flow,
And still another fervent flood succeeds,
Poured on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,
And restless turn, and look around for night;
Night is far off; and hotter hours approach.
a. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Summer.* Line 451.

From brightening fields of ether, fair disclosed,
Child of the Sun, refulgent Summer comes;
In pride of youth, and felt through nature's depth,
He comes, attended by the sultry Hours,
And ever-fanning breezes, on his way.
b. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Summer.* Line 1.

Patient of thirst and toil,
Son of the desert! even the camel feels,
Shot through his wither'd heart, the fury blast.
c. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Summer.* Line 965.

Through the lightened air
A higher lustre and a clearer calm,
Diffusive, trembles.
d. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Summer.* Line 1226.

AUTUMN.

Now Autumn's fire burns slowly along the woods,
And day by day the dead leaves fall and melt,
And night by night the monitory blast
Wails in the key-hole, telling how it pass'd
O'er empty fields, or upland solitudes,
Or grim wide wave; and now the power is felt
Of melancholy, tenderer in its moods
Than any joy indulgent summer dealt.
e. WILLIAM ALLINGHAM—*Day and Night Songs. Autumnal Sonnet.*

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear.
f. BRYANT—*The Death of the Flowers.*

All-cheering plenty, with her flowing horn
Led yellow Autumn, wreath'd with nodding corn.
g. BURNS—*Brigs of Ayr.* Line 217.

The mellow autumn came, and with it came
The promised party, to enjoy its sweets.
The corn is cut, the manor full of game;
The pointer ranges, and the sportsman beats
In russet jacket;—lynx-like is his aim;
Full grows his bag, and wonderful his feats.
Ah, nutbrown partridges! Ah, brilliant pheasants!
And ah, ye poachers!—'Tis no sport for peasants.
h. BYRON—*Don Juan* Canto XIII. St. 75.

Go, rose, since you must.
Flowerless and chill the winter draweth nigh;
Closed are the blithe and fragrant lips which made
All summer long perpetual melody.
Cheerless we take our way, but not afraid:
Will there not be more roses—by and by?
i. SUSAN COOLIDGE—*A Farewell.*

There is a fearful spirit busy now:
Already have the elements unfurled
Their banners: the great sea-wave is upcurled,
The cloud comes: the fierce winds begin to blow
About, and blindly on their errands go,
And quickly will the pale red leaves be hurled
From their dry boughs, and all the forest world,
Stripped of its pride, be like a desert show.
j. BARRY CORNWALL—*A Sicilian Story. Autumn.* IV.

Autumn, among her drooping marigolds,
Weeps all her garnered sheaves, and empty folds,
And dripping orchards,—plundered and forlorn.
The season is a dead one.
k. DAVID GRAY—*The Luggie and Other Poems. In the Shadows.* Sonnet XIX.

The trees in the autumn wind rustle,
The night is humid and cold.
l. HEINE—*Book of Songs. Lyrical Interlude.* No. 63.

'Tis autumn, the night's dark and gloomy,
With rain and tempest above.
m. HEINE—*Book of Songs. Lyrical Interlude.* No. 62.

The summer's throbbing chant is done
And mute the choral antiphon;
The birds have left the shivering pines
To flit among the trellised vines,
Or fan the air with scented plumes
Amid the love-sick orange-blooms,
And thou art here alone,—alone,—
Sing, little bird! the rest have flown.
n. HOLMES—*Songs of Many Seasons. An Old-Year Song.*

I saw old Autumn in the misty morn
Stand shadowless like Silence, listening
To silence, for no lonely bird would sing
Into his hollow ear from woods forlorn,
Nor lowly hedge nor solitary thorn;
Shaking his languid locks all dewy bright
With tangled gossamer that fell by night,
Pearling his coronet of golden corn.
o. HOOD—*Ode. Autumn.*

The Autumn is old;
The sere leaves are flying;
He hath gathered up gold,
And now he is dying:
Old Age, begin sighing!
p. HOOD—*Autumn.*

The year's in the wane;
There is nothing adorning;
The night has no eve,
And the day has no morning;
Cold Winter gives warning!
a. HOOD—*Autumn.*

The lands are lit
With all the autumn blaze of Golden Rod;
And everywhere the Purple Asters nod
And bend and wave and flit.
b. HELEN HUNT—*Verses. Asters and Golden Rod.*

Gone are the birds that were our summer guests,
With the last sheaves returns the laboring wains!
c. LONGFELLOW—*The Harvest Moon.*

It was autumn, and incessant
Piped the quails from shocks and sheaves,
And, like living coals, the apples
Burned among the withering leaves.
d. LONGFELLOW—*Pegasus in Pound.*

The brown autumn came. Out of doors, it brought to the fields the prodigality of the golden harvest,—to the forest, revelations of light,—and to the sky, the sharp air, the morning mist, the red clouds of evening.
e. LONGFELLOW—*Kavanagh.* Ch. XXII.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,
And dripping in warm light the pillared clouds.
f. LONGFELLOW—*Autumn.*

When the silver habit of the clouds
Comes down upon the autumn sun, and with
A sober gladness the old year takes up
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.
g. LONGFELLOW—*Autumn.*

What visionary tints the year puts on,
When falling leaves falter through motionless air
Or numbly cling and shiver to be gone!
How shimmer the low flats and pastures bare,
As with her nectar Hebe Autumn fills
The bowl between me and those distant hills,
And smiles and shakes abroad her misty, tremulous hair!
h. LOWELL—*An Indian Summer Reverie.*

Every season hath its pleasures;
Spring may boast her flowery prime,
Yet the vineyard's ruby treasures
Brighten Autumn's sob'rer time.
i. MOORE—*Spring and Autumn.*

Autumn
Into earth's lap does throw
Brown apples gay in a game of play,
As the equinoctials blow.
j. D. M. MULOCK—*October.*

The bee hath ceased its winging
To flowers at early morn;
The birds have ceased their singing,
Sheaf'd is the golden corn;
The harvest now is gather'd,
Protected from the clime;
The leaves are sear'd and wither'd,
That late shone in their prime.
k. THOMAS J. OUSELEY—*The Seasons of Life. Autumn.*

Sorrow and the Scarlet leaf,
Sad thoughts and sunny weather;
Ah me! this glory and this grief
Agree not well together!
l. T. W. PARSONS—*Song of September.*

Grieve, O ye Autumn Winds!
Summer lies low;
The rose's trembling leaves will soon be shed,
For she that loved her so,
Alas! is dead,
And one by one her loving children go.
m. ADELAIDE A. PROCTER—*Lament for the Summer.*

It is the season where the light of dreams
Around the year in golden glory lies;—
The heavens are full of floating mysteries,
And down the lake the veiled splendor beams!
Like hidden poets lie the hazy streams,
Mantled with mysteries of their own romance,
While scarce a breath disturbs their drowsy trance.
n. READE—*Indian Summer.*

Autumn is a weathercock
Blown every way.
o. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*Summer.*

Autumn has come;
Storming now heaveth the deep sea with foam,
Yet would I gratefully lie there,
Willingly die there.
* * * *
Dead shall I be,
When Fridthjof comes again over the sea;
Bear them my love for his weeping,
I shall be sleeping.
p. ESAIAS TEGNÉR—*Fridthjof's Saga. Ingeborg's Lament.*

Crown'd with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on.
q. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Autumn.* Line 1.

I love to wander through the woodlands hoary
In the soft light of an autumnal day,
When Summer gathers up her robes of glory,
And like a dream of beauty glides away.
r. SARAH HELEN WHITMAN—*Still Day in Autumn.*

Autumn, in his leafless bowers,
Is waiting for the Winter's snow.
a. Whittier—*Autumn Thoughts*

WINTER.

The flowers and fruits have long been dead,
And not even the daisy is seen.
b. Eliza Cook—*The Christmas Holly.*

Every Fern is tucked and set
'Neath coverlet.
Downy and soft and warm.
c. Susan Coolidge—*Time To Go.*

All seeds of herbs
Lie covered close, and berry-bearing thorns,
That feed the thrush (whatever some suppose,)
Afford the smaller minstrels no supply.
The long protracted rigour of the year
Thins all their numerous flocks. In chinks and holes
Ten thousand seek an unmolested end,
As instinct prompts, self-buried ere they die.
d. Cowper—*The Task.* Bk. V. Line 81.

O Winter! ruler of th' inverted year,
* * * * *
I crown thee king of intimate delights;
Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturb'd Retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted ev'ning, know.
e. Cowper—*The Task.* Bk. IV. Line 120.

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.
f. Emerson—*Snow-Storm.*

The frost looked forth one still clear night.
g. Hannah F. Gould—*The Frost.*

Oh poverty is disconsolate!—
Its pains are many, its foes are strong;
The rich man in his jovial cheer,
Wishes 'twas winter through the year;
The poor man 'mid his wants profound,
With all his little children round,
Prays God that winter be not long!
h. Mary Howitt—*Winter.*

There's silence in the harvest field;
And blackness in the mountain glen,
And cloud that will not pass away
From the hill-tops for many a day;
And stillness round the homes of men.
i. Mary Howitt—*Winter.*

'Tis winter, yet there is no sound
Along the air
Of winds along their battle-ground;
But gently there
The snow is falling,—all around
How fair, how fair!
j. Ralph Hoyt—*Snow. A Winter Sketch.*

A lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence.
k. Keats—*On the Grasshopper and Cricket.*

His breath like silver arrows pierced the air,
The naked earth crouched shuddering at his feet,
His finger on all flowing waters sweet
Forbidding lay—motion nor sound was there:—
Nature was frozen dead,—and still and slow,
A winding sheet fell o'er her body fair,
Flaky and soft, from his wide wings of snow.
l. Frances Anne Kemble—*Winter.*

Up rose the wild old winter-king,
And shook his beard of snow;
"I hear the first young hare-bell ring,
'Tis time for me to go!
Northward o'er the icy rocks,
Northward o'er the sea,
My daughter comes with sunny locks:
This land's too warm for me!"
m. Leland—*Spring.*

Where, twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds the stillness broke,
The crystal icicle is hung.
n. Longfellow—*Woods in Winter.*

Never quite shall disappear
The glory of the circling year;—
Fade shall it never quite, if flowers
An emblem of existence be;
The golden rod shall flourish free,
And laurestini shall weave bowers
For Winter; while the Christmas rose
Shall blossom, though it be 'mid snows.
o. Moir—*The Birth of the Flowers.*

—Alas! time still does pass from us!
The amorous
Songs of the birds have vanished.
The cold and frost make all things dead.
Whither has fled
The bloom of flowers and roses red?
—Where are the dewy meadows and the tree-top's shady towers?
Alas! the frost has all destroyed.
p. Gottfried von Nifen—*Minnesinger of Germany. Love-Song.*

Now begins to sorrow at the Winter's long and heavy time,
And the birdlets' warblings now have vanished everywhere.
—Altogether perished are the flowers and grass,
And behold how cold and grim snow-coverings o'er the forests climb;
Whilst the meadow and the heath are stretched out waste and bare.
q. Nithart—*Minnesinger of Germany. Farewell to the World.*

The snow is on the mountain,
The frost is on the vale,
The ice hangs o'er the fountain,
The storm rides on the gale;
The earth is bare and naked,
The air is cold—and drear,
The sky with snow-clouds flakèd,
And dense foul fogs appear;
The sun shines not so brightly
Through the dark murky skies,
The nights grow longer—nightly,
And thus the winter dies.

a. THOMAS J. OUSELEY—*The Seasons of Life. Winter.*

Leaves are sear,
And flowers are dead, and fields are drear,
And streams are wild, and skies are bleak,
And white with snow each mountain's peak
When winter rules the year;
And children grieve, as if for aye
Leaves, flowers, and birds were past away:
But buds and blooms again are seen,
And fields are gay, and hills are green,
And streams are bright, and sweet birds sing.

b. THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK—*Rhododaphne.*

But see, Orion sheds unwholesome dews,
Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse;
Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay.

c. POPE—*Winter.* Line 85.

Here feel we not the penalty of Adam.
The season's difference,—as the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say
This is no flattery.

d. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way.

e. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 4.

The green moss shines with icy glare;
The long grass bends its spear-like form;
And lovely is the silvery scene
When faint the sun-beams smile.

f. SOUTHEY—*Winter.* St. 9.

Lastly came Winter, cloathed all in frize,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill;
Whils't on his hoary beard his breath did freese,
And the dull drops, that from his purpled bill
As from a limebeck did adown distill:
In his right hand a tipped staffe he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayed still;
For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld;
That scarce his loosed limbes he hable was to weld.

g. SPENSER—*Fœrie Queene.* Canto VII. *Legend of Constancie.* St. 31.

Under the snowdrift the blossoms are sleeping,
Dreaming their dreams of sunshine and June,
Down in the hush of their quiet they're keeping
Thrills from the throstle's wild summer-swung tune.

h. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD—*Under the Snowdrift.*

See, Winter comes, to rule the varied year;
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train,—
Vapors, and Clouds, and Storms.

i. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Winter.* Line 1.

Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin wavering; till at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white.
'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current.

j. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Winter.* Line 229.

Gay looked the field's regalia,
Green bloomed oak and acacia,
Birds warbled their sweet opera,
But now the crows cry their ka, ka!
Gone's the world's ambrosia,
It seems a pale, gray nebula;
Men frown at these phenomena.

k. VON DER VOGELWEIDE—*Minnesinger of Germany. Dreariness of Winter.*

All day the gusty north-wind bore
The loosening drift its breath before;
Low circling round the southern zone,
The sun through dazzling snow-mist shone.
No church-bell lent its Christian tone
To the savage air, no social smoke
Curled over woods of snow-hung oak.
A solitude made more intense
By dreary voicèd elements,
The shrieking of the mindless wind,
The moaning tree-boughs swaying blind,
And on the glass the unmeaning beat
Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet.

l. WHITTIER—*Snow-Bound.*

Make we here our camp of winter;
And, through sleet and snow,
Pitchy knot and beechen splinter
On our hearth shall glow.
Here, with mirth to lighten duty,
We shall lack alone
Woman's smile and girlhood's beauty,
Childhood's lisping tone.

m. WHITTIER—*Lumbermen.* St. 8.

Stern winter loves a dirge-like sound.

n. WORDSWORTH—*On the Power of Sound.* St. 12.

SECRECY.

A secret at home is like rocks under tide.
a. D. M. Mulock—*Magnus and Morna.* Sc. 2.

And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue.
b. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still.
c. *Hamlet.* Ac I. Sc. 2.

Two may keep counsel, putting one away.
d. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Two may keep counsel when the third's away.
e. *Titus Andronicus.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you?
f. *Julius Cæsar.* Act II. Sc. 1.

SELF-CONTROL.

I will be lord over myself. No one who cannot master himself is worthy to rule, and only he can rule.
g. Goethe—*Lewes' Life of Goethe.* Bk. V.

Whoe'er imagines prudence all his own,
Or deems that he hath powers to speak and judge
Such as none other hath, when they are known,
They are found shallow.
h. Sophocles—*Antig.* 707.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

Go to your bosom;
Knock there; and ask your heart, what it doth know.
i. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Speak no more:
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots,
As will not leave their tint.
j. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 4.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven.
k. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 376.

SELFISHNESS.

Where all are selfish, the sage is no better than the fool, and only rather more dangerous.
l. Froude—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Party Politics.*

I learned that no man in God's wide earth is either willing or able to help any other man.
m. Pestalozzi.

What need we any spur, but our own cause,
To prick us to redress?
n. *Julius Cæsar.* Act II. Sc. 1.

I ne'er could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me;
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip
But where my own did hope to sip.
o. Sheridan—*The Duenna.* Act I. Sc. 2.

SELF-LOVE.

Self-love is a principle of action; but among no class of human beings has nature so profusely distributed this principle of life and action as through the whole sensitive family of genius.
p. Isaac Disraeli—*Literary Character of Men of Genius.* Ch. XV.

A gentleman is one who understands and shows every mark of deference to the claims of self-love in others, and exacts it in return from them.
q. Hazlitt—*Table Talk. On the Look of a Gentleman.*

To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for the Observer's sake.
r. Pope—*Moral Essays.* Ep. I. Line 2.

I to myself am dearer than a friend.
s. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act II. Sc. 6.

O villanous! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years! and since I could distinguish between a benefit and an injury, I never found a man that knew how to love himself.
t. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Self-love is the instrument of our preservation; it resembles the provision for the perpetuity of mankind:—it is necessary, it is dear to us, it gives us pleasure, and we must conceal it.
u. Voltaire—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Self-Love.*

SENSE.

The region of the senses is the unbelieving part of the human soul.
v. George MacDonald—*Mary Marston.* Ch. XII.

Good sense, which only is the gift of heaven,
And though no science fairly worth the seven.
w. Pope—*Moral Essays.* Ep. IV. Line 43.

What thin partitions Sense from Thought divide.
x. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 226.

Sense is our helmet, wit is but the plume;
The plume exposes, 'tis our helmet saves.
Sense is the diamond weighty, solid, sound;
When cut by wit, it casts a brighter beam;
Yet, wit apart, it is a diamond still.
y. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night VIII. Line 1254.

SENSIBILITY.

Susceptible persons are more affected by a change of tone than by unexpected words.

a. George Eliot—*Adam Bede.* Ch. XXVII.

And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns.

b. Moore—*O Think Not My Spirits.*

It seem'd as if each thought, and look,
And motion were that minute chain'd
Fast to the spot, such root she took,
And like a sunflower by a brook,
With face upturn'd—so still remain'd!

c. Moore—*Loves of the Angels. First Angel's Story.*

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And though but few can serve, yet all may please;
Oh let th' ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is a great offence.

d. Hannah More—*Sensibility.*

The hint malevolent, the look oblique,
The obvious satire, or implied dislike;
The sneer equivocal, the harsh reply,
And all the cruel language of the eye;
The artful enquiry, whose venomed dart
Scarce wounds the hearing while it stabs the heart;
The guarded phrase, whose meaning kills, yet told,
The list'ner wonders how you thought it cold;
These, and a thousand griefs minute as these,
Corrode our comfort and destroy our ease.

e. Hannah More—*Sensibility.*

And the touch d needle trembles to the pole.

f. Pope—*Temple of Fame.* Line 431.

SHADOWS.

What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue.

g. Burke—*Speech at Bristol on Declining the Poll.*

And coming events cast their shadows before.

h. Campbell—*Lochiel's Warning.*

Shadow owes its birth to light.

i. Gay—*The Persian, Sun, and Cloud.* Line 10.

A shadow came and lingered where the sunlight stood before.

j. Anna Katharine Green—*The Sword of Damocles.* Bk. III. Ch. XXIII.

Follow a shadow, it still flies you
Seem to fly it, it will pursue.

k. Ben Jonson—*To Celia. Song.*

Alas! must it ever be so?
So we stand in our own light wherever we go,
And fight our own shadows forever.

l. Owen Meredith—*Lucile.* Canto II. St. 5.

Shadows are in reality, when the sun is shining, the most conspicuous thing in a landscape, next to the highest lights.

m. Ruskin—*Painting.*

Checker'd shadow.

n. *Titus Andronicus.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Come like shadows, so depart.

o. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.

p. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss.

q. *Merchant of Venice.* Act II. Sc. 9.

SHAKESPEARE.

This was Shakespeare's form;
Who walked in every path of human life,
Felt every passion; and to all mankind
Doth now, will ever, that experience yield
Which his own genius only could acquire.

r. Akenside—*Inscription for a Monument of Shakespeare.*

If I say that Shakespeare is the greatest of intellects, I have said all concerning him. But there is more in Shakespeare's intellect than we have yet seen. It is what I call an unconscious intellect; there is more virtue in it than he himself is aware of.

s. Carlyle—*Essay. Characteristics of Shakespeare.*

Our myriad-minded Shakespeare.

t. Coleridge—*Biographia Literaria.* Ch. XV.

Far from Shakespeare's being the least known, he is the one person, in all modern history, known to us. What point of morals, of manners, of economy, of philosophy, of religion, of taste, of the conduct of life, has he not settled? What mystery has he not signified his knowledge of? What office, or function, or district of man's work, has he not remembered? What king has he not taught state, as Talma taught Napoleon? What maiden has not found him finer than her delicacy? What lover has he not outloved? What sage has he not outseen? What gentleman has he not instructed in the rudeness of his behavior?

u. Emerson—*Shakespeare.*

Soul of the age!
The applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!
My Shakespeare rise.
a. BEN JONSON—*To the Memory of Shakespeare.*

What needs my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones,
The labour of an age in piled stones?
Or that his hallow'd relics should be hid
Under a star-y pointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame.
b. MILTON—*Epitaph on Shakespeare*

SHAME.

Here shame dissuades him, there his fear prevails,
And each by turns his aching heart assails.
c. ADDISON'S *Ovid's Metamorphoses. Transformation of Actalon.* Line 73.

I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remembered.
d. *Coriolanus.* Act I. Sc. 9.

O, shame! Where is thy blush?
e. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 4.

The most curious offspring of shame is shyness.
f. SYDNEY SMITH—*Lecture on the Evil Affections.*

SHIPS.

She walks the water like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife.
g. BYRON—*The Corsair.* Canto I. St. 3.

The true ship is the ship builder.
h. EMERSON—*Essay. Of History.*

Ships that sailed for sunny isles,
But never came to shore.
i. THOS. HERVEY—*The Devil's Progress.*

Being in a ship is being in a jail, with a chance of being drowned.
j. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Boswell's Life of Johnson.* An. 1759.

A little model the master wrought,
Which should be to the larger plan
What the child is to the man.
k. LONGFELLOW—*Building of the Ship.* Line 19.

Build me straight, O worthy master!
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle.
l. LONGFELLOW—*Building of the Ship.* Line 1.

There's not a ship that sails the ocean,
But every climate, every soil,
Must bring its tribute, great or small,
And help to build the wooden wall!
m. LONGFELLOW—*The Building of the Ship.* Line 66.

The wind plays on those great sonorous harps, the shrouds and masts of ships.
n. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. I. Ch. VII.

Ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity.
o. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. The Light of the Harem.*

Let our barks across the pathless flood
Hold different courses.
p. SCOTT—*Kenilworth.* Ch. XVII. Motto.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were silver;
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes.
q. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Ships, dim discovered, dropping from the clouds.
THOMSON—*The Seasons. Summer.* Line 946.

SHIPWRECK.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave;
Then some leap'd overboard with fearful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave.
s. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto II. St. 52.

The air was calm, and on the level brine,
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
t. MILTON—*Lycidas.* Line 98.

But hark! what shriek of death comes in the gale,
And in the distant ray what glimmering sail,
Bends to the storm?—Now sinks the note of fear!
Ah! wretched mariners!—no more shall day
Unclose his cheering eye to light ye on your way!
u. Mrs. RADCLIFFE—*Mysteries of Udolpho. Shipwreck.*

SICKNESS.

We all dread a bodily paralysis, and would make use of every contrivance to avoid it, but none of us is troubled about a paralysis of the soul.
v. EPICTETUS.

He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake; 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre.
a. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 2.

My long sickness
Of health, and living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things.
b. *Timon of Athens.* Act V. Sc. 2.

What, is Brutus sick;
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile Contagion of the night?
c *Julius Cæsar.* Act II. Sc. 1.

SIGHS.

Sigh'd and look'd and sigh'd again.
d. DRYDEN—*Alexander's Feast.* Line 120.

Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.
e. GRAY—*Elegy in a Churchyard.* St. 20.

My soul has rest, sweet sigh! alone in thee.
f PETRARCH—*To Laura in Death. Sonnet LIV.*

SILENCE.

Silence never shows itself to so great an advantage, as when it is made the reply to calumny and defamation, provided that we give no just occasion for them.
g. ADDISON—*The Tatler.* No. 133.

Silence, when nothing need be said, is the eloquence of discretion.
h. BOVEE—*Summaries of Thought. Silence.*

There is a gift beyond the reach of art, of being eloquently silent.
i. BOVEE—*Summaries of Thought. Silence.*

There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.
j. CAMPBELL—*Battle of the Baltic.*

Silence is more eloquent than words.
k. CARLYLE—*Heroes and Hero Worship.* Lecture II.

Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves together; that at length they may emerge, full-formed and majestic, into the daylight of Life, which they are thenceforth to rule.
l. CARLYLE—*Sartor Resartus.* Bk. III. Ch. IV.

Speech is great; but silence is greater.
m. CARLYLE—*Essays. Characteristics of Shakespeare.*

Under all speech that is good for anything there lies a silence that is better. Silence is deep as eternity; speech is shallow as time.
n. CARLYLE—*Essays. Memoirs of the Life of Scott.*

They thus passed over the white sands, and between the rocks, silent as their shadows.
o. COLERIDGE—*The Wanderings of Cain.*

Silently as a dream the fabric rose,
No sound of hammer or of saw was there.
p. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. V. Line 144.

Striving to tell his woes, words would not come;
For light cares speak, when mighty griefs are dombe.
q. SAMUEL DANIEL—*Complaint of Rosamond.* St. 114.

How massively doth awful Nature pile
The living rock, like some cathedral aisle,
Sacred to silence and the solemn sea.
r. THOMAS DOUBLEDAY—*The Literary Souvenir. The Sea Cave.*

A horrid stillness first invades the ear,
And in that silence we the tempest fear.
s. DRYDEN—*Astræa Redux.* Line 7

The silent organ loudest chants
The master's requiem.
t. EMERSON—*Dirge.* St. 12.

Silence gives consent.
u. FULLER—*Wise Sentences.*

Silence gives consent.
v. GOLDSMITH—*The Good-Natured Man.* Act II.

In green ruins, in the desolate walls
Of antique palaces, where Man hath been,
Though the dun fox, or wild hyena, calls,
And owls, that flit continually between,
Shriek to the echo, and the low winds moan,
There the true Silence is, self-conscious and alone.
w. HOOD—*Sonnets. Silence.*

There is a silence where hath been no sound,
There is a silence where no sound may be,
In the cold grave—under the deep, deep sea,
Or in wide desert where no life is found,
Which hath been mute, and still must sleep profound.
x. HOOD—*Sonnets. Silence.*

Not much talk—a great, sweet silence.
y. HENRY JAMES, Jr.—*A Bundle of Letters.* Letter IV.

All was silent as before—
All silent save the dripping rain.
z. LONGFELLOW—*A Rainy Day.*

Hœder, the blind old god,
Whose feet are shod with silence.
aa. LONGFELLOW—*Tegners Drapa.* Verse 6.

The silence of the place was like a sleep,
So full of rest it seemed; each passing tread
Was a reverberation from the deep
Recesses, of the ages that are dead.
a. LONGFELLOW—*Monte Cassino.* St. 11.

Three Silences there are: the first of speech,
The second of desire, the third of thought.
b. LONGFELLOW—*The Three Silences of Molinos.*

What shall I say to you? What can I say
Better than silence is?
c. LONGFELLOW—*Morituri Salutamus.* Line 129.

Nothing is more useful than silence.
d. MENANDER—*Ex Incert. Comœd.* P. 216.

Silence has many advantages.
e. MENANDER—*Ex Incert. Comœd.* P. 220.

There are moments when silence, prolong'd and unbroken,
More expressive may be than all words ever spoken,
It is when the heart has an instinct of what
In the heart of another is passing.
f. OWEN MEREDITH—*Lucile.* Pt. II. Canto I. St. 20.

That Silence is one of the great arts of conversation is allowed by Cicero himself, who says, there is not only an art, but even an eloquence in it.
g. HANNAH MORE—*Essays on Various Subjects. Thoughts on Conversation.*

Silence sweeter is than speech.
h. D. M. MULOCK—*Magnus and Morna.* Sc. 3.

Be silent and safe; silence never betrays you.
i. JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY—*Rules of the Road.*

Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes.
j. POPE'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. XIV. Line 252.

Silence in love bewrays more woe
Than words, though ne'er so witty;
A beggar that is dumb you know,
May challenge double pity.
k. Sir WALTER RALEIGH—*The Silent Lover.* Verse 6.

Silence more musical than any song.
l. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*Sonnet. Rest.*

Be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech.
m. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act I. Sc. 1.

I'll speak to thee in silence.
n. *Cymbeline*—Act V. Sc. 4.

It is not, nor it cannot come to good;
But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue.
o. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence.
p. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.
q. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy:
I were but little happy if I could say how much.
r. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Silence that dreadful bell.
s. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 2.

The rest is silence.
t. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 2.

What! gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.
u. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act II. Sc. 2.

You shall not say I yield, being silent,
I would not speak.
v. *Cymbeline.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Silence! Oh well are Death and Sleep and Thou
Three brethren named, the guardians gloomy-winged
Of one abyss, where life and truth and joy
Are swallowed up.
w. SHELLEY—*Fragments. Silence.*

Silence oppresses with too great a weight.
x. SOPHOCLES—*Antig.* 1254.

The deepest rivers make least din,
The silent soule doth most abound in care.
y. EARL OF STERLING—*Aurora.* 1604. *Song.*

Of every noble work the silent part is best,
Of all expression, that which cannot be expressed.
z. STORY—*The Unexpressed.*

Silence, beautiful voice!
aa. TENNYSON—*Maud.* Pt. V. St. 3.

Come then, expressive Silence.
bb. THOMSON—*The Seasons. A Hymn.* Line 118.

No sound is uttered,—but a deep
And solemn harmony pervades
The hollow vale from steep to steep,
And penetrates the glades.
cc. WORDSWORTH—*Composed upon an Evening of Extraordinary Splendour and Beauty.*

The silence that is in the starry sky.
dd. WORDSWORTH—*Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle.*

SIMPLICITY.

Her head was bare;
But for her native ornament of hair,
Which in a simple knot was tied above,
Sweet negligence unheeded bait of love!
a. DRYDEN—*Trans. from Ovid's Metamorphoses. Meleager and Atalanta.* Line 68.

Nothing is more simple than greatness; indeed, to be simple is to be great.
b. EMERSON—*Literary Ethics.*

To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
c. GOLDSMITH—*Deserted Village.* Line 253.

The greatest truths are the simplest:
And so are the greatest men.
d. J. C. and A. W. HARE—*Guesses at Truth.*

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace:
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free.
e. BEN JONSON—*The Silent Woman.* Act I. Sc. 1.

From yon blue heaven above us bent
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
f. TENNYSON—*Lady Clara Vere de Vere.* St. 7.

SIN.

Compound for sins they are inclin'd to,
By damning those they have no mind to.
g. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Canto I. Pt. I. Line 215.

Angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in.
h. CAMPBELL—*Pleasures of Hope.* Line 357.

Sin let loose, speaks punishment at hand.
i. COWPER—*Expostulation.* Line 160.

I could not live in peace if I put the shadow of a wilful sin between myself and God.
j. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Mill on the Floss.* Bk. VI. Ch. XIV.

Great sins make great sufferers.
k. ANNA KATHARINE GREEN—*The Sword of Damocles.* Bk. II. Ch. XVI.

Man-like is it to fall into sin,
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein,
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,
God-like is it all sin to leave.
l. LONGFELLOW'S *Fredrick Von Logan. Sin.*

Her rash hand in an evil hour
Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat.
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat
Sighing through all her works gave signs of wo
That all was lost.
m. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 780.

So many laws argues so many sins.
n. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XII. Line 283

The trail of the serpent is over them all.
o. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. Paradise and the Peri.* Line 206.

How shall I lose the sin yet keep the sense,
And love the offender yet detest the offence?
p. POPE—*Abelard and Eloise.* Line 191.

See Sin in State majestically drunk;
Proud as a Peeress, prouder as a Punk.
q. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. II. Line 69.

Sin is a state of mind, not an outward act.
r. SEWELL—*Passing Thoughts on Religion Wilful Sin.*

Commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways.
s. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 4.

Few love to hear the sins they love to act.
t. *Pericles.* Act I. Sc. 1.

I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors.
u. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc 3.

It is a great sin, to swear unto a sin;
But greater sin, to keep a sinful oath.
v. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act V. Sc. 1.

O fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.
w. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 1.

O, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
x. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
y. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 6.

Some sins do bear their privilege on earth.
z. *King John.* Act I. Sc. 1.

The world is grown so bad
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch.
aa. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.
bb. *Richard II.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: What can it not?
Yet what can it; when one can not repent?
O wretched state! O bosom, black as death!
O limed soul, that, struggling to be free
Art more engag'd.
cc. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Let guilty men remember, their black deeds
Do lean on crutches made of slender reeds.
a. JOHN WEBSTER—*The White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona.*

SINCERITY.

Loss of sincerity is loss of vital power.
b. BOVEE—*Summaries of Thought. Sincerity.*

There is the love of being sincere without the love of learning; the beclouding here leads to an injurious disregard of consequences.
c. CONFUCIUS—*Analects.* Bk. I. Ch. IV.

Let us, then, be what we are, and speak what we think, and in all things
Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred professions of friendship.
d. LONGFELLOW—*Courtship of Miles Standish.* Pt. VI.

You know I say
Just what I think, and nothing more nor less,
And, when I pray, my heart is in my prayer.
I cannot say one thing and mean another:
If I can't pray, I will not make believe!
e. LONGFELLOW—*Christus.* Pt. III. *Giles Corey.* Act II. Sc. 3.

The measure of life is not length but honestie.
f. LYLY—*Euphues. The Anatomy of Wit. Letters of Euphues.*

Friends, if we be honest with ourselves,
We shall be honest with each other.
g. GEORGE MACDONALD—*The Marquis of Lossie.* Ch. LXXI.

Sincerity is the way to heaven. To think how to be sincere is the way of man.
h. MENCIUS—*Ideal of the Perfect Man.*

There is no greater delight than to be conscious of sincerity on self-examination.
i. MENCIUS—*Maxims.*

But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at; I am not what I am.
j. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 1.

I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.
k. *As You Like It.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

He hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks.
l. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Men should be what they seem;
Or, those that be not, would they might seem none!
m. *Othello.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Oh! how much more doth Beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
n. *Sonnet LIV.*

Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice; then must thou speak
Of one that loved not wisely, but too well.
o. *Othello.* Act V. Sc. 2.

SINGERS.

Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound.
She feels no biting pang the while she sings,
Nor, while she turns the giddy wheel around
Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things.
p. GIFFORD—*Contemplation.*

And those who heard the Singers three
Disputed which the best might be:
For still their music seemed to start
Discordant echoes in each heart.
q. LONGFELLOW—*The Singers.*

God sent his Singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.
r. LONGFELLOW—*The Singers.*

He the sweetest of all singers.
s. LONGFELLOW—*Hiawatha.* Pt. VI.

Sang in tones of deep emotion,
Songs of love and songs of longing.
t. LONGFELLOW—*Hiawatha.* Pt. XI.

Sweetest the strain when in the song
The singer has been lost.
u. ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS—*The Poet and the Poem.*

But would you sing and rival Orpheus' strain,
The wond'ring forests soon should dance again;
The moving mountains hear the pow'rful call,
And headlong streams hang list'ning in their fall!
v. POPE—*Summer.* Line 81.

But one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes.
w. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Every night he comes,
With music of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness: It nothing steads us
To chide him from our eaves; for he persists;
As if his life lay on't.
x. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act III. Sc. 7.

His tongue is now a stringless instrument.
y. *Richard II.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant.
a. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act I. Sc. 2.

O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear.
b. *Othello.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

The lark, at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at Heaven's gate.
c. *Sonnet XXIX.*

Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love.
d. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act I. Sc. 1.

I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing.
e. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. XXI.

SKY, THE

And they were canopied by the blue sky,
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in heaven.
f. BYRON—*The Dream.* St. 4.

Oh! "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,"
As some one somewhere sings about the sky.
g. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto IV. St. 110.

That golden sky which was the doubly blessed symbol of advancing day and of approaching rest.
h. GEORGE ELIOT—*Daniel Deronda.* Bk. V. Ch. XXXVIII.

See! he sinks
Without a word; and his ensanguined bier
Is vacant in the west, while far and near
Behold! each coward shadow eastward shrinks,
Thou dost not strive, O sun, nor dost thou cry
Amid thy cloud-built streets.
i. FABER—*The Rosary and Other Poems. On the Ramparts at Angouleme.*

How bravely Autumn paints upon the sky
The gorgeous fame of Summer which is fled!
j. HOOD—*Sonnets Written in a Volume of Shakspeare.*

The starry cope
Of heaven.
k. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 992.

Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful; never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost Divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal, is essential.
l. RUSKIN—*The Sky.*

This majestical roof, fretted with golden fire.
m. *Hamlet* Act II. Sc. 2.

Heaven's ebony vault
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Thro' which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world.
n. SHELLEY—*Queen Mab.* Pt. IV.

Of evening tinct
The purple-streaming amethyst is thine.
o. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Summer.* Line 150.

The sky domed above us, with its heavenly frescoes, painted by the thought of the Great Artist.
p. ALLAN THROCKMORTON—*Sketches.*

Green calm below, blue quietness above.
q. WHITTIER—*The Pennsylvania Pilgrim.* St. 113.

SLANDER.

The tongue
Of slander is too prompt with wanton malice
To wound the stranger.
r. ÆSCHYLUS—Suppl. 972.

Dead scandals form good subjects for dissection.
s. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto I. St. 31.

Assail'd by scandal and the tongue of strife,
His only answer was a blameless life;
And he that forged, and he that threw the dart,
Had each a brother's interest in his heart.
t. COWPER—*Hope.* Line 570.

There are * * * * robberies that leave man or woman forever beggared of peace and joy, yet kept secret by the sufferer.
u. GEORGE ELIOT—*Felix Holt.* Introduction.

And though you duck them ne'er so long,
Not one salt drop e'er wets their tongue;
'Tis hence they scandal have at will,
And that this member ne'er lies still.
v. GAY—*The Mad Dog.*

I hate the man who builds his name
On ruins of another's fame.
w. GAY—*The Poet and the Rose.*

And there's a lust in man no charm can tame
Of loudly publishing our neighbour's shame;
On eagles' wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born to die.
x. STEPHEN HARVEY'S *Juvenal.* Satire IX.

If slander be a snake, it is a winged one—it flies as well as creeps.
y. DOUGLAS JERROLD—*Specimens of Jerrold's Wit. Slander.*

Cut men's throats with whisperings.
z. BEN JONSON—*Sejanus.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Where it concerns himself,
Who's angry at a slander, makes it true.
a. Ben Jonson—*Catiline.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Whosoever lends a greedy ear to a slanderous report is either himself of a radically bad disposition, or a mere child in sense.
b. Menander—*Ex Incert. Comœd.* P. 220.

Twas Slander filled her mouth with lying words;
Slander, the foulest whelp of Sin.
c. Pollok—*Course of Time.* Bk. VIII. Line 725.

Enemies carry about slander, not in the form in which it took its rise. The scandal of men is everlasting; even then does it survive when you would suppose it to be dead.
d. Riley's *Plautus. The Persa.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Low-breath'd talkers, minion lispers,
Cutting honest throats by whispers.
e. Scott—*Fortunes of Nigel.* Ch. V.

It is safer to affront some People than to oblige them; for the better a Man deserves the worse they will speak of him.
f. Seneca.

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.
g. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies.
h. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act V. Sc. 3.

For slander lives upon succession;
For-ever housed, where it gets possession.
i. *Comedy of Errors.* Act III. Sc. 1.

If I can do it,
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
j. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act III. Sc. 2.

I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devis'd this slander.
k. *Othello.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes: What king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue.
l. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Slander'd to death by villains;
That dare as well answer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue:
Boys, apes, braggarts, jacks, milksops.
m. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act V. Sc. 1.

So, haply, slander,—
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poison'd shot—may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air.
n. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

That thou art blamed, shall not be thy defect;
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
* * * * * * * *
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater.
o. *Sonnet LXX.*

'Tis slander,—whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world.
p. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 4.

'Tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world; kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.
q. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.
r. *Othello.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down.
s. Swift—*Journal of a Modern Lady.* Line 192.

Soft-buzzing slander; silly moths that eat
An honest name.
t. Thomson—*Liberty.* Pt. IV. Line 609.

SLAVERY.

I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.
u. Cowper—*The Task.* Bk. II. Line 29.

Slaves cannot breathe in England: if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
v. Cowper—*The Task.* Bk. II. Line 40.

Corrupted freemen are the worst of slaves.
w. Garrick—*Prologue to the Gamesters.*

Enslave a man, and you destroy his ambition, his enterprise, his capacity. In the constitution of human nature, the desires of bettering one's condition is the mainspring of effort. The first touch of slavery snaps this spring.

a. MANN—*Slavery. Letters and Speeches. Letter Accepting the Nomination for the Thirteenth Congress.* March, 1848.

O execrable son, so to aspire
Above his brethren to himself assuming
Authority usurp'd; from God not given.
He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,
Dominion absolute; that right we hold
By his donation: but men over men
He made not lord: such title to himself
Reserving, human left from human free.

b. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XII. Line 64.

And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

c. ROBERT PAINE—*Adams and Liberty.*

Whatever day
Makes man a slave takes half his worth away.

d. POPE'S *Homer's Odyssey.* Bk. XVII. Line 392.

Go, see the captive bartered, as a slave!
Crushed till his high, heroic spirits bleeds,
And from his nerveless frame indignantly receeds.

e. ROGERS—*Pleasures of Memory.* Pt. II.

Servitude seizes on few, but many seize on her.

f. SENECA.

Base is the slave that pays.

g. *Henry V.* Act II. Sc. 1.

"You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them."

h. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

By the Law of Slavery, man, created in the image of God, is divested of the human character, and declared to be a mere chattel.

i. CHAS. SUMNER—*The Anti Slavery Enterprise. Address at New York.* May 9th, 1855.

Where Slavery is, there Liberty cannot be; and where Liberty is, there Slavery cannot be.

j. CHAS. SUMNER—*Slavery and the Rebellion. Speech before the New York Young Men's Republican Union.*

Slavery is also as ancient as war, and war as human nature.

k. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Slaves.*

That execrable sum of all villanies commonly called a Slave Trade.

l. JOHN WESLEY—*Journal.* Feb. 12, 1792.

It is observed by Homer, * * * that "a man loses half his virtue the day that he becomes a slave;" he might have added with truth, that he is likely to lose more than half when he becomes a slave-master.

m. ARCHBISHOP WHATELY—*Annotations to Bacon's Essays. Of Plantations.*

A Christian! going, gone!
Who bids for God's own image?—for his grace,
Which that poor victim of the market-place
Hath in her suffering won?

n. WHITTIER—*Voices of Freedom. The Christian Slave.*

Our fellow-countrymen in chains!
Slaves—in a land of light and law!
Slaves—crouching on the very plains
Where rolled the storm of Freedom's war!

o. WHITTIER—*Voices of Freedom. Stanzas.*

Right onward, O speed it! Wherever the blood
Of the wronged and the guiltless is crying to God;
Wherever a slave in his fetters is pining.

p. WHITTIER—*Voices of Freedom. Lines Written on Reading the Message of Gov. Ritner.*

What! mothers from their children riven!
What! God's own image bought and sold!
Americans to market driven,
And bartered as the brute for gold!

q. WHITTIER—*Voices of Freedom. Stanzas.*

SLEEP.

What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?
Nature, oppress'd and harass'd out with care,
Sinks down to rest.

r. ADDISON—*Cato.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Happy he whose toil
Has o'er his languid pow'rless limbs diffus'd
A pleasing lassitude; he not in vain
Invokes the gentle deity of Dreams:
His pow'rs the most voluptuously dissolve
In soft repose; on him the balmy dews
Of sleep with double nutriment descend.

s. ARMSTRONG—*Art of Preserving Health* Bk. III. Line 385.

Sleep is a death; O make me try
By sleeeping, what it is to die,
And as gently lay my head
On my grave as now my bed.

t. Sir THOMAS BROWNE—*Religio Medici.* Pt. II. Sec. 12

We are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleeps; and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is the ligation of sense, but the liberty of reason; and our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our sleeps.

a. Sir Thomas Browne—*Religio Medici.* Pt. II. Sec. 11.

We term sleep a death; and yet it is waking that kills us, and destroys those spirits that are the house of life.

b. Sir Thomas Browne—*Religio Medici.* Pt. II. Sec. 12.

How he sleepeth! having drunken
Weary childhood's mandragore,
From his pretty eyes have sunken
Pleasures to make room for more—
Sleeping near the withered nosegay which he pulled the day before.

c. E. B. Browning—*A Child Asleep.*

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

d. E. B. Browning—*The Sleep.*

Sleep on, Baby, on the floor,
Tired of all the playing,
Sleep with smile the sweeter for
That you dropped away in!
On your curls' full roundness, stand
Golden lights serenely—
One cheek, pushed out by the hand,
Folds the dimple inly.

e. E. B. Browning—*Sleeping and Watching.*

My slumbers,—if I slumber—are not sleep,
But a continuance of enduring thought,
Which then I can endure not.

f. Byron—*Manfred.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence: Sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality,
And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy.

g. Byron—*The Dream.* St. 1.

Blessings light on him who first invented sleep! it covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot; in short, money that buys everything, balance and weight that makes the shepherd equal to the monarch, and the fool to the wise; there is only one evil in sleep, as I have heard, and it is that it resembles death, since between a dead and a sleeping man there is but little difference.

h. Cervantes—*Don Quixote.*

O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven
That slid into my soul.

i. Coleridge—*Ancient Mariner.* Pt V. St. 1.

Visit her, gentle Sleep! with wings of healing,
And may this storm be but a mountain birth,
May all the stars hang bright above her dwelling,
Silent as though they watched the sleeping Earth!

j. Coleridge—*Dejection. An Ode.* St. 8.

Sleep, the type of death, is also, like that which it typifies, restricted to the earth. It flies from hell, and is excluded from heaven.

k. C. C. Colton—*Lacon.*

O Sleep, why dost thou leave me?
Why thy visionary joys remove?

l. Congreve—*Semele.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my languish, and restore the light.

m. Samuel Daniel—*Sonnet.*

Sleep, Silence' child, sweet father of soft rest,
Prince whose approach peace to all mortals brings,
Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,
Sole comforter of minds with grief opprest.

n. Drummond—*Sonnet.*

Sleep! to the homeless, thou art home;
The friendless find in thee a friend;
And well is he, where'er he roams,
Who meets thee at his journey's end.

o. Ebenezer Elliott—*Sleep.*

O gentle Sleep, whose lenient power thus soothes
Disease and pain, how sweet thy visit to me,
Who wanted thy soft aid! Blessing divine!
That to the wretched giv'st wish'd repose,
Steeping their senses in forgetfulness!

p. Euripides.

O sleep! in pity thou art made
A double boon to such as we;
Beneath closed lids and folds of deepest shade
We think we see.

q. Frothingham—*The Sight of the Blind.*

Oh! lightly, lightly tread!
A holy thing is sleep,
On the worn spirit shed,
And eyes that wake to weep.

r. Mrs. Hemans—*The Sleeper.*

O magic Sleep! O comfortable bird,
That broodest o'er the troubled sea of the mind
Till it is hush'd and smooth! O unconfined
Restraint! imprisoned liberty! great key
To golden palaces.

s. Keat's *Endymion.* Bk. I. Line 456.

O gentle sleep! my welcoming breath
Shall hail thee midst our mortal strife,
Who art the very thief of life,
The very portraiture of death!

t. Alonzo de Ledesma—*Sleep.*

All sense of hearing and of sight
Enfold in the serene delight
And quietude of sleep!
a. LONGFELLOW—*The Masque of Pandora.* Pt. VII.

At my feet the city slumbered.
b. LONGFELLOW—*The Belfry of Burges.* St. 4.

Dreams of the summer night!
Tell her, her lover keeps
Watch! while in slumbers light
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!
c. LONGFELLOW—*Spanish Student.* Act I. Sc. 3. *Serenade.*

I am weary, and am overwrought
With too much toil, with too much care distraught,
And with the iron crown of anguish crowned.
Lay thy soft hand upon my brow and cheek,
O peaceful Sleep!
d. LONGFELLOW—*Sleep.*

No voice in the chambers,
No sound in the hall!
Sleep and oblivion
Reigns over all!
e. LONGFELLOW—*Curfew.*

Thou driftest gently down the tides of sleep.
f. LONGFELLOW—*To a Child.* Line 116.

In deep of night, when drowsiness
Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial Siren's harmony,
That sit upon the ninefolded spheres
And sing to those that hold the vital shears;
And turn the adamantine spindle round,
On which the fate of God and Men is wound.
g. MILTON—*Arcades.* Line 61.

Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
Her wat'ry labyrinth, whereof who drinks
Forthwith his former state and being forgets.
h. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 583.

The bee with honeyed thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring;
With such a concost as they keep,
Entice the dewy feather'd sleep.
i. MILTON—*Il Penseroso.* Line 142.

The timely dew of sleep
Now falling with soft slumb'rous weight inclines
Our eyelids.
j. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 615.

O, we're a' noddin', nid, nid, noddin';
O we're a' noddin' at our house at hame.
k. LADY NAIRNE—*We're a' Noddin'.*

Sleep, thou repose of all things: Sleep, thou gentlest of the deities; thou peace of the mind, from which care flies; who dost soothe the hearts of men wearied with the toils of the day, and refittest them for labour.
l. OVID—*Meta.* Bk. XI. Line 623.

Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,
It grieves me sair to see thee weepe.
m. PERCY'S *Reliques.* *Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament.*

Sleep and death, two twins of winged race,
Of matchless swiftness, but of silent pace.
n. POPE'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. XVI. Line 831.

Rest, rest, a perfect rest
Shed over the brow and breast;
Her face is toward the west,
The purple land.
o. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*Dream-Land.*

And I pray you let none of your people stir me: I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.
p. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum,
Till it cry—Sleep to death.
q. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king?
r. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 1.

Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy thy honey-heavy dew of slumber;
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.
s. *Julius Cæsar.* Act II. Sc. 1.

He sleeps by day
More than the wild cat: drones hive not with me,
Therefore I part with him.
t. *Merchant of Venice.* Act II. Sc. 5.

He that sleeps feels not the toothache.
u. *Cymbeline.* Act V. Sc. 4.

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour fast asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
v. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 1.

I let fall the windows of mine eyes.
w. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Methought I heard a voice cry, Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep.
a. *Macbeth.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.
b. *Richard III.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.
c. *Othello.* Act III. Sc. 3.

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night! sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
As he, whose brow, with homely biggen bound,
Snores out the watch of night.
d. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 4.

On your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such difference betwixt wake and sleep
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.
e. *Henry IV.* Act III. Sc. 1.

O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her;
And be her sense but as a monument.
f. *Cymbeline.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself!—
g. *Macbeth.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
h. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon.
i. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 5.

Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
Hang upon his penthouse lid.
j. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.
k. *Macbeth.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Sleep that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me awhile from mine own company.
l. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act III. Sc. 2.

This sleep is sound, indeed this is a sleep
That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd
So many English kings.
m. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 4.

Thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep,
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep.
n. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more.
o. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
Shall, stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death.
p. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

To sleep! perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause.
q. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 1.

On their lids * * *
* * * * * *
The baby Sleep is pillowed.
r. Shelley—*Queen Mab.* Pt. I.

Sleep, the fresh dew of languid love, the rain
Whose drops quench kisses till they burn again.
s. Shelley—*Epipsychidion.* Line 571.

Come, Sleep: O Sleep! the certain knot of peace,
The baiting place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
Th' indifferent judge between the high and low.
t. Sir Philip Sidney—*Astrophel and Stella.* St. 39.

Sleep, baby sleep.
u. Caroline Southey—*In Vol. Entitled Solitary Hours.*

Thou hast been called, O sleep, the friend of woe,
But 'tis the happy that have called thee so.
v. Southey—*The Curse of Kehama.* Canto XV. St. 11.

Before the dore sat self-consuming Care,
Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
For feare least Force or Fraud should unaware
Breake in, and spoile the treasure there in gard.
Ne would he suffer Sleepe once thither-ward
Approach, albe his drowsy den were next;
For next to Death is Sleepe to be compared;
Therefore his house is unto his annext:
Here Sleepe, there Richesse, and Hel-gate them betwext.
a. SPENSER—*Fœrie Queene.* Canto VII. St. 35.

She sleeps, her breathings are not heard
In palace chambers far apart,
The fragrant tresses are not stirr'd
That lie upon her charmed heart.
She sleeps: on either hand up swells
The gold-fringed pillow lightly prest:
She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells
A perfect form in perfect rest.
b. TENNYSON—*The Day-Dream. Sleeping Beauty.*

Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace.
Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul,
While the stars burn, the moons increase,
And the great ages onward roll.
c. TENNYSON—*To J. S.*———. St. 18.

The mystery of folded sleep.
d. TENNYSON—*A Dream of Fair Women.* St. 66.

When in the down I sink my head,
Sleep, Death's twin-brother, times my breath.
e. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. LXVII.

Is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?
To lie in dead oblivion, loosing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life;
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than Nature craves?
f. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Summer.* Line 71.

Yet never sleep the sun up; prayer should
Dawn with the day; there are set awful hours
'Twixt heaven and us; the manna was not good
After sun-rising: far day sullies flowers;
Rise to prevent the sun; sleep doth sin glut,
And heaven's gate opens when the world's is shut.
g. HENRY VAUGHAN—*Rules and Lessons.* Verse 2.

Deep rest and sweet, most like indeed to death's own quietness.
h. VIRGIL—*Æneid.* Trans. by Wm. Morris.

Hush my dear lie still and slumber!
Holy angels guard thy bed!
i. WATTS—*Cradle Hymn.*

'Tis the voice of the sluggard, I hear him complain:
"You've waked me too soon—I must slumber again."
A little more sleep, and a little more slumber.
j. WATTS—*Moral Songs. The Sluggard.*

Come, gentle sleep! attend thy votary's prayer,
And, though death's image, to my couch repair:
How sweet, though lifeless, yet with life to lie,
And, without dying, O how sweet to die!
k. WOLCOT—*Epigram on Sleep.*

The sleep that is among the lonely hills.
l. WORDSWORTH—*Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle.*

Through all the courts
The vacant city slept; the busy winds,
That keep no certain intervals of rest,
Moved not.
m. WORDSWORTH—*Vandracour and Julia.*

Tired limbs and over-busy thoughts,
Inviting sleep and soft forgetfulness.
n. WORDSWORTH—*The Excursion.* Bk IV.

Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause.
o. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night I. Line 23.

Man's rich restorative! his balmy bath,
That supplies, lubricates, and keeps in play,
The various movements of this nice machine,
Which asks such frequent periods of repair.
When tired with vain rotations of the day,
Sleep winds us up for the succeeding dawn:
Fresh we spin on, till sickness clogs our wheels,
Or death quite breaks the spring, and motion ends.
p. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IX. Line 2146.

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes.
q. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night I. Line 1.

SMILES.

That smile, if oft observed and near,
Waned in its mirth, and wither'd to a sneer.
r. BYRON—*Lara.* Canto I. St. 17.

Her smile was like a rainbow flashing from a misty sky.
s. ANNA KATHARINE GREEN—*The Sword of Damocles.* Bk. III. Ch. XXIII.

A face that cannot smile, is never good.
t. MARTIAL—VII. 25.

A smile that glow'd
Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue.
u. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VIII. Line 618.

Smiles from reason flow
To brute deny'd, and are of love the food.
a. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk IX. Line 239.

I feel in every smile a chain.
b. PETER PINDAR—*Pindariana.*

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
c. POPE—*Prologue to Satires.* Line 315.

Her smile was prodigal of summery shine,—
Gayly persistent,—like a morn in June
That laughs away the clouds, and up and down
Goes merry making with the ripening grain,
That slowly ripples,—its bent head drooped down,
With golden secret of the sheathéd seed.
d. MARGARET J. PRESTON—*Old Songs and New. Unvisited.*

Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh: as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile, mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds, that sailors rail at.
e. *Cymbeline.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

One may smile, and smile, and be a villain.
f. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 5.

Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at anything.
g. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Those happy smilets
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.
h. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

A tender smile, our sorrows' only balm.
i. YOUNG—*Love of Fame.* Satire V. Line 108.

SNOW.

Stand here by my side and turn, I pray,
On the lake below thy gentle eyes;
The clouds hang over it, heavy and gray,
And dark and silent the water lies;
And out of that frozen mist the snow
In wavering flakes begins to flow.
Flake after flake
They sink in the dark and silent lake.
j. BRYANT—*The Snow-Shower.*

Lo, sifted through the winds that blow,
Down comes the soft and silent snow,
White petals from the flowers that grow
In the cold atmosphere.
These starry blossoms, pure and white,
Soft falling, falling, through the night,
Have draped the woods and mere.
k. GEORGE W BUNGAY—*The Artists of the Air.*

Through the sharp air a flaky torrent flies,
Mocks the slow sight, and hides the gloomy skies;
The fleecy clouds their chilly bosoms bare,
And shed their substance on the floating air.
l. CRABBE—*Inebriety.*

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farmhouse at the garden's end.
m. EMERSON—*The Snow-Storm.*

Come see the north-wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tide, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, naught cares he
For number or proportion.
n. EMERSON—*The Snow-Storm.*

Silently, like thoughts that come and go, the snow flakes fall, each one a gem.
o. W. HAMILTON GIBSON—*Pastoral Days. Winter.*

How beautiful it was, falling so silently, all day long, all night long, on the mountains, on the meadows, on the roofs of the living, on the graves of the dead!
p. LONGFELLOW—*Kavanagh.* Ch. XXVIII.

Out of the bosom of the air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
Silent, and soft and slow
Descends the snow.
q. LONGFELLOW—*Snow-Flakes.*

The silent falling of the snow is to me one of the most solemn things in nature.
r. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. I. Ch. VII.

SOCIETY.

It is hard to say, whether mixture of contemplations with an active life, or retiring wholly to contemplations, do disable and hinder the mind more.
s. BACON—*Of the Interpretation of Nature.* Ch. XXVI.

It is most true, that a natural and secret hatred and aversation towards society, in any man, hath somewhat of the savage beast.
t. BACON—*Essays. Civil and Moral. Of Friendship.*

Society is now one polished horde,
Formed of two mighty tribes, the bores and bored.
u. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto XIII. St. 95.

Society is like a large piece of frozen water; and skating well is the great art of social life.

a. LETETIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

Solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return.

b. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 249.

Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one Man's weakness grows the strength of all.

c. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. II. Line 249.

Society is no comfort to one not sociable.

d. *Cymbeline.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

To make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone.

e. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Society having ordained certain customs, men are bound to obey the law of society, and conform to its harmless orders.

f. THACKERAY—*The Book of Snobs.* Ch. I.

Society is as ancient as the world.

g. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Policy.*

SOLITUDE.

Little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth; for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love.

h. BACON—*Essays. Of Friendship.*

Converse with men makes sharp the glittering wit,
But God to man doth speak in solitude.

i. JOHN STUART BLACKIE—*Sonnet. Highland Solitude.*

There is no such thing as solitude, nor anything that can be said to be alone, and by itself, but God;—who is his own circle, and can subsist by himself.

j. Sir THOMAS BROWNE—*Religio Medici.* Pt. II. Sec. 10.

Among them, but not of them.

k. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 113.

He enter'd in his house—his home no more,
For without hearts there is no home;—and felt
The solitude of passing his own door
Without a welcome.

l. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto III. St. 52.

He makes a solitude, and calls it peace.

m. BYRON—*The Bride of Abydos.* Canto II. St. 20.

Herself the solitary scion left
Of a time-honour'd race.

n. BYRON—*The Dream.* St. 2.

In solitude, when we are least alone.

o. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 90.

I stood and stand alone,—remember'd or forgot.

p. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 112.

This is to be alone; this, is solitude!

q. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto II. St. 26.

'Tis solitude should teach us how to die;
It hath no flatterers; vanity can give
No hollow aid; alone—man with his God must strive.

r. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 33.

What is the worst of woes that wait on age?
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?
To view each loved one blotted from life's page,
And be alone on earth, as I am now.

s. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto II. St. 98.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea.

t. COLERIDGE—*The Ancient Mariner.* Pt. IV.

So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

u. COLERIDGE—*The Ancient Mariner.* Pt. VII.

How sweet, how passing sweet, is solitude;
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper—solitude is sweet.

v. COWPER—*Retirement.* Line 740.

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute,
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.

w. COWPER—*Alexander Selkirk.*

Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more!

x. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. II. Line 1.

O solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

y. COWPER—*Alexander Selkirk.*

Constant quiet fills my peaceful breast
With unmix'd joy, uninterrupted rest.

z. WENTWORTH DILLON (Earl of Roscommon)—*Miscellanies. Ode Upon Solitude.* Line 21.

Solitude is the nurse of enthusiasm, and enthusiasm is the true parent of genius. In all ages solitude has been called for—has been flown to.

a. Isaac Disraeli—*Literary Character of Men of Genius.* Ch. X.

There is a society in the deepest solitude.

b. Isaac Disraeli—*Literary Character of Men of Genius.* Ch. X.

So vain is the belief
That the sequestered path has fewest flowers.

c. Thomas Doubleday—*Sonnet. The Poet's Solitude.*

The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights;
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

d. Drummond—*Urania, or Spiritual Poems. The Praise of a Solitary Life.*

Thrice happy he, who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own;
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that Eternal Love.

e. Drummond—*Urania, or Spiritual Poems. The Praise of a Solitary Life.*

There is always a part of our being into which those who are dearer to us far than our own lives are yet unable to enter.

f. Froude—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Sea Studies.*

We enter the world alone, we leave it alone.

g. Froude—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Sea Studies.*

I was never less alone than when with myself.

h. Gibbon—*Memoir.* Vol. I. P. 117.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreat from care, that never must be mine,
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!

i. Goldsmith—*Deserted Village* Line 97.

Delightful is this loneliness; it calms
My heart: pleasant the cool beneath these elms
That throw across the stream a moveless shade.

j. Grahame—*The Sabbath. A Summer Sabbath Walk.*

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife.

k. Gray—*Elegy in a Country Churchyard.* St. 18.

O Solitude! if I must with thee dwell,
Let it not be among the jumbled heap
Of murky buildings: climb with me the steep,—
Nature's observatory—whence the dell,
In flowery slopes, its rivers crystal swell,
May seem a span; let me thy vigils keep
'Mongst boughs pavilion'd, where the deer's swift leap
Startles the wild bee from the fox glove bell.

l. Keats—*Sonnet. Solitude.*

Yet the sweet converse of an innocent mind,
Whose words are images of thoughts refined,
Is my soul's pleasure; and it sure must be
Almost the highest bliss of human-kind,
When to thy haunts two kindred spirits flee.

m. Keats—*Sonnet. Solitude.*

For solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return.

n. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 249.

Nature has presented us with a large faculty of entertaining ourselves alone, and often calls us to it, to teach us that we owe ourselves in part to society, but chiefly and mostly to ourselves.

o. Montaigne—*Essays.* Bk. II. Ch. XVIII.

Until I truly loved, I was alone.

p. Mrs. Norton—*The Lady of La Garaye.* Pt. II. Line 282.

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well,
Remote from man, with God he pass'd the days;
Prayer all his business—all his pleasure praise.

q. Parnell—*The Hermit.*

Whosoever is delighted in solitude, is either a wild beast or a god.

r. Plato—*Protag.* I. 337.

Never less alone than when alone.

s. Rogers—*Human Life.* Line 759.

When musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone.

t. Scott—*Marmion.* Canto II. Introduction.

Alone each heart must cover up its dead;
Alone, through bitter toil; achieve its rest.

u. Bayard Taylor—*The Poet's Journal. First Evening.*

'Tis not for golden eloquence I pray,
A godlike tongue to move a stony heart—
Methinks it were full well to be apart
In solitary uplands far away,
Betwixt the blossoms of a rosy spray,
Dreaming upon the wonderful sweet face
Of Nature, in a wild and pathless place.

v. Frederick Tennyson—*Sonnet. From a Treasury of English Sonnets.* Edited by David M. Main.

I could live in the woods with thee in sight,
Where never should human foot intrude:
Or with thee find light in the darkest night,
And a social crowd in solitude.

w. Tibullus—*Requrès Curarum.*

Even as the savage sits upon the stone
That marks where stood her capitols, and hears
The bitter booming in the weeds, he shrinks
From the dismaying solitude.

x. Henry Kirke White—*Time.*

O! lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul!
Who think it solitude to be alone.
a. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night III. Line 6.

O sacred solitude! divine retreat!
Choice of the prudent! envy of the great,
By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
We court fair wisdom, that celestial maid.
b. YOUNG—*Love of Fame.* Satire V. Line 247.

This sacred shade and solitude, what is it?
'Tis the felt presence of the Deity,
Few are the faults we flatter when alone;
By night an atheist half believes a God.
c. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night V. Line 172.

SONG.

That music in itself, whose sounds are song,
The poetry of speech?
d. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 58.

Now shall be my song,
It shall be witty and it sha'n't be long.
e. EARL OF CHESTERFIELD—*Impromptu Lines.*

Full oft the longing soul goes out
On wing of song its good to find,
And flying far o'er flood and doubt
Its ark of bondage leaves behind.
f. A. A. HOPKINS—*L'Envoi.*

Listen to that song, and learn it!
Half my kingdom would I give,
As I live,
If by such songs you would earn it!
g. LONGFELLOW—*The Saga of King Olaf.* St. 3.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.
h. LONGFELLOW—*The Day is Done.*

The song on its mighty pinions
Took every living soul, and lifted it gently to heaven.
i. LONGFELLOW—*The Children of the Lord's Supper.* Line 44.

Song forbids victorious deeds to die.
j. SCHILLER—*The Artists.* St. 11.

The lively Shadow-World of Song.
k. SCHILLER—*The Artists.* St. 23.

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night;
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:
Come; but one verse.
l. *Twelfth Night.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Songs consecrate to truth and liberty.
m. SHELLEY—*To Wordsworth.*

The gift of song was chiefly lent,
To give consoling music for the joys
We lack, and not for those which we possess.
n. BAYARD TAYLOR—*The Poet's Journal. Third Evening.*

To Song, God never said the word
"To dust return, for dust thou art!"
o. BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR—*The Rose and the Robin.*

Short swallow-flights of song, that dip
Their wings * * * and skim away.
p. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. XLVII.

Soft words, with nothing in them, make a song.
q. WALLER—*To Mr. Creech.*

A careless song, with a little nonsense in it now and then does not mis-become a monarch.
r. HORACE WALPOLE—*Letter to Sir Horace Mann.* 1770.

SORROW.

Nothing comes to us too soon but sorrow.
s. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Home.*

Sorrow preys upon
Its solitude, and nothing more diverts it
From its sad visions of the other world
Than calling it at moments back to this.
The busy have no time for tears.
t. BYRON—*Two Foscari.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Adjust our lives to loss, make friends with pain,
Bind all our shattered hopes and bid them bloom again.
u. SUSAN COOLIDGE—*Readjustment.*

Men die, but sorrow never dies;
The crowding years divide in vain,
And the wide world is knit with ties
Of common brotherhood in pain.
v. SUSAN COOLIDGE—*The Cradle Tomb in Westminster Abbey.*

The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the lands where sorrow is unknown.
w. COWPER—*To an Afflicted Protestant Lady.*

Many an inherited sorrow that has marred a life has been breathed into no human ear.
x. GEORGE ELIOT—*Felix Holt.* Introduction.

Sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies.
y. GRAY—*Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College*

Sorrow's faded form, and solitude behind.
z. GRAY—*The Bard.* St. 4.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.
aa. GRAY—*Eton College.* St. 10.

Oh, why should vows so fondly made,
Be broken ere the morrow,
To one who loves as never maid
Loved in this world of sorrow?
The look of scorn I cannot brave,
Nor pity's eye more dreary;
A quiet sleep within the grave
Is all for which I weary!
a. Hogg—*The Ettrick Shepherd. The Broken Heart.*

Hang sorrow, care 'll kill a cat.
b. Ben Jonson—*Every Man in his Humour.* Act I. Sc. 3.

How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self.
c. Keats—*Hyperion.* Bk. I. Line 36.

The first pressure of sorrow crushes out from our hearts the best wine; afterwards the constant weight of it brings forth bitterness, —the taste and stain from the lees of the vat.
d. Longfellow—*Drift-Wood. Table Talk.*

Alas! by some degree of woe
We every bliss must gain:
The heart can ne'er a transport know
That never feels a pain.
e. Lyttleton—*A Song.*

Weep on; and, as thy sorrows flow,
I'll taste the luxury of woe.
f. Moore—*Anacreontic.*

I see my darling in the marble now—
My wasted leaf—her kind eyes smiling fondly.
And through her eyes I see the love beyond,
The biding light that moves not,—and I know
That when God gives to us the clearest sight
He does not touch our eyes with Love but Sorrow.
g. John Boyle O'Reilly—*The Statues in the Block.*

Sorrows remembered sweeten present joy.
h. Pollok—*Course of Time* Bk. I. Line 464.

Do not cheat thy Heart, and tell her,
"Grief will pass away,
Hope for fairer times in future,
And forget to-day."
Tell her, if you will, that sorrow
Need not come in vain;
Tell her that the lesson taught her
Far outweighs the pain.
i. Adelaide A. Proctor—*Friend Sorrow.*

A plague of sighing and grief.
j. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 4.

Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow.
k. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Down, thou climbing sorrow.
l. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Each new moon,
New widows howl, new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resound
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.
m. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy wracked with a week of teen.
n. *Richard III.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Forgive me, Valentine if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender 't here; I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.
o. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act V. Sc. 4.

Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart and bids it break.
p. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Here I and sorrow sit:
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.
q. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 1.

I am not merry, but I do beguile
The thing I am by seeming otherwise.
r. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 1.

If sorrow can admit society,
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine.
s. *Richard III.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

I have (as when the sun doth light a storm)
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.
t. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act I. Sc. 1.

I will instruct my sorrow to be proud.
u. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Joy being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow.
v. *Richard II.* Act III. Sc. 4.

O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
w. *Henry IV.* Pt. 1. Act III. Sc. 1.

One sorrow never comes but brings an heir
That may succeed as his inheritor.
x. *Pericles.* Act I. Sc. 4.

Peace; sit you down,
And let me wring your heart; for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff.
y. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours;
Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.
z. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 4.

Sorrow conceal'd, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders.
a. *Titus Andronicus.* Act II. Sc. 5.

Sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
b. *Richard II.* Act I. Sc. 2.

The tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feelings else,
Save what beats there.
c. *King Lear.* Act III. Sc. 4.

This sorrow's heavenly,
It strikes where it doth love.
d. *Othello.* Act V. Sc. 2.

'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.
e. *Henry VIII.* Act II. Sc. 3.

To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.
f. *Titus Andronicus.* Act III. Sc. 1.

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions!
g. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.
h. *As You Like It.* Act III. Sc. 5.

Your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
i. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 7.

Each time we love,
We turn a nearer, and a broader mark
To that keen archer, Sorrow, and he strikes.
j. Alexander Smith—*City Poems. A Boy's Dream.*

Prostrate on earth the bleeding warrior lies,
And Isr'el's beauty on the mountain dies.
How are the mighty fallen!
Hush'd be my sorrow, gently fall my tears,
Lest my sad tale should reach the alien's ears:
Bid Fame be dumb, and tremble to proclaim
In heathen Gath, or Ascalon, our flame,
Lest proud Philistia, lest our haughty foe,
With impious scorn insult our solemn woe.
k. Somerville—*The Lamentation of David over Saul and Jonathan.*

To live beneath sorrow one must yield to it.
l. Madame de Staël—*Corinne.* Bk. XIV. Ch. III.

O sorrow, wilt thou rule my blood,
Be sometimes lovely, like a bride,
And put thy harsher moods aside,
If thou wilt have me wise and good.
m. Tennyson—*In Memoriam.* Pt. LVIII.

Sighs
Which perfect joy, perplexed for utterance
Stole from her sister Sorrow.
n. Tennyson—*The Gardener's Daughter.* Line 266.

Smit with exceeding sorrow unto Death.
o. Tennyson—*The Lover's Tale.* Line 601.

Sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.
p. Tennyson—*Locksley Hall.* St. 38.

Men write and die, of wounds they dare not own,
So the bright sun burns all our grass away,
While it means nothing but to give us day.
q. Waller—*To the Duchess.* Line 18.

SOUL, THE

But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.
r. Addison—*Cato.* Act V. Sc. 1.

A soul as white as heaven.
s. Beaumont and Fletcher—*The Maid's Tragedy.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

A healthy body is good; but a soul in right health,—it is the thing beyond all others to be prayed for; the blessedest thing this earth receives of Heaven.
t. Carlyle—*Essays. Memoirs of the Life of Scott.*

Everywhere the human soul stands between a hemisphere of light and another of darkness; on the confines of two everlasting hostile empires, Necessity and Freewill.
u. Carlyle—*Essays. Goethe's Works.*

No iron chain, or outward force of any kind, could ever compel the soul of man to believe or to disbelieve: it is his own indefeasible light, that judgment of his; he will reign and believe there by the grace of God alone!
v. Carlyle—*Heroes and Hero Worship.* Lecture IV.

It is the soul itself which sees and hears, and not those parts which are, as it were, but windows to the soul.
w. Cicero.

The soul of man is larger than the sky,
Deeper than ocean, or the abysmal dark
Of the unfathomed centre.
x. Hartley Coleridge—*Poems. To Shakspeare.*

A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day.
y. Crashaw—*In Praise of Lessius's Rule of Health.*

Reason is our soul's left hand, Faith her right.
z. John Donne—*To the Countess of Bedford.* St. 7

I have a soul, that like an ample shield,
Can take in all, and verge enough for more.
a. DRYDEN—*Sebastian.* Act I. Sc. 1.

The one thing in the world, of value, is the active soul.
b. EMERSON—*The American Scholar.*

Gravity is the ballast of the soul,
Which keeps the mind steady.
c. FULLER—*The Holy and Profane States. Gravity.*

Ah, the souls of those that die
Are but sunbeams lifted higher.
d. LONGFELLOW—*Christus The Golden. Legend.* Pt. IV. *The Cloisters.*

The soul never grows old.
e. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. IV. Ch. IX.

The soul of man is audible, not visible. A sound alone betrays the flowing of the eternal fountain, invisible to man!
f. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. III. Ch. 4.

Vital spark of heav'nly flame!
g. POPE—*Ode. The Dying Christian to His Soul.*

My soul, the seas are rough, and thou a stranger
In these false coasts; O, keep aloof; there's danger;
Cast forth thy plummet; see a rock appears;
Thy ships wants sea-room; make it with thy tears.
h. QUARLES—*Emblems. The Soul's Danger.*

Go, Soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless arrant;
Fear not to touch the best:
The truth shall be thy warrant,
Go since I need's must die,
And give the world the lie.
i. Sir WALTER RALEIGH—*The Lie.*

And her immortal part with angels lives.
j. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Think'st thou, I'll endanger my soul gratis?
k. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Thy soul's flight,
If it find Heaven, must find it out to-night.
l. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine.
m. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Within this wall of flesh
There is a soul, counts thee her creditor.
n. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 3.

What'er of earth is form'd to earth returns,
* * * * * * * *
The soul of man alone, that particle divine,
Escapes the wreck of worlds when all things fail.
o. SOMERVILLE—*The Chase.* Bk. IV.

For of the soul the body form doth take;
For soul is form, and doth the body make.
p. SPENSER—*An Hymn in Honour of Beauty.* Line 132.

Nature who has made no two leaves to resemble each other, has endowed our souls with a still greater diversity, and imitation then is a kind of death since it robs each of its individual existence.
q. MADAME DE STAËL—*Corinne.* Bk. VII. Ch. I.

The soul is a fire that darts its rays through all the senses; it is in this fire that existence consists; all the observations and all the efforts of philosophers ought to turn towards this ME, the centre and moving power of our sentiments and our ideas.
r. MADAME DE STAËL—*Germany.* Pt. III. Ch. II.

What then do you call your soul? What idea have you of it? You cannot of yourselves, without revelation, admit the existence within you of anything but a power unknown to you of feeling and thinking.
s. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Soul.*

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light thro' chinks that time has made.
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw nearer to their eternal home.
t. WALLER—*Verses upon his Divine Poesy.*

The Gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul.
u. WORDSWORTH—*Laodamia.*

SOUND.

A thousand trills and quivering sounds
In airy circles o'er us fly,
Till, wafted by a gentle breeze,
They faint and languish by degrees,
And at a distance die.
v. ADDISON—*Ode for St. Cecilia's Day.*

To varnish nonsense with the charms of sound.
w. CHURCHILL—*The Apology.* Line 219.

Sonorous metal blowing material sounds
At which the universal host up sent
A shout, that tore hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of chaos and old Night.
x. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 540.

The murmur that springs
From the growing of grass.
y. POE—*Al Aaraaf.* Pt. II. Line 123.

The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
z. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 365.

SPEECH.

Discretion of speech is more than eloquence; and to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal, is more than to speak in good words, or in good order.

a. BACON—*Essays. Of Discourse.*

Let him be sure to leave other men their turns to speak.

b. BACON—*Essays. Civil and Moral.* No. 32.

Endless are the modes of speech and far
Extends from side to side the field of words.

c. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. XX. Line 314.

Whoever rises up to speak
'Tis well to hear him through, and not break in
Upon his speech, else is the most expert
Confounded.

d. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. XIX. Line 94.

Speak not at all, in any wise, till you have somewhat to speak; care not for the reward of your speaking, but simply and with undivided mind for the truth of your speaking.

e. CARLYLE—*Essays. Biography.*

Think all you speak; but speak not all you think:
Thoughts are your own; your words are so no more.
Where Wisdom steers, wind cannot make you sink:
Lips never err, when she does keep the door.

f. DELAUNE—*Epigram.*

O that grave speech would cumber our quick souls
Like bells that waste the moments with their loudness.

g. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. III.

Speech is but broken light upon the depth
Of the unspoken.

h. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. I.

Speech is better than silence; silence is better than speech.

i. EMERSON—*Essay on Nominalist and Realist.*

The true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them.

j. GOLDSMITH—*The Bee.* No. 3.

The flowering moments of the mind
Drop half their petals in our speech.

k. HOLMES—*To My Readers.* St. 11.

Speech was made to open man to man, and not to hide him; to promote commerce, and not betray it.

l LLOYD—*State Worthies.*

When Adam, first of men,
To first of women, Eve, thus moving speech,
Turn'd him all ear to hear new utterance flow.

m. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 408.

Speech is like cloth of Arras opened and put abroad, whereby the imagery doth appear in figure; whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs.

n. PLUTARCH—*Life of Themistocles.* 28.

Speech is silvern, Silence is golden;
Speech is human, Silence is divine.

o. *German Proverb.*

Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth,
When thought is speech, and speech is truth.

p. SCOTT—*Marmion.* Canto II. Introduction.

Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

q. *Coriolanus.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Hear me, for I will speak.

r. *Julius Cæsar.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

I had a thing to say,—
But I will fit it, with some better time.

s. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 3.

I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it.

t. *Twelfth Night.* Act I. Sc. 5.

Our fair discourse hath been as sugar
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.

u. *Richard II.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself.

v. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 3.

She speaks poignards, and every word stabs.

w. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Under which king, Bezonian? speak or die.

x. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act V. Sc. 3.

Speech was given to the ordinary sort of men, whereby to communicate their mind; but to wise men, whereby to conceal it.

y. SOUTH—*Sermon.* April 30th, 1676.

Where nature's end of language is declined,
And men talk only to conceal their mind.

z. YOUNG—*Love of Fame.* Satire II. Line 207.

SPIRITS.

As the moths around a taper,
As the bees around a rose,
As the gnats around a vapour,
So the spirits group and close
Round about a holy childhood, as if drinking its repose.
a. E. B. Browning—*A Child Asleep.*

If once, the shadow to pursue,
We let the substance out of view.
b. Churchill—*The Ghost.* Bk. III. Line 77.

We sprights have just such natures
We had for all the world, when human creatures;
And, therefore, I, that was an actress here,
Play all my tricks in hell, a goblin there.
c. Dryden—*Tyrannick Love.* Epilogue.

Aërial spirits, by great Jove design'd
To be on earth the guardians of mankind:
Invisible to mortal eyes they go,
And mark our actions, good or bad, below:
The immortal spies with watchful care preside,
And thrice ten thousand round their charges glide:
They can reward with glory or with gold,
A power they by Divine permission hold.
d. Hesiod—*Works.* 121.

Many ghosts, and forms of fright,
Have started from their graves to-night,
They have driven sleep from mine eyes away.
e. Longfellow—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. IV.

All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,
All intellect, all sense; and as they please,
They limb themselves, and colour, shape, or size
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.
f. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VI. Line 350.

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep.
g. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 677.

Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,
And airy tongues, that syllable men's names.
h. Milton—*Comus.* Line 207.

Spirits when they please
Can either sex assume, or both.
i. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 423.

He looks on heav'n with more than mortal eyes,
Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
Amid her kindred stars familiar roam,
Survey the region, and confess her home.
j. Pope—*Windsor Forest.* Line 264.

What beck'ning ghost along the moonlight shade
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
k. Pope—*Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady.* Line 1.

I can call spirits from the vasty deep,
Why, so can I; or so can any man
But will they come, when you do call for them?
l. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act III. Sc. 1.

Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide.
m. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act V. Sc. 1.

There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.
n. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 5.

What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o' th' earth,
And yet are on 't?
o. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 3.

The air around them
Looks radiant as the air around a star.
p. Shelley—*Prometheus Unbound.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Sweet souls around us, watch us still,
Press nearer to our side;
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helping glide.
q. Harriet Beecher Stowe—*The Other World.*

When Nature ceases, thou shalt still remain,
Nor second Chaos bound thy endless reign;
Fate's tyrant laws thy happier lot shall brave,
Baffle destruction, and elude the Grave.
r. Thomas Tickell—*Description of the Phenix.*

I look for ghosts; but none will force
Their way to me: 'Tis falsely said
That ever there was intercourse
Between the living and the dead.
s. Wordsworth—*Affliction of Margaret.*

STARS.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
t. Addison—*Ode.*

The hosts of stars, that in the spangled skies
Take their bright stations and to mortals bring
Winter and summer; radiant rulers, when
They set; or rising glitter through the night.
u. Æschylus—*Agam.* I.

Stars,
Which stand as thick as dewdrops on the fields
Of heaven.
a. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Heaven.*

The stars are images of love.
b. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Garden and Bower by the Sea.*

What are ye orbs?
The words of God? the Scriptures of the skies?
c. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Everywhere.*

A single star
Sparkles new—set in heaven.
d. JOHN H. BRYANT—*Sonnet.*

The sad and solemn night
Hath yet her multitude of cheerful fires;
The glorious host of light
Walk the dark hemisphere till she retires;
All through her silent watches, gliding slow,
Her constellations come, and climb the heavens, and go.
e. BRYANT—*Hymn to the North Star.*

The starry heaven, though it occurs so very frequently to our view, never fails to excite an idea of grandeur. This cannot be owing to anything in the stars themselves, separately considered. The number is certainly the cause. The apparent disorder augments the grandeur; for the appearance of care is highly contrary to our ideas of magnificence. Besides, the stars lie in such apparent confusion as makes it impossible, on ordinary occasions, to reckon them. This gives them the advantage of a sort of infinity.
f. BURKE—*On the Sublime and the Beautiful. Magnificence.*

Cry out upon the stars for doing
Ill offices, to cross their wooing.
g. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. III. Canto I. Line 17.

The sentinel stars set their watch in the sky.
h. CAMPBELL—*The Soldier's Dream.*

The stars will guide us back.
i. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. IV.

The world is great:
The stars are golden fruit upon a tree
All out of reach.
j. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. II.

A glittering star is falling
From its shining home in the air.
k. HEINE—*Book of Songs. Lyrical Interlude.* No. 64.

Stars with golden feet are wand'ring
Yonder, and they gently weep
That they cannot earth awaken,
Who in night's arms is asleep.
l. HEINE—*Book of Songs. New Spring.* No. 37.

The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers cleare without number.
m. HERRICK—*The Night Piece.*

Just above yon sandy bar,
As the day grows fainter and dimmer,
Lonely and lovely, a single star
Lights the air with a dusky glimmer.
n. LONGFELLOW—*Chrysaor.* St. 1.

Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.
o. LONGFELLOW—*Evangeline.* Pt. III.

The night is calm and cloudless,
And still as still can be,
And the stars come forth to listen
To the music of the sea.
They gather, and gather, and gather,
Until they crowd the sky,
And listen in breathless silence,
To the solemn litany.
p. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. V.

There is no light in earth or heaven
But the cold light of stars;
And the first watch of night is given
To the red planet Mars.
q. LONGFELLOW—*The Light of Stars.*

Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still travelling downward from the sky,
Shine on our mortal sight.
r. LONGFELLOW—*Charles Sumner.* St. 8.

And made the stars,
And set them in the firmament of heav'n,
T' illuminate the Earth, and rule the night.
s. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VII. Line 348.

Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better those belong not to the dawn.
t. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. V. Line 166.

Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,
And hence the morning planet gilds her horns.
u. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VII. Line 364.

Now the bright morning-star, Day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east.
v. MILTON—*Song on May Morning.*

So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.
w. MILTON—*Lycidas.* Line 168.

The planets in their station list'ning stood.
a. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VII. Line 563.

The star that bids the shepherd fold,
Now the top of heaven doth hold.
b. Milton—*Comus.* Line 93.

Unmuffle, ye faint stars; and thou fair moon,
That wont'st to love the traveller's benison,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud
And disinherit Chaos.
c. Milton—*Comus.* Line 334.

Stars are the Daisies that begem
The blue fields of the sky,
Beheld by all, and everywhere,
Bright prototypes on high.
d. Moir—*The Daisy.*

Ye quenchless stars! so eloquently bright,
Untroubled sentries of the shadowy night,
While half the world is lapp'd in downy dreams,
And round the lattice creep your midnight beams,
How sweet to gaze upon your placid eyes,
In lambent beauty looking from the skies!
e. Robert Montgomery—*The Starry Heaven.*

Ye little stars! hide your diminish'd rays.
f. Pope—*Moral Essays.* Ep. III. Line 282.

Starry crowns of Heaven
Let in azure night!
Linger yet a little
Ere you hide your light:—
Nay; let starlight fade away,
Heralding the day!
g. Adelaide A. Procter—*Give Place.*

A sky full of silent suns.
h. Richter—*Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces.* Ch. II.

Now the day is spent,
And stars are kindling in the firmament
To us how silent!—though like ours, perchance
Busy and full of life and circumstance.
i. Rogers—*Human Life.*

Thus some who have the stars survey'd
Are ignorantly led
To think those glorious lamps were made
To light Tom Fool to bed.
j. Rowe—*Song on a Fine Woman Who Had a Dull Husband.*

Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.
k. *Merchant of Venice.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Our jovial Star reign'd at his birth.
l. *Cymbeline.* Act V. Sc. 4.

These blessed candles of the night.
m. *Merchant of Venice.* Act V. Sc. 1.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place
n. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 1.

The stars above govern our condition.
o. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

The unfolding star calls up the shepherd.
p. *Measure for Measure.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air.
q. *Sonnet XXI.*

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere.
r. *King Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 1.

Witness yon ever-burning lights above!
s. *Othello.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Each separate star
Seems nothing, but a myriad scattered stars
Break up the Night, and make it beautiful.
t. Bayard Taylor—*Lars.* Bk. III. Line 698.

Many a night I saw the Pleiades, rising thro' the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.
u. Tennyson—*Locksley Hall.* St. 5.

But who can count the stars of heaven?
Who sing their influence on this lower world?
v. Thomson—*The Seasons. Winter.* Line 528.

Heaven looks down on earth with all her eyes.
w. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night VII. Line 1103.

One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine;
And light us deep into the Deity;
How boundless in magnificence and might.
x. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night IX. Line 728.

Who rounded in his palm these spacious orbs
* * * * * * *
Numerous as glittering gems of morning dew,
Or sparks from populous cities in a blaze,
And set the bosom of old night on fire.
y. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night IX. Line 1260.

STOICISM.

'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul;
I think the Romans call it Stoicism.
z. Addison—*Cato.* Act I. Sc. 1.

A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear.
aa. Campbell—*Gertrude.* Pt. I. St. 23.

I have felt so many quirks of joy, and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto 't.
bb. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act III. Sc. 2

STORM.

Far along
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder.
a. Byron—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 92.

Hark! hark! Deep sounds, and deeper still,
Are howling from the mountain's bosom:
There's not a breath of wind upon the hill,
Yet quivers every leaf, and drops each blossom:
Earth groans as if beneath a heavy load.
b. Byron—*Heaven and Earth.* Pt. I. Sc. 3.

The sky
Is overcast, and musters muttering thunder,
In clouds that seem approaching fast, and show
In forked flashes a commanding tempest.
c. Byron—*Sardanapalus.* Act II. Sc. 1.

I am Storm—the King!
My troops are the wind, and the hail, and the rain;
My foes are the woods and the feathery grain.
The mail-clad oak
That gnarls his front to my charge and stroke.
d. Francis M. Finch—*The Storm King.*

Roads are wet where'er one wendeth,
And with rain the thistle bendeth,
And the brook cries like a child!
Not a rainbow shines to cheer us;
Ah! the sun comes never near us,
And the heavens look dark and wild.
e. Mary Howitt—*The Wet Summer.* From the German.

A storm-cloud lurid with lightning,
And a cry of lamentation,
Repeated and again repeated,
Deep and loud
As the reverberation
Of cloud answering unto cloud,
Swells and rolls away in the distance,
As if the sheeted
Lightning retreated,
Baffled and thwarted by the wind's resistance.
f. Longfellow—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. VI.

The storm is past, but it hath left behind it
Ruin and desolation.
g. Longfellow—*The Masque of Pandora.* Pt. VIII.

The thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.
h. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 174.

Bursts as a wave that from the clouds impends,
And swell'd with tempests on the ship descends;
White are the decks with foam; the winds aloud
Howl o'er the masts, and sing through every shroud:
Pale, trembling, tired, the sailors freeze with fears;
And instant death on every wave appears.
i. Pope's *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. XV. Line 624.

The winds grow high;
Impending tempests charge the sky;
The lightning flies, the thunder roars;
And big waves lash the frighted shores.
j. Prior—*The Lady's Looking-Glass.*

Lightning, that show the vast and foamy deep,
The rending thunders as they onward roll,
The loud, loud winds, that o'er the billows sweep—
Shake the firm nerve, appal the bravest soul!
k. Mrs. Radcliffe—*Mysteries of Udolpho. The Mariner.*

As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the hatches in the storm.
l. *King Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 2.

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples.
m. *King Lear.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Blow, wind: swell, billow; and swim, bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.
n. *Julius Cæsar.* Act V. Sc. 1.

I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exaulted with the threat'ning clouds
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
o. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Merciful heaven!
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Splitt'st the unwedgable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle.
p. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
Sighs the sad Genius of the coming storm:
And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,
And fractured mountains wild, the brawling brook
And cave presageful, send a hollow moan,
Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear.
q. Thomson—*The Seasons. Winter.*

At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise astounds; till overhead a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts,
And opens wider; shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze,
Follows the loosened aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
Crushed horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

a. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Summer.* Line 1133.

STRENGTH.

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.

b. BURKE—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

c. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

The king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.

d. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Atlas, we read in ancient song,
Was so exceeding tall and strong,
He bore the skies upon his back,
Just as the pedler does his pack;
But as the pedler overpress'd
Unloads upon a stall to rest,
Or, when he can no longer stand,
Desires a friend to lend a hand;
So Atlas lest the ponderous spheres
Should sink, and fall about his ears,
Got Hercules to bear the pile,
That he might sit and rest awhile.

e. SWIFT—*Atlas; or, the Minister of State.*

In God's own might
We gird us for the coming fight,
And, strong in Him whose cause is ours
In conflict with unholy powers,
We grasp the weapons He has given,—
The Light, and Truth, and Love of Heaven.

f. WHITTIER—*The Moral Warfare.*

STUDENTS.

Strange to the world, he wore a bashful look,
The fields his study, nature was his book.

g. BLOOMFIELD—*Farmer's Boy. Spring.* Line 31.

The scholar who cherishes the love of comfort is not fit to be deemed a scholar.

h. CONFUCIUS—*Analects.* Bk. I. Ch. IV.

Who climbs the grammar-tree, distinctly knows
Where noun, and verb, and participle grows.

i. DRYDEN—*Sixth Satire of Juvenal.* Line 583.

His own estimate must be measure enough, his own praise reward enough for him.

j. EMERSON—*Literary Ethics.*

The resources of the scholar are proportioned to his confidence in the attributes of the Intellect.

k. EMERSON—*Literary Ethics*

The studious class are their own victims; they are thin and pale, their feet are cold, their heads are hot, the night is without sleep, the day a fear of interruption,—pallor, squalor, hunger, and egotism. If you come near them and see what conceits they entertain—they are abstractionists, and spend their days and nights in dreaming some dream; in expecting the homage of society to some precious scheme built on a truth, but destitute of proportion in its presentment, of justness in its application, and of all energy of will in the schemer to embody and vitalize it.

l. EMERSON—*Montaigne.*

There is unspeakable pleasure attending the life of a voluntary student.

m. GOLDSMITH—*The Citizen of the World.* Letter LXXXIII.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame;
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust;
A few swift years, and who can show
Which dust was Bill and which was Joe?

n. HOLMES—*Songs of Many Seasons. Bill and Joe.* St. 7.

Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from letters, to be wise;
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the gaol.
See nations, slowly wise and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.

o. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Vanity of Human Wishes.* Line 157.

To talk in publick, to think in solitude, to read and to hear, to inquire, and answer inquiries, is the business of a scholar.

p. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Rasselas.* Ch. VIII.

Night after night,
He sat, and bleared his eyes with books.

q. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. I.

The mind of the scholar, if you would have it large and liberal, should come in contact with other minds.

r. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. I. Ch. VIII.

Thou art a schola.

s. LONGFELLOW—*Spanish Student.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Thy pathway lies among the stars.

t. LONGFELLOW—*Spanish Student.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Where should the scholar live? In solitude, or in society? in the green stillness of the country, where he can hear the heart of Nature beat, or in the dark gray town? * * * * * * * O, they do greatly err who think that the stars are all the poetry which cities have; and therefore that the poet's only dwelling should be in sylvan solitudes, under the green roof of trees.

a. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. I. Ch. VIII.

He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading;
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.

b. *Henry VIII.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school.

c. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 7.

And with unwearied fingers drawing out
The lines of life from living knowledge hid.

d. SPENSER—*Fœrie Queene.* Bk. IV. Canto II. St. 48.

Up! up! my friend and quit your books;
Or surely you'll grow double:
Up! up! my friend, and clear your looks;
Why all this toil and trouble?

e. WORDSWORTH—*The Tables Turned.*

STUDY.

When night hath set her silver lamp on high,
Then is the time for study.

f. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *A Village Feast.*

There are more men ennobled by study, than by nature.

g. CICERO.

I would study, I would know, I would admire forever. These works of thought have been the entertainments of the human spirit in all ages.

h. EMERSON—*An Address Delivered before the Senior Class in Divinity College, Cambridge,* July 15, 1838.

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?

i. GAY—*The Shepherd and the Philosopher.*

The love of study, a passion which derives fresh vigor from enjoyment, supplies each day, each hour, with a perpetual source of independent and rational pleasure.

j. GIBBON—*Memoirs.* Wm. D. Howell's Edition. P. 229.

As turning the logs will make a dull fire burn, so changes of study a dull brain.

k. LONGFELLOW—*Drift-Wood. Table-Talk.*

The love of study is in us the only eternal passion. All the others quit us in proportion as this miserable machine which holds them approaches its ruin.

l. BARON DE MONTESQUIEU.

If you devote your time to study you will avoid all the irksomeness of life; nor will you long for the approach of night, being tired of the day; nor will you be a burden to yourself, nor your society unsupportable to others.

m. SENECA.

I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban:
What is your study?

n. *King Lear.* Act III. Sc. 4.

So study evermore is overshot;
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.

o. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from other's books.

p. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act I. Sc. 1.

The more we study, we the more discover our ignorance.

q. SHELLEY—*Scenes from the Magico Prodigioso of Calderon.* Sc. 1.

One of the best methods of rendering study agreeable is to live with able men, and to suffer all those pangs of inferiority which the want of knowledge always inflicts.

r. SYDNEY SMITH—*Second Lecture on the Conduct of the Understanding.*

STUPIDITY.

With various readings stored his empty skull,
Learn'd without sense, and venerably dull.

s. CHURCHILL—*The Rosciad.* Line 591.

There is no harm in being stupid, so long as a man does not think himself clever; no good in being clever, if a man thinks himself so, for that is a short way to the worst stupidity.

t. GEORGE MACDONALD—*Mary Marston.* Ch. V.

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head.

u. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 612.

It requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding.

v. SYDNEY SMITH—*Lady Holland's Memoir.* Vol. I. P. 15.

STYLE.

A chaste and lucid style is indicative of the same personal traits in the author.

w. HOSEA BALLOU—*MSS. Sermons.*

Style is the dress of thoughts.
a. Earl of Chesterfield—*Letter.* Nov. 24, 1749.

It is style alone by which posterity will judge of a great work, for an author can have nothing truly his own but his style; * * * * * * an author's diction cannot be taken from him.
b. Isaac Disraeli—*Literary Character of Men of Genius. Style.*

Style! style! why, all writers will tell you that it is the very thing which can least of all be changed. A man's style is nearly as much a part of him as his physiognomy, his figure, the throbbing of his pulse,—in short, as any part of his being which is at least subjected to the action of the will.
c. Fénélon.

The sublime and the ridiculous are often so nearly related, that it is difficult to class them separately. One step below the sublime makes the ridiculous; and one step above the ridiculous makes the sublime again.
d. Thomas Paine—*Age of Reason.* Pt. II. (Also attributed to Napoleon I. and Fontenelle.)

Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent, as more suitable;
A vile conceit in pompous words express'd,
Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd.
e. Pope—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 318.

Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe.
f. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 380.

Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze th' learn'd, and make the learned smile.
g. Pope—*Essay on Criticism.* Pt. II. Line 126.

A great writer possesses, so to speak, an individual and unchangeable style, which does not permit him easily to preserve the anonymous.
h. Voltaire.

SUBMISSION.

Give what thou canst, without Thee we are poor;
And with Thee rich, take what Thou wilt away.
i. Cowper—*The Task.* Bk. V. Last lines.

To-morrow! the mysterious unknown guest,
Who cries to me: "Remember Barmecide,
And tremble to be happy with the rest."
And I make answer: "I am satisfied;
I dare not ask; I know not what is best;
God hath already said what shall betide."
j. Longfellow—*To-Morrow.*

To will what God doth will, that is the only science
That gives us any rest.
k. Malherbe—*Consolation.* Trans. by Longfellow. St. 7.

That's best
Which God sends. 'Twas His will: it is mine.
l. Owen Meredith—*Lucile.* Pt. II. Canto VI. St. 29.

Not what we wish, but what we want,
Oh! let thy grace supply,
The good unask'd, in mercy grant;
The ill, though ask'd, deny.
m. Merrick—*Hymn.*

Eye me, bless'd Providence, and square my trial
To my proportion'd strength.
n. Milton—*Comus.* Line 329.

Man yields to death; and man's sublimest works
Must yield at length to Time.
o. Thomas Love Peacock—*Time.*

Alas! what need you be so boist'rous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
p. *King John.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Thus ready for the way of life or death.
I wait the sharpest blow.
q. *Pericles.* Act I. Sc. 1.

SUCCESS.

There are none so low but they have their triumphs. Small successes suffice for small souls.
r. Bovee—*Summaries of Thought. Success.*

When we shall have succeeded, then will be our time to rejoice, and freely laugh.
s. Buckley's *Sophocles. Electra.*

Eureka! I have found it.
t. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto XIV. St. 76.

They never fail who die
In a great cause.
u. Byron—*Marino Faliero.* Act II. Sc. 2.

I came up stairs into the world; for I was born in a cellar.
v. Congreve—*Love for Love.* Act II. Sc. 7.

Hast thou not learn'd what thou art often told,
A truth still sacred, and believed of old,
That no success attends on spears and swords
Unblest, and that the battle is the Lord's?
w. Cowper—*Expostulation.* Line 350.

Peace counts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
"Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till naught remain."
x. Sam'l Johnson—*Vanity of Human Wishes.* Line 201.

When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?
a. KEBLE—*Lines for St. John's Day.*

Get Place and Wealth; if possible with grace;
If not, by any means get Wealth and Place.
b. POPE—*Epistles of Horace.* Ep. I. Bk. I. Line 103.

The race by vigour, not by vaunts is won.
c. POPE—*The Dunciad.* Bk. II. Line 60.

Didst thou never hear
That things ill got had ever bad success?
d. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act II. Sc. 2.

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds, that lower'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
e. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 1.

They that stand high, have many blasts to shake them;
And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.
f. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 3.

To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first.
g. *Henry VIII.* Act I. Sc. 1.

There may come a day
Which crowns Desire with gift, and Art with truth,
And Love with bliss, and Life with wiser youth!
h. BAYARD TAYLOR—*The Picture of St. John.* Bk. IV. St. 86.

SUFFERING.

Suffering becomes beautiful when any one bears great calamities with cheerfulness, not through insensibility, but through greatness of mind.
i. ARISTOTLE.

Night brings out stars as sorrow shows us truths.
j. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Water and Wood.*

Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.
k. LONGFELLOW—*Light of the Stars.*

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more!
l. LONGFELLOW—*Footsteps of Angels.* St. 5.

Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong;
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.
m. SHELLEY—*Julian and Maddalo.*

There are deeds
Which have no form, sufferings which have no tongue.
n. SHELLEY—*The Cenci.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Suffering is the surest means of making us truthful to ourselves.
o. SISMONDI.

SUICIDE.

I'm weary of conjectures—this must end them.
p. ADDISON—*Cato.* Act V. Sc. 1.

To die in order to avoid the pains of poverty, love, or anything that is disagreeable, is not the part of a brave man, but of a coward; for it is cowardice to shun the trials and crosses of life, not undergoing death because it is honourable, but to avoid evil.
q. ARISTOTLE—*Ethic.* III. 2.

Who doubting tyranny, and fainting under
Fortune's false lottery, desperately run
To death, for dread of death; that soul's most stout,
That, bearing all mischance, dares last it out.
r. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—*Honest Man's Fortune.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Our time is fixed, and all our days are number'd!
How long, how short, we know not: this we know,
Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
Nor dare to stir till heaven shall give permission.
s. BLAIR—*The Grave.* Line 417.

If there be an hereafter,
And that there is, conscience, uninfluenc'd
And suffer'd to speak out, tells every man,
Then must it be an awful thing to die;
More horrid yet to die by one's own hand.
t. BLAIR—*The Grave.* Line 398.

The gamester, if he die a martyr to his profession, is doubly ruined. He adds his soul to every other loss, and by the act of suicide renounces earth to forfeit heaven.
u. C. C. COLTON—*Lacon.*

Fool! I mean not
That poor-souled piece of heroism, self-slaughter;
Oh no! the miserablest day we live
There's many a better thing to do than die!
v. DARLEY—*Ethelstan.*

The sea is still and deep,
All things within its bosom sleep!
A single step, and all is o'er;
A plunge, a bubble, and no more.
w. LONGFELLOW—*Christus.. The Golden Legend.* Pt. V.

When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death—the brave lives on.
x. MARTIAL—Bk. XI. Ep. 56.

He
That kills himself to avoid misery, fears it,
And, at the best, shows but a bastard valour.
This life's a fort committed to my trust,
Which I must not yield up till it be forced:
Nor will I. He's not valient that dares die,
But he that boldly bears calamity.
y. MASSINGER—*The Maid of Honour.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand.
a. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Bravest at the last:
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.
b. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act V. Sc. 2.

He that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.
c. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 1.

The more pity, that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian.
d. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

You ever gentle gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please.
e. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 6.

SUN, THE

See the sun!
God's crest upon His azure shield the Heavens.
f. Bailey—*Festus.* Sc. *A Mountain.*

The sun, centre and sire of light,
The keystone of the world-built arch of heaven.
g. Bailey—*Festus.* Sc. *Heaven.*

How beauteous art thou; O thou morning sun!
The old man, feebly tottering forth, admires
As much thy beauty, no life's dream is done,
As when he moved exulting in his fires.
h. Maria Brooks—*Zophiel. Morning.* St. 1.

Glared down in the woods, where the breathless boughs
Hung heavy and faint in a languid drowse,
And the ferns were curling with thirst and heat;
Glared down on the fields where the sleepy cows
Stood munching the grasses dry and sweet.
i. Susan Coolidge—*A Thunder Storm.*

The glorious lamp of heaven, the radiant sun
Is Nature's eye.
j. Dryden—*The Story of Acis, Polyphemus, and Galatea from the Thirteenth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses.* Line 165.

High in his chariot glow'd the lamp of day.
k. Falconer—*The Shipwreck.* Canto I. Pt. III. Line 3.

Now the sun once more is glancing,
And the oak trees roar with joy;
The avengers are advancing,
Shame and sorrow to destroy.
l. Heine—*Miscellaneous Poems. Germany.* 1815.

The sun stands, at midnight, blood-red on the mountains of the North.
m. Longfellow—*Drift-Wood. Frithiof's Saga.* XIII.

Whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave; but thou thyself movest alone.
n. Macpherson—*The Poems of Ossian. Carthon. Ossian's Address to the Sun.*

And the gilded car of day,
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream.
o. Milton—*Comus.* Line 95.

At whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads.
p. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 34.

The great luminary
Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,
That from his lordly eye keep distance due,
Dispenses light from far.
q. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. III. Line 576.

Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul.
r. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. V. Line 171.

Sunshine, broken in the rill,
Though turn'd astray, is sunshine still!
s. Moore—*Lalla Rookh. The Fire-Worshippers.*

O sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in! darkling stand
The varying shore o' the world!
t. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act IV. Sc. 13.

I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish th' estate o' the world were now undone.
u. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 5.

Lo, in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;
But when from highmost pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract, and look another way.
v. *Sonnet VII.*

Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass.
w. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 2.

That orbed continent, the fire
That severs day from night.
x. *Twelfth Night.* Act V. Sc. 1.

The glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist:
Turning, with splendour in his precious eye,
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold.
a. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 1.

The heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east
b. *King Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act III. Sc. 1.

The self-same sun that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.
c. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

In the warm shadow of her loveliness
He kissed her with his beams.
d. SHELLEY—*The Witch of Atlas.* St. 2.

The sun is all about the world we see,
The breath and strength of every spring.
e. A. C. SWINBURNE—*Inferiæ.* St. 2.

The sun reflecting upon the wind of strand and shores, is unpolluted in his beams.
f. JEREMY TAYLOR—*Holy Living.* Ch. I. Sec. 3.

Lo! as he comes, in Heaven's array,
And scattering wide the blaze of day,
Lifts high his scourge of fire,—
Fierce demons that in darkness dwell,
Foes of our race, and dogs of Hell,
Dread its avenging ire.
g. THOMAS TAYLOR—*Ode to the Rising Sun.*

See! led by Morn, with dewy feet,
Apollo mounts his golden seat,
Replete with sevenfold fire;
While, dazzled by his conquering light,
Heaven's glittering host and awful night.
Submissively retire.
h. THOMAS TAYLOR—*Ode to the Rising Sun.*

Fairest of the lights above!
Thou sun, whose beams adorn the spheres,
And with unwearied swiftness move
To form the circles of our years.
i. ISAAC WATTS—*Sun, Moon, and Stars, Praise Ye the Lord.*

SUN-RISE.

Pleasantly between the pelting showers the sunshine gushes down.
j. BRYANT—*The Cloud on the Way.* Line 17.

The east is blossoming! Yea, a rose,
Vast as the heavens, soft as a kiss,
Sweet as the presence of woman is,
Rises and reaches and widens and grows
Right out of the sea, as a blossoming tree;
Richer and richer; so higher and higher,
Deeper and deeper it takes its hue;
Brighter and brighter it reaches through
The space of heaven and the place of stars,
Till all as rich as a rose can be,
And my rose leaves fall into billows of fire.
k. JOAQUIN MILLER—*Sunrise in Venice.*

The whole east was flecked
With flashing streaks and shafts of amethyst,
While a light crimson mist
Went up before the mounting luminary,
And all the strips of cloud began to vary
Their hues, and all the zenith seemed to ope
As if to show a cope beyond the cope!
l. EPES SARGENT—*Sunrise at Sea.*

He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole.
m. *Richard II.* Act III. Sc. 2.

The golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach,
And overlooks the highest peering hills.
n. *Titus Andronicus.* Act II. Sc. 1.

But yonder comes the powerful King of Day
Rejoicing in the east.
o. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Summer.* Line 81.

The rising sun complies with our weak sight,
First gilds the clouds, then shows his globe of light
At such a distance from our eyes, as though
He knew what harm his hasty beams would do.
p. WALLER—*To the King.* Line 1.

SUN-SET.

The death-bed of a day, how beautiful!
q. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *A Library and Balcony.*

The shadows spread apace; while unkind Eve,
Her cheek yet warm with blushes, slow retires
Through the Hesperian gardens of the West,
And shuts the gates of Day.
r. ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD—*A Summer Evening's Meditation.*

The West is crimson with retiring day;
And the North gleams with its own native light.
s. JOHN H. BRYANT—*Sonnet.*

It was the cooling hour, just when the rounded
Red sun sinks down behind the azure hill,
Which then seems as if the whole earth is bounded,
Circling all nature, hush'd, and dim, and still,
With the far mountain-crescent half surrounded
On one side, and the deep sea calm and chill
Upon the other, and the rosy sky,
With one star sparkling through it like an eye.
t. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto II. St. 183.

Go forth at eventide,
The eventide of summer, when the trees
Yield their frail honors to the passing breeze,
And woodland paths with autumn tints are dyed;
When the mild sun his paling lustre shrouds
In gorgeous draperies of golden clouds;
Then wander forth, mid beauty and decay,
To meditate alone—alone to watch and pray.

a. EMMA C. EMBURY—*Autumn Evening.*

The sacred Lamp of day
Now dipt in western clouds his parting ray.

b. FALCONER—*The Shipwreck.* Canto II. Line 276.

Oft did I wonder why the setting sun
Should look upon us with a blushing face:
Is't not for shame of what he hath seen done,
Whilst in our hemisphere he ran his race?

c. HEATH—*First Century. On the Setting Sun.*

Purple, violet, gold and white,
Royal clouds are they;
Catching the spear like rays in the west—
Lining therewith each downy nest,
At the close of Summer day.

Forming and breaking in the sky,
I fancy all shapes are there;
Temple, mountain, monument, spire;
Ships rigged out with sails of fire,
And blown by the evening air.

d. J. K. HOYT—*A Summer Sunset.*

The gloaming comes, the day is spent,
The sun goes out of sight,
And painted is the occident
With purple sanguine bright.

* * * * * *

Our western horizon circulars,
From time the sun be set,
Is all with rubies as it were,
Or roses red o'erfret.

e. ALEXANDER HUME—*The Story of a Summer Day.*

After a day of cloud and wind and rain
Sometimes the setting sun breaks out again,
And, touching all the darksome woods with light,
Smiles on the fields until they laugh and sing,
Then like a ruby from the horizon's ring
Drops down into the night.

f. LONGFELLOW—*The Hanging of the Crane.* Pt. VII.

Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapors
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet, descending from Sinai.

g. LONGFELLOW—*Evangeline.* Pt. I. Sec. 4.

Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape;
Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.

h. LONGFELLOW—*Evangeline.* Pt. II. Sec. 2.

The day is done; and slowly from the scene
The stooping sun up-gathers his spent shafts,
And puts them back into his golden quiver!

i. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. I.

Now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

j. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 605.

Now in his Palace of the West,
Sinking to slumber the bright Day,
Like a tired monarch fann'd to rest,
'Mid the cool airs of Evening lay;
While round his couch's golden rim
The gaudy clouds, like courtiers, crept—
Struggling each other's light to dim,
And catch his last smile ere he slept.

k. MOORE—*The Summer Fête.* St. 19.

In the vale beneath the hill
The evening's growing purple strengthens.

l. MARGARET J. PRESTON—*Old Songs and New. Afternoon.*

The sky,
Purpled and paled with dreamy mist,
Shaken from breezy wafts that lie
Calmed in their isles of amethyst.

m. MARGARET J. PRESTON—*Cartoons. Agnes.*

Long on the wave reflected lustres play.

n. ROGERS—*Pleasures of Memory.*

The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last.

o. *Richard II.* Act II. Sc. 1.

When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?

p. *Richard III.* Act II. Sc. 3.

How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun,
How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
And there followed some droppings of rain!
But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best;
He paints the skies gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretells a bright rising again.

q. WATTS—*Moral Songs. A Summer Evening.*

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow;
* * * * * * *
Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow!
Even in its motion there was rest;
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.
a. JOHN WILSON—*The Evening Cloud.*

SUPERSTITION.

Foul Superstition! howsoe'er disguised,
Idol, saint, virgin, prophet, crescent, cross,
For whatsoever symbol thou art prized,
Thou sacerdotal gain, but general loss!
Who from true worship's gold can separate thy dross?
b. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto II. St. 44.

Superstition is a senseless fear of God.
c. CICERO.

The superstition in which we were brought up never loses its power over us even after we understand it.
d. LEFFING.

Superstition is related to this life, religion to the next; superstition is allied to fatality, religion to virtue; it is by the vivacity of earthly desires that we become superstitious; it is, on the contrary, by the sacrifice of these desires that we become religious.
e. MADAME DE STAËL—*Abel Stevens' Life of Madame de Staël.* Ch. XXXIV.

SUSPICION.

Quoth Sidrophel, If you suppose,
Sir Knight, that I am one of those,
I might suspect, and take th' alarm,
Your bus'ness is but to inform;
But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near,
You have a wrong sow by the ear.
f. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. II. Canto III. Line 575.

Cæsar's wife should be above suspicion.
g. PLUTARCH—*Life of Cæsar.* Ch. X.

All seems infected that the infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye.
h. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 558.

All is not well;
I doubt some foul play.
i. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.
j. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act V. Sc. 6.

There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to night.
k. *Merchant of Venice.* Act II. Sc. 5.

Would he were fatter:—But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius.
l. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 2.

SYMBOLS.

With crosses, relics, crucifixes,
Beads, pictures, rosaries, and pixes;
The tools of working out salvation
By mere mechanic operation.
m. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. III. Canto I. Line 1495.

All things are symbols: the external shows
Of Nature have their image in the mind,
As flowers and fruits and falling of the leaves.
n. LONGFELLOW—*The Harvest Moon.*

If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: He brushes his hat o' mornings; What should that bode?
o. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish,
A vapour, sometime like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;
They are the black vesper's pageants.
p. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act IV. Sc. 12.

SYMPATHY.

Strengthen me by sympathizing with my strength, not my weakness.
q. ALCOTT—*Table-Talk.* *Sympathy.*

Pity and need
Make all flesh kin. There is no caste in blood,
Which runneth of one hue, nor caste in tears,
Which trickle salt with all; neither comes man
To birth with tilka-mark stamped on the brow,
Nor sacred thread on neck.
r. EDWIN ARNOLD—*Light of Asia.* Bk. VI. Line 73.

A crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling symbol, where there is no love.
s. BACON—*Essay.* *Of Friendship.*

The best Society and Conversation is that, in which the Heart has a greater share than the head.
t. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. IV.

I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me; and to me
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities torture.
u. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 72.

Of a truth, men are mystically united; a mystic bond of brotherhood makes all men one.

a. CARLYLE—*Essays. Goethe's Works.*

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds.

b. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. VI. Line 1.

The impulse to confession almost always requires the presence of a fresh ear and a fresh heart; and in our moments of spiritual need, the man to whom we have no tie but our common nature, seems nearer to us than mother, brother, or friend. Our daily familiar life is but a hiding of ourselves from each other behind a screen of trivial words and deeds, and those who sit with us at the same hearth are often the farthest off from the deep human soul within us, full of unspoken evil and unacted good.

c. GEORGE ELIOT—*Janet's Repentance.* Ch. XVI.

The human heart
Finds nowhere shelter but in human kind.

d. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. IV.

The secrets of life are not shown except to sympathy and likeness.

e. EMERSON—*Montaigne.*

The man who melts
With social sympathy, though not allied,
Is than a thousand kinsman of more worth.

f. EURIPIDES—*O Rest.* 805.

A fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind.

g. GARRICK—*Prologue on Leaving the Stage,* June 10, 1776.

He watch'd and wept, and pray'd and felt for all.

h. GOLDSMITH—*The Deserted Village.* Line 166.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

i. GRAY—*Elegy. The Epitaph.*

The social smile, the sympathetic tear.

j. GRAY—*Education and Government.*

The craving for sympathy is the common boundary-line between joy and sorrow.

k. J. C. and A. W. HARE—*Guesses at Truth.*

O! ask not, hope thou not too much
Of sympathy below;
Few are the hearts whence one same touch
Bids the sweet fountain flow.

l. MRS. HEMANS—*Kindred Hearts.*

We pine for kindred natures
To mingle with our own.

m. MRS. HEMANS—*Psyche Borne by Zephyrs to the Island of Pleasure.*

A man may be buoyed up by the affliation of his wild desires to brave any imaginable peril; but he cannot calmly see one he loves braving the same peril; simply because he cannot feel within him that which prompts another. He sees the danger, and feels not the power that is to overcome it.

n. GEORGE HENRY LEWES—*The Spanish Drama.* Ch. II.

World-wide apart, and yet akin,
As showing that the human heart
Beats on forever as of old.

o. LONGFELLOW—*Elizabeth.* Interlude.

But better far it is to speak
One simple word, which now and then
Shall waken their free nature in the weak
And friendless sons of men.

p. LOWELL—*An Incident in a Railroad Car.* St. 19 and 20.

I no sooner in my heart divin'd,
My heart, which by a secret harmony
Still moves with thine, join'd in connexion sweet.

q. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. X. Line 357.

Never elated while one man's oppress'd;
Never dejected while another's bless'd.

r. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 323.

Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole.

s. POPE—*Eloise to Abelard.* Line 57.

There is who feels for fame,
And melts to goodness.

t. POPE—*Epilogue to Satire.* Dialogue II. Line 65.

Yet, taught by time, my heart has learned to glow
For other's good, and melt at other's woe.

u. POPE'S *Homer's Odyssey.* Bk. XVIII. Line 279.

Somewhere or other there must surely be
The face not seen, the voice not heard,
The heart that not yet—never yet—ah me!
Made answer to my word.

v. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI—*Somewhere or Other.*

If thou art something, bring thy soul and interchange with mine.

w. SCHILLER—*Votive Tablets. Value and Worth.*

A sympathy in choice.

x. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act 1. Sc. 1.

A tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity.

y. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 4.

As the human countenance smiles on those that smile, so does it sympathize with those that weep.

a. SMART'S *Horace. Art of Poetry.* Line 127.

Sympathy is especially a Christian's duty.

b. SPURGEON—*Gleanings Among the Sheaves. Sympathy.*

It seems to me that we become more dear one to the other, in together admiring works of art, which speak to the soul by their true grandeur.

c. MADAME DE STAËL—*Corinne.* Bk. IV. Ch. III.

Our best impressions of grand or beautiful sights are always enhanced by their communication to sympathetic and appreciative minds.

d. ABEL STEVENS—*Life of Madame de Staël.* Ch. XXII.

T.

TALK.

For rhetoric he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope.

e. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto I. Line 81.

Words learn'd by rote a parrot may rehearse,
But talking is not always to converse;
Not more distinct from harmony divine,
The constant creaking of a country sign.

f. COWPER—*Conversation.* Line 7.

But far more numerous was the herd of such,
Who think too little, and who talk too much.

g. DRYDEN—*Absalom and Achitophel.* Line 533.

My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much, must talk in vain.

h. GAY—*Introduction to the Fables.* Pt. I. Line 57.

Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound.
And news much older than their ale went round.

i. GOLDSMITH—*The Deserted Village.* Line 223.

Then he will talk—good gods, how he will talk!

j. NATHANIEL LEE—*Alexander the Great.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Airy tongues that syllable men's names.

k. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 208.

A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

l. *Romeo and Jutiet.* Act II. Sc. 4.

A man in all the world's new fashion planted.
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain.

m. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act I. Sc. 1.

If I chance to talk a little while, forgive me,
I had it from my father.

n. *Henry VIII.* Act I. Sc. 4.

I profess not talking; Only this—
Let each man do his best.

o. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 2.

Let me have audience for a word or two.

p. *As You Like It.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing.

q. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act II. Sc. 4.

My load shall never rest.
I'll watch him, tame and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift.

r. *Othello.* Act III. Sc. 3.

One doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

s. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Pray thee, let it serve for table talk;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.

t. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 5.

Talkers are no good doers: be assur'd,
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

u. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 3.

The heart hath treble wrong,
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

v. *Venus and Adonis.* Line 329.

The red wine first must rise
In their cheeks: then we shall have them
Talk to us in silence.

w. *Henry VIII.* Act I. Sc. 4.

What a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

x. *Tempest.* Act II. Sc. 1.

She sits tormenting every guest,
Nor gives her tongue one moment's rest,
In phrases batter'd, stale, and trite,
Which modern ladies call polite.

y. SWIFT—*The Journal of a Modern Lady*

TEARS.

Tears, feeling's bright embodied form, are not
More pure than dewdrops, Nature's tears.
a. Bailey—*Festus.* Sc. *Water and Wood. Midnight.*

Tears of joy, like summer rain-drops, are pierced by sunbeams.
b. Hosea Ballou—*MSS. Sermons.*

And friends, dear friends,—when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say "Not a tear must o'er her fall—
He giveth His beloved, sleep."
c. E. B. Browning—*The Sleep.* St. 9.

Thank God for grace,
Ye who weep only! If, as some have done,
Ye grope tear-blinded in a desert place,
And touch but tombs,—look up! Those tears will run
Soon in long rivers down the lifted face,
And leave the vision clear for stars and sun.
d. E. B. Browning—*Tears.*

No fiction of fame shall blazon my name,
All I ask—all I wish—is a Tear.
e. Byron—*The Tear.* St. 12.

Oh! too convincing—dangerously dear—
In woman's eye the unanswerable tear!
That weapon of her weakness she can wield,
To save, subdue—at once her spear and shield.
f. Byron—*The Corsair.* Canto II. St. 15.

Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely shed,
While Ocean shrouds and sepulchers our dead.
g. Byron—*The Corsair.* Canto I. St. 1.

She was a good deal shock'd; not shock'd at tears,
For women shed and use them at their liking;
But there is something when man's eye appears
Wet, still more disagreeable and striking.
h. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto V. St. 118.

There is a tear for all that die
A mourner o'er the humblest grave.
i. Byron—*On the Death of Sir Peter Parker.*

The test of affection's a Tear.
j. Byron—*The Tear.* St. 1.

What gem hath dropp'd, and sparkles o'er his chain?
The tear most sacred, shed for other's pain,
That starts at once—bright pure—from Pity's mine,
Already polish'd by the hand divine!
k. Byron—*The Corsair.* Canto II. St. 15.

For Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile.
l. Campbell—*Pleasures of Hope.* Pt. I. Line 180.

Since man was born to trouble here below,
Tears were provided for predestined woe;
And tears have fallen in perpetual shower
From man's apostasy until this hour.
m. Abraham Coles—*The Microcosm. Tears. Sleep, &c.*

Ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.
n. Gray's *Progress of Poesy.* III. 1. Line 12.

The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast.
o. Gray—*Eton College.* St. 5.

Hide not thy tears; weep boldly and be proud
To give the flowing virtue manly way:
'Tis nature's mark to know an honest heart by.
Shame on those breasts of stone that cannot melt
In soft adoption of another's sorrow.
p. Aaron Hill—*Alzira.*

My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders my needle and thread.
q. Hood—*Song of the Shirt.*

E'en like the passage of an angel's tear
That falls through the clear ether silently.
r. Keats—*To One Who Has Been Long in City Pent.*

Tears such as angels weep.
s. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 620.

The glorious Angel, who was keeping
The gates of Light, beheld her weeping;
And, as he nearer drew and listen'd
To her sad song, a tear-drop glisten'd
Within his eyelids, like the spray
From Eden's fountain, where it lies
On the blue flow'r, which—Bramins say—
Blooms nowhere but in Paradise.
t. Moore—*Lalla Rookh. Paradise and the Peri.*

Behold who ever wept, and in his tears
Was happier far than others in their smiles.
u. Petrarch—*The Triumph of Eternity.* Line 95. (*Charlemont.*)

Sweet tears! the awful language, eloquent
Of infinite affection; far too big
For words.
v. Pollok—*Course of Time.* Bk. V. Line 633.

O blesséd be the tear that sadly rolled
For me, my mother! down thy sacred cheek;
That with a silent fervour did bespeak
A fonder tale than language ever told.
w. Roscoe—*Poems for Youth*

A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek;
'Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head!
a. Scott—*Lady of the Lake.* Canto II. St. 22.

The tear down childhood's cheek that flows
Is like the dewdrop on the rose;
When next the summer breeze comes by,
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.
b. Scott—*Rokeby.* Canto IV. St. 11.

And he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them but relents not.
c. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Leonato.—Did he break into tears?
Messenger.— In great measure.
Leonato.—A kind overflow of kindness: There are no faces truer than those that are so washed.
d. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Eye-offending brine.
e. *Twelfth Night.* Act I. Sc. 1.

He has strangled
His language in his tears.
f. *Henry VIII.* Act V. Sc. 1.

I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so) certain
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.
g. *Henry VIII.* Act II. Sc. 4.

I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me
Out of my honest truth to play the woman.
h. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 2.

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.
i. *Othello.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
j. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 2.

I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.
k. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 6.

I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly.
l. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

Let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheek!
m. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 4.

My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fu ness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.
n. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 4.

No, I'll not weep:—
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep.
o. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie; and tears, shed there,
Shall be my recreation. So long as Nature
Will bear up with this exercise,
So long I daily vow to use it.
p. *Winter's Tale.* Act III. Sc. 2.

One, whose subdu'd eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum.
q. *Othello.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good.
r. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 1.

See, see, what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart.
s. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act II. Sc. 5.

That instant, shut
My woful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation.
t. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act V. Sc. 2.

The big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase.
u. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 1.

The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl;
Advantaging their loan, with interest
Of ten-times double gain of happiness.
v. *Richard III.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

Then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.
w. *Titus Andronicus.* Act III. Sc. 1.

There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moisten'd.
x. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

The tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.
y. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Those eyes of thine, from mine have drawn salt tears,
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops.
z. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep,
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Begin to water.
aa. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 1.

'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in.
a. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.
b. *King John.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
c. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

What I should say
My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the waters of mine eyes.
d. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act V. Sc. 4.

What's the matter,
That this distempered messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?
e. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Ac. I. Sc. 3.

Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears: if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.
f. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depths of some divine despair.
g. TENNYSON—*The Princess.* Canto IV. Line 22.

The big round tears run down his dappled face,
He groans in anguish.
h. THOMSON—*The Seasons.* *Autumn.* Line 451.

The silver key of the fountain of tears.
i. VIRGIL.

Tears are the silent language of grief.
j. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionary.* *Tears.*

My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.
k. WORDSWORTH—*The Fountain.*

Lorenzo! hast thou ever weigh'd a sigh?
Or studied the philosophy of tears?—
Hast thou descended deep into the breast,
And seen their source? If not, descend with me,
And trace these briny riv'lets to their springs.
l. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night V. Line 516.

TEMPER.

Certain winds will make men's temper bad.
m. GEORGE ELIOT—*Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. I.

The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness, the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel, the cripple.
n. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 2.

TEMPERANCE.

Temperance is a tree which has for a root very little contentment, and for fruit, calm and peace.
o. BUDDHA.

The cups,
That cheer but not inebriate.
p. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. IV. Line 36.

He will to bed go sober,
Falls with the leaf still in October.
q. JOHN FLETCHER—*Rollo, Duke of Normandy.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Drink not the third glasse, which thou canst not tame,
When once it is within thee; but before
Mayst rule it, as thou list: and poure the shame,
Which it would poure on thee, upon the floor.
It is most just to throw that on the ground,
Which would throw me there, if I keep the round.
r. HERBERT—*The Temple.* *The Church Porch.*

If all the world
Should in a pet of temp'rance, feed on pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
Th' all giver would be unthank'd, would be unprais'd.
s. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 720.

O madness to think use of strongest wines
And strongest drinks our chief support of health.
When God with these forbidden made choice to rear
His mighty champion, strong above compare,
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.
t. MILTON—*Samson Agonistes.* Line 556.

Well observe
The rule of Not too much, by temperance taught
In what thou eat'st and drink'st.
u. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XI. Line 531.

Coffee which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes.
v. POPE—*Rape of the Lock.* Canto III. Line 117.

Ask God for temperance, that's the appliance only
Which your disease requires.
w. *Henry VIII.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Make less thy body, hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing.
x. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act V. Sc. 5.

TEMPTATION.

The devil tempts us not—'tis we tempt him,
Beckoning his skill with opportunity.
a. GEORGE ELIOT—*Felix Holt.* Ch. XLVII.

Temptations hurt not, though they have accesse:
Satan o'ercomes none but by willingnesse,
b. HERRICK—*Hesperides. Temptations.*

But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
c. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. III. Line 351.

Bell, book and candle, shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on.
d. *King John.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.
e. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes ill deeds done,
f. *King John.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

How quickly nature falls into revolt
When gold becomes her object.
g. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 4.

I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.
h. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?
i. *Richard III.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue.
j. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.
k. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one.
l. *Othello.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Ah me! how many perils doe enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall,
Were not that heavenly grace doth him uphold,
And stedfast truth acquite him out of all.
m. SPENSER—*Fœrie Queene.* Bk. I. Canto VIII. St. 1.

Some temptations come to the industrious, but all temptations attack the idle.
n. SPURGEON—*Gleamings Among The Sheaves. Idleness.*

Could'st thou boast, O child of weakness!
O'er the sons of wrong and strife,
Were their strong temptations planted
In thy path of life?
o. WHITTIER—*What the Voice Said.*

Temptation hath a music for all ears.
p. WILLIS—*Extract. From a Poem Delivered at the Departure of the Senior Class of the Yale College in* 1827.

THANKFULNESS.

Some hae meat that canna eat,
And some would eat that want it;
But we hae meat, and we can eat,
Sae let the Lord be thankit.
q. BURNS—*Grace Before Meat.*

To receive honestly is the best thanks for a good thing.
r. GEORGE MACDONALD—*Mary Marston.* Ch. V.

Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.
s. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act II. Sc. 1.

Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give
As one near death to those that wish him live.
t. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act II. Sc. 1.

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee.
u. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act IV. Sc. 8.

THIEVES.

Stolen sweets are always sweeter:
Stolen kisses much completer;
Stolen looks are nice in chapels:
Stolen, stolen be your apples.
v. THOMAS RANDOLPH—*Song of Fairies.*

A cut-purse of the empire and the rule;
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket.
w. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 4.

A plague upon 't when thieves cannot be true one to another.
x. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 2.

Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm.
y. *Julius Cæsar.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

There's boundless theft in limited professions.
z. *Timon of Athens.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

The robb'd that smiles, steals something from the thief:
He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.
aa. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 3.

The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea; the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement: each thing's a thief.
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft.
a. *Timon of Athens.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves.
b. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

THOUGHT.

Men's thoughts are much according to their inclination.
c. BACON—*Essay. Of Custom.*

Fine thoughts are wealth, for the right use of which
Men are and ought to be accountable,
If not to Thee, to those they influence;
Grant this, we pray Thee, and that all who read,
Or utter noble thoughts, may make them theirs,
And thank God for them, to the betterment
Of their succeeding life.
d. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *A Country Town.*

Great thoughts, like great deeds, need
No trumpet.
e. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *Home.*

The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the great art in life is to have as many of them as possible.
f. BOVEE—*Summaries of Thought. Thought.*

The power of Thought,—the magic of the Mind.
g. BYRON—*The Corsair.* Canto I. St. 8.

What Exile from himself can flee?
To zones though more and more remote,
Still, still pursues, where'er I be,
The blight of life—the demon Thought.
h. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto I. St. 1.

Whatsoe'er thy birth,
Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth.
i. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 115.

In every epoch of the world, the great event, parent of all others, is it not the arrival of a Thinker in the world!
j. CARLYLE—*Heroes and Hero Worship.* Lecture I.

Thought is parent of the Deed.
k. CARLYLE—*Essays. Death of Goethe.*

Thought once awakened does not again slumber.
l. CARLYLE—*Heroes and Hero Worship.* Lecture I.

With curious art the brain, too finely wrought,
Preys on herself, and is destroyed by thought.
m. CHURCHILL—*Epistle to Wm. Hogarth.*

Thought is deeper than all speech;
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.
n. CHRISTOPHER P. CRANCH.

Think all you speak; but speak not all you think:
Thoughts are your own; your words are so no more.
Where Wisdom steers, wind cannot make you sink:
Lips never err, when she does keep the door.
o. HENRY DELAUNE—*Epigram.*

Thy Real drinks music from Ideal Thought,
And Earth but avenues the gate to Heaven!
p. JAMES DODDS—*Sonnet. Craigcrook.*

Growing thought
Makes growing revelation.
q. GEORGE ELIOT—*Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. II.

Thoughts are so great—arn't they sir?
They seem to lie upon us like a deep flood.
r. GEORGE ELIOT—*Adam Bede.* Ch. VIII.

Every thought which genius and piety throw into the world, alters the world.
s. EMERSON—*Essay. Of Politics.*

Go, speed the stars of Thought
On to their shining goals;—
The sower scatters broad his seed,
The wheat thou strew'st be souls.
t. EMERSON—*Introduction to Essay. Of Intellect.*

Thought is the property of him who can entertain it, and of him who can adequately place it.
u. EMERSON—*Representative Men. Shakespeare.*

Thought takes man out of servitude into freedom.
v. EMERSON—*Fate.*

Among mortals second thoughts are wisest.
w. EURIPIDES—*Hippolytus.* 438.

Men possessed with an idea cannot be reasoned with.
x. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. The Colonies Once More.*

Those that think must govern those that toil.
y. GOLDSMITH—*The Traveller.* Line 372.

Thoughts that breathe and words that burn.
z. GRAY—*Progress of Poesy.* III. 2. Line 4.

Their own second and sober thoughts.
a. MATTHEW HENRY—*Exposition.* Job VI. 29.

My thoughts and I were of another world.
b. BEN JONSON—*Every Man Out of His Humour.* Act III. Sc. 3.

The thoughts that come often unsought, and, as it were, drop into the mind, are commonly the most valuable of any we have, and therefore should be secured, because they seldom return again.
c. LOCKE—*Letter to Mr. Sam'l Bold.*

To think often, and never to retain it so much as one moment, is a very useless sort of thinking, and the soul, in such a state of thinking, does very little, if at all, excel that of a looking-glass, which constantly receives variety of images, or ideas, but retains none.
d. LOCKE—*Human Understanding.* Bk. II. Ch. I.

A thought often makes us hotter than a fire.
e. LONGFELLOW—*Drift-Wood. Table-Talk.*

It is curious to note the old sea-margins of human thought!
f. LONGFELLOW—*Kavanagh.* Ch. XIII.

My own thoughts
Are my companions.
g. LONGFELLOW—*The Masque of Pandora.* Pt. III.

She floats upon the river of his thoughts.
h. LONGFELLOW—*The Spanish Student.* Act II. Sc. 3.

The surest pledge of a deathless name
Is the silent homage of thoughts unspoken.
i. LONGFELLOW—*The Heroes of Elmwood.* St. 9.

Thoughts in attitudes imperious.
j. LONGFELLOW—*Prometheus.* St. 9.

Thoughts so sudden, that they seem
The revelations of a dream.
k. LONGFELLOW—*Prelude to Tales of a Wayside Inn.* Line 233.

All that hath been majestical
In life or death, since time began,
Is native in the simple heart of all,
The angel heart of man.
l. LOWELL—*An Incident in a Railroad Car.*

Thought is valuable in proportion as it is generative.
m. BULWER-LYTTON—*Caxtoniana.* Essay XIV.

As you grow ready for it, somewhere or other you will find what is needful for you in a book or a friend, or, best of all, in your own thoughts—the eternal thought speaking in your thought.
n. GEORGE MACDONALD—*The Marquis of Lossie.* Ch. XLII.

The power of concentration is one of the most valuable of intellectual attainments.
o. MANN—*Lectures and Reports on Education. Report on the Subject of Schoolhouses.*

Thought alone is eternal.
p. OWEN MEREDITH—*Lucile.* Pt. II. Canto VI. St. 16.

Wreaths of every hue,
Fresh-pluckt from bowers of never-fading thought
In Memory's dewiest meadow-deeps.
q. OWEN MEREDITH—*Licinius.* Pt. VI. St. 5.

Grand thoughts that never can be wearied out,
Showing the unreality of Time.
r. MILNES (Lord Houghton)—*Sonnet. To Charles Lamb.*

Thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers.
s. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. III. Line 37.

O! the joy
Of young ideas painted on the mind,
In the warm, glowing colors fancy spreads
On objects not yet known, when all is new,
And all is lovely!
t. HANNAH MORE—*David and Goliah.* Pt. II.

Thinking is only a dream of feeling; a dead feeling; a pale-gray, feeble life.
u. NOVALIS—*Die Lehrlinge zu Sais.*

Thought can wing its way
Swifter than lightning-flashes or the beam
That hastens on the pinions of the morn.
v. PERCIVAL—*Sonnet.*

Let him be kept from paper, pen, and ink:
So may he cease to write and learn to think.
w. PRIOR—*To a Person who Wrote Ill, and Spoke Worse against Me.*

Still are the thoughts to memory dear.
x. SCOTT—*Rokeby.* Canto I. St. 33.

It is not always the depth or the novelty of a thought which constitutes its value to ourselves, but the fitness of its application to our circumstances.
y. SEWELL—*Passing Thoughts on Religion. The Chivalry of Religion.*

A maiden hath no tongue but thought.
z. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 2.

I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.
aa. *Othello.* Act III. Sc. 3.

My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel.
bb. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc 5.

Now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens!
a. *Henry V.* Act V. Chorus.

The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out
b. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 4.

There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.
c. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making?
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy,
Should be without regard.
d. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Come near me! I do weave
A chain I cannot break—I am possest
With thoughts too swift and strong for one lone human breast.
e. Shelley—*Revolt of Islam.* Canto IX. St. 33.

Strange thoughts beget strange deeds.
f. Shelley—*The Cenci.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Thought by thought is piled, till some great truth
Is loosened, and the nations echo round,
Shaken to their roots, as do the mountains now.
g. Shelley—*Prometheus Unbound.* Act II. Sc. 3.

High erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy.
h. Sir Philip Sidney—*The Arcadia.* Bk. I.

If I could think how these my thoughts to leave,
Or thinking still, my thoughts might have good end:
If rebel sense would reason's law receive;
Or reason foil'd would not in vain contend:
Then might I think what thoughts were best to think:
Then might I wisely swim, or gladly sink.
i. Sir Philip Sidney—*Sonnet.*

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.
j. Sir Philip Sidney—*The Arcadia.* Bk. I.

Thoughts must come naturally, like wild flowers; they cannot be forced in a hot-bed—even although aided by the leaf mould of your past.
k. Alex. Smith—*Dreamthorp.* *Men of Letters.*

I have flown on the winds through the vaulted sky,
In a path unseen by the vulture's eye;
I have been where the lion's whelps ne'er trod,
Where Nature is mute in the sight of God.
I have girdled the earth in my airy flight,
I have wandered alone 'mid yon spheres of light.
l. Henry Smith—*Thought.*

Oh the fetterless mind! how it wandereth free
Through the wildering maze of Eternity!
m. Henry Smith—*Thought.*

Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,
And naught is everything, and everything is naught.
n. Horace and James Smith—*Rejected Addresses.* *Cui Bono?*

Let our thoughts meet in heaven?
o. Madame de Staël—*Corinne.* Bk. XX. Ch. III.

Minds of a lofty kind wander unceasingly around the abyss of thoughts that are without an end.
p. Madame de Staël—*Germany.* Pt. III. Ch. I.

Thought can never be compared with action, but when it awakens in us the image of truth.
q. Madame de Staël—*Germany.* Pt. I. Ch. VIII.

No great thought, no great object, satisfies the mind at first view—nor at the last.
r. Abel Stevens—*Life of Madame de Staël.* Ch. XXXVIII.

Thought leapt out to wed with Thought,
Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech.
s. Tennyson—*In Memoriam.* Pt. XXIII.

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns.
t. Tennyson—*Locksley Hall.* St. 69.

Great thoughts come from the heart.
u. Vauvenargues.

Our actions, depending upon ourselves, may be controlled, while the powers of thinking, originating in higher causes, cannot always be moulded to our wishes.
v. Geo. Washington—*Social Maxims.* *Friendship.*

Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality.
w. Wordsworth—*Sonnet.* *On King's College Chapel, Cambridge.*

Our thoughts are heard in heaven.
x. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 95.

Thoughts shut up want air,
And spoil like hales unopen'd to the sun.
a. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 466.

THUNDER.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings! ye!
With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
To make these felt and feeling, well may be
Things that have made me watchful; the far roll
Of your departing voices, is the knoll
Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest.
But where of ye, O tempests! is the goal?
Are ye like those within the human breast?
Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest?
b. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 96.

The thunder, conscious of the new command,
Rumbles reluctant o'er our fallen house.
c. KEATS—*Hyperion.* Line 30.

Are there no stones in heaven,
But what serve for the thunder?
d. *Othello.* Act V. Sc. 2.

The thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass.
e. *Tempest.* Act III. Sc. 3.

To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder,
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning.
f. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 7.

TIDES.

All night the thirsty beach has listening lain'
With patience dumb,
Counting the slow, sad moments of her pain;
Now morn has come,
And with the morn the punctual tide again.
g. SUSAN COOLIDGE—*Flood-Tide.*

How easily He turns the tides!
Just now the yellow beach was dry,
Just now the gaunt rocks all were bare,
The sun beat hot, and thirstily,
Each sea-weed waved its long brown hair,
And bent and languished as in pain.
h. SUSAN COOLIDGE—*Ebb and Flow.*

The punctual tide draws up the bay,
With ripple of wave and hiss of spray.
i. SUSAN COOLIDGE—*On the Shore.*

Love has a tide!
j. HELEN HUNT—*Verses. Tides.*

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see;
The blinding mist came down and hid the land,—
And never home came she.
k. CHARLES KINGSLEY—*The Sands o' Dee.* St. 2.

I saw the long line of the vacant shore,
The sea-weed and the shells upon the sand,
And the brown rocks left bare on every hand,
As if the ebbing tide would flow no more.
l. LONGFELLOW—*The Tides.*

The tide rises, the tide falls,
The twilight darkens, the curlew calls;
* * * * * * *
The little waves, with their soft white hands,
Efface the footprints in the sands,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.
m. LONGFELLOW—*Ultima Thule. The Tide Rises, The Tide Falls.*

The Ocean, at the bidding of the Moon,
For ever changes with his restless tide;
Flung shoreward now, to be regathered soon
With kingly pauses of reluctant pride,
And semblance of return.
n. CHARLES (TENNYSON) TURNER—*Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces. The Ocean.*

Tyde flowing is feared for many a thing,
Great danger to such as he sick it doth bring;
Sea ebb by long ebbing some respite doth give,
And sendeth good comfort to such as shall live.
o. TUSSER—*Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandrie.* Ch. XIV. Verse 4.

TIME.

O! Old Father Time grows tender and mellow,
As, roving the round earth, the sturdy old fellow,
Year in and year out, keeps going and coming,
In winter's wild wrack, and in summer's green blooming.
p. LEWIS J. BATES—*This Jolly Round World.*

Think not thy time short in this world, since the world itself is not long. The created world is but a small parenthesis in eternity, and a short interposition, for a time, between such a state of duration as was before, it may be after it.
q. Sir THOMAS BROWNE—(Bohn's edition.) Vol. III. P. 143.

Time which strengthens Friendship, weakens Love.
r. DE LA BRUYERE—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. IV.

Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches, Tam maun ride.
a. BURNS—*Tam O'Shanter.*

Take time enough; all other graces
Will soon fill up their proper places.
b. BYRON—*Advice to Preach Slow.*

O Time! the beautifier of the dead,
Adorner of the ruin, comforter
And only healer when the heart hath bled—
Time! the corrector where our judgments err,
The test of truth, love,—sole philosopher,
For all beside are sophists, from thy thrift,
Which never loses though it doth defer—
Time, the avenger! unto thee I lift
My hands, and eyes, and heart, and crave of thee a gift.
c. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 130.

Out upon Time! it will leave no more
Of the things to come than the things before!
Out upon Time! who forever will leave
But enough of the past for the future to grieve.
d. BYRON—*Siege of Corinth.* St. 18.

Think'st thou existence doth depend on time?
It doth; but actions are our epochs; mine
Have made my days and nights imperishable,
Endless, and all alike.
e. BYRON—*Manfred.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.
f. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 182.

When Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet.
g. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 22.

Years steal
Fire from the mind, as vigour from the limb;
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.
h. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 8.

The more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages;
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.
i. CAMPBELL—*A Thought Suggested by the New Year.* St. 1.

That great mystery of TIME, were there no other; the illimitable, silent, never-resting thing called Time, rolling, rushing on, swift, silent, like an all-embracing ocean-tide, on which we and all the Universe swim like exhalations, like apparitions which *are*, and then *are not:* this is forever very literally a miracle; a thing to strike us dumb—for we have no word to speak about it.
j. CARLYLE—*Heroes, and Hero Worship.* Lecture I.

For tho' we slepe or wake, or rome or ryde,
Ay fleth the tyme, it wil no man abyde.
k. CHAUCER—*Canterbury Tales. The Clerkes Tale.* Line 61.

Know the true value of time; snatch, seize, and enjoy every moment of it. No idleness, no laziness, no procrastination: never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
l. EARL OF CHESTERFIELD—*Letters to his Son.* Dec. 26, 1749.

No! no arresting the vast wheel of time,
That round and round still turns with onward might,
Stern, dragging thousands to the dreaded night
Of an unknown hereafter.
m. CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE—*Sonnet. The Course of Time.*

I hear the muffled tramp of years
Come stealing up the slope of Time;
They bear a train of smiles and tears,
Of burning hopes and dreams sublime.
n. JAMES G. CLARKE—*November.*

Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
But an eternal now does always last.
o. ABRAHAM COWLEY—*Davideis.* Vol. I. Bk. I.

Time, as he passes us has a dove's wing,
Unsoil'd, and swift, and of a silken sound.
p. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. IV. Line 211.

Swift speedy Time, feathered with flying hours,
Dissolves the beauty of the fairest brow.
q. SAMUEL DANIEL—*Delia.*

He who knows most, grieves most for wasted time.
r. DANTE.

Time, to the nation as to the individual, is nothing absolute; its duration depends on the rate of thought and feeling.
s. DRAPER—*History of the Intellectual Development of Europe.* Ch. I.

Fate seemed to wind him up for four-score years;
Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more:
Till like a clock worn out with eating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still.
t. DRYDEN—*Œdipus.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Time is great, and greater no man's trust
Than his who keeps the fortress for his king,
Wearing great honors as some delicate robe
Brocaded o'er with names 'twere sin to tarnish.
u. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. I.

The days are made on a loom whereof the warp and woof are past and future time.
v. EMERSON—*Society and Solitude. Work and Days.*

Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly, until he knows that every day is Doomsday.
w. EMERSON—*Society and Solitude. Work and Days.*

Time will discover everything to posterity: it is a babbler, and speaks even when no question is put.
a. Euripides—*Frag. Æol. (Stob.)*

Yesterday I loved,
To-day I suffer,
To-morrow I die;
But I shall gladly
To-day and to-morrow
Think on yesterday.
b. *From the German.*

Rich with the spoils of time.
c. Gray—*Elegy in a Country Churchyard.* St. 13.

Time ne'er forgot
His journey, though his steps we numbred not.
d. William Habington—*To My Noblest Friend, I. C., Esquire.*

I made a posie, while the day ran by:
Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie
My life within this band.
But Time did beckon to the flowers, and they
By noon most cunningly did steal away,
And wither'd in my hand.
e. Herbert—*The Temple. Life.*

Old Time, in whose bank we deposit our notes,
Is a miser who always wants guineas for groats;
He keeps all his customers still in arrears
By lending them minutes and charging them years.
f. Holmes—*Songs of Many Seasons. Our Banker.*

Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mould.
g. Hood—*Miss Kilmansegg. Her Moral.*

How short our happy days appear!
How long the sorrowful!
h. Jean Ingelow—*The Mariner's Care.* St. 38.

To the true teacher, time's hour-glass should still run gold dust.
i. Douglas Jerrold—*Specimens of Jerrold's Wit. Time.*

An age that melts with unperceived decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful Day benevolence endears,
Whose Night congratulating conscience cheers;
The general favourite as the general friend:
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?
j. Sam'l Johnson—*Vanity of Human Wishes.* Line 293.

Panting Time toil'd after him in vain.
k. Sam'l Johnson—*Prologue on Opening the Drury Lane Theatre.*

Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, and all to heaven.
l. Sir Wm. Jones—*Ode in Imitation of Alcæus.*

Like wind flies Time 'tween birth and death;
Therefore, as long as thou hast breath,
Of care for two days hold thee free:
The day that was and is to be.
m. Omar Khayyam—*Bodenstedt, Translator*

A handful of red sand, from the hot clime
Of Arab deserts brought,
Within this glass becomes the spy of Time,
The minister of Thought.
n. Longfellow—*Sand of the Desert in an Hour-Glass.*

Art is long and Time is fleeting.
o. Longfellow—*A Psalm of Life.*

It is too late! Ah, nothing is too late
Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.
p. Longfellow—*Morituri Salutamus.* Line 240.

The every-day cares and duties, which men call drudgery, are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration, and its hands a regular motion; and when they cease to hang upon the wheels, the pendulum no longer swings, the hands no longer move, the clock stands still.
q. Longfellow—*Kavanagh.* Ch. XIII.

Time has laid his hand
Upon my heart, gently, not smiting it,
But as a harper lays his open palm
Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations.
r. Longfellow—*The Golden Legend.*

What is Time? The shadow on the dial,—the striking of the clock,—the running of the sand,—day and night,—summer and winter,—months, years, centuries;—these are but arbitrary and outward signs, the measure of Time, not Time itself. Time is the Life of the Soul.
s. Longfellow—*Hyperion.* Bk. II. Ch. VI.

But each day brings less summer cheer;
Crimps more our ineffectual spring,
And something earlier every year
Our singing birds take wing.
t. Lowell—*To———.*

Time is money.
u. Bulwer-Lytton—*Money.* Act III. Sc. 6.

However we pass Time, he passes still,
Passing away whatever the pastime,
And, whether we use him well or ill,
Some day he gives us the slip for the last time.
v. Owen Meredith—*The Dead Pope.*

Time, that returns not, errs not. Be content,
Knowing thus much: nor toil against the event
Whereto Time tends.
w. Owen Meredith—*Licinius.* Pt. IV. St. 2

When time is flown, how it fled
It is better neither to ask nor tell,
Leave the dead moments to bury their dead.
a. Owen Meredith—*The Wanderer.* Bk. IV. *Two out of the Crowd.* St. 17.

Time eftsoon will tumble
All of us together like leaves in a gust,
Humbled indeed down into the dust.
b. Joaquin Miller—*Fallen Leaves. Down into the Dust.* St. 5.

Day and night,
Seed-time and harvest, heat and hoary frost
Shall hold their course, till fire purge all things.
c. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XI. Line 898.

The never ending flight
Of future days.
d. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 221.

Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold.
e. Milton—*Hymn on the Nativity.* Line 135.

Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.
f. Edward Moore—*The Happy Marriage.*

This day was yesterday to-morrow nam'd:
To-morrow shall be yesterday proclaimed:
To-morrow not yet come, not far away,
What shall to-morrow then be call'd? To-day.
g. Owen—*To-Day and To-Morrow.* Bk. III. Line 50.

These are the times that try men's souls.
h. Thomas Paine—*The American Crisis.* No. 1.

Let time, that makes you homely, make you sage;
i. Parnell—*An Elegy to an Old Beauty.* Line 35.

The present is our own; but, while we speak,
We cease from its possession, and resign
The stage we tread on, to another race,
As vain, and gay, and mortal as ourselves.
j. Thomas Love Peacock—*Time.*

Time is lord of thee:
Thy wealth, thy glory, and thy name are his.
k. Thomas Love Peacock—*Time.*

Time, the foe of man's dominion,
Wheels around in ceaseless flight,
Scattering from his hoary pinion
Shades of everlasting night.
Still, beneath his frown appalling,
Man and all his works decay:
Still, before him, swiftly-falling,
Kings and kingdoms pass away.
l. Thomas Love Peacock—*The Genius of the Thames.* St. 42.

Whence is the stream of Time? What source supplies
It's everlasting flow? What gifted hand
Shall raise the veil by dark Oblivion spread,
And trace it to its spring? What searching eye
Shall pierce the mists that veil its onward course,
And read the future destiny of man?
m. Thomas Love Peacock—*Time.*

Seize time by the forelock.
n. Pittacus, *of Mytilene.*

Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.
o. Pope—*Winter.* Line 88.

Years follow'ng years, steal something ev'ry day;
At last they steal us from ourselves away.
p. Pope—*Imitations of Horace.* Bk. II. Ep. II. Line 72.

Expect, but fear not Death: Death cannot kill,
Till Time (that first must seal his patent) will.
Wouldst thou live long? keep Time in high esteem;
Whom gone, if thou canst not recall, redeem.
q. Quarles—*Hieroglyphics of the Life of Man.* Epigram VI.

Even such is Time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us, but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days.
r. Sir Walter Raleigh—*Verses Written the Night Before His Death.*

Come, gone,—gone forever,—
Gone as an unreturning river,—
Gone as to death the merriest liver,—
Gone as the year at the dying fall,—
To-morrow, to-day, yesterday, never,—
Gone once for all.
s. Christina G. Rossetti—*The Prince's Progress.* St. 62.

The long hours come and go.
t. Christina G. Rossetti—*The Prince's Progress.* St. 1.

Forever haltless hurries Time, the Durable to gain.
Be true, and thou shalt fetter Time with everlasting chain.
u. Schiller—*The Immutable.*

Threefold the stride of Time, from first to last!
Loitering slow, the Future creepeth—
Arrow-swift, the Present sweepeth—
And motionless forever stands the Past.
v. Schiller—*Sentence of Confucius.*

Time flies on restless pinions—constant never.
Be constant—and thou chainest time for ever.
a. Schiller—*Epigram.*

Time rolls his ceaseless course.
b. Scott—*The Lady of the Lake.* Canto III. St. 1.

And, looking on it, with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, It is ten o'clock;
Thus we may see, quoth he, how the world wags.
c. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 7.

Beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
d. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Come, what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.
e. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-lived phœnix in her blood;
Make glad and sorry seasons, as thou fleet'st,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world, and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime;
O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thy antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet, do thy worst, old Time; despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.
f. *Sonnet XIX.*

'Gainst the tooth of time,
And razure of oblivion.
g. *Measure for Measure.* Act V. Sc. 1.

How many ages hence,
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?
h. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Let's take the instant, by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time,
Steals, ere we can effect them.
i. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act V. Sc. 3.

O, call back yesterday, bid time return.
j. *Richard II.* Act III. Sc. 2.

O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
k. *Sonnet LXV.*

See the minutes how they run
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
l. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act II Sc. 5.

So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate.
m. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act II. Sc. 5.

The end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.
n. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

The ides of March are come.
Sooth.—Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.
o. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 1.

There's a time for all things.
p. *Comedy of Errors.* Act II. Sc. 2.

The same I am, ere ancient order was,
Or what is now receiv'd. I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning, and make stale
The glistering of this present.
q. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Chorus.

The time is out of joint.
r. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 5.

The whirligig of time brings in his revenges.
s. *Twelfth Night.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow.
t. *Sonnet LX.*

Time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.
u. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes;
Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As they are done.
v. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act III. Sc. 3

Time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: Welcome ever smiles.
a. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
b. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right,
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers.
c. *Rape of Lucrece.* Line 939.

Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides;
Who covers faults at last with shame derides.
d. *King Lear.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Time's the king of men;
He's both their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.
e. *Pericles.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop.
f. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 4.

Time travels in divers paces with divers people.
g. *As You Like It.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try.
h. *As You Like It.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.
i. *Merchant of Venice.* Act V. Sc. 1.

We trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a Christian.
j. *Henry VIII.* Act V. Sc. 2.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-razéd,
And brass eternal, slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate,—
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.
k. *Sonnet LXIV.*

Unfathomable Sea! whose waves are years,
Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep woe
Are brackish with the salt of human tears!
Thou shoreless flood, which in thy ebb and flow
Claspest the limits of mortality!
And sick of prey, yet howling on for more,
Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable shore,
Treacherous in calm, and terrible in storm,
Who shall put forth on thee,
Unfathomable sea?
l. Shelley—*Time.*

The flood of time is rolling on,
We stand upon its brink, whilst they are gone
To glide in peace down death's mysterious stream.
Have ye done well?
m. Shelley—*Revolt of Islam.* Canto XII. St. 27.

For the next win he spurs amain,
In haste alights, and scuds away,—
But time and tide for no man stay.
n. Wm. Somerville—*The Sweet-Scented Miser.* Line 98.

Time wears all his locks before,
Take thou hold upon his forehead;
When he flies, he turns no more,
And behind his scalp is naked.
Works adjourn'd have many stays;
Long demurs breed new delays.
o. Southwell—*St. Peter's Complaint.*

Too late I stayed,—forgive the crime;
Unheeded flew the hours,
How noiseless falls the foot of time
That only treads on flowers!
p. Spencer—*Lines to Lady A. Hamilton.*

I see that time divided is never long, and that regularity abridges all things.
q. Madame de Staël—*Abel Steven's Life of Madame de Staël.* Ch. XXXVIII.

Ever eating, never cloying,
All-devouring, all-destroying,
Never finding full repast
Till I eat the world at last.
r. Swift—*On Time.*

A wonderful stream is the River Time,
As it runs through the realms of Tears,
With a faultless rhythm, and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep, and a surge sublime
As it blends with the ocean of Years.
s. Benjamin F. Taylor—*The Long Ago.*

He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend:
Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure
For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel them.
t. Henry Taylor—*Philip Van Artevelde.* Act I. Sc. 5.

Come Time, and teach me, many years,
I do not suffer in dream;
For now so strange do these things seem,
Mine eyes have leisure for their tears.
a. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. XIII.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.
b. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. CV.

Yes, gentle Time, thy gradual, healing hand,
Hath stolen from Sorrow's grasp the envenomed dart;
Submitting to thy skill, my passive heart
Feels that no grief can thy soft power withstand.
c. MARY TIGHE—*Psyche, with Other Poems. To Time.*

Time tries the troth in everything.
d. TUSSER—*Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandrie. The Author's Epistle.* Ch. I.

Time destroys all things, even the powers of the mind.
e. VIRGIL—*Bucolics.* Ep. IX. 51.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made,
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
f. WALLER—*On Divine Poems.* Line 13.

Wind the mighty secrets of the past,
And turn the key of time!
g. HENRY KIRKE WHITE—*Time.* Line 249.

Nought treads so silent as the foot of time;
Hence we mistake our Autumn for our prime.
h. YOUNG—*Love of Fame.* Satire V. Line 497.

Procrastination is the thief of time—
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
i. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night I. Line 390.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss: to give it then a tongue
Is wise in man.
j. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night I. Line 55.

Time elaborately thrown away.
k. YOUNG—*The Last Day.* Bk. I.

Time in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep decrepit with his age;
Behold him when pass'd by: what then is seen
But his broad pinions swifter than the wind.
l. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 139.

Time is eternity;
Pregnant with all eternity can give;
Pregnant with all that makes archangels smile.
Who murders time, he crushes in the birth
A power ethereal, only not adorn'd.
m. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 107.

Time wasted is existence, used is life.
n. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 149.

We push time from us, and we wish him back;
Life we think long and short; death seek and shun.
o. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 274.

We see time's furrows on another's brow,
How few themselves in that just mirror see!
p. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night V. Line 627.

While man is growing, life is in decrease,
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb;
Our birth is nothing but our death begun.
q. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night V. Line 717.

Youth is not rich in time, it may be poor;
Part with it as with money, sparing; pay
No moment, but in purchase of its worth;
And what it's worth, ask death-beds; they can tell.
r. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 48.

TOASTS.

The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth:
Now the king drinks to Hamlet.
s. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen;
Here's to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean;
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass;
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.
t. SHERIDAN—*School for Scandal.* Act III. Sc. 3.

TO-DAY.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own:
He who, secure within himself can say,
To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have liv'd to-day.
u. DRYDEN—*Imitation of Horace.* Bk. I. Ode XXIX. Line 65.

To-day is a king in disguise. To-day always looks mean to the thoughtless, in the face of an uniform experience, that all good and great and happy actions are made up precisely of these blank to-days. Let us not be so deceived. Let us unmask the king as he passes.
v. EMERSON—*Lecture on the Times.* December, 2, 1841.

TO-MORROW.

Dreaming of a to-morrow, which to-morrow
Will be as distant then as 'tis to-day.
a. Tome Burguillos—*To-Morrow, and To-Morrow. John Bowring,* Translator.

Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise;
Or should to-morrow chance to cheer thy sight
With her enlivening and unlook'd for light,
How grateful will appear her dawning rays,
As favours unexpected doubly please.
b. Congreve—*Letter to Cobham.*

To-morrow's fate, though thou be wise,
Thou canst not tell nor yet surmise;
Pass, therefore, not to-day in vain,
For it will never come again.
c. Omar Khayyam—*Bodenstedt,* Translator.

To-morrow will be another day.
d. Longfellow—*Kéramos.* Line 351.

To-morrow you will live, you always cry;
In what country does this morrow lie
That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?
'Tis so far fetched, this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear.
To-morrow I will live, the fool does say:
To-day itself's too late; the wise lived yesterday.
e. Martial—*Panorama of Wit.*

To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.
f. Milton—*Lycidas.* Line 193.

To-morrow the dreams and flowers will fade.
g. Moore—*Lalla Rookh. The Light of the Harem.*

To-morrow is—ah, whose?
h. D. M. Mulock—*Between Two Worlds.*

There is no morrow: Though before our face
The shadow named so stretches, we alway
Fail to o'ertake it, hasten as we may.
i. Margaret J. Preston—*One Day.*

To-morrow! What delight is in to-morrow!
What laughter and what music, breathing joy,
Float from the woods and pastures, wavering down
Dropping like echoes through the long to-day,
Where childhood waits with weary expectation.
j. T. B. Read—*The New Pastoral.* Bk. VI.

To-morrow comes, and we are where?
Then let us live to-day!
k. Schiller—*The Victory Feast.* St. 13.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death.
l. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 5.

To-morrow and to-morrow are as lamps
Set in our path to light us to the edge
Through rough and smooth.
m. Shelley—*Hellas. Mahmud to Attendant.*

Where art thou beloved To-morrow?
When young and old, and strong and weak,
Rich and poor, through joy and sorrow,
Thy sweet smiles we ever seek,—
In thy place—ah! well-a-day!
We find the thing we fled—To-day!
n. Shelley—*To-Morrow.*

To-morrow yet would reap to-day,
As we bear blossoms of the dead;
Earn well the thrifty months, nor wed
Raw Haste, half sister to Delay.
o. Tennyson—*Love Thou the Land.*

How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
"Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see
How he persists to knock and wait for thee!"
And, O! how often to that voice of sorrow,
"To-morrow we will open," I replied,
And when the morrow came I answered still,
"To-morrow."
p. Lope de Vega—*To-Morrow. Longfellow,* Translator.

In human hearts what bolder thoughts can rise,
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn!
Where is to-morrow?
q. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night I. Line 374.

To-morrow is a satire on to-day,
And shows its weakness.
r. Young—*Old Man's Relapse.* Line 6.

Some say "to-morrow" never comes,
A saying oft thought right;
But if "to-morrow" never came,
No end were of to-night.
The fact is this, time flies so fast,
That e'er we've time to say
"To-morrow's come," presto! behold!
"To-morrow" proves "To-day."
s. *Author Unknown. From Notes and Queries.* 4th Series. Vol. XII.

TONGUES.

I should think your tongue had broken its chain!
t. Longfellow—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. IV.

We may see the cunning and curious work of Nature, which hath barred and hedged nothing in so strongly as the tongue, with two rowes of teeth, and therewith two lips, besid[e]s she hath placed it farre from the heart, that it shoulde not utter that which the heart had conceived, this also shoulde cause us to be silent, seeinge those that use much talke, though they speake truely are never beleeved.

a. LYLY—*Euphues. The Anatomy of Wit. Of the Education of Youth.*

Tongues that syllable men's names.

b. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 208.

My tongue's use is to me no more,
Than an unstringed viol, or a harp.

c. *Richard II.* Act I. Sc. 3.

My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.

d. *Comedy of Errors.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

On the tip of his subduing tongue
All kind of arguments and question deep,
All replication prompt and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep;
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will.

e. *Lover's Complaint.* Line 122.

Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall evil sayings show.

f. *As You Like It.* Act III. Sc. 2.

To many men well fitting doors are not se on their tongues.

g. THEOGNIS—*Maxims.* Line 322.

Is there a tongue, like Delia's o'er her cup,
That runs for ages without winding up?

h. YOUNG—*Love of Fame.* Satire I. Line 281.

TRAVELLING.

The travelled mind is the catholic mind educated from exclusiveness and egotism.

i. ALCOTT—*Table-Talk. Travelling.*

Travelling is no fool's errand to him who carries his eyes and itinerary along with him.

j. ALCOTT—*Table-Talk. Travelling.*

Travel makes all men country men, makes people noblemen and kings, every man tasting of liberty and dominion.

k. ALCOTT—*Concord Days. April. Self-Privacy.*

Go far, too far you cannot, still the farther
The more experience finds you: And go sparing;
One meal a week will serve you, and one suit,
Through all your travels; for you'll find it certain,
The poorer and the baser you appear,
The more you look through still.

l. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—*The Woman's Prize.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

One who journeying
Along a way he knows not, having crossed
A place of drear extent, before him sees
A river rushing swiftly toward the deep,
And all its tossing current white with foam,
And stops, and turns, and measures back his way.

m. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. V. Line 749.

Yon sun that sets upon the sea,
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native land—good night!

n. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto I. St. 13. *Song.*

He travels safest in the dark who travels lightest.

o. CORTEZ—*Prescott's Conquest of Mexico.* Bk. V. Ch. III.

In travelling
I shape myself betimes to idleness
And take fools' pleasure.

q. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. I.

Know most of the rooms of thy native country before thou goest over the threshold thereof.

p. FULLER—*The Holy and Profane States. Travelling.*

Am I here at last?
Wandering at will through the long porticoes,
And catching, as through some majestic grove,
Now the blue ocean, and now, chaos-like,
Mountains and mountain-gulfs; and half-way up,
Towns like the living rock from which they grew?
A cloudy region, black and desolate,
Where once a slave withstood a world in arms.

r. ROGERS—*Italy. Pœstum.*

Farewell, Monsieur traveller. Look you lisp and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country.

s. *As You Like It.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.

t. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act II. Sc. 2.

I spoke of most disastr'us chances;
* * * * * * *
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance. In my traveller's history,
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
(Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak,) such was my process;—
And of the Cannibals that each other eat.

u. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Travell'd gallants
That fill the court with quarrels, talk and tailors.
a. *Henry VIII.* Act I. Sc. 3.

When I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.
b. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 4.

We are two travellers, Roger and I;
Roger's my dog.
c. J. T. Trowbridge—*The Vagabonds.*

TREASON.

O that a soldier so glorious, ever victorious in fight,
Passed from a daylight of honor into the terrible night;
Fell as the mighty archangel, ere the earth glowed in space, fell—
Fell from the patriot's heaven down to the loyalist's hell!
d. Thos. Dunn English—*Arnold at Stillwater.*

Rebellion must be managed with many swords; treason to his prince's person may be with one knife.
e. Fuller—*Holy and Profane States. The Traitor.*

Treason doth never prosper: what's the reason?
Why if it prosper, none dare call it treason.
f. Sir John Harrington—*Epigrams.* Bk. IV. Ep. V.

The man, who pauses on the paths of treason,
Halts on a quicksand, the first step engulphs him.
g. Aaron Hill—*Henry V.*

For while the treason I detest,
The traitor still I love.
h. Hoole—*Metastatio. Romulus and Hersilia.* Act I. Sc. 5.

The traitor to Humanity is the traitor most accursed;
Man is more than Constitutions; better rot beneath the sod,
Than be true to Church and State while we are doubly false to God?
i. Lowell—*On the Capture of Certain Fugitive Slaves near Washington.*

Hast thou betrayed my credulous innocence
With vizor'd falsehood and base forgery?
j. Milton—*Comus.* Line 697.

Oh, colder than the wind that freezes
Founts, that but now in sunshine play'd,
Is that congealing pang which seizes
The trusting bosom, when betray'd.
k. Moore—*Lalla Rookh. The Fire Worshippers.*

Et tu Brute?—Then fall, Cæsar.
l. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 1.

I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake,
The private wound is deepest.
m. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act V. Sc. 4.

I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
n. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act III. Sc. 2.

Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare gnawn, and canker-bit.
o. *King Lear.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day.
p. *Henry IV.* Part I. Act V. Sc. 5.

Some guard these traitors to the block of death;
Treason's true bed, and yielder up of death.
q. *Henry IV.* Part II. Act IV. Sc. 2.

Some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.
r. *Richard II.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Talk'st thou to me of ifs?—Thou art a traitor:—
Off with his head.
s. *Richard III.* Act III. Sc. 4.

The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wiped it out;
Destroy'd his country; and his name remains
To the ensuing age abhorr'd.
t. *Coriolanus.* Act V. Sc. 3.

There's such divinity doth hedge a King,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.
u. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

Though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.
v. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself.
w. *As You Like It.* Act I. Sc. 3.

To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master;
And cried—all hail! whereas he meant—all harm.
x. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act V. Sc. 7.

Treason, and murder, ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause,
That admiration did not whoop at them.
y. *Henry V.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Treason is but trusted like the fox;
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and locked up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
z. *Henry IV.* Part I. Act V. Sc. 2.

TREES AND PLANTS.

Part I.—Unclassified Arbora.

Without doubt, better trees there might be than even the most noble and beautiful now. I suppose God has, in His thoughts, much better ones than he has ever planted on this globe. They are reserved for the glorious land. Beneath them may we walk!

a. Henry Ward Beecher—*Star Papers. London National Gallery.*

The place is all awave with trees,
Limes, myrtles, purple-beaded;
Acacias having drunk the lees
Of the night-dew faint headed;
And wan, grey olive-woods, which seem
The fittest foliage for a dream.

b. E. B. Browning—*An Island.*

Stranger if thou hast learned a truth which needs
No school of long experience, that the world
Is full of guilt and misery, and hast seen
Enough of all its sorrows, crimes and cares,
To tire thee of it, enter this wild wood
And view the haunts of Nature. The calm shade
Shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze
That makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm
To thy sick heart.

c. Bryant—*Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood.*

The shad-bush white with flowers,
Brightened the glens; the new leaved butternut
And quivering poplar to the roving breeze
Gave a balsamic fragrance.

d. Bryant—*The Old Man's Counsel.*

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication.

e. Bryant—*A Forest Hymn.*

No tree in all the grove but has its charms
Though each its hue peculiar.

f. Cowper—*The Task.* Bk. I. Line 307.

The myrtle tree, the orange wild,
The cypress' flexile bough,
The holly with its polished leaves,
Are all before me now.

g. Caroline Gilman—*The Plantation.*

The garden trees are busy with the shower
That fell ere sunset: now methinks they talk,
Lowly and sweetly as befits the hour,
One to another down the grassy walk.
Hark the laburnum; from his opening flower
This cherry-creeper greets in whisper light,
While the grim fir, rejoicing in the night,
Hoarse mutters to the murmuring sycamore.

h. Hallam—*Remains, in Verse and Prose.*

Where is the pride of Summer,—the green prime,—
The many, many leaves all twinkling? Three
On the mossed elm; three on the naked lime
Trembling,—and one upon the old oak tree!
Where is the Dryad's immortality?

i. Hood—*Ode. Autumn.*

It was the noise
Of ancient trees falling while all was still
Before the storm, in the long interval
Between the gathering clouds and that light breeze
Which Germans call the Wind's bride.

j. Leland—*The Fall of the Trees.*

This is the forest primeval.

k. Longfellow—*Evangeline.* Pt. I.

Oh! proudly then the forest kings
Their banners lift o'er vale and mount;
And cool and fresh the wild grass springs,
By lonely path, by sylvan fount;
There, o'er the fair leaf-laden rill
The laurel sheds her cluster'd bloom,
And throned upon the rock-wreathed hill
The rowan waves his scarlet plume.

l. Edith May—*A Forest Scene.*

Amid them stood the tree of life,
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold.

m. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 218.

Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene, and as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view.

n. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 139.

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.

o. George P. Morris—*Woodman, Spare That Tree.*

The sappy boughs
Attire themselves with blooms, sweet rudiments
Of future harvest.
a. JOHN PHILIPS—*Cider.* Bk. II. Line 437.

Grove nods at grove.
b. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. IV. Line 117.

The highest and most lofty trees have the most reason to dread the thunder.
c. ROLLIN—*Ancient History.* Bk. VI. Ch II.

A barren, detested vale, you see, it is;
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe.
d. *Titus Andronicus.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
e. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 1.

I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it.
f. *Timon of Athens.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see no enemy,
But winter and rough weather.
g. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 5.

Will these moss'd trees,
That have out-liv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out?
h. *Timon of Athens.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Now all the tree-tops lay asleep
Like green waves on the sea,
As still as in the silent deep
The ocean-woods may be.
i. SHELLEY—*The Recollection.*

And foorth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
Joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
Seemed in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
Much can they praise the trees so straight and hy,
The sayling Pine; the Cedar proud and tall;
The vine-propp Elme; the Poplar never dry;
The builder Oake, sole king of forrests all;
The Aspine good for staves; the Cypresse funerall.

The Laurell, meed of mightie conquerours
And poets sage; the Firre that weepeth still;
The Willow, worne of forlorne Paramours;
The Eugh, obedient to the benders will;
The Birch, for shafts; the Sallow for the mill;
The Mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound;
The warlike Beech; the Ash for nothing ill;
The fruitfull Olive; and the Platane round;
The carver Holme; the Maple seldom inward sound.
j. SPENSER—*Fœrie Queene.* Bk. I. Canto I. St. 8.

The woods appear
With crimson blotches deeply dashed and crossed,—
Sign of the fatal pestilence of Frost.
k. BAYARD TAYLOR—*The Soldier and the Pard.* St. 38.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And drowned in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.
l. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.*

O Love, what hours were thine and mine,
In lands of palm and southern pine;
In lands of palm, of orange-blossom,
Of olive, aloe, and maize, and wine.
m. TENNYSON—*The Daisy.*

The birch-tree swang her fragrant hair,
The bramble cast her berry.
The gin within the juniper
Began to make him merry,
The poplars, in long order due,
With cypress promenaded,
The shock-head willows two and two
By rivers gallopaded.
n. TENNYSON—*Amphion.* St. 5.

The woods are hush'd, their music is no more,
The leaf is dead, the yearning past away;
New leaf, new life, the days of frost are o'er:
New life, new love, to suit the newer day;
New loves are sweet as those that went before:
Free love—free field—we love but while we may.
o. TENNYSON—*Idyls of the King. Last Tournament.* Line 282.

Bear me, Pomona! to thy citron groves,
To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
With the deep orange glowing through the green,
Their lighter glories blend.
p. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Summer.* Line 663.

But see the fading many-colour'd woods,
Shade deep'ning over shade, the country round
Imbrown; crowded umbrage, dusk and dun
Of every hue, from wan-declining green
To sooty dark.
q. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Autumn.* Line 948

Some to the holly hedge
Nestling repair; and to the thicket some;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn.

a. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 636.

Welcome, ye shades! ye bowery thickets hail!
Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks!
Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!
Delicious is your shelter to the soul.

b. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Summer.* Line 469.

Fair Tree! for thy delightful shade
'Tis just that some return be made;
Sure some return is due from me
To thy cool shadows, and to thee.
When thou to birds dost shelter give
Thou music dost from them receive;
If travellers beneath thee stay
Till storms have worn themselves away,
That time in praising thee they spend,
And thy protecting power commend;
The shepherd here, from scorching freed,
Tunes to thy dancing leaves his reed,
Whilst his loved nymph in thanks bestows
Her flowery chaplets on thy boughs.

c. LADY WINCHILSEA—*The Tree.*

Part II.—Classified Arbora.

ACACIA.

Acacia.

A great acacia with its slender trunk
And overpoise of multitudinous leaves,
(In which a hundred fields might spill their dew
And intense verdure, yet find room enough)
Stood reconciling all the place with green.

d. E. B. BROWNING—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. VI.

The lawn,
Which, after sweeping broadly round the house,
Went trickling through the shrubberies in a stream
Of tender turf, and wore and lost itself
Among the acacias, over which you saw
The irregular line of elms by the deep lane
Which stopped the grounds and dammed the overflow
Of arbutus and laurel.

e. E. B. BROWNING—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. I.

Pluck the acacia's golden balls,
And mark where the red pomegranate falls.

f. JULIA C. R. DORR—*Under the Palm-Trees.*

Light-leaved acacias, by the door,
Stood up in balmy air,
Clusters of blossomed moonlight bore,
And breathed a perfume rare.

g. GEORGE MACDONALD—*Song of the Spring Nights.* Pt. I.

Rocks are rough, but smiling there
Th' acacia waves her yellow hair,
Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less
For flow'ring in a wilderness.

h. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. The Fire Worshippers.*

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,
As the pimpernel dozed on the lee;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me.
The lilies and roses were all awake
They sighed for the dawn and thee.

i. TENNYSON—*Maud.* Pt. XXII.

ALMOND.

Amygdalus Communis.

Almond blossom, sent to teach us
That the spring days soon will reach us.

j. EDWIN ARNOLD—*Almond Blossoms.*

Blossom of the almond trees,
April's gift to April's bees.

k. EDWIN ARNOLD—*Almond Blossoms.*

With a bee in every bell,
Almond bloom, we greet thee well.

l. EDWIN ARNOLD—*Almond Blossoms.*

White as the blossoms which the almond tree,
Above its bald and leafless branches bears.

m. MARGARET J. PRESTON—*The Royal Preacher.* St. 5.

Like to an almond tree ymounted hye
On top of greene Selinis all alone,
With blossoms brave bedecked daintily;
Whose tender locks do tremble every one,
At everie little breath that under heaven is blowne.

n. SPENSER—*Fœrie Queene.* Bk. I. Canto VII. St. 32.

APPLE.

Pyrus Malus.

What plant we in this apple-tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowering springs
To load the May-wind's restless wings,
When from the orchard-row, he pours
Its fragrance through the open doors;
A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple tree.
a. BRYANT—*The Planting of the Apple Tree.*

The blossoms and leaves in plenty
From the apple tree fall each day;
The merry breezes approach them,
And with them merrily play.
b. HEINE—*Book of Songs. Lyrical Interlude.* No. 64.

Fragrant blossoms fringe the apple boughs.
c. AMELIA B. WELBY—*Hopeless Love.*

ASH.

Fraxinus.

The ash her purple drops forgivingly
And sadly, breaking not the general hush;
The maple swamps glow like a sunset sea,
Each leaf a ripple with its separate flash;
All round the wood's edge creeps the skirting blaze,
Of bushes low as when on cloudy days
Ere the rain falls, the cautious farmer burns his brush.
d. LOWELL—*An Indian-Summer Reverie.* St. 11.

ASPEN.

Populus Tremuloides.

At that awful hour of the Passion, when the Saviour of the world felt deserted in His agony, when—

'The sympathising sun his light withdrew,
And wonder'd how the stars their dying Lord could view'—

when earth, shaken with horror, rung the passing bell for Deity, and universal nature groaned; then from the loftiest tree to the lowliest flower all felt a sudden thrill, and trembling, bowed their heads, all save the proud and obdurate aspen, which said, 'Why should we weep and tremble? we trees, and plants, and flowers are pure and never sinned!' Ere it ceased to speak, an involuntary trembling seized its every leaf, and the word went forth that it should never rest, but tremble on until the day of judgment.
e. *Legend. From Notes and Queries.* First Series. Vol. VI. No. 161.

Beneath a shivering canopy reclined,
Of aspen leaves that wave without a wind,
I love to lie, when lulling breezes stir
The spiry cones that tremble on the fir.
f. JOHN LEYDEN—*Noontide.*

And the wind, full of wantonness, wooes like a lover
The young aspen-trees till they tremble all over.
g. MOORE—*Light of the Harem.*

BARBERRY.

Berberis.

The barberry bush—the poor man's bush!
Its yellow blossoms hang.
h. CAROLINE GILMAN—*Return to Massachusetts.*

BRIER.

Hard by his side grewe a bragging Brere,
Which proudly thrust into Thelement,
And seemed to threat the Firmament:
It was embellisht with blossomes fayre,
And thereto aye wonned to repayre
The shepheard's daughters to gather flowres,
To peinct their girlonds with his colowres;
And in his small bushes used to shrowde
The sweete Nightingale singing so lowde.
i. SPENSER—*Shepheard's Callender. Februarie.*

BROOM.

Spartium Scoparius.

Far dearer to me yon humble broom bowers,
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen;
For there, lightly tripping among the wild flowers,
A listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean,
j. BURNS—*Caledonia.*

The broom;
Yellow and bright, as bullion unalloy'd,
Her blossoms.
k. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. VI. Line 170.

The broom
Contends in beauty with the hawthorn bloom
And budding rose!
l. EBENEZER ELLIOTT—*Come and Gone.*

The broom's betroth'd to the bee.
m. HOOD—*Flowers.*

O the broom, the yellow broom!
The ancient poet sung it,
And dear it is on summer days
To lie at rest among it.
* * * * *
Take all the rest; but give me this
And the bird that nestles in it,
I love it for it loves the broom,
The green and yellow linnet.
n. MARY HOWITT—*The Broom-Flower.*

'Twas that delightful season, when the broom,
Full flowered and visible in every steep,
Along the copses runs in veins of gold.
o. WORDSWORTH—*To Joanna.*

CEDAR.

Juniperus.

O'er yon bare knoll the pointed cedar shadows
Drowse on the crisp, gray moss.
a. LOWELL—*An Indian-Summer Reverie.*

Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle.
b. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act V. Sc. 2.

High on a hill a goodly Cedar grewe,
Of wond'rous length, and streight proportion,
That farre abroad her daintie odours threwe;
'Mongst all the daughters of proud Libanon,
Her match in beautie was not anie one.
c. SPENSER—*Visions of the World's Vanitie.* St. 7.

CHERRY.

Cerasus.

In the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,
Green cowbind and the moonlight-colored May,
And cherry blossoms, and white cups whose wine
Was the bright dew yet drained not by the day.
d. SHELLEY—*The Question.*

CHESTNUT.

Castanea.

The chestnuts, lavish of their long-hid gold,
To the faint Summer, beggared now and old,
Pour back the sunshine hoarded 'neath her favoring eye.
e. LOWELL—*An Indian-Summer Reverie.*

When I see the chestnut letting
All her lovely blossoms falter down, I think "Alas the day!"
f. JEAN INGELOW—*The Warbling of Blackbirds.*

CITRON.

Citrus Medica.

Awake! the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sweet.
g. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. V. Line 20.

ELCAYA.

Trichiliaemetica.

The sweet Elcaya and that courteous tree
Which bows to all who seek its canopy.
h. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.*

ELDER.

Sambucus.

O leave the elder-bloom, fair maids!
And listen to my lay.
i. COLERIDGE—*Introduction to the Tale of the Dark Ladie.*

ELM.

Ulmus.

Under the cooling shadow of a stately elm,
Close sate I by a goodly river's side,
Where gliding streams the rock did overwhelm;
A lonely place, with pleasure dignified.
I, once that loved the shady woods so well,
Now thought the rivers did the trees excel,
And if the sun would ever shine, there would I dwell.
j. ANNE BRADSTREET—*Contemplation.* St. 1.

Great elms o'erhead
Dark shadows wove on their aërial looms,
Shot through with golden thread.
k. LONGFELLOW—*Hawthorne.*

In crystal vapor everywhere
Blue eyes of heaven laughed between,
And, far in forest-deeps unseen,
The topmost elm-tree gather'd green
From draughts of balmy air.
l. TENNYSON—*Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere.*

FIR.

Abies.

A lonely fir tree is standing
On a northern barren height;
It sleeps, and the ice and snow-drift
Cast round it a garment of white.
m. HEINE—*Book of Songs. Lyrical Interlude.* No. 35.

Kindles the gummy bark of fir or pine,
And sends a comfortable heat from far,
Which might supply the Sun.
n. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. X. Line 1076.

HAWTHORN.

Cratægus Oxyacanthus.

The hawthorn I will pu' wi' its lock o' siller gray,
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day.
o. BURNS—*O Luve Will Venture In.*

The hawthorn trees blow in the dews of the morning.
p. BURNS—*The Chevalier's Lament.*

Yet all beneath the unrivall'd rose,
The lowly daisy sweetly blows;
Tho' large the forest's monarch throws
His army shade,
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows,
Adown the glade.
q. BURNS—*The Vision.* Duan II.

The primrose to the grave is gone;
The hawthorn flower is dead;
The violet by the moss'd gray stone
Hath laid her weary head.
a. EBENEZER ELLIOTT—*To the Bramble Flower.*

Yet walk with me where hawthorns hide
The wonders of the lane.
b. EBENEZER ELLIOTT—*The Wonders of the Lane.* Line 3.

The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
c. GOLDSMITH—*The Deserted Village.* Line 13.

And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
d. MILTON—*L'Allegro.* Line 67.

Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing,
Now hawthorns blossom.
e. POPE—*Spring.* Line 41.

Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
f. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act II. Sc. 5.

The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy forest stands displayed,
In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales.
g. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Spring.* Line 89.

HEMLOCK.

O hemlock tree! O hemlock tree! how faithful are thy branches!
Green not alone in summer time,
But in the winter's frost and rime!
O hemlock tree! O hemlock tree! how faithful are thy branches!
h. LONGFELLOW—*The Hemlock Tree.*

HICKORY.

Carya.

Under the hickory-tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noonday shade,
And listened to Appleton's mill.
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet which crawls round the walls as you gaze
Has followed the olden din.
i. THO'S DUNN ENGLISH—*Ben Bolt.*

HOLLY.

Ilex.

Green, slender, leaf-clad holly-boughs,
Were twisted gracefu round her brows;
I took her for some Scottish muse,
By that same token;
An' come to stop those reckless vows,
Would soon be broken.
j. BURNS—*The Vision.* Duan I. St. 9.

Those hollies of themselves a shape
As of an arbor took.
k. COLERIDGE—*The Three Graves.* Pt. IV. St. 24.

Cold grew the foggy morn, the day was brief,
Loose on the cherry hung the crimson leaf;
The dew dwelt ever on the herb; the woods
Roared with strong blasts, with mighty showers the floods;
All green was vanished save of pine and yew,
That still displayed their melancholy hue;
Save the green holly with its berries red,
And the green moss that o'er the gravel spread.
l. CRABBE—*Tales of the Hall.*

And as when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The Holly leaves their fadeless hues display
Less bright than they;
But, when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the holly-tree?
m. SOUTHEY—*The Holly-Tree.*

O reader! hast thou ever stood to see
The holly-tree?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves
Ordered by an intelligence so wise
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.
n. SOUTHEY—*The Holly-Tree.* St. 1.

LILAC.

Syringa Vulgaris.

The lilac spreads odorous essence.
o. JEAN INGELOW—*Laurance.* Pt. III.

I am thinking of the lilac-trees,
That shook their purple plumes,
And when the sash was open,
Shed fragrance through the room.
p. MRS. STEPHENS—*The Old Apple-Tree.*

The purple clusters load the lilac-bushes.
q. AMELIA B. WELBY—*Hopeless Love.*

LINDEN.

Tilia.

The linden in the fervors of July
Hums with a louder concert.
r. BRYANT—*Among the Trees.*

If thou lookest on the lime-leaf,
Thou a heart's form will discover;
Therefore are the lindens ever
Chosen seats of each fond lover.
s. HEINE—*Book of Songs. New Spring.* No. 31.

LOTUS.

Zizyphus Lotus.

Where drooping lotos-flowers, distilling balm,
Dream by the drowsy streamlets Sleep hath crowned,
And Care forgets to sigh, and Patience conquers Pain.
t. PAUL H. HAYNE—*Sonnet.*

The lote-tree, springing by Alla's throne,
Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf.
a. MOORE—*Lalla Rookh. Paradise and the Peri.*

They wove the lotus band to deck
And fan with pensile wreath each neck;
And every guest to shade his head
Three little fragrant chaplets spread;
And one was of th' Egyptian leaf,
The rest were roses, fair and brief;
While from a golden vase profound
To all on flowery beds around,
A Hebe of celestial shape,
Poured the rich droppings of the grape.
b. MOORE—*Odes of Anacreon.* Ode LXIX.

A spring there is, whose silver waters show,
Clear as a glass the shining sands below:
A flowering lotos spreads its arms above,
Shades all the banks, and seems itself a grove.
c. POPE—*Sappho to Phaon.* Line 177.

The lotos bowed above the tide and dreamed.
d. MARGARET J. PRESTON—*Rhodope's Sandal.*

MAGNOLIA.

Magnolia.

Fragrant o'er all the western groves
The tall magnolia towers unshaded.
e. MARIA BROOKS—*Written on Seeing Pharamond.*

A languid magnolia showers
From its shivering leaflets, the dew;
'Tis lonely and bare of its flowers,
That decked once its branches with blue.
f. THEUDOBACH—*The Transplanted Magnolia.*

MAHOGANY.

Swietenia Mahogani.

Christmas is here:
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,
Little care we:
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The Mahogany-Tree.
g. THACKERAY—*The Mahogany-Tree.*

MAPLE.

Acer Saccharinum.

That was a day of delight and wonder,
While lying the shade of the maple trees under—
He felt the soft breeze at its frolicksome play;
He smelled the sweet odor of newly mown hay,
Of wilding blossoms in meadow and wood,
And flowers in the garden that orderly stood;
He drank of the milk foaming fresh from the cow,
He ate the ripe apple just pulled from the bough;
And lifted his hand to where hung in his reach,
All laden with honey, the ruddy-cheeked peach;
Beside him the blackberries juicy and fresh;
Before him the melon with odorous flesh;
There he had all for his use or his vision,
All that the wishes of mortal could seize—
There where he lay in a country Elysian,
Happily, dreamily,
Under the trees.
h. THO'S DUNN ENGLISH—*Under the Trees.*

MULBERRY.

Morus.

O the mulberry-tree is of trees the queen!
Bare long after the rest are green;
But as time steals onwards, while none perceives
Slowly she clothes herself with leaves—
Hides her fruit under them, hard to find.

* * * * * * *

But by and by, when the flowers grow few
And the fruits are dwindling and small to view—
Out she comes in her matron grace
With the purple myriads of her race;
Full of plenty from root to crown,
Showering plenty her feet adown.
While far over head hang gorgeously
Large luscious berries of sanguine dye,
For the best grows highest, always highest,
Upon the mulberry-tree.
i. D. M. MULOCK—*The Mulberry-Tree.*

OAK.

Quercus.

Young Oak! when I planted thee deep in the ground,
I hoped that thy days would be longer than mine;
That thy dark-waving branches would flourish around
And ivy thy trunk with its mantle entwine.
j. BYRON—*To an Oak at Newstead.*

A song to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in the greenwood long;
Here's health and renown to his broad green crown,
And his fifty arms so strong.
There's fear in his frown when the Sun goes down,
And the fire in the West fades out;
And he showeth his might on a wild midnight,
When the storm through his branches shout.
k. H. F. CHORLEY—*The Brave Old Oak.*

The oak, when living, monarch of the wood;
The English oak, which, dead, commands the flood.
l. CHURCHILL—*Gotham.* I. 303.

Old noted oak! I saw thee in a mood
Of vague indifference; and yet with me
Thy memory, like thy fate, hath lingering stood
For years, thou hermit, in the lonely sea
Of grass that waves around thee!
a. Clare—*The Rural Muse. Burthorp Oak.*

The monarch oak, the patriarch of the trees,
Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow degrees.
Three centuries he grows, and three he stays
Supreme in state; and in three more decays.
b. Dryden—*Palamon and Arcite.* Bk. III. Line 1058.

On the old oak's stems in splendour
Glorious blossoms fast unfold;
Foreign blossoms fall, and tender
Breezes greet us as of old.
c. Heine—*Miscellaneous Poems. Germany.* 1815.

Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir.
d. Keats—*Hyperion.* Bk. I. Line 73.

The proud tree low bendeth its vigorous form,
Whose freshness and strength have braved many a storm;
And the sturdy oak shakes that ne'er trembled before
Though the years of its glory outnumber three-score.
e. Mrs. Kinney—*The Woodman.*

The tall Oak, towering to the skies,
The fury of the wind defies,
From age to age, in virtue strong,
Inured to stand and suffer wrong.
f. Montgomery—*The Oak.*

Hail, hidden to the knees in fern,
Broad Oak of Sumner-chace
Whose topmost branches can discern
The roofs of Sumner-place!
g. Tennyson—*The Talking Oak.*

There grewe an aged Tree on the greene,
A goodly Oake sometime had it bene,
With armes full strong and largely displayd,
But of their leaves they were disarayde:
The bodie bigge, and mightely pight,
Thoroughly rooted, and of wond'rous hight;
Whilome had bene the King of the field,
And mochell mast to the husband did yielde,
And with his nuts larded many swine:
But now the gray mosse marred his rine;
His bared boughes were beaten with stormes,
His toppe was bald, and wasted with wormes,
His honour decayed, his braunches sere.
h. Spenser—*Shepheard's Callender. Februarie.*

OLIVE.

Olea Europœa.

The olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long.
i. Milton—*Paradise Regained.* Bk. IV. Line 244.

ORANGE.

Citrus Aurantium.

The orange tree has fruit and flowers;
The grendilla, in its bloom,
Hangs o'er its high, luxuriant bowers,
Like fringes from a Tyrian loom.
j. Maria Brooks—*Farewell to Cuba.*

The fragrant orange flowers,
Fall to earth in silver showers.
k. Julia C. R. Dorr—*Agnes.*

Yes, sing the song of the orange tree,
With its leaves of velvet green;
With its luscious fruit of sunset hue,
The fairest that ever were seen;
The grape may have its bacchanal verse,
To praise the fig we are free;
But homage I pay to the queen of all,
The glorious orange tree.
l. J. K. Hoyt—*The Orange Tree.*

The orange with the lime tree vies
In shedding rich perfume.
m. Maria James—*Ode for the Fourth of July.*

Beneath some orange trees,
Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
Were wantoning together free,
Like age at play with infancy.
n. Moore—*Lalla Rookh. Paradise and the Peri.*

Every orange-bud
Hung languid o'er the crystal flood,
Faint as the lids of maiden's eyes
When love-thoughts in her bosom rise.
o. Moore—*I Stole Along the Flowery Bank.*

If I were yonder orange tree
And thou the blossom blooming there,
I would not yield a breath of thee
To scent the most imploring air.
p. Moore—*If I Were Yonder Wave, My Dear.*

PALM.

Phœnix Dactylifera.

The palm-tree standeth so straight and so tall,
The more the hail beats, and the more the rain falls.
q. Longfellow—*Annie of Tharaw. Trans. from the German of Simon Dach.*

Next to thee, O fair gazelle,
O Beddowee girl, beloved so well;

Next to the fearless Nedjidee,
Whose fleetness shall bear me again to thee;

Next to ye both I love the Palm,
With his leaves of beauty, his fruit of balm;

Next to ye both I love the Tree
Whose fluttering shadow wraps us three
With love, and silence, and mystery!
r. Bayard Taylor—*The Arab to the Palm.*

There, in the wondering airs of the Tropics
Shivers the Aspen, still dreaming of cold:
There stretches the Oak, from the loftiest ledges,
His arms to the far-away lands of his brothers,
And the Pine-tree looks down on his rival the Palm.
a. BAYARD TAYLOR—*Kilimandjaro.* Pt. III.

First the high Palme trees, with braunches faire,
Out of the lowly vallies did arise,
And high shoote up their heads into the skyes.
b. SPENSER—*Virgil's Gnat.* Line 191.

Of threads of palm was the carpet spun
Whereon he kneels when the day is done,
And the foreheads of Islam are bowed as one!

To him the palm is a gift divine,
Wherein all uses of man combine,—
House and raiment and food and wine!

And, in the hour of his great release,
His need of the palm shall only cease
With the shroud wherein he lieth in peace.

"Allah il Allah!" he sings his psalm,
On the Indian Sea, by the isles of balm;
"Thanks to Allah, who gives the palm!"
c. WHITTIER—*The Palm-Tree.*

PEAR.

Pyrus Communis.

I ask in vain
Who planted on the slope this lofty group
Of ancient pear trees that with spring-time burst
Into such breadth of bloom.
d. BRYANT—*Among the Trees.*

The great white pear-tree dropped with dew from leaves
And blossom, under heavens of happy blue.
e. JEAN INGELOW—*Songs with Preludes. Wedlock.*

PINE.

Pinus.

Shaggy shade
Of desert-loving pine, whose emerald scalp
Nods to the storm.
f. BYRON—*The Prophecy of Dante.* Canto II. Line 63.

Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines.
g. COLERIDGE—*Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni.*

O solemn pines, now dark and still,
When last I stood beneath your shade,
Strange minstrels on their airy harps
Among your trembling branches played.
h. JULIA C. R. DORR—*The Pine-Trees.*

The pines grow gray
A little, in the biting wind.
i. HELEN HUNT—*March.*

Like two cathedral towers these stately pines
Uplift their fretted summits tipped with cones;
The arch beneath them is not built with stones,
Not Art but Nature traced these lovely lines,
And carved this graceful arabesque of vines:
No organ but the wind here sighs and moans,
No sepulchre conceals a martyr's bones,
No marble bishop on his tomb reclines.
Enter! the pavement, carpeted with leaves,
Gives back a softened echo to thy tread!
Listen! the choir is singing; all the birds,
In leafy galleries beneath the eaves,
Are singing! listen, ere the sound be fled,
And learn there may be worship without words.
j. LONGFELLOW—*My Cathedral.*

The pine is the mother of legends.
k. LOWELL—*An Indian-Summer Reverie.*

Archéd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine.
l. MILTON—*Il Penseroso.* Line 133.

Here also grew the rougher rinded Pine.
The great Argoan ship's brave ornament.
m. SPENSER—*Virgil's Gnat.* Line 210.

Ancient Pines,
Ye bear no record of the years of man,
Spring is your sole historian.
n. BAYARD TAYLOR—*The Pine Forest of Monterey.*

Stately Pines,
But few more years around the promontory
Your chant will meet the thunders of the sea.
o. BAYARD TAYLOR—*The Pine Forest of Monterey.*

POPLAR.

Populus Fastigiata.

Trees, that like the poplar, lift upward all their boughs, give no shade and no shelter, whatever their height. Trees the most lovingly shelter and shade us, when, like the willow, the higher soar their summits, the lower droop their boughs.
p. BULWER-LYTTON—*What Will He Do With It.* Bk. XI. Ch. X.

SLOE.

Prunus Spinosa.

In the hedge the frosted berries glow,
The scarlet holly and the purple sloe.
q. SARAH HELEN WHITMAN—*A Day of the Indian Summer.*

SYCAMORE.

Acer Pseudo-Platanus.

Yon night moths that hover, where honey brims over
From sycamore blossoms.
a. Jean Ingelow—*Songs of Seven. Seven Times Three.*

THORN.

Cratægus.

Beneath the wild white thorn that scents the evening gale.
b. Burns—*The Cotter's Saturday Night.*

The thorns which I have reap'd are of the tree
I planted,—they have torn me,—and I bleed;
I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed.
c. Byron—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 10.

TULIP-TREE.

Liriodendron Tulipifera.

A summer lodge amid the wild is mine—
'Tis shadowed by the tulip tree, 'tis mantled by the vine.
d. Bryant—*A Strange Lady.*

The tulip tree, high up,
Opened, in airs of June, her multitude
Of golden chalices to humming birds
And silken-winged insects of the sky.
e. Bryant—*The Fountain.* St. 3.

WILLOW.

Salix.

A subtle red
Of life is kindling every twig and stalk
Of lowly meadow growths; the willows weep,
Their stems in furry white.
f. Helen Hunt—*March.*

The willow hangs with sheltering grace
And benediction o'er their sod,
And Nature, hushed, assures the soul
They rest in God.
g. Crammond Kennedy—*Greenwood Cemetery.*

Near the lake where drooped the willow,
Long time ago.
h. George P. Morris—*Near the Lake.*

Know ye the willow-tree,
Whose gray leaves quiver,
Whispering gloomily
To yon pale river?

Lady, at even-tide
Wander not near it,
They say its branches hide
A sad, lost spirit!
i. Thackeray—*The Willow-Tree.*

YEW.

Taxus.

Careless, unsocial plant that loves to dwell
'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms:
Where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)
Embodied, thick, perform their mystic rounds.
No other merriment, dull tree! is thine.
j. Blair—*The Grave.* Line 22.

There no yew nor cypress spread their glooms
But roses blossom'd by each rustic tomb.
k. Campbell—*Theodric.* Line 22.

Slips of yew,
Silver'd in the moon's eclipse.
l. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Of vast circumference and gloom profound
This solitary Tree! a living thing
Produced too slowly ever to decay;
Of form and aspect too magnificent
To be destroyed.
m. Wordsworth—*Yew-Trees.*

This lonely Yew-tree stands
Far from all human dwelling.
n. Wordsworth—*Lines left upon a Seat in a Yew-tree.*

TRIALS.

Prav. pray, thou who also weepest,
And the drops will slacken so;
Weep, weep:—and the watch thou keepest,
With a quicker count will go.
Think:—the shadow on the dial
For the nature most undone,
Marks the passing of the trial,
Proves the presence of the sun.
o. E. B. Browning—*Fourfold Aspect.*

The child of trial, to mortality
And all its changeful influences given;
On the green earth decreed to move and die,
And yet by such a fate prepared for heaven.
p. Sir H. Davy—*Written after Recovery from a Dangerous Illness.*

Crosses are of no use to us, but inasmuch as we yield ourselves up to them, and forget ourselves.
q. Fenelon—*On the Death of a Pious Friend.*

The greater our dread of crosses, the more necessary they are for us.
a. FENELON—*On the Right Use of Crosses.*

We know not of what we are capable till the trial comes;—till it comes, perhaps, in a form which makes the strong man quail, and turns the gentler woman into a heroine.
b. Mrs. JAMESON—*Studies, Stories, and Memoirs. Halloran the Peddler.*

But noble souls, through dust and heat,
Rise from disaster and defeat
The stronger.
c. LONGFELLOW—*The Sifting of Peter.*

Our dearest hopes in pangs are born,
The kingliest Kings are crown'd with thorn.
d. MASSEY—*The Kingliest Kings.*

The good are better made by ill,
As odours crushed are sweeter still.
e. ROGERS—*Jacqueline.* St. 3.

A grievous burden was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy.
f. *Richard III.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

For gold is tried in the fire, and acceptable men in the furnace of adversity.
g. SIRACH—II. 5.

As sure as ever God puts His children in the furnace, He will be in the furnace with them.
h. SPURGEON—*Gleanings Among the Sheaves. Privileges of Trial.*

Believer, Christ Jesus presents thee with thy crosses; and they are no mean gifts.
i. SPURGEON—*Gleanings Among the Sheaves. The Christian's Daily Cross.*

Great faith must have great trials. * * * We must expect great troubles before we shall attain to much faith.
j. SPURGEON—*Gleanings Among the Sheaves. Increase of Faith.*

The Lord gets his best soldiers out of the highlands of affliction.
k. SPURGEON—*Gleanings Among the Sheaves. Sorrow's Discipline.*

There are no crown wearers in heaven who were not cross-bearers here below.
l. SPURGEON—*Gleanings Among the Sheaves. Cross Bearers.*

Trials teach us what we are; they dig up the soil, and let us see what we are made of; they just turn up some of the ill weeds on to the surface.
m. SPURGEON—*Gleanings Among the Sheaves. The Use of Trial.*

Amid my list of blessings infinite
Stands this the foremost "That my heart has bled."
n. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night IX. Line 497.

TRIFLES.

Seeks painted trifles and fantastic toys,
And eagerly pursues imaginary joys.
o. AKENSIDE—*The Virtuoso.* St. 10.

These little things are great to little man.
p. GOLDSMITH—*The Traveller.* Line 42.

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs:
* * * * * * *
O let th' ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is a great offence.
q. HANNAH MORE—*Sensibility.*

At every trifle scorn to take offence,
That always shows great pride or little sense.
r. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 386.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
s. *A Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Come gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.
t *Pericles.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Trifles, light as air.
u. *Othello.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Think nought a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year.
v. YOUNG—*Love of Fame.* Satire VI. Line 205

TRUST.

The greatest trust between man and man is the trust of giving counsel.
w. BACON—*Essay. Of Counsel.*

I too
Will cast the spear and leave the rest to Jove
x. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. XVII. Line 622.

I trusted you
As holy men trust God. You could do naught
That was not pure and loving,—though the deed
Might pierce me unto death.
y. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. III.

Youth, health, and hope may fade, but there is left
A soul that trusts in Heaven, though thus of all bereft.
z. EMMA CATHERINE EMBURY—*Sonnet. Confidence in Heaven*

Put your trust in God; but, mind to keep your powder dry.
aa. EDWARD HAYES—*Ballads of Ireland.*

If he were
To be made honest by an act of parliament
I should not alter in my faith of him.
bb. BEN JONSON—*The Devil Is An Ass.* Act IV. Sc. 1

Better trust all and be deceived,
And weep that trust and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart which, if believed
Had blessed one's life with true believing.
a. Frances Anne Kemble—*Faith.*

O holy trust! O endless sense of rest!
Like the beloved John
To lay his head upon the Saviour's breast,
And thus to journey on!
b. Longfellow—*Hymn.*

To be trusted is a greater compliment than to be loved.
c. George MacDonald—*The Marquis of Lossie.* Ch. IV.

"Eyes to the blind"
Thou art, O God! Earth I no longer see,
Yet trustfully my spirit looks to thee.
d. Alice Bradley Neal—*Blind.* Pt. II.

You may trust him in the dark.
e. *Roman Proverb Cited by Cicero.*

I will believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee.
f. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 3.

My life upon her faith.
g. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 3.

My man's as true as steel.
h. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 4.

To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;
Sleeping, and waking, O, defend me still!
i. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 3.

TRUTH.

The deepest truths are best read between the lines, and, for the most part, refuse to be written.
j. Alcott—*Concord Days. June. Goethe.*

Truth is sensitive and jealous of the least encroachment upon its sacredness.
k. Alcott—*Table-Talk. Imptication.*

No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage-ground of truth.
l. Bacon—*Essays. Of Truth.*

How sweet the words of truth, breathed from the lips of love?
m. Beattie—*The Minstrel.* Bk. II. St. 52.

Speak truly, shame the devil.
n. Beaumont and Fletcher—*Wit Without Money.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

Truth, like the sun, submits to be obscured, but, like the sun, only for a time
o. Bovee—*Summaries of Thought. Truth.*

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again:
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers.
p. Bryant—*The Battle Field.*

Now being lifted into high society,
And having pick'd up several odds and ends
Of free thoughts in his travels for variety,
He deem'd, being in a lone isle, among friends,
That without any danger of a riot, he
Might for long lying make himself amends;
And singing as he sung in his warm youth,
Agree to a short armistice with truth.
q. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto III. St. 83.

No words suffice the secret soul to show,
For truth denies all eloquence to woe.
r. Byron—*The Corsair.* Canto III. St. 22.

'Tis strange—but true; for truth is always strange,
Stranger than fiction.
s. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto XIV. St. 101.

A man protesting against error is on the way towards uniting himself with all men that believe in truth.
t. Carlyle—*Heroes and Hero Worship.* Lecture IV.

Truth is the hiest thing that man may kepe.
u. Chaucer—*Canterbury Tales. The Frankeleine's Tale.* Line 11789.

When fiction rises pleasing to the eye,
Men will believe, because they love the lie;
But truth herself, if clouded with a frown,
Must have some solemn proof to pass her down.
v. Churchill—*Epistle to Hogarth.* Line 291.

O Truth is easy, and the light shines clear
In hearts kept open, honest and sincere!
w. Abraham Coles—*The Evangel.* P. 183.

The power to bind and loose to Truth is given:
The mouth that speaks it, is the mouth of Heaven.
The power, which in a sense belongs to none,
Thus understood belongs to every one.
* * * * * * *
It owes its high prerogatives to none.
It shines *for* all, as shines the blessed sun;
It shines *in* all, who do not shut it out
By dungeon doors of unbelief and doubt.
To shine, it does not ask, O far from it,
For hierarchal privilege and permit.
Rabbi and priest may be chained down to lies,
And babes and sucklings winged to mount the skies.
x. Abraham Coles—*The Evangel.* P. 181.

Truth in the end shall shine divinely clear,
But sad the darkness till those times appear.
y. Crabbe—*The Borough.* Letter IV.

But truths on which depends our main concern,
That 'tis our shame and misery not to learn,
Shine by the side of every path we tread
With such a lustre, he that runs may read.
a. COWPER—*Tirocinium.* Line 77.

But what is truth? 'Twas Pilate's question put
To Truth itself, that deign'd him no reply.
b. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. III. Line 270.

He is the free-man whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves besides.
c. COWPER—*The Task.* Bk. V. Line 133.

Truth is unwelcome, however divine.
d. COWPER—*The Flatting Mill.* St. 6.

Go forth and preach, impostures, to the world,
But give them truth to build upon.
e. DANTE—*Vision of Paradise.* Canto XXIX. Line 116.

Truth has such a face and such a mien,
As to be lov'd needs only to be seen.
f. DRYDEN—*The Hind and the Panther.* Pt. I. Line 33.

Truth has rough flavours if we bite it through.
g. GEORGE ELIOT—*Armgart.* Sc. 2.

The nobler the truth or sentiment, the less imports the question of authorship.
h. EMERSON—*Letters and Social Aims. Quotation and Originality.*

Truth is the summit of being; justice is the application of it to affairs.
i. EMERSON—*Essay. Of Character.*

Truth only smells sweet forever, and illusions, however innocent, are deadly as the canker worm.
j. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Calvinism.*

Lest men suspect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view.
k. GAY—*The Painter who Pleased Nobody and Everybody.*

Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
l. GOLDSMITH—*The Deserted Village.* Line 179.

One truth discovered is immortal, and entitles its author to be so: for, like a new substance in nature, it cannot be destroyed.
m. HAZLITT—*The Spirit of the Age. Jeremy Bentham.*

Dare to be true, nothing can need a lie;
A fault which needs it most, grows two thereby.
n. HERBERT—*The Temple. The Church Porch.*

Truth is tough. It will not break, like a bubble, at a touch; it will be round and full at evening.
o. HOLMES—*The Professor at the Breakfast Table.* Ch. V.

The best way to come to truth being to examine things as really they are, and not to conclude they are, as we fancy of ourselves, or have been taught by others to imagine.
p. LOCKE—*Human Understanding.* Bk. II. Ch. XII.

To love truth for truth's sake, is the principal part of human perfection in this world, and the seed-plot of all other virtues.
q. LOCKE—*Letter to Anthony Collins, Esq.*

I have already
The bitter taste of death upon my lips;
I feel the pressure of the heavy weight
That will crush out my life within this hour;
But if a word could save me, and that word
Were not the Truth; nay, if it did but swerve
A hair's-breadth from the Truth, I would not say it!
r. LONGFELLOW—*Christus.* Pt. III. *Giles Corey.* Act V. Sc. 2.

When by night the frogs are croaking, kindle but a torches fire—
Ha! how soon they all are silent! Thus truth silences the liar.
s. LONGFELLOW—*Poetic Aphorisms. Truth.*

Got but the truth once uttered, and 'tis like
A star new-born that drops into its place,
And which, once circling in its placid round,
Not all the tumult of the earth can shake.
t. LOWELL—*A Glance Behind the Curtain.* Line 173.

Put golden padlocks on Truth's lips, be callous as ye will,
From soul to soul, o'er all the world, leaps one electric thrill.
u. LOWELL—*On the Capture of Certain Fugitive Slaves near Washington.*

Truth forever on the scaffold. Wrong forever on the throne.
v. LOWELL—*The Present Crisis.*

Arm thyself for the truth.
w. BULWER-LYTTON—*The Lady of Lyons.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Truth makes on the ocean of nature no one track of light—every eye looking on finds its own.
x. BULWER-LYTTON—*Caxtoniana.* Essay XIV.

There is no veil like light—no adamantine armor against hurt like the truth.
y. GEORGE MACDONALD—*The Marquis of Lossie.* Ch. LXXI.

Truth, when not sought after, sometimes comes to light.
z. MENANDER—*Ex Verberatâ.* P. 160.

Not a truth has to art or to science been given,
But brows have ached for it, and souls toil'd and striven;
And many have striven, and many have fail'd,
And many died, slain by the truth they assail'd.
a. Owen Meredith—*Lucile.* Pt. II. Canto VI. St. 1.

Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones
Forget not.
b. Milton—*Sonnet. Massacre in Piedmont.*

That golden key
That opes the palace of eternity.
c. Milton—*Comus.* Line 13.

Truth indeed came once into the world with her divine Master, and was a perfect shape most glorious to look on.
d. Milton—*Areopagitica.*

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.
e. Milton—*The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce.*

Point thy tongue on the anvil of truth.
f. Pindar.

Truth is the source of every good to gods and men. He who expects to be blessed and fortunate in this world should be a partaker of it from the earliest moment of his life, that he may live as long as possible a person of truth for such a man is trustworthy.
g. Plato—*Seg.* V. 3.

A face untaught to feign; a judging Eye,
That darts severe upon a rising Lie.
h. Pope—*Epistle to James Craggs.*

Farewell then Verse, and Love, and ev'ry Toy,
The Rhymes and Rattles of the Man or Boy;
What right, what true, what fit we justly call,
Let this be all my care—for this is All.
i. Pope—*First Book of Horace.* Ep. I. Line 17.

Plain truth, * * * needs no flow'rs of speech.
j. Pope—*First Book of Horace.* Ep. VI. Line 3.

Since truthfulness, as a conscious virtue and sacrifice, is the blossom, nay, the pollen, of the whole moral growth, it can only grow with its growth, and open when it has reached its height.
k. Jean Paul Richter—*Levana. Sixth Fragment.* Ch. II.

But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.
l. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 3.

I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have a cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.
m. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act I. Sc. 3.

If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.
n. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Mark now, how plain a tale shall put you down.
o. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 4.

Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.
p. *Richard III.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Tell truth, and shame the devil
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither.
And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him hence.
O, while you live, tell truth: and shame the devil.
q. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act III. Sc. 1.

That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.
r. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act II. Sc. 2.

They breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.
s. *Richard II.* Act II. Sc. 1.

'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth;
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.
t. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
u. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Truth is truth
To th' end of reckoning.
v. *Measure for Measure.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Truth makes all things plain.
w. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act V. Sc. 1

What, can the devil speak true?
x. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Truth is always straightforward.
y. Sophocles—*Antig.* 1195.

Search for the truth is the noblest occupation of man; its publication a duty.
z. Madame de Staël—*Germany.* Pt. IV. Ch. II.

Truth, and, by consequence, liberty, will always be the chief power of honest men.
aa. Madame de Staël—*Coppet et Weimar. Letter to Gen. Moreau*

Truth is the work of God, falsehoods are the work of man.
a. Madame de Staël—*Germany.* Pt. IV. Ch. II.

Tell truth, and shame the devil.
b. Swift—*Mary, the Cookmaid's Letter.*

Friendly free discussion calling forth
From the fair jewel Truth its latent ray.
c. Thomson—*Liberty.* Pt. II. Line 230.

Truths that wake,
To perish never.
d. Wordsworth—*Ode. Imitations of Immortality.* St. 9.

Truth is sunk in the deep.
e. Yonge's *Cicero. Academical Quest.* Div. XII.

Truth never was indebted to a lie.
f. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night VIII. Line 587.

TWILIGHT.

The sunbeams dropped
Their gold, and, passing in porch and niche,
Softened to shadows, silvery, pale, and dim,
As if the very Day paused and grew Eve.
g. Edwin Arnold—*Light of Asia.* Bk. II. Line 466.

Fair Venus shines
Even in the eve of day; with sweetest beam
Propitious shines, and shapes a trembling flood
Of softened radiance from her dewey locks.
h. Anna Letitia Barbauld—*A Summer Evening's Meditation.*

See where the falling day
In silence steals away
Behind the western hills withdrawn:
Her fires are quenched, her beauty fled,
While blushes all her face o'erspread,
As conscious she had ill fulfilled
The promise of the dawn.
i. Anna Letitia Barbauld—*To-morrow.*

Parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new colour as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is gray.
j. Byron—*Childe Harold.* Canto IV. St. 29.

'Twas twilight, and the sunless day went down
Over the waste of waters; like a veil,
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown
Of one whose hate is mask'd but to assail.
k. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto II. St. 49.

How lovely are the portals of the night,
When stars come out to watch the daylight die.
l. Thomas Cole—*Twilight.*

Now the last red ray is gone;
Now the twilight shadows hie.
m. Susan Coolidge—*Angelus.*

Along the west the golden bars
Still to a deeper glory grew;
Above our heads the faint few stars
Looked out from the unfathomed blue;
And the fair city's clamorous jars
Seemed melted in the evening hue.
n. W. B. Glazier—*Cape-Cottage at Sunset.*

In the twilight of morning to climb to the top of the mountain,—
Thee to salute, kindly star, earliest herald of day,—
And to await, with impatience, the gaze of the ruler of heaven.—
Youthful delight, oh how oft lur'st thou me out in the night!
o. Goethe—*Venetian Epigrams.*

Sweet shadows of twilight! how calm their repose,
While the dew drops fall soft in the breast of the rose!
How blest to the toiler his hour of release
When the vesper is heard with its whisper of peace!
p. Holmes—*Songs of Many Seasons. Our Banker.* St. 12.

The lengthening shadows wait
The first pale stars of twilight.
q. Holmes—*Songs of Many Seasons. Even-Song.* St. 6.

Serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest and twilight prevailed.
r. Longfellow—*Evangeline.* Pt. 1. 1.

The day was dying, and with feeble hands
Caressed the mountain-tops; the vales between
Darkened; the river in the meadow-lands
Sheathed itself as a sword, and was not seen.
s. Longfellow—*Monte Cassino.* St. 10.

The sun is set; and in his latest beams
Yon little cloud of ashen gray and gold,
Slowly upon the amber air unrolled,
The falling mantle of the Prophet seems.
t. Longfellow—*A Summer Day by the Sea.*

The twilight is sad and cloudy,
The wind blows wild and free,
And like the wings of sea-birds
Flash the white caps of the sea.
u. Longfellow—*Twilight.*

From that high mount of God whence light and shade
Spring both, the face of brightest Heaven had changed
To grateful twilight.
v. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. V. Line 643.

Twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied.
a. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 598.

O the sweet, sweet twilight, just before the time of rest,
When the black clouds are driven away, and the stormy winds suppressed.
b. D. M. MULOCK—*Thirty Years. Twilight in the North.*

O the weird northern twilight, which is neither night or day,
When the amber wake of the long-set sun still marks his western way.
c. D. M. MULOCK—*Thirty Years. Twilight in the North.*

Dear art thou to the lover, thou sweet light,
Fair fleeting sister of the mournful night.
d. MRS. NORTON—*The Winter's Walk.*

O Twilight! Spirit that does render birth
To dim enchantments, melting heaven with earth,
Leaving on craggy hills and running streams
A softness like atmosphere of dreams.
e. MRS. NORTON—*Picture of Twilight.*

Th' approach of night,
The skies yet blushing with departing light,
When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,
And the low sun has lengthen'd ev'ry shade.
f. POPE—*Autumn.* Line 98.

Gloom upon the mountain lies,—
Dusk in the gorges darkens low.
g. MARGARET J. PRESTON—*Old Songs and New. Nineteen.*

Night was drawing and closing her curtain up above the world, and down beneath it.
h. RICHTER—*Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces.* Ch. II.

Twilight's soft dews steal o'er the village-green,
With magic tints to harmonize the scene.
Stilled is the hum that through the hamlet broke
When round the ruins of their ancient oak
The peasants flocked to hear the minstrel play,
And games and carols closed the busy day.
i. ROGERS—*Pleasures of Memory.*

Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy.
Sonnet XXXIII.

The glow-worm shows the Matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.
k. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 5.

The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.
l. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act III. Sc. 1.

The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.
m. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 3.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn.
n. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Twilight, ascending slowly from the east,
Entwined in duskier wreaths her braided locks
O'er the fair front and radiant eyes of day;
Night followed, clad with stars.
o. SHELLEY—*Alastor.*

Now the soft hour
Of walking comes, for him who lonely loves
To seek the distant hills, and there converse
With nature; there to harmonize his heart,
And in pathetic song to breathe around
The harmony to others.
p. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Summer.* Line 1378.

TYRANNY.

A king ruleth as he ought, a tyrant as he lists, a king to the profit of all, a tyrant only to please a few.
q. ARISTOTLE.

The tyrant now
Trusts not to men: nightly within his chamber
The watch-dog guards his couch, the only friend
He now dare trust.
r. JOANNA BAILLIE—*Ethwald.*

What strikes the crown
Of tyrants down
And answers with its flash their frown?
The sword.
s. M. J. BARRY—*The Nation Newspaper.*

Th' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,
Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires waste,
And, in a cruel wantonness of power,
Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up
To want the rest.
t. BLAIR—*The Grave.*

Tyranny
Absolves all faith; and who invades our rights,
Howe'er his own commence, can never be
But an usurper.
u. BROOKE—*Gustavus Vasa.*

Kings will be tyrants from policy when subjects are rebels from principle.
v. BURKE—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

The old human fiends,
With one foot in the grave, with dim eyes, strange
To tears save drops of dotage, with long white
And scanty hairs, and shaking hands, and heads
As palsied as their hearts are hard, they council,
Cabal, and put men's lives out, as if life
Were no more than the feelings long extinguish'd
In their accursed bosoms.

a. Byron—*The Two Foscari.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Think'st thou there is no tyranny but that
Of blood and chains? The despotism of vice—
The weakness and the wickedness of luxury—
The negligence—the apathy—the evils
Of sensual sloth—produce ten thousand tyrants,
Whose delegated cruelty surpasses
The worst acts of one energetic master,
However harsh and hard in his own bearing.

b. Byron—*Sardanapalus.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Tyranny is far the worst of treasons. Dost thou deem
None rebels except subjects? The prince who
Neglects or violates his trust is more
A brigand than the robber-chief.

c. Byron—*The Two Foscari.* Act II. Sc. 1.

What
Are a few drops of human blood?—'tis false,
The blood of tyrants is not human; they
Like to incarnate Molochs, feed on ours,
Until 'tis time to give them to the tombs
Which they have made so populous.—Oh world!
Oh men! what are ye, and our best designs,
That we must work by crime to punish crime?

d. Byron—*Marino Faliero.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

He who strikes terror into others is himself in continual fear.

e. Claudianus.

Of all the evils that infest a state,
A tyrant is the greatest: there the laws
Hold not one common tenor; his sole will
Commands the laws, and lords it over them.

f. Euripides—*Supp.* 429.

Necessity,
The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds.

g. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 393.

O mighty father of the gods! when once dire lust, dyed with raging poison, has fired their minds, vouchsafe to punish cruel tyrants in no other way than this, that they see virtue and pine away at having forsaken her.

h. Persius.

Power exercised with violence has seldom been of long duration, but temper and moderation generally produce permanence in all things.

i. Seneca.

The most imperious masters over their own servants are at the same time the most abject slaves to the servants of other masters.

j. Seneca.

Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee!

k. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

For what is he they follow? truly gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy.

l. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 3.

He hath no friends but what are friends for fear;
Which in his dearest need, will fly from him.

m. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 2.

How can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?

n. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act III. Sc. 3.

I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name.

o. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years

p. *Pericles.* Act I. Sc. 2.

O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

q. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?

r. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do.

s. *Measure for Measure.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

This tyrant whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest.
a. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

A company of tyrants is inaccessible to all seductions.
b. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionery. Tyranny.*

A despot has always some good moments.
c. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Tyranny.*

The sovereign is called a tyrant who knows no law but his caprice.
d. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Tyranny.*

U.

UNBELIEF.

Man's Unhappiness, as I construe, comes of his Greatness; it is because there is an Infinite in him, which with all his cunning, he cannot quite bury under the Finite.
e. CARLYLE—*Sartor Resartus.* Bk. II. Ch. IX.

The fearful unbelief is unbelief in yourself.
f. CARLYLE—*Sartor Resartus.* Bk. II. Ch. VII.

There is no strength in unbelief. Even the unbelief of what is false is no source of might. It is the truth shining from behind that gives the strength to disbelieve.
g. GEORGE MACDONALD—*The Marquis of Lossie.* Ch. XLII.

Unbelief is blind.
h. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 519.

Better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.
i. SCOTT—*The Monastery.* Ch. XII.

More strange than true. I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
j. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act V. Sc. 1.

UNITY.

By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall.
k. JOHN DICKINSON—*The Liberty Song.*

Our two lives grew like two buds that kiss
At lightest thrill from the bee's swinging chime,
Because the one so near the other is.
l. GEORGE ELIOT—*Brother and Sister.* Pt. I. St. 1.

Our Union is river, lake, ocean, and sky:
Man breaks not the medal, when God cuts the die!
Though darkened with sulphur, though cloven with steel,
The blue arch will brighten, the waters will heal!
m. HOLMES—*Brother Jonathan's Lament for Sister Caroline.*

Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.
n. MARIA LOVELL—*Translation of Ingomar the Barbarian.* Act II.

Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great:
Then lands were fairly portioned;
Then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.
o. MACAULAY—*Lays of Ancient Rome. Horatius.* St. 32.

The union of lakes—the union of lands—
The union of States none can sever—
The union of hearts—the union of hands—
And the flag of our Union for ever!
p. GEORGE P. MORRIS—*The Flag of our Union.*

So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet a union in partition;
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
q. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act III. Sc. 2.

UNKINDNESS.

As "unkindness has no remedy at law," let its avoidance be with you a point of honor.
r. HOSEA BALLOU—*MSS. Sermons.*

Unkind language is sure to produce the fruits of unkindness,—that is, suffering in the bosom of others.
s. BENTHAM.

Hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to flow.
t. GRAY—*Eton College.* St. 8.

Unkindness may do much;
And his unkninidness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love.
u. *Othello.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

In nature there's no blemish but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind.
v. *Twelfth Night.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.

a. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 1.

She hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture here.

b. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 4.

V.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

On paper curiously shaped
Scribblers to-day of every sort,
In verses Valentines y'clep'd,
To Venus chime their annual court.
I too will swell the motley throng,
And greet the all auspicious day,
Whose privilege permits my song,
My love thus secret to convey.

c. Henry C. Bohn—*MS.; Dictionary of Poetical Quotations. Valentines.*

Oft have I heard both youths and virgins say,
Birds choose their mates, and couple to this day;
But by their flight I never can devine
When I shall couple with my valentine.

d. Herrick—*Amatory Odes.* 188.

No popular respect will I omit
To do the honour on this happy day,
When every loyal lover tasks his wit
His simple truth in studious rhymes to pay,
And to his mistress dear his hopes convey.
Rather than know it I would still outrun
All calendars with Love's, whose date alway
Thy bright eyes govern better than the sun,
For with thy favour was my life begun:
And still I reckon on from smiles to smiles,
And not by Summers, for I thrive on none
But those thy cheerful countenance compiles.
Oh! if it be to choose and call thee mine
Love, thou art every day my Valentine!

e. Hood—*Sonnet. For the 14th of February.*

Oh! cruel heart! ere these posthumous papers
Have met thine eyes, I shall be out of breath;
Those cruel eyes, like two funereal tapers,
Have only lighted me the way to death.
Perchance thou wilt extinguish them in vapours,
When I am gone, and green grass covereth
Thy lover, lost; but it will be in vain—
It will not bring the vital spark again.

f. Hood—*A Valentine.*

Hail to thy returning festival, old Bishop Valentine! Great is thy name in the rubric. Like unto thee, assuredly, there is no other mitred father in the calendar.

g. Lamb.

Apollo has peeped through the shutter,
And awaken'd the witty and fair;
The boarding-school belle's in a flutter,
The twopenny post's in despair;
The breath of the morning is flinging
A magic on blossom and spray,
And cockneys and sparrows are singing
In chorus on Valentine's day.

h. Præd—*14th of February.*

Saint Valentine is past;
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

i. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.

j. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

The fourteenth of February is a day sacred to St. Valentine! It was a very odd notion, alluded to by Shakespeare, that on this day birds begin to couple; hence, perhaps, arose the custom of sending on this day letters containing professions of love and affection.

k. Noah Webster.

Now all Nature seem'd in love
And birds had drawn their Valentines.

l. Wolton.

VALOR.

Deep vengeance is the daughter of deep silence.

m. Alfieri.

O friends, be men, and let your hearts be strong,
And let no warrior in the heat of fight
Do what may bring him shame in other's eyes;
For more of those who shrink from shame are safe
Than fall in battle, while with those who flee
Is neither glory nor reprieve from death.

n. Bryant's *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. V. Line 667.

There is always safety in valor.

o. Emerson—*The "Times."*

Valor consists in the power of self-recovery.

p. Emerson—*Essays. Circles.*

In vain doth valour bleed,
While Avarice and Rapine share the land.

q. Milton—*Sonnet. To the Lord General Fairfax.*

He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe; and make his wrongs
His outsides; wear them like his raiment, carelessly:
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
a. *Timon of Athens.* Act III. Sc. 5.

Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop
As doth a lion in a herd of neat:
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs;
Who, having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
b. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act II. Sc. 1.

Muster your wits: stand in your defence;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.
c. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act V. Sc. 2.

What's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us.
d. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act IV. Sc. 13.

When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with.
e. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act III. Sc. 2.

VANITY.

Vanity is as ill at ease under indifference as tenderness is under the love which it cannot return.
f. George Eliot—*Daniel Deronda.* Bk. I. Ch. XI.

Those who live on vanity must not unreasonably expect to die of mortification.
g. Mrs. Ellis—*Pictures of Private Life. Second Series. The Pains of Pleasing.* Ch. III.

What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
Your heart's supreme ambition? To be fair.
h. Lord Lyttleton—*Advice to a Lady.*

Not a vanity is given in vain.
i. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. II. Line 290.

Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
j. *Richard II.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
k. *Richard II.* Act II. Sc. 1.

VARIETY.

Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.
l. Cowper—*The Task.* Bk. II. Line 606.

Variety's the source of joy below,
From which still fresh revolving pleasures flow;
In books and love, the mind one end pursues,
And only change the expiring flame renews.
m. Gay—*Epistles.*

Countless the various species of mankind,
Countless the shades which sep'rate mind from mind;
No general object of desire is known,
Each has his will, and each pursues his own.
n. Gifford—*Perseus.*

Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please and sate the curious taste?
o. Milton—*Comus.* Line 710.

The groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song:
These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame.
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again;
Not chaos-like together crush'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd,
Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree.
p. Pope—*Windsor Forest.* Line 13.

Variety alone gives joy;
The sweetest meats the soonest cloy.
q. Prior—*The Turtle and the Sparrow.* Line 234.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety.
r. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act II. Sc. 2.

VERSATILITY.

So well she acted all and every part
By turns—with that vivacious versatility,
Which many people take for want of heart.
They err—'tis merely what is call'd mobility,
A thing of temperament and not of art,
Though seeming so, from its supposed facility;
And false—though true; for surely they're sincerest
Who are strongly acted on by what is nearest.
s. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto XVI. St. 97.

VICE.

Vice gets more in this vicious world
Than piety.
t. Beaumont and Fletcher—*Love's Cure.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.
u. Burke—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

To sanction Vice, and hunt Decorum down.
v. Byron—*English Bards.* Line 615.

Lash the vice and follies of the age.
a. Susannah Centlivre—*Prologue to the Maid Bewitched.*

Ne'er blush'd unless in spreading vice's snares,
She blunder'd on some virtue unawares.
b. Churchill—*The Rosciad.* Line 137.

Vice stings us, even in our pleasures, but virtue consoles us, even in our pains.
c. C. C. Colton—*Lacon.*

The heart resolves this matter in a trice,
"Men only feel the Smart, but not the Vice."
d. Pope—*Second Book of Horace.* Ep. II. Line 216.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
e. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. II. Line 217.

We do not despise all those who have Vices, but we despise all those who have not a single Virtue.
f. Rochefoucauld.

Why is there no man who confesses his Vices? It is because he has not yet laid them aside. It is a waking man only who can tell his dreams.
g. Seneca.

O, dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
h. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 1.

There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
i. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Vice repeated is like the wand'ring wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself.
j. *Pericles.* Act I. Sc. 1.

VICTORY.

He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below.
k. Byron—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 45.

And though mine arms should conquer twenty worlds,
There's a lean fellow beats all conquerors.
l. Thos. Dekker—*Old Fortunatus.*

Then all shall be set right, and the man shall have his mare again.
m. Dryden—*Love Triumphant.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Peace hath her victories
No less renown'd than War.
n. Milton—*Sonnet. To the Lord General Cromwell.*

Who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
o. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 648.

Self conquest is the greatest of victories.
p. Plato.

We conquer'd France, but felt our Captive's charms;
Her Arts victorious triumph'd o'er our Arms.
q. Pope—*Second Book of Horace.* Ep. I. Line 263.

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances.
r. Scott—*Lady of the Lake.* Canto II. St. 19

With dying hand, above his head,
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted "Victory!—
Charge, Chester, charge! on, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion.
s. Scott—*Marmion.* Canto VI. St. 32.

A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers.
t. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act I. Sc. 1.

I came, saw, and overcame.
u. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 3.

Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
v. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act V. Sc. 3.

To whom God will, there be the victory.
w. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act II. Sc. 5.

With the losers let it sympathize;
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.
x. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 1.

"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he;
"But 'twas a famous victory."
y. Southey—*Battle of Blenheim.*

VILLAINY.

Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
Of crooked counsels, and dark politics.
z. Pope—*Temple of Fame.* Line 410.

And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With odd old ends, stol'n forth of holy writ
And seem a saint when most I play the devil
aa. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 3.

O villainy!—How? Let the door be lock'd;
Treachery! seek it out. Sc. 2.
bb. *Hamlet.* Act V.

The learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;
There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
But direct villainy.
cc. *Timon of Athens.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Villain and he be many miles away.
dd. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act III. Sc. 5.

VIRTUE.

Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man!
a. Addison—*Cato.* Act V. Sc. 4.

One's outlook is a part of his virtue.
b. Alcott—*Concord Days. April. Outlook.*

Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
Is the best gift of Heaven; a happiness
That, even above the smiles and frowns of fate,
Exalts great Nature's favourites; a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor can be transferr'd.
c. Armstrong—*Art of Preserving Health.* Bk. IV. Line 284.

Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set.
d. Bacon—*Essay. Of Beauty.*

Virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed.
e. Bacon—*Essay. Of Adversity.*

There is no road or ready way to virtue; it is not an easy point of art to disentangle ourselves from this riddle or web of sin.
f. Sir Thomas Browne—*Religio Medici.* Sec. 55.

Whilst shame keeps its watch, virtue is not wholly extinguished in the heart.
g. Burke—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

Fie on possession,
But if a man be vertuous withal.
h. Chaucer—*Canterbury Tales. The Frankeleynes.* Prologue. Line 10988.

The firste vertue, sone, if thou wilt lere,
Is to restreine, and kepen wel thy tonge.
i. Chaucer—*Canterbury Tales. The Manciples Tale.* Line 17281.

The great theatre for virtue is conscience.
j. Cicero.

Well may your heart believe the truths I tell;
'Tis virtue makes the bliss where'er we dwell.
k. Collins—*Eclogue I.* Line 5. *Selim.*

Is he not a man of complete virtue who feels no discomposure though men may take no note of him?
l. Confucius—*Analects.* Ch. IV.

Is virtue a thing remote? I wish to be virtuous, and lo! virtue is at hand.
m. Confucius—*Analects.* Bk. I. Ch. IV.

Virtue is not left to stand alone. He who practices it will have neighbors.
n. Confucius—*Analects.* Bk. I. Ch. III.

And he by no uncommon lot
Was famed for virtues he had not.
o. Cowper—*To the Rev. William Bull.* Line 19.

The only amaranthine flower on earth
Is virtue: the only lasting treasure, truth.
p. Cowper—*The Task.* Bk. III. Line 268.

Virtue alone is happiness below.
q. Crabbe—*The Borough.* Letter XVII.

Virtue, dear Friend! needs no defence;
The surest guard is innocence:
None knew till guilt created fear
What darts or poison'd arrows were.
r. Wentworth Dillon (Earl of Roscommom)—*Translation. The Twenty second Ode of 1st Book of Horace.* St 1.

A virtuous deed should never be delay'd,
The impulse comes from Heav'n, and he who strives
A moment to repress it, disobeys
The god within his mind.
s. Alexander Dow—*Sethona.*

Virtue is her own reward.
t. Dryden—*Tyrannic Love.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.
u. Dryden—*Imitation of Horace.* Bk. I. Ode XXIX. Line 87.

It is a far greater virtue to love the true for itself alone, than to love the good for itself alone.
v. Emerson—*First Visit to England.*

The only reward of virtue is virtue.
w. Emerson—*Essay. Of Friendship.*

Oh, Virtue! I have followed you through life, and find you at last but a shade.
x. Euripides.

Fooled thou must be, though wisest of the wise:
Then be the fool of virtue, not of vice.
y. *From the Persian.*

Shall ignorance of good and ill
Dare to direct the eternal will?
Seek virtue, and, of that possest,
To Providence resign the rest.
z. Gay—*The Father and Jupiter.*

The virtuous nothing fear but life with shame,
And death's a pleasant road that leads to fame.
aa. Geo. Granville (Lord Lansdowne)—*Verses Written* 1690.

Virtue is its own reward.
bb. Gay—*Epistle to Methuen.* Line 42.

His failings leaned to virtue's side.
cc. Goldsmith—*Deserted Village.* Line 164.

To be discontented with the divine discontent, and to be ashamed with the noble shame, is the very germ of the first upgrowth of all virtue.
dd. Chas. Kingsley—*Health and Education. The Science of Health.*

Virtue is an angel, but she is a blind one, and must ask of knowledge to show her the pathway that leads to her goal.

a. Mann—*A Few Thoughts for a Young Man.*

God sure esteems the growth and completing of one virtuous person, more than the restraint of ten vicious.

b. Milton—*Areopagitica. A Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing.*

Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

c. Milton—*Comus.* Line 1022.

Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk.

d. Milton—*Comus.* Line 373.

Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt.
Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled;
Yea, even that which mischief meant most harm
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.

e. Milton—*Comus.* Line 589.

Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide;
In part she is to blame that has been try'd,
He comes too near, that comes to be deny'd.

f. Lady Montagu—*The Lady's Resolve.* Line 9.

Virtue is to herself the best reward.

g. Henry Moore—*Cupid's Conflict.*

As for you, I shall advise you in a few words: aspire only to those virtues that are peculiar to your sex; follow your natural modesty, and think it your greatest commendation not to be talked of one way or the other.

h. Pericles—*Oration to the Athenian Women.*

Virtue only finds eternal Fame.

i. Petrarch—*The Triumph of Fame.* Pt. I. Line 183.

The most virtuous of all men is he that contents himself with being virtuous without seeking to appear so.

j. Plato.

But sometimes Virtue starves, while Vice is fed.
What then? Is the reward of Virtue bread?

k. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 149.

Court-virtues bear, like Gems, the highest rate,
Born where Heav'n's influence scarce can penetrate:
In life's low vale, the soil the Virtues like,
They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.
Tho' the same Sun with all diffusive rays
Blush in the Rose, and in the Di'mond blaze,
We prize the stronger effort of his pow'r,
And justly set the Gem above the Flow'r.

l. Pope—*Moral Essays.* Ep. I. Line 141.

Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history;
Enough, that Virtue fill'd the space between;
Prov'd, by the ends of being, to have been.

m. Pope—*Moral Essay.* Ep. III. Line 287.

Know then this truth (enough for man to know),
"Virtue alone is Happiness below."

n. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 309.

O let us still the secret joy partake,
To follow virtue even for virtue's sake.

o. Pope—*Temple of Fame.* Line 364.

There is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship; and indeed friendship itself is only a part of virtue.

p. Pope—*On His Death-Bed.* *Johnson's Life of Pope.*

The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy,
Is virtue's prize.

q. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 168.

So unaffected, so compos'd a mind;
So firm, so soft; so strong, yet so refin'd;
Heav'n, as its purest gold, by Tortures try'd;
The saint sustain'd it, but the woman died.

r. Pope—*Epitaph VI.*

Virtue may choose the high or low Degree,
'Tis just alike to Virtue, and to me;
Dwell in a Monk, or light upon a King,
She's still the same, belov'd, contented thing.

s. Pope—*Epilogue to Satires.* Dialogue I. Line 137.

Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in Decencies forever.

t. Pope—*Moral Essays.* Ep. II. Line 163.

Virtue is its own reward.

u. Prior—*Imitation of Horace.* Bk. III. Ode II.

Gay—*Epistle to Methuen.*
Home—*Douglas.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light,
In thee the rays of virtue shine;
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

v. Rogers—*On a Tear.*

According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.

w. *Julius Cæsar.* Act V. Sc. 5.

Assume a virtue, if you have it not,
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat
Of habit's evil, is angel yet in this;
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on.

x. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he; graces will appear, and there's an end.
a. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II. Sc. 1.

For in the fatness of these pursy times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg.
b. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 4.

His virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off.
c. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 7.

If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing!—let me say
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through.
d. *Henry VIII.* Act I. Sc. 2.

I held it ever,
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god.
e. *Pericles.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue.
f. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
g. *Julius Cæsar.* Act II. Sc. 3.

My robe
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own.
h. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art, and nature
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite;—Ever till now,
When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how.
i. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

The trumpet of his own virtues.
j. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee,
Heaven doth with us as we with lighted torches do,
Not light them, for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us 'twere all alike
As if we had them not.
k. *Measure for Measure.* Act I. Sc. 1.

To show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and presence.
l. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.
m. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition.
n. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 1.

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometime's by action dignified.
o. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Virtue, that transgresses, is but patched with sin; and sin that amends, is but patched with virtue.
p. *Twelfth Night.* Act I. Sc. 3.

There is no happiness without virtue.
q. Madame de Staël—*Influence of the Passions.* Introduction.

Virtue often trips and falls on the sharp-edged rock of poverty.
r. Eugène Sue.

Virtue, the greatest of all monarchies.
s. Swift—*Ode. To the Hon. Sir William Temple.*

What, what is virtue, but repose of mind,
A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm;
Above the reach of wild Ambition's wind,
Above those passions that this world deform,
And torture man.
t. Thomas—*Castle of Indolence.* Canto I. St. 16.

Virtue's a stronger guard than brass.
u. Waller—*Epigram Upon the Golden Medal.*

Good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue.
v. Walton—*Complete Angler.* Pt. I. Ch. II. (Continued.)

Virtue, a reward to itself.
w. Walton—*Complete Angler.* Pt. I. Ch. I.

Few men have virtue to withstand the highest bidder.
x. Geo. Washington—*Moral Maxims. Virtue and Vice. The Trial of Virtue.*

I have ever thought,
Nature doth nothing so great for great men,
As when she's pleas'd to make them lords of truth.
Integrity of life is fame's best friend,
Which nobly, beyond death shall crown the end.
y. John Webster—*The Duchess of Malfi.* Act V. Sc. 5.

To know the world, not love her, is thy point;
She gives but little, nor that little long.
z. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night VIII. Line 1276.

To virtue's humblest son let none prefer
Vice, though descended from the conqueror.
a. YOUNG—*Love of Fame.* Satire I. Line 133.

Virtue alone outbuilds the Pyramids;
Her monuments shall last, when Egypt's fall.
b. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night VI. Line 314.

Whatever farce the boastful hero plays,
Virtue alone has majesty in death.
c. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 650.

VOICE.

The Devil hath not, in all his quiver's choice,
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice.
d. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto XV. St. 13.

Her silver voice
Is the rich music of a summer bird,
Heard in the still night, with its passionate cadence.
e. LONGFELLOW—*The Spirit of Poetry.* Last Lines.

O, how wonderful is the human voice! It is indeed the organ of the soul!
f. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. III. Ch. III.

Oh, there is something in that voice that reaches
The innermost recesses of my spirit!
g. LONGFELLOW—*Christus.* Pt. I. *The Divine Tragedy. The First Passover.* Pt. VI.

Thy voice
Is a celestial melody.
h. LONGFELLOW—*Masque of Pandora.* Pt. V.

How sweetly sounds the voice of a good woman!
It is so seldom heard, that, when it speaks,
It ravishes all senses.
i. MASSINGER—*The Old Law.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

The people's voice is odd,
It is, and it is not, the voice of God.
j. POPE—*To Augustus.* Bk. II. Ep. I. Line 89.

A sweet voice, a little indistinct and muffled, which caresses and does not thrill; an utterance which glides on without emphasis, and lays stress only on what is deeply felt.
k. GEORGES SAND—*Handsome Lawrence.* Ch. III.

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman.
l. *King Lear.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Two voices are there; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains: each a mighty Voice.
m. WORDSWORTH—*Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland.*

W.

WAR.

My voice is still for war.
n. ADDISON—*Cato.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Lay down the axe; fling by the spade:
Leave in its track the toiling plough;
The rifle and the bayonet-blade
For arms like yours were fitter now;
And let the hands that ply the pen
Quit the light task, and learn to wield
The horseman's crooked brand, and rein
The charger on the battle-field.
o. BRYANT—*Our Country's Call.*

The chance of war
Is equal, and the slayer oft is slain.
p. BRYANT'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. XVIII. Line 388.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, whom Bruce has aften led:
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie!
q. BURNS—*Bruce to his Troops at Bannockburn.*

And having routed the whole troop,
With victory was cock-a-hoop.
r. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto III. Line 13.

Ay me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron.
s. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto III. Line 1.

For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.
t. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. III. CantoIII. Line 243.

For those that run away, and fly,
Take place at least of th' enemy.
u. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto III. Line 609.

In all the trade of war, no feat
Is nobler than a brave retreat.
v. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto III. Line 607.

The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty.
And ate into itself for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack.

a. Butler—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto I. Line 359.

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peel on peel afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier, ere the morning star;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! they come! they come!"

b. Byron—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 25.

Hand to hand, and foot to foot;
Nothing there, save death, was mute;
Stroke, and thrust, and flash, and cry
For quarter, or for victory,
Mingle there with the volleying thunder.

c. Byron—*Siege of Corinth.* St. 24.

Is it for this the Spanish maid, aroused,
Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar,
And, all unsex'd, the anlace hath espoused,
Sung the loud song, and dared the deed of war?
And she, whom once the semblance of a scar
Appall'd, an owlet's larum chill'd with dread,
Now views the column-scattering bay'net jar,
The falchion flash, and o'er the yet warm dead
Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars might quake to tread.

d. Byron—*Childe Harold.* Canto I. St. 54.

The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently-stern array!

e. Byron—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 28.

War, War is still the cry, "War to the knife."

f. Byron—*Childe Harold.* Canto I. St. 86.

When all is past, it is humbling to tread
O'er the weltering field of the tombless dead.

g. Byron—*Siege of Corinth.* St. 17.

The combat deepens. On ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry.

h. Campbell—*Hohenlinden.*

Around me the steed and the rider are lying,
To wake at the bugle's loud summons no more—
And here is the banner that o'er them was flying,
Torn, trampled, and sullied, with earth and with gore.
With morn—where the conflict the wildest was roaring,
Where sabres were clashing, and death-shot were pouring,
That banner was proudest and loftiest soaring—
Now standard and banner alike are no more!

i. Elizabeth M. Chandler—*Battle-Field.* St. 2.

War will never yield but to the principles of universal justice and love, and these have no sure root but in the religion of Jesus Christ.

j. Channing—*War.*

Hence jarring sectaries may learn
Their real int'rest to discern;
That brother should not war with brother,
And worry and devour each other.

k. Cowper—*The Nightingale and Glow-worm.*

War's a game which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at.

l. Cowper—*The Task.* Bk. V. Line 187.

They now to fight are gone;
Armor on armor shone;
Drum now to drum did groan,
To hear was wonder;
That with the cries they make,
The very earth did shake;
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

m. Drayton—*Ballad of Agincourt.*

Against beleaguer'd heaven the giants move.
Hills piled on hills, on mountains mountains lie,
To make their mad approaches to the sky.

n. Dryden's *Ovid's Metamorphoses. The Giants' War.* Line 2.

All delays are dangerous in war.

o. Dryden—*Tyrannic Love.* Act I. Sc. 1.

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger,
And mortal alarms.

p. Dryden—*A Song for St. Cecilia's Day.*

War he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble.

q. Dryden—*Alexander's Feast.* Line 97.

When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war.

r. Nathaniel Lee—*Alexander the Great.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?
a. Longfellow—*Arsenal at Springfield.* St. 8.

Ez fer war, I call it murder,—
Ther you hev it plain and flat;
I don't want to go no furder
Than my Testyment fer that.
b. Lowell—*The Bigelow Papers.* No. 1.

We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage.
c. Lowell—*The Bigelow Papers.* No. 3.

War in men's eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity
In the good time coming.
Nations shall not quarrel then,
To prove which is the stronger;
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake;—
Wait a little longer.
d. Mackay—*The Good Time Coming.*

Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,
And takes away the use of it; and my sword,
Glued to my scabbard with wronged orphan's tears,
Will not be drawn.
e. Massinger—*A New Way to Pay Old Debts.* Act V. Sc. 2.

There was war in the skies!
f. Owen Meredith—*Lucile.* Pt. I. Canto IV. St. 12.

Arms on armour clashing brayed
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots rage; dire was the noise
Of conflict.
g. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VI. Line 209.

Black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart.
h. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 670.

In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battle.
i. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 276.

My sentence is for open war.
j. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 51.

Others, more mild,
Retreated in a silent valley, sing
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall
By doom of battle.
k. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 546.

So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
Grew darker at their frown.
l. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 719.

The imperial ensign; which, full high advanced,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind.
m. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 536

Their rising all at once was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote.
n. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 476.

The sword
Of Michael, from the armoury of God,
Was given him temper'd so that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge: it met
The sword of Satan, with steep force to smite
Descending, and in half-cut sheer.
o. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VI. Line 320.

To overcome in battle, and subdue
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
Of human glory.
p. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XI. Line 691.

What though the field be lost!
All is not lost—the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield:
And what is else not to be overcome.
q. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 105.

'Tis a principle of war that when you can use the lightning, 'tis better than cannon.
r. Napoléon.

Intestine war no more our Passions wage,
And giddy Factions bear away their rage.
s. Pope—*Ode on St. Cecelia's Day.*

Proud Nimrod first the bloody chase began,
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man.
t. Pope—*Windsor Forest.* Line 61.

She saw her sons with purple death expire,
Her sacred domes involved in rolling fire,
A dreadful series of intestine wars,
Inglorious triumphs and dishonest scars.
u. Pope—*Windsor Forest.* Line 323.

War its thousands slays, Peace its ten thousands.
v. Porteus—*Death.* Line 178.

The waves
Of the mysterious death-river moaned;
The tramp, the shout, the fearful thunder-roar
Of red-breathed cannon, and the wailing cry
Of myriad victims, filled the air.
w. Prentice—*Lookout Mountain.*

Stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.
x. Scott—*Lady of the Lake.* Canto V. St. 10.

Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,
Of Flodden's fatal field,
When shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield!
a. Scott—*Marmion.* Canto VI. St. 34.

Their flag was furl'd, and mute their drum.
b. Scott—*On the Massacre of Glencoe.* St. 3.

All the god's go with you! Upon your sword
Sit laurel victory, and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!
c. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act I. Sc. 3.

All was lost,
But that the heavens fought.
d. *Cymbeline.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.
e. *King John.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Blow, wind! come wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back.
f. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 5.

Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry "Havock," and let slip the dogs of war.
g. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight boldly, yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!
h. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules;
Religious canons, civil laws, are cruel;
Then what should war be?
i. *Timon of Athens.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villainies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd.
j. *Titus Andronicus.* Act V. Sc. 1.

From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds.
k. *Henry V.* Act IV. Chorus.

Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannonier without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to the earth.
l. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Grim-visag'd war hath smoothed his wrinkled front.
m. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'erbeat.
n. *Coriolanus.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, "They come."
o. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 5.

He is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war.
p. *Richard II.* Act III. Sc. 3.

He which hath no stomach to this fight
Let him depart; his passport shall be made.
q. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

His valour shown upon our crests to-day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.
r. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 5.

I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook conquest, and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.
s. *King John.* Act V. Sc. 2.

In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness, and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger.
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood.
t. *Henry V.* Act III. Sc. 1.

It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom.
* * * * * * *
But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
u. *Henry V.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, "Hold, enough."
v. *Macbeth.* Act V. Sc. 7.

Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum.
w. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 4.

Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace.
x. *King John.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
* * * * * * *
Farewell! Othello's occupation 's gone!
y. *Othello.* Act III. Sc. 3.

O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
a. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 4.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
b. *Henry V.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Our battle is more full of names than yours;
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;
Then reason wills our hearts should be as good.
c. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 1.

O war! thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance!—Let no soldier fly:
He that is truly dedicate to war
Hath no self-love; nor he that loves himself
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valour.
d. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act V. Sc. 2.

O, withered is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fallen.
e. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act IV. Sc. 13.

Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down, with heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries.
f. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Such civil war is in my love and hate,
That I an accessary needs must be
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.
g. *Sonnet XXXV.*

Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numbering our Ave-Marias with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
h. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act II. Sc. 1.

So underneath the belly of their steeds,
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.
i. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act II. Sc. 3.

Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours wave!—
And either victory, or else a grave.
j. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act II. Sc. 2.

The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers, closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
k. *Henry V.* Act IV. Chorus.

The arms are fair
When the intent for bearing them is just.
l. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 2.

The bay-trees in our country all are wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,—
The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other, to enjoy by rage and war.
m. *Richard II.* Act II. Sc. 4.

The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls.
n. *King John.* Act II. Sc. 1.

The fire-eyed maid of smoky war,
All hot and bleeding will we offer them.
o. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act IV. Sc. 1.

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand, shall range
With conscience wide as hell; mowing like grass
Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants.
p. *Henry V.* Act III. Sc. 3.

The nimble gunner
With lynstock now the devilish cannon touches,
And down goes all before him.
q. *Henry V.* Act III. Chorus.

The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war.
r. *Tempest.* Act V. Sc. 1.

There are few die well that die in a battle.
s. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

The toil of the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame and honour; which dies i' the search.
t. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 3.

They shall have wars and pay for their presumption.
u. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act IV. Sc. 1.

Thou know'st, great son,
The end of war's uncertain.
v. *Coriolanus.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd without impediment.
w. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better.
x. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act IV. Sc. 2.

War is no strife
To the dark house, and the detested wife.
y. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act II. Sc. 3.

We must have bloody noses—and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse!
a. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 3.

Whilst my trump did sound, or drum struck up,
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.
b. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 4.

Your breath first kindled the dead coals of war
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
c. *King John.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Hobbes clearly proves, that every creature
Lives in a state of war by nature.
d. SWIFT—*Poetry. A Rhapsody.*

War, that mad game the world so loves to play.
e. SWIFT—*Ode to Sir Wm. Temple.*

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volley'd and thunder'd.
f. TENNYSON—*Charge of the Light Brigade.*

To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual ways of preserving peace.
g. GEORGE WASHINGTON—*Speech to both Houses of Congress*, Jan. 8, 1790.

Nothing except a battle lost can be half so melancholy as a battle won.
h. DUKE OF WELLINGTON—*Despatch.* 1815.

One to destroy, is murder by the law;
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder thousands, takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.
i. YOUNG—*Love of Fame.* Satire VII. Line 55.

WATER.

Till taught by pain,
Men really know not what good water's worth;
If you had been in Turkey or in Spain,
Or with a famish'd boats'-crew had your berth,
Or in the desert heard the camel's bell,
You'd wish yourself where Truth is—in a well.
j. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto II. St. 84.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink!
k. COLERIDGE—*Ancient Mariner.* Pt. II. St. 9.

O fair is the virgin Lymph, fresh from the fountain,
Sleeping in crystal wells,
Leaping in shady dells
Or issuing clear from the womb of the mountain,
Sky-mated, related, Earth's holiest Daughter!
Not the hot kiss of wine,
Is half so divine,
As the sip of thy lip, inspiring Cold Water!
l. ABRAHAM COLES—*Ode to Cold Water.*

The streak of silver sea.
m. GLADSTONE—*Edinburgh Review.* Oct., 1870. *Applied to the English Channel and quoted by Col. C. Chesney and Lord Salisbury.*

Water its living strength first shows,
When obstacles its course oppose.
n. GOETHE—*God, Soul, and World. Rhymed Distichs.*

The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine.
o. BEN JONSON—*The Forest. Song.*

Water is the mother of the vine,
The nurse and fountain of fecundity,
The adorner and refresher of the world.
p. CHAS. MACKAY—*The Dionysia.*

The rising world of waters dark and deep.
q. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. III. Line 11.

Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire.
r. *Timon of Athens.* Act I. Sc. 2.

More water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of.
s. *Titus Andronicus.* Act II. Sc. 1.

'Tis rushing now adown the spout,
And gushing out below,
Half frantic in its joyousness,
And wild in eager flow.
The earth is dried and parch'd with heat,
And it hath long'd to be
Released from out the selfish cloud,
To cool the thirsty tree.
t. ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH—*Water.*

'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drain'd by feverish lips
May give a thrill of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarian juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.
u. TALFOURD—*Sonnet III.*

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
v. SAMUEL WOODWORTH—*The Old Oaken Bucket.*

WEAKNESS.

Amiable weakness of human nature.
a. GIBBON—*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.* Ch. XIV.

And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
b. GOLDSMITH—*The Traveller.* Line 271.

To be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering.
c. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 157.

I know and love the good, yet, ah! the worst pursue.
d. PETRARCH—*To Laura in Life.* Sonnet CCXXVI.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness! Woman's pleasure, woman's pain—
Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a shallower brain.
e. TENNYSON—*Locksley Hall.* St. 75.

WEALTH.

How beauteous are rouleaus! how charming chests
Containing ingots, bags of dollars, coins
(Not of old victors, all whose heads and crests
Weigh not the thin ore where their visage shines,
But) of fine unclipt gold, where dully rests
Some likeness, which the glittering cirque confines,
Of modern, reigning, sterling, stupid stamp;
Yes! ready money *is* Aladdin's lamp.
f. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto XII. St. 12.

If I knew a miser who gave up every kind of comfortable living,—all the pleasure of doing good to others,—all the esteem of his fellow-citizens,—and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth; poor man, says I, you do, indeed, pay too much for your whistle.
g. BENJ. FRANKLIN—*The Whistle.*

Wealth brings noble opportunities, and competence is a proper object of pursuit, but wealth, and even competence, may be bought at too high a price. Wealth itself has no moral attribute. It is not money, but the love of money, which is the root of all evil. It is the relation between wealth and the mind and the character of its possessor which is the essential thing.
h. HILLARD—*The Dangers and Duties of the Mercantile Profession. Address before the Mercantile Library Association.* 1850.

Poor worms, they hiss at me, whilst I at home
Can be contented to applaud myself, * * with joy
To see how plump my bags are and my barns.
i. BEN JONSON—*Every Man Out of His Humour* Act I. Sc. 1.

Private credit is wealth, public honour is security; the feather that adorns the royal bird supports its flight; strip him of his plumage, and you pin him to the earth.
j. JUNIUS—*Letter XLII.*

If one have either the giftes of Fortune, as greate riches, or of Nature, as seemly personage, he is to be despised in respect of learning.
k. LYLY—*Euphues. The Anatomy of Wit. Of the Education of Youth.*

Excess of wealth is cause of covetousness.
l. MARLOWE—*The Jew of Malta.* Act I.

Let none admire
That riches grow in hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane.
m. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 690.

Mammon led them on—
Mammon, the least erected Spirit that fell
From Heaven; for even in Heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed
In vision beatific.
n. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 678.

Get Place and Wealth, if possible with grace;
If not, by any means get Wealth and Place.
o. POPE—*Epistles of Horace.* Ep. I. Bk. I. Line 103.

What Riches give us let us then enquire:
Meat, Fire, and Clothes. What more? Meat, Clothes, and Fire.
Is this too little?
p. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. III. Line 79.

Wealth is a weak anchor, and glory cannot support a man: this is the law of God, that virtue only is firm, and cannot be shaken by a tempest.
q. PYTHAGORAS.

Lack of desire is the greatest riches.
r. SENECA.

All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.
s. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 6.

For they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.
t. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act II. Sc. 2.

If thou art rich, thou art poor;
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee.
u. *Measure for Measure.* Act III. Sc. 1.

O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!
a. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say,—there is no sin, but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say,—there is no vice, but beggary.
b. *King John.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Why, give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby; or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two-and-fifty horses! why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.
c. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Through life's dark road his sordid way he wends,
An incarnation of fat dividends.
d. Sprague—*Curiosity.*

I've often wish'd that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace walk, and half a rood
Of land, set out to plant a wood.
e. Swift's *Horace.* Satire VI. Bk.

The wealthiest man among us is the best:
No grandeur now in Nature or in book
Delights us, Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry: and these we adore:
Plain living and high thinking are no more:
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.
f. Wordsworth—*Written in London.* Sept., 1802.

Can wealth give happiness? look round, and see
What gay distress! what splendid misery!
Whatever fortune lavishly can pour,
The mind annihilates, and calls for more.
g. Young—*Love of Fame.* Satire V. Line 379.

Much learning shows how little mortals know;
Much wealth, how little worldlings can enjoy.
h. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night VI. Line 519.

WELCOME.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.
i. Byron—*Don Juan*—Canto I. St. 123.

Come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning,
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you.
j. Thomas O. Davis—*The Welcome.*

The atmosphere
Breathes rest and comfort, and the many chambers
Seem full of welcomes.
k. Longfellow—*The Masque of Pandora.* Pt. V.

Welcome, my old friend,
Welcome to a foreign fireside.
l. Longfellow—*To an Old Danish Song-Book*

A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,
And I could laugh; I am light and heavy: Welcome.
m. *Coriolanus.* Act II. Sc. 1.

A table-full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.
n. *Comedy of Errors.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Bid him welcome; This is the motley-minded gentleman.
o. *As You Like It.* Act V. Sc. 4.

Bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it,
Seeming to bear it lightly.
p. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act IV. Sc. 12.

His worth is warrant for his welcome.
q. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act II. Sc. 4.

I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.
r. *Comedy of Errors.* Act III. Sc. 1.

I reckon this always,—that a man is never undone till he be hanged; nor never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid and, the hostess say, welcome.
s. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act II. Sc. 5.

Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore, I scant this breathing courtesy.
t. *Merchant of Venice.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merry feast.
u. *Comedy of Errors.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome.
v. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing.
w. *Trolius and Cressida.* Act III. Sc. 3.

WICKEDNESS.

There is a method in man's wickedness,
It grows up by degrees.
a. Beaumont and Fletcher—*A King and no King.* Act V. Sc. 4.

The world loves a spice of wickedness.
b. Longfellow—*Hyperion.* Ch. VII. Bk. I.

'Cause I's wicked,—I is. I's mighty wicked, anyhow. I can't help it.
c. Harriet Beecher Stowe—*Uncle Tom's Cabin.* Ch. XX.

WIFE.

Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray!
d. Byron—*The Bride of Abydos.* Canto II. St. 20.

Think you, if Laura had been Petrarch's wife,
He would have written sonnets all his life?
e. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto III. St. 8.

Thy wife is a constellation of virtues; she's the moon, and thou art the man in the moon.
f. Congreve—*Love for Love.* Act I. Sc. 5.

What is there in the vale of life
Half so delightful as a wife;
When friendship, love, and peace combine
To stamp the marriage-bond divine?
g. Cowper—*Love Abused.*

The wife was pretty, trifling, childish, weak;
She could not think, but would not cease to speak.
h. Crabbe—*Struggles of Conscience.*

'Tis a precious thing, when wives are dead,
To find such numbers who will serve instead.
And in whatever state a man be thrown,
'Tis that precisely they would wish their own.
i. Crabbe—*Learned Boy.*

When Hamilton appears, then dawns the day,
And when she disappears, begins the night.
j. Geo. Granville (Lord Lansdowne)—*The Duchess.*

A wife, domestic, good, and pure,
Like snail, should keep within her door;
But not, like snail, with silver track,
Place all her wealth upon her back.
k. W. W. How—*Good Wives.*

He knew whose gentle hand was at the latch,
Before the door had given her to his eyes.
l. Keats—*Isabella.* St. 3.

But thou dost make the very night itself
Brighter than day.
m. Longfellow—*Christus. The Divine Tragedy. The First Passover.* Pt. III.

How much the wife is dearer than the bride.
n. Lord Lyttleton—*An Irregular Ode.*

To marry a wife, if we regard the truth, is an evil, but it is a necessary evil.
o. Menander—*Ex Incert. Comœd.* P. 230.

In the election of a wife, as in
A project of war, to err but once is
To be undone forever.
p. Middleton—*Anything for a Quiet Life.*

Awake,
My fairest, my espoused, my latest found,
Heaven's last best gift, my ever new delight!
q. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. V. Line 17.

For nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote.
r. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 232.

What thou bidd'st
Unargued I obey. So God ordains:
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.
s. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 635.

A man may spare,
And still be bare,
If his wife be nowt, if his wife be nowt;
But a man may spend,
And have money to lend,
If his wife be owt, if his wife be owt.
t. *Notes and Queries.* Feb. 10, 1866. *The Gypsy's Rhyme.*

All other goods by Fortune's hand are given,
A wife is the peculiar gift of Heaven.
u. Pope—*January and May. From Chaucer.* Line 51.

But what so pure, which envious tongues will spare?
Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair.
With matchless impudence they style a wife
The dear-bought curse, and lawful plague of life;
A bosom-serpent, a domestic evil,
A night-invasion and a mid-day-devil.
Let not the wife these sland'rous words regard,
But curse the bones of ev'ry living bard.
v. Pope—*January and May.* Line 43.

A light wife doth make a heavy husband.
w. *Merchant of Venice.* Act V. Sc. 1.

As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another;
The third o' the world is yours; which, with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.
x. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed.
y. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 2.

I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.
a. *Comedy of Errors.* Act V. Sc. 1.

I will be master of what is mine own;
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household-stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare.
b. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves.
c. *Winter's Tale.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Why, man, she is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sands were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
d. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act II Sc. 4.

You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.
e. *Julius Cæsar.* Act II. Sc. 1.

My dear, my better half.
f. Sir PHILIP SIDNEY—*Arcadia.* Bk. III.

Of earthly goods, the best is a good wife;
A bad, the bitterest curse of human life.
g. SIMONIDES.

A love still burning upward, giving light
To read those laws; an accent very low
In blandishment, but a most silver flow
Of subtle-paced counsel in distress,
Right to the heart and brain, tho' undescried,
Winning its way with extreme gentleness
Thro' all the outworks of suspicious pride;
A courage to endure and to obey:
A hate of gossip parlance and of sway,
Crown'd Isabel, thro all her placid life,
The queen of marriage,
A most perfect wife.
h. TENNYSON—*Isabel.*

WILL.

He that complies against his will,
Is of his own opinion still;
Which he may adhere to, yet disown,
For reasons to himself best known.
i. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. III. Canto III. Line 547.

The general of a large army may be defeated, but you cannot defeat the determined mind of a peasant.
j. CONFUCIUS.

There is nothing good or evil save in the will.
k. EPICTETUS.

To deny the freedom of the will is to make morality impossible.
l. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Calvinism.*

He who is firm in will moulds the world to himself.
m. GOETHE.

The only way of setting the Will free is to deliver it from wilfulness.
n. J. C. and A. W. HARE—*Guesses at Truth.*

The readinesse of doing doth expresse
No other but the doer's willingnesse.
o. HERRICK—*Hesperides. Readinesse.*

A boy's will is the wind's will.
p. LONGFELLOW—*My Lost Youth.*

The star of the unconquered will,
He rises in my breast,
Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed.
q. LONGFELLOW—*The Light of Stars.*

No action will be considered as blameless, unless the will was so; for by this will the act was indicated.
r. SENECA.

My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment.
s. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act II. Sc. 2.

That what he will, he does; and does so much,
That proof is call'd impossibility.
t. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act V. Sc. 5.

Will is deaf, and hears no needful friends.
u. *Lucrece.* Line 495.

All
Life needs for life is possible to will.
v. TENNYSON—*Love and Duty.* Line 86.

Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.
w. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Introduction. St. 4.

WIND.

There is strange music in the stirring wind!
x. BOWLES—*Sonnets and Other Poems. November.*

Ay, thou art welcome, heaven's delicious breath!
When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf,
And suns grow meek, and the meek suns grow brief,
And the year smiles as it draws near its death.
Wind of the sunny south! oh, still delay
In the gay woods and in the golden air,
Like to a good old age released from care,
Journeying, in long serenity, away.
y. BRYANT—*October.*

The faint old man shall lean his silver head
To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moistened curls that overspread
His temples, while his breathing grows more deep.
a. BRYANT—*The Evening Wind.*

Where hast thou wandered, gentle gale, to find
The perfumes thou dost bring?
By brooks, that through the winding meadows wind,
Or brink of rushy spring?
Or woodside, where, in little companies,
The early wild flowers rise,
Or sheltered lawn, where, mid encircling trees,
May's warmest sunshine lies?
b. BRYANT—*May Evening.* St. 2.

Wind of the sunny south! oh, still delay,
In the gay woods and in the golden air,
Like to a good old age released from care,
Journeying, in long serenity, away.
In such a bright, late quiet, would that I
Might wear out life like thee, mid bowers and brooks,
And dearer yet the sunshine of kind looks,
And music of kind voices ever nigh;
And when my last sand twinkled in the glass,
Pass silently from men as thou dost pass.
c. BRYANT—*October.*

At midnight, while reposing on my couch.
His stealthy hand came feeling at my door
And at the lattice, till the frozen glass
Pealed out like bells held in the fairy hands
Which wrote the flourishes in frost-work there;
Thrusting his arm through every open pane,
Rattling the blinds, and scaring sleep away—
Piping a low base on the chimney's flute,
Unhinging careless gates, and swinging signs,
And with his lips upon a thousand tubes
At once, blew a loud universal blast.
d. GEORGE W. BUNGAY—*The Night Wind.*

Winds come whispering lightly from the west,
Kissing; not ruffling, the blue deep's serene.
e. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto II. St. 70.

Soft blows the wind that breathes from that blue sky!
f. COLERIDGE—*From the German.*

The winds of winter wailing through the woods.
g. ABRAHAM COLES—*The Microcosm. Hearing. Powers of Sound, &c.*

The sobbing wind is fierce and strong,
Its cry is like a human wail.
h. SUSAN COOLIDGE—*Solstice.*

How silent are the winds!
i. BARRY CORNWALL—*English Songs and Other Small Poems. The Sea—in Calm.*

I love that moaning music which I hear
In the bleak gusts of Autumn, for the soul
Seems gathering tidings from another sphere.
j. BARRY CORNWALL—*A Sicilian Story. Autumn.*

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast.
k. CUNNINGHAM—*A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea.*

The winds that never moderation knew,
Afraid to blow too much, too faintly blew;
Or out of breath with joy, could not enlarge
Their straighten'd lungs, or conscious of their charge.
l. DRYDEN—*Astræa Redux.* Line 242.

Perhaps the wind
Wails so in winter for the summer's dead,
And all sad sounds are nature's funeral cries
For what has been and is not.
m. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. I.

The wind moans, like a long wail from some despairing soul shut out in the awful storm!
n W. HAMILTON GIBSON—*Pastoral Days. Winter.*

An ill wind that bloweth no man good—
The blower of which blast is she.
o. JOHN HEYWOOD—*Idleness.*

The wind has a language I would I could learn;
Sometimes 'tis soothing, and sometimes 'tis stern,
Sometimes it comes like a low swift song,
And all things grow calm as the strain floats along.
p. HONE—*Everyday Book.* P. 1285. *Improvisatrice.*

Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear
Has grown familiar with your song;
I hear it in the opening year,
I listen and it cheers me long.
q. LONGFELLOW—*Woods in Winter.*

I hear the wind among the trees
Playing celestial symphonies;
I see the branches downward bent,
Like keys of some great instrument.
r. LONGFELLOW—*A Day of Sunshine.*

The wind is rising; it seizes and shakes
The doors and window-blinds, and makes
Mysterious moanings in the halls;
The convent-chimneys seem almost
The trumpets of some heavenly host,
Setting its watch upon our walls!
s. LONGFELLOW—*Christus. Divine Tragedy. The Third Passover. First Interlude.*

Wild with the winds of September
Wrestled the trees of the forest.
a. LONGFELLOW—*Evangeline.* Pt. I. 11.

The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed.
b. MILTON—*Hymn on the Nativity.* St. 5.

While mocking winds are piping loud.
c. MILTON—*Il Penseroso.* Line 126.

Of winds that stir the bowers,
O, there is none that blows
Like the South, the gentle South;
For that balmy breeze is ours.
d. MOIR—*Song of the South.*

Never does a sweeter song
Steal the breezy lyre along,
When the wind, in odors dying,
Wooes it with enamor'd sighing.
e. MOORE—*To Rosa.*

Loud wind, strong wind, sweeping o'er the mountains,
Fresh wind, free wind, blowing from the sea,
Pour forth thy vials like streams from airy mountains,
Draughts of life to me.
f. D. M. MULOCK—*North Wind.*

Take a straw and throw it up into the air, you may see by that which way the wind is.
g. JOHN SELDEN—*Libels.*

A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them
Can hold the mortise?
h. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind!
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
i. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 7.

Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
j. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act II. Sc. 5.

Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?
k. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
l. *Henry V.* Act II. Sc. 2.

The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.
m. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 1.

The sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise.
n. *Merchant of Venice.* Act V. Sc. 1.

The wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.
o. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act I. Sc. 4.

Fal.—What wind blew you hither, Pistol?
Pis.—Not the ill wind which blows no man to good.
p. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act V. Sc. 3.

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes.
q. SHELLEY—*Ode to the West Wind.* Pt. I.

O, wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?
r. SHELLEY—*Ode to the West Wind.* Pt. V.

Through the gaunt woods the winds are shrilling cold,
Down from the rifted rock the sunbeam pours
Over the cold gray slopes, and stony moors.
s. FREDERICK TENNYSON—*First of March.*

A fresher gale
Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
Sweeping with shadowy gust the field of corn;
While the quail clamors for his running mate.
t. THOMSON—*The Seasons. Summer.* Line 1643.

Except wind stands as never it stood,
It is an ill wind turns none to good.
u. TUSSER—*Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandrie. Description of the Properties of Winds.*

I dropped my pen; and listened to the wind
That sang of trees uptorn and vessels tost;
A midnight harmony, and wholly lost
To the general sense of men by chains confined
Of business, care, or pleasure,—or resigned
To timely sleep.
v. WORDSWORTH—*I Dropped my Pen, and Listened to the Wind.*

WINE (AND SPIRITS).

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise,
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise;
'Twill make a man forget his woe,
'Twill heighten all his joy.
w. BURNS—*John Barleycorn.* St. 13.

Few things surpass old wine; and they may preach
Who please,—the more because they preach in vain,—
Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter,
Sermons and soda-water the day after.
a. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto II. St. 178.

Sweet is old wine in bottles, ale in barrels.
b. Byron—*Sweet Things.* St. 5.

Ten thousand casks,
Forever dribbling out their base contents,
Touch'd by the Midas finger of the state,
Bleed gold for ministers to sport away.
Drink, and be mad then. 'Tis your country bids!
c. Cowper—*The Task.* Bk. IV. Line 504.

Bacchus ever fair and young.
d. Dryden—*Alexander's Feast.* Line 54.

Let schoolmasters puzzle their brain,
With grammar, and nonsense, and learning,
Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
Gives genius a better discerning.
e. Goldsmith—*She Stoops to Conquer.* Act I. Sc. 1. *Song.*

Call things by their names * * * * *
Glass of brandy and water! That is the current, but not the appropriate name; ask for a glass of liquid fire and distilled damnation.
f. Robert Hall—*Gregory's Life of Hall.*

What cannot wine perform? It brings to light
The secret soul; it bids the coward fight;
Gives being to our hopes, and from our hearts
Drives the dull sorrow, and inspires new arts.
Is there a mith whom bumpers have not taught
A flow of words, a lottiness of thought?
Even in th' oppressive grasp of poverty
It can enlarge, and bid the soul be free.
g. Horace.

Claret is the liquor for boys; port for men; but he who aspires to be a hero must drink brandy.
h. Sam'l Johnson—*Boswell's Life of Johnson.*

There is a devil in every berry of the grape.
i. Koran.

While our wreaths of parsley spread
Their fadeless foliage round our head,
Let's hymn th' almighty power of wine,
And shed libations on his shrine!
j. Moore—*Odes of Anacreon.* Ode LXVIII.

There is a great fault in wine; it first trips up the feet, it is a cunning wrestler.
k. Plautus.

Come, come; good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it.
l. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Give me a bowl of wine:
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.
m. *Richard III.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Give me a bowl of wine—
In this I bury all unkindness.
n. *Julius Cæsar.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

He calls for wine:—A health, quoth he, as if
He'd been aboard, carousing to his mates
After a storm.
o. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act III. Sc. 2.

O thou invisible spirit of wine! If thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil.
p. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Wine has drowned more than the sea.
q. Publius Syrus.

The hop for his profit I thus do exalt,
It strengtheneth drink, and it favoureth malt:
And being well brewed, long kept it will last,
And drawing abide—if you draw not too fast.
r. Tusser—*Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandrie.* Ch. IX.

WISDOM.

Wisdom of our ancestors.
s. Burke—*Discussion on the Traitorous Correspondence Bill.* 1793.

But these are foolish things to all the wise,
And I love wisdom more than she loves me;
My tendency is to philosophise
On most things, from a tyrant to a tree;
But still the spouseless virgin Knowledge flies.
What are we? and whence come we? what shall be
Our ultimate existence? What's our present?
Are questions answerless and yet incessant.
t. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto VI. St. 63.

Wisdom is oft concealed in mean attire.
u. Yonge's *Cœcillius.* *Supra.*

Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.
v. Cowper—*The Task.* Bk. VI. Line 96.

They whom truth and wisdom lead
Can gather honey from a weed.
w. Cowper—*The Pine-Apple and Bee.* Line 35.

Wisdom and goodness are twin-born, one heart
Must hold both sisters, never seen apart.
x. Cowper—*Expostulation.* Line 634.

In idle wishes fools supinely stay,
Be there a will, and wisdom finds a way.
y. Crabbe—*The Birth of Flattery.*

The end of wisdom is consultation and deliberation.
z. Demosthenes.

Who are a little wise the best fools be.
a. DONNE—*The Triple Fool.*

The wise, for cure on exercise depend:
God never made his work for man to mend.
b. DRYDEN—*Epistle to John Dryden of Chesterton.* Verse 94.

Man thinks
Brutes have no wisdom, since they know not his:
Can we divine their world?
c. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. II.

Wisdom is only in truth.
d. GOETHE.

Wisdom makes but a slow defence against trouble, though at last a sure one
e. GOLDSMITH—*Vicar of Wakefield.* Ch. XXI.

O, how faire frutes may you to mortall men
From wisdome's garden geve? How many may
By you the wiser and the better prove?
f. GRIMOALD—*Tottel's Miscellany.*

The heart is wiser than the intellect.
g. HOLLAND—*Kathrina.* Pt. II. St. 9.

Nothing can be truer than fairy wisdom. It is as true as sunbeams.
h. DOUGLAS JERROLD—*Specimens of Jerrold's Wit. Fairy Tales.*

The only jewel which you can carry beyond the grave is wisdom.
i. LANGFORD—*The Praise of Books. Preliminary Essay.*

Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and childlike.
j. LONGFELLOW—*Evangeline.* Pt. I. III.

Socrates * * *
Whom, well inspir'd, the oracle pronounc'd
Wisest of men.
k. MILTON—*Paradise Regained.* Bk. IV. Line 274.

So well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.
l. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VIII. Line 548.

Though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
At Wisdom's gate, and to Simplicity
Resigns her charge, while Goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems.
m. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. III. Line 686.

To know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom.
n. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VIII. Line 192.

Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort,
Were all-to ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.
o. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 375.

Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key,
That opes the palace of eternity.
p. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 12.

Wisdom, slow product of laborious years,
The only fruit that life's cold winter bears.
Thy sacred seeds in vain in youth we lay,
By the fierce storm of passion torn away;
Should some remain in a rich gen'rous soil,
They long lie hid, and must be rais'd with toil;
Faintly they struggle with inclement skies,
No sooner born than the poor planter dies.
q. LADY MONTAGU—*Written at Louvere.* 1755.

The most certain sign of wisdom is a continual cheerfulness; her state is like that of things in the regions above the moon, always clear and serene.
r. MONTAIGNE—*Essays.* Bk. I. Ch. XXV.

When swelling buds their od'rous foliage shed,
And gently harden into fruit, the wise
Spare not the little offsprings, if they grow
Redundant.
s. JOHN PHILIPS—*Cider.* Bk. I.

Tell (if you can) what is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known,
To see all other's faults, and feel our own.
t. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 260.

Our wisdom is no less at fortune's mercy than our wealth.
u. ROCHEFOUCAULD.

A wise man in the company of those who are ignorant has been compared by the sages to a beautiful girl in the company of blind men.
v. SAADI.

He who learns the rules of wisdom, without conforming to them in his life, is like a man who laboured in his fields, but did not sow.
w. SAADI.

I am a sage, and can command the elements—
At least men think I can.
x. SCOTT—*Quentin Durward.* Ch. XIII.

Wisdom does not show itself so much in precept as in life—in a firmness of mind and mastery of appetite. It teaches us to do, as well as to talk; and to make our actions and words all of a color.
y. SENECA.

Full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.
a. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise.
b. *King Lear.* Act I. Sc. 5.

To that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety.
c. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.
d. *Twelfth Night.* Act I. Sc. 5.

Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it.
e. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act III. Sc. 11.

Wise men ne'er sit and bewail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
f. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act V. Sc. 4.

You are wise,
Or else you love not; For to be wise and love,
Exceeds man's might.
g. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act III. Sc. 2.

As for me, all I know is that I know nothing.
h. Socrates.

Wisdom adorns riches, and shadows poverty.
i. Socrates.

The door step to the temple of wisdom is a knowledge of our own ignorance.
j. Spurgeon—*Gleanings Among the Sheaves. The First Lesson.*

By Wisdom wealth is won;
But riches purchased wisdom yet for none.
k. Bayard Taylor—*The Wisdom of All.*

The stream from Wisdom's well,
Which God supplies, is inexhaustible.
l. Bayard Taylor—*The Wisdom of All.*

No man has too much wisdom, though learned he be,
And much too little, many less learned than he;
To fools though high in stature, no praise is meted,
The wise by all are honored though lowly seated.
m. Easaias Tegnér—*Fridthjof's Saga, King Beli and Thorstein.*

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers.
n. Tennyson—*Locksley Hall.* St. 71.

'Tis held that sorrow makes us wise.
o. Tennyson—*In Memoriam.* Pt. CVII.

Wisdom sits alone,
Topmost in heaven:—she is its light—its God;
And in the heart of man she sits as high—
Though grovelling eyes forget her oftentimes,
Seeing but this world's idols. The pure mind
Sees her forever: and in youth we come
Fill'd with her sainted ravishment, and kneel,
Worshipping God through her sweet altar fires,
And then is knowledge "good."
p. Willis—*The Scholar of Thebet. Ben Khorat.* Pt. II.

Wisdom is oft times nearer when we stoop
Than when we soar.
q. Wordsworth—*The Excursion.* Bk. III.

Wisdom married to immortal verse.
r. Wordsworth—*The Excursion.* Bk. VII.

Wisdom is the only thing which can relieve us from the sway of the passions and the fear of danger, and which can teach us to bear the injuries of fortune itself with moderation, and which shows us all the ways which lead to tranquility and peace.
s. Yonge's *Cicero. De Finibus.* Bk. I. Div. 14.

Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
t. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night I. Line 390.

Be wise with speed;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.
u. Young—*Love of Fame.* Satire I. Line 282.

On every thorn delightful wisdom grows,
In every rill a sweet instruction flows.
v. Young—*Love of Fame.* Satire I. Line 249.

Teach me my days to number, and apply
My trembling heart to wisdom.
w. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night IX. Line 1314.

The clouds may drop down titles and estates:
Wealth may seek us; but wisdom must be sought;
Sought before all; but (how unlike all else,
We seek on earth!) 'tis never sought in vain.
x. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night VIII. Line 620.

Wisdom, awful wisdom! which inspects,
Discerns, compares, weighs, separates, infers
Seizes the right, and holds it to the last.
y. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night VIII. Line 1247.

Wisdom, though richer than Peruvian mines,
And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial hive,
What is she, but the means of happiness?
That unobtain'd, than folly more a fool.
z. Young—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 498.

WIT.

The next best thing to being witty one's-self, is to be able to quote another's wit.

a. Bovee—*Summaries of Thought. Quoters and Quoting.*

He must be a dull Fellow indeed, whom neither Love, Malice, nor Necessity, can inspire with Wit.

b. De La Bruyere—*The Characters or Manners of the Present Age.* Ch. IV.

Great wits and valours, like great states,
Do sometimes sink with their own weights.

c. Butler—*Hudibras.* Pt. II. Canto I. Line 269.

We grant, altho' he had much wit,
H' was very shy of using it;
As being loth to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about;
Unless on holy-days, or so,
As men their best apparel do.

d. Butler—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto I. Line 45.

Don't put too fine a point to your wit for fear it should get blunted.

e. Cervantes.

Wit and humour belong to genius alone.

f. Cervantes.

I am a fool, I know it; and yet, God help me, I'm poor enough to be a wit.

g. Congreve—*Love for Love.* Act I. Sc. 1.

His wit invites you by his looks to come,
But when you knock, it never is at home.

h. Cowper—*Conversation.* Line 303.

Wit, now and then, struck smartly, shows a spark.

i. Cowper—*Table Talk.* Line 665.

Ev'n wit's a burthen, when it talks too long.

j. Dryden—*Sixth Satire of Juvenal.* Line 573.

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.

k. Dryden—*Absalom and Achitophel.* Pt. I. Line 163.

Their heads sometimes so little that there is no room for wit; sometimes so long, that there is no wit for so much room.

l. Fuller—*Of Natural Fools.*

Wit is the salt of conversation, not the food.

m. Hazlitt—*Lectures on the English Comic Writers.* Lecture I.

Wits' an unruly engine, wildly striking
Sometimes a friend, sometimes the engineer:
Hast thou the knack? pamper it not with liking;
But if thou want it, buy it not too deere.
Many affecting wit beyond their power,
Have got to be a deare fool for an houre.

n. Herbert—*The Temple. The Church Porch.*

Wit, like money, bears an extra value when rung down immediately it is wanted. Men pay severely who require credit.

o. Douglas Jerrold—*Specimens of Jerrold's Wit. Wit.*

Wit is the flower of the imagination.

p. Livy.

Wit is a dangerous weapon, even to the possessor, if he knows not how to use it discreetely.

q. Montaigne—*Essays.* Bk. II. Ch. XII.

When we seek after wit, we discover only foolishness.

r. Montesquieu.

Whose wit in the combat, as gentle as bright,
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade.

s. Moore—*Lines on Sheridan.*

Wit is the most rascally, contemptible, beggarly thing on the face of the earth.

t. Murphy—*The Apprentice.*

A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.

u. Pope—*Dunciad.* Bk. IV. Line 92.

If Faith itself has diff'rent dresses worn,
What wonder modes in Wit should take their turn?

v. Pope—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 446.

Modest plainness sets off sprightly wit,
For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
As bodies perish thro' excess of blood.

w. Pope—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 302.

Some to Conceit alone their taste confine,
And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry line;
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit;
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.

x. Pope—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 289.

True Wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.

y. Pope—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 297.

'Twas fit,
Who conquer'd Nature, should preside o'er Wit.

z. Pope—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 652.

Wit and judgment often are at strife,
Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.

aa. Pope—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 82.

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.

bb. Pope—*Epigram.*

A good old man, sir; he will be talking; as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out.

cc. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 5.

Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them;
But, in the less, foul profanation.
a. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 2.

He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit.
b. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II. Sc. 3.

His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest.
c. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act II. Sc. 1.

I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men.
d. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act I. Sc. 2.

Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; By and by it will strike.
e. *Tempest.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.
f. *As You Like It.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief.
g. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.
h. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act V. Sc. 1.

They have a plentiful lack of wit.
i. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Those wits that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.
j. *Twelfth Night.* Act I. Sc. 5.

Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth—it catches.
k. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
l. *Titus Andronicus.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavour, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumers, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to "charm his pained steps over the burning marle."
m. SYDNEY SMITH—*Dangers and Advantages of Wit.*

One wit like a knuckle of ham in soup, gives a zest and flavour to the dish, but more than one serves only to spoil the pottage.
n. SMOLLETT—*Humphrey Clinker.*

Wit consists in knowing the resemblance of things which differ, and the difference of things which are alike.
o. MADAME DE STAËL—*Germany.* Pt. III. Ch. VIII.

Wit does not take the place of knowledge.
p. VAUVENARGUES.

Against their wills what numbers ruin shun,
Purely through want of wit to be undone!
Nature has shown by making it so rare,
That wit's a jewel which we need not wear.
q. YOUNG—*Epistle to Mr. Pope.* Ep. II. Line 80.

Wit, how delicious to man's dainty taste!
'Tis precious, as the vehicle of sense;
But, as its substitute, a dire disease.
Pernicious talent! flatter'd by the world,
By the blind world, which thinks the talent rare,
Wisdom is rare, Lorenzo! wit abounds.
r. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night VIII. Line 1219.

WOMAN.

Loveliest of Women! heaven is in thy soul,
Beauty and virtue shine forever round thee,
Bright'ning each other! thou art all divine,
s. ADDISON—*Cato.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Divination seems heightened to its highest power in woman.
t. ALCOTT—*Concord Days. August. Woman.*

On one she smiled, and he was blest;
She smiles elsewhere—we make a din!
But 'twas not love which heaved her breast,
Fair child!—it was the bliss within.
u. MATTHEW ARNOLD—*Euphrosyne.*

Woman's grief is like a summer storm,
Short as it is violent.
v. JOANNA BAILLIE—*Basil.*

Not she with trait'rous kiss her Saviour stung,
Not she denied him with unholy tongue;
She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave,
Last at his cross, and earliest at his grave.
w. BARRETT—*Woman.* Pt. I.

Oh, woman, perfect woman! what distraction
Was meant to mankind when thou wast made a devil!
What an inviting hell invented!
x. BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—*Comedy of Monsieur Thomas.* Act III. Sc. 1.

A worthless woman! mere cold clay
As all false things are! but so fair,
She takes the breath of men away
Who gaze upon her unaware;
I would not play her larcenous tricks
To have her looks!
y. E. B. BROWNING—*Bianca Among the Nightingales.* St. 22

You forget too much
That every creature, female as the male,
Stands single in responsible act and thought,
As also in birth and death.
a. E. B. Browning—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. II. Line 464.

And nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her 'prentice hand she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.
b. Burns—*Green Grow the Rushes*

The souls of women are so small,
That some believe they've none at all;
Or if they have, like cripples, still
They've but one faculty, the will.
c. Butler—*Miscellaneous Thoughts.*

A lady with her daughters or her nieces,
Shine like a guinea and seven-shilling pieces.
d. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto III. St. 60.

And whether coldness, pride, or virtue, dignify,
A woman, so she's good, what does it signify?
e. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto XIV. St. 57.

But, O ye lords of ladies intellectual!
Inform us truly, have they not henpecked you all?
f. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto I. St. 22.

Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies.
g. Byron—*Beppo.* St. 45.

I love the sex, and sometimes would reverse
The tyrant's wish, "that mankind only had
One neck, which he with one fell stroke might pierce;"
My wish is quite as wide, but not so bad,
And much more tender on the whole than fierce;
It being (not now, but only while a lad)
That womankind had but one rosy mouth,
To kiss them all at once, from north to south.
h. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto VI. St. 27.

I've seen your stormy seas and stormy women,
And pity lovers rather more than seamen.
i. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto IV. St. 53.

But she was a soft landscape of mild earth,
Where all was harmony, and calm, and quiet,
Luxuriant, budding; cheerful without mirth.
j. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto VI. St. 53.

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes.
k. Byron—*She Walks in Beauty.*

Soft as the memory of buried love,
Pure, as the prayer which childhood wafts above.
l. Byron—*The Bride of Abydos.* Canto I. St. 6.

The very first
Of human life must spring from woman's breast:
Your first small words are taught you from her lips;
Your first tears quench'd by her, and your last sighs
Too often breath'd out in a woman's hearing.
m. Byron—*Sardanapalus.* Act I. Sc. 2.

What a strange thing is man! and what a stranger
Is woman! What a whirlwind is her head,
And what a whirlpool full of depth and danger
Is all the rest about her!
n. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto IX. St. 64.

Yet even her tyranny had such a grace,
The woman pardon'd all except her face.
o. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto V. St. 113.

The world was sad,—the garden was a wild;
And Man, the hermit, sigh'd—till Woman smil'd.
p. Campbell—*Pleasures of Hope.* Pt. II. Line 37.

Lo, what gentillesse these women have,
If we coude know it for our rudenesse!
How busie they be us to keepe and save,
Both in hele, and also in silkenesse!
And alway right sorrie for our distresse,
In every manner; thus shew thy routhe,
That in hem is al goodnesse and trouthe.
q. Chaucer—*A Praise of Women.* St. 22.

So womanly, so benigne, and so meke.
r. Chaucer—*Canterbury Tales. Prologue to Legend of Good Women.* Line 243.

Woman and Man all social needs include;
Earth filled with men were still a solitude:
In vain the stars would shine, 'twere dark the while
Without the light of her superior smile.
To blot from earth's vocabularies one
Of all her names were to blot out the sun.
s. Abraham Coles—*The Microcosm. Woman, Sex, &c.*

Her air, her manners, all who saw admired;
Courteous, though coy, and gentle, though retired;
The joy of youth and health her eyes display'd,
And ease of heart her every look convey'd.
t. Crabbe—*Parish Register.* Pt. II.

Women, with a mischief to their kind,
Pervert, with bad advice, our better mind.
A woman's counsel brought us first to woe,
And made her man his paradise forego,
Where at heart's ease he lived; and might have been
As free from sorrow as he was from sin.
For what tho devil had their sex to do,
That, born to folly, they presumed to know,
And could not see the serpent in the grass
But I myself presume, and let it pass.
u. Dryden—*Cock and the Fox.* Line 555.

A woman's lot is made for her by the love she accepts.

a. George Eliot—*Felix Holt.* Ch. XLIII.

She was like one courting sleep, in whom thoughts insist like willful tormentors.

b. George Eliot—*Daniel Deronda.* Bk. V. Ch. XXXVI.

The beauty of a lovely woman is like music.

c. George Eliot—*Adam Bede.* Ch. XXXIII.

What furniture can give such finish to a room as a tender woman's face? and is there any harmony of tints that has such stirrings of delight as the sweet modulations of her voice?

d. George Eliot—*Daniel Deronda.* Bk. VI. Ch. XLIII.

Women are timid, cower and shrink
At show of danger, some folk think;
But men there are who for their lives
Dare not so far asperse their wives.
We let that pass—so much is clear,
Though little dangers they may fear,
When greater perils men environ,
Then women show a front of iron;
And, gentle in their manner, they
Do bold things in a quiet way.

e. Thomas Dunn English—*Betty Zane.*

For silence and chaste reserve is woman's genuine praise, and to remain quiet within the house.

f. Euripides.

Where is the man who has the power and skill
To stem the torrent of a woman's will?
For if she will, she will, you may depend on't;
And if she won't, she won't; so there's an end on't.

g. *From the Pillar Erected on the Mount in the Dane John Field, Canterbury.* *Examiner, May* 31, 1829.

And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place.

h. Gay—*Fable. The Hare and Many Friends.* Line 41.

How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away!
But, while ye thus tease me together,
To neither a word will I say.

i. Gay—*The Beggar's Opera.* Act II. Sc. 2.

If the heart of a man is depress'd with cares,
The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears.

j. Gay—*The Beggar's Opera.* Act II. Sc. 1.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?

k. Goldsmith—*Vicar of Wakefield.* Ch. XXIV.

Mankind from Adam, have been women's fools,
Women, from Eve, have been the devil's tools:
Heaven might have spar'd one torment when we fell;
Not left us women, or not threaten'd hell.

l. Geo. Granville (Lord Lansdowne)—*She-Gallants.*

Woman's empire, holier, more refined.
Moulds, moves, and sways the fallen yet God-breathed mind,
Lifting the earth-crushed heart to hope and heaven.

m. Hale—*The Empire of Woman.* *Woman's Empire Defined.*

Of her that bore too long the smart
Of love delayed, yet keeping green
Love's lilies for the one unseen,
Counselling but her woman's heart,
Chose in all ways life's better part;—
Arcadian Evangeline.

n. Benjamin Hathaway—*By the Fireside.*

First, then, a woman will, or won't,—depend on't;
If she will do't, she will; and there's an end on't.
But, if she won't, since safe and sound your trust is,
Fear is affront: and jealousy injustice.

o. Aaron Hill—*Epilogue to Zara.*

O woman! thou wert fashioned to beguile;
So have all sages said, all poets sung.

p. Jean Ingelow—*The Four Bridges.* St. 68.

Where she went, the flowers took thickest root,
As she had sow'd them with her odorous foot.

q. Ben Jonson—*The Sad Shepherd.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Maids must be wives, and mothers, to fulfil
Th' entire and holiest end of woman's being.

r. Francis Anne Kemble—*Woman's Heart.*

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

s. Longfellow—*Santa Filomena.*

Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished.

t. Longfellow—*Evangeline.* Pt. II. 1.

The life of woman is full of woe,
Toiling on and on and on,
With breaking heart, and tearful eyes,
The secret longings that arise,
Which this world never satisfies!
Some more, some less, but of the whole
Not one quite happy, no, not one!

u. Longfellow—*Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. II

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.
a. Longfellow—*Evangeline.* Pt. I. 1.

Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected.
b. Lowell—*Irene.*

A cunning woman is a knavish fool.
c. Lord Lyttleton—*Advice to a Lady.*

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great;
A woman's noblest station is Retreat;
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight;
Domestic worth—that shuns too strong a light.
d. Lord Lyttleton—*Advice to a Lady.*

Women, like princes, find few real friends.
e. Lord Lyttleton—*Advice to a Lady.*

The most beautiful object in the world, it will be allowed, is a beautiful woman.
f. Macaulay—*Essays. Criticisms on the Principal Italian Writers.* No. 1.

Woman may err, woman may give her mind
To evil thoughts, and lose her pure estate;
But for one woman who affronts her kind
By wicked passions and remorseless hate,
A thousand make amends in age and youth,
By heavenly pity, by sweet sympathy,
By patient kindness, by enduring truth,
By love, supremest in adversity.
g. Charles Mackay—*Praise of Women.*

How sweetly sounds the voice of a good woman!
It is so seldom heard that, when it speaks,
It ravishes all senses.
h. Massinger—*Old Law.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Of all wild beasts on earth or in sea, the greatest is a woman.
i. Menander—*E Suppositio.* P. 182.

A bevy of fair women.
j. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XI. Line 582.

Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.
k. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VIII. Line 488.

Nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good.
l. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 232.

O fairest of Creation, last and best
Of all God's works, creature in whom excelled
Whatever can to sight or thought be formed,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
m. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 896.

Oh! why did God, create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of Nature, and not fill the world at once
With men as Angels, without feminine.
n. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. X. Line 887.

When, out of hope, behold her, not far off,
Such as I saw her in my dream, adorned
With what all earth or heaven could bestow,
To make her amiable.
o. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VIII. Line 482.

Disguise our bondage as we will,
'Tis woman, woman rules us still.
p. Moore—*Sovereign Woman.* St. 4.

My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.
q. Moore—*The Time I've Lost in Wooing.*

New Eves in all her daughters came,
As strong to charm, as weak to err,
As sure of man through praise or blame,
Whate'er they brought him, pride or shame,
He still th' unreasoning worshipper.
r. Moore—*Loves of the Angels. Second Angel's Story.* St. 15.

O woman! whose form and whose soul
Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue.
Whether sunn'd in the tropics or chill'd at the pole,
If woman be there, there is happiness too.
s. Moore—*On Leaving Philadelphia.*

If a young lady has that discretion and modesty, without which all knowledge is little worth, she will never make an ostentatious parade of it, because she will rather be intent on acquiring more, than on displaying what she has.
t. Hannah More—*Essays on Various Subjects. Thoughts on Conversation.*

Who trusts himself to women, or to waves,
Should never hazard what he fears to lose.
u. Oldmixon—*Governor of Cyprus.*

O woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you,
Angels are painted fair to look like you.
v. Otway—*Venice Preserved.* Act I. Sc. 1.

What mighty ills have not been done by woman?
Who was't betray'd the Capitol? A woman!
Who lost Mark Antony the world? A woman!
Who was the cause of a long ten year's war,
And laid at last old Troy in Ashes? Woman!
Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman!
w. Otway—*The Orphan.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Who can describe
Women's hypocrisies! their subtle wiles,
Betraying smiles, feign'd tears, inconstancies!
Their painted outsides, and corrupted minds,
The sum of all their follies, and their falsehoods.
x. Otway—*Orpheus.*

Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
But still be a woman to you.
y. Parnell—*When thy Beauty Appears.*

To chase the clouds of life's tempestuous hours,
To strew its short but weary way with flow'rs,
New hopes to raise, new feelings to impart,
And pour celestial balsam on the heart;
For this to man was lovely woman giv'n,
The last, best work, the noblest gift of Heav'n.
a. THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK—*The Visions of Love.*

Fine by defect, and delicately weak.
b. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. II. Line 43.

Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live.
c. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. II. Line 138.

Our grandsire, ere of Eve possess'd,
Alone, and e'en in Paradise unblest,
With mournful looks the blissful scenes survey'd,
And wander'd in the solitary shade;
The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd
Woman, the last, the best reserv'd of God.
d. POPE—*January and May.* Line 63.

She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen.
e. POPE'S *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. III. Line 208.

Woman's at best a contradiction still.
f. POPE—*Moral Essays.* Ep. II. Line 270.

Be to her virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind.
g. PRIOR—*An English Padlock.*

A woman is the most inconsistent compound of obstinacy and self-sacrifice that I am acquainted with.
h. RICHTER—*Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces.* Ch. V.

The little work-tables of women's fingers are the play grounds of women's fancies, and their knitting-needles are fairy-wands by which they transform the whole room into a spirit-isle of dreams; hence it is that a letter or book distracts a woman in love more than four pair of stockings knit by herself.
i. RICHTER—*Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces.* Ch. V.

By this good light, a wench of matchless mettle.
j. SCOTT—*Fortunes of Nigel.* Ch. XIX.

O, woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made:
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!
k. SCOTT—*Marmion.* Canto VI. St. 30.

Widowed wife and wedded maid.
l SCOTT—*The Betrothed.* Ch. XV.

A child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman.
m. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety.
n. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Ah me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is!
o. *Julius Cæsar.* Act II. Sc. 4.

A maid
That paragons description, and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in the essential vesture of creation,
Does bear all excellency.
p. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 1.

A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man.
q. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act III. Sc. 3.

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty.
r. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud:
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.
s. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Fie, fie upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motion of her body.
t. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

Frailty, thy name is Woman!—
A little month; or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body
Like Niobe, all tears; why she even she * * * married with my uncle.
u. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue?
v. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for naught?
w. *Passionate Pilgrim.* Pt. XIX.

Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The tiger will be mild, while she doth mourn;
And Nero will be tainted with remorse,
To hear, and see, her plaints.
x. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act III. Sc. 1.

I am asham'd, that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
y. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act V. Sc. 2.

If ladies be but young, and fair,
They have the gift to know it.
a. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 7.

If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or, from the all that are took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.
b. *Winter's Tale.* Act V. Sc. 1.

I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman well-reputed Cato's daughter.
c. *Julius Cæsar.* Act II. Sc. 1.

I never yet saw man,
* * * * * * * *
But she would spell him backward; if fair-fac'd
She would swear the gentleman should be her sister;
If black, why nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot.
d. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted.
e. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act III. Sc. 6.

Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
f. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Aug.—Nay, women are frail too.
Isab.—Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves:
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
g. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Never give her o'er;
For scorn at first, makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you;
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad if left alone.
h. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act III. Sc. 1.

O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman?
i. *Cymbeline.* Act V. Sc. 5.

One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.
j. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wise; yet I am well: another virtuous; yet I am well: But till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace.
k. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Run, run, Orlando: carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.
l. *As You Like It.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Say, that she rail, why, then I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale;
Say, that she frown; I'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew;
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence.
m. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act II. Sc. 1.

She is a pearl
Whose price has launch'd above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
n. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act II. Sc. 2.

She's beautiful; and therefore to be woo'd:
She is a woman; therefore to be won.
o. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 3.

She speaks poignards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect the north star.
p. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Then let thy love be younger than thy self,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roses, whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.
q. *Twelfth Night.* Act II. Sc. 4.

There was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass.
r. *King Lear.* Act III. Sc. 2.

'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;
* * * * * * *
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admir'd;
* * * * * * * *
'Tis government that makes them seem divine.
s. *Henry IV.* Pt. III. Act I. Sc. 4.

To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue.
t. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Two women plac'd together makes cold weather.
u. *Henry VIII.* Act I. Sc. 4.

Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil, and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?
v. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?
Why, no; for she hath brake the lute to me.
w. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Women will love her, that she is a woman,
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.
x. *Winter's Tale.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Would it not grieve a woman to be overmaster'd with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl?

a. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II. Sc. 1.

You are pictures out of doors;
Bells in your parlours; wild-cats in your kitchens;
Saints in your injuries; devils being offended;
Players in your housewifery; and housewives in your beds.

b. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 1.

A lovely lady garmented in light.

c. SHELLEY—*The Witch of Atlas.* St. 5.

One moral's plain—without more fuss;
Man's social happiness all rests on us:
Through all the drama—whether damn'd or not—
Love gilds the scene, and women guide the plot.

d. SHERIDAN—*The Rivals.* Epilogue.

She frowns no goddess, and she moves no queen.
The softer charm that in her manner lies
Is framed to captivate, yet not surprise,
It justly suits the expression of her face,—
'Tis less than dignity, and more than grace!

e. SHERIDAN—*The School for Scandal. A Portrait Addressed to Mrs. Crewe, with the Comedy of the School for Scandal.*

What will not woman, gentle woman dare,
When strong affection stirs her spirit up?

f. SOUTHEY—*Madoc in Wales.* Pt. II. Line 133.

She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant too, to think on.

g. Sir JOHN SUCKLING—*Brennoralt.* Act II.

Of all the girls that e'er was seen,
There's none so fine as Nelly.

h. SWIFT—*Ballad on Miss Nelly Bennet.*

A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her, she.

i. TENNYSON—*The Princess.* Prologue.

Woman is the lesser man.

j. TENNYSON—*Locksley Hall.* St. 76.

He is a fool who thinks by force or skill
To turn the current of a woman's will.

k. Sir SAM'L TUKE—*Adventures of Five Hours.* Act V. Sc. 3.

"Woman" must ever be a woman's highest name,
And honors more than "Lady," if I know right.

l. WALTHER VON DER VOGELWEIDE—*Translated in the Minnesinger of Germany. Woman and Lady.*

All the reasonings of men are not worth one sentiment of women.

m. VOLTAIRE.

Very learned women are to be found, in the same manner as female warriors; but they are seldom or ever inventors.

n. VOLTAIRE—*A Philosophical Dictionary. Women.*

Not from his head was woman took,
As made her husband to o'erlook;
Not from his feet, as one designed
The footstool of the stronger kind;
But fashioned for himself, a bride;
An equal, taken from his side.

o. CHARLES WESLEY—*Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures.* 1762.

You say, sir, once a wit allow'd
A woman to be like a cloud,
Accept a simile as soon
Between a woman and the moon;
For let mankind say what they will,
The sex are heavenly bodies still.

p. JAMES WHYTE—*Simile.*

Shall I, wasting in dispaire,
Dye because a woman's faire?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
Cause another's rosie are?
Be shee fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May;
If she be not so to me,
What care I how faire shee be?

q. GEO. WITHER—*Mistresse of Philarete. Percy's Reliques.*

And now I see with eye serene,
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller betwixt life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill.

r. WORDSWORTH—*She Was a Phantom of Delight.*

A perfect Woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command.

s. WORDSWORTH—*She Was a Phantom of Delight.*

Maidens withering on the stalk.

t. WORDSWORTH—*Personal Talk.*

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleam'd upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament.

u. WORDSWORTH—*She Was a Phantom of Delight.*

A shameless woman is the worst of men.

v. YOUNG—*Love of Fame.* Satire V. Line 472.

Beautiful as sweet!
And young as beautiful! and soft as young!
And gay as soft! and innocent as gay.

w. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night III. Line 81.

WOOING.

Faint heart ne'er won fair lady.
a. Brittain's *Ida.* Canto V. St. 1. *Ballad of* W. Elderton. 1569.

Alas! to seize the moment
When heart inclines to heart,
And press a suit with passion,
Is not a woman's part.

If man come not to gather
The roses where they stand,
They fade among their foliage.
They cannot seek his hand.
b. Bryant—*Song. Trans. from the Spanish of Iglesias.*

Duncan Gray cam' here to woo—
Ha, ha! the wooing o't!
On blithe yule night when we were fu;
Ha, ha! the wooing o't!
Maggie coost her head fu' high,
Looked asklent and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh:
Ha, ha! the wooing o't!
c. Burns—*Duncan Gray.*

He that would win his dame must do
As love does when he draws his bow;
With one hand thrust the lady from,
And with the other pull her home.
d. Butler—*Hudibras.* Pt. II. Canto I. Line 449.

'Tis an old lesson; Time approves it true,
And those who know it best, deplore it most;
When all is won that all desire to woo,
The paltry prize is hardly worth the cost:
Youth wasted, minds degraded, honour lost.
These are thy fruits, successful Passion! these!
If, kindly cruel, early Hope is crost,
Still to the last it rankles, a disease,
Not to be cured when Love itself forgets to please.
e. Byron—*Childe Harold.* Canto II. St. 35.

'Tis enough—
Who listens once will listen twice;
Her heart, be sure, is not of ice,
And one refusal no rebuff.
f. Byron—*Mazeppa.* St. 6.

Never wedding, ever wooing,
Still a lovelorn heart pursuing,
Read you not the wrong you're doing
In my cheek's pale hue?
All my life with sorrow strewing;
Wed, or cease to woo.
g. Campbell—*The Maid's Remonstrance.*

And if he wrong'd our brother,—Heav'n forgive
The man by whom so many brethren live!
h. Crabbe—*The Borough.* Letter XVII.

Follow a shadow, it still flies you;
Seem to fly it, it will pursue:
So court a mistress, she denies you;
Let her alone, she will court you.
Say are not women truly, then,
Styled but the shadows of us men?
i. Ben Jonson—*The Forest. Song.*

If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning!
j. Longfellow—*Courtship of Miles Standish.* Pt. III. Line 3.

The nightingales among the sheltering boughs
Of populous and many-nested trees
Shall teach me how to woo thee, and shall tell me
By what resistless charms or incantations
They won their mates.
k. Longfellow—*The Masque of Pandora.* Pt. V.

A heaven on earth I have won, by wooing thee.
l. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there.
m. *Merchant of Venice.* Act II. Sc. 8.

But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not:
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first.
n. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act III. Sc. 2.

I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.
o. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue;
* * * * * * * *
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song.
p. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act V. Sc. 2.

O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.
q. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man: She thank'd me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her.
r. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Take no repulse, whatever she doth say:
For "get you gone," she doth not mean "away."
s. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act III. Sc. 1.

That man that hath a tongue, I say is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.
t. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act III. Sc. 1.

The pleasantest angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream
And greedily devour the treacherous bait;
So angle we for Beatrice.
a. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Thou hast by moonlight by her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stol'n the impression of fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats; messengers
Of strong prevailment in unharden'd youth.
b. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
c. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 2.

We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
d. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More quick than words, do move a woman's mind.
e. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing:
That she belov'd knows nought, that knows not this,—
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is.
f. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Bring therefore all the forces that ye may,
And lay incessant battery to her heart;
Playnts, prayers, vowes, truth, sorrow, and dismay;
Those engins can the proudest love convert:
And, if those fayle, fall downe and dy before her;
So dying live, and living do adore her.
g. Spenser—*Amoretti and Epithalamion.* Sonnet XIV.

A woman always feels herself complimented by love, though it may be from a man incapable of winning her heart, or perhaps even her esteem.
h. Abel Stevens—*Life of Madame de Staël.* Ch. III.

WORDS.

Words are the transcript of those ideas which are in the mind of man, and that writing or printing is the transcript of words.
i. Addison—*Spectator.* No. 166.

Words are the motes of thought, and nothing more.
Words are like sea-shells on the shore; they show
Where the mind ends, and not how far it has been,
Let every thought, too, soldier-like, be stripped,
And roughly looked over.
j. Bailey—*Festus.* Sc. *Home.*

Words of affection, howsoe'er express'd,
The latest spoken still are deem'd the best.
k. Joanna Baillie—*Address to Miss Agnes Baillie on her Birthday.* Line 126.

'Tis a word that's quickly spoken,
Which being restrained, a heart is broken.
l. Beaumont and Fletcher—*The Spanish Curate.* Act II. Sc. 4. *Song.*

But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps, millions, think;
'Tis strange, the shortest letter which man uses
Instead of speech, may form a lasting link
Of ages; to what straits old Time reduces
Frail man, when paper—even a rag like this,
Survives himself, his tomb, and all that's his.
m. Byron—*Don Juan.* Canto III. St. 88.

We should be as careful of our words as of our actions, and as far from speaking ill as from doing ill.
n. Cicero.

Words are freeborn, and not the vassals of the gruff tyrants of prose to do their bidding only. They have the same right to dance and sing, as the dew drops have to sparkle, and the stars to shine.
o. Abraham Coles—*The Evangel.* Introduction.

Words indeed are but the signs and counters of knowledge, and their currency should be strictly regulated by the capital which they represent.
p. C. C. Colton—*Lacon.* Preface.

A blemish may be taken out of a diamond by careful polishing; but if your words have the least blemish, there is no way to efface it.
q. Confucius.

Words are the voice of the heart.
r. Confucius.

Words that weep, and tears that speak.
s. Cowley—*The Prophet.* St. 2. Line 8.

Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense.
t. Wentworth Dillon (Earl of Roscommon)—*Essay on Translated Verse.* Line 113.

Words once spoke can never be recall'd.
a. WENTWORTH DILLON (Earl of Roscommon)—*Art of Poetry.*

Our words have wings, but fly not where we would.
b. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. III.

My words
Were meant for deeds.
c. GEORGE ELIOT—*The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. III.

Words are women, deeds are men.
d. HERBERT—*Jacula Prudentum.*

Words are wise men's counters—they do not reckon by them—but they are the money of fools.
e. THOMAS HOBBES—*The Leviathan.*

There is no point where art so nearly touches nature as when it appears in the form of words.
f. HOLLAND—*Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects. Art and Life.*

Words * * * are not only the highest representatives of thought and life, but they are the representatives, the sources, the expounders, and the preservers of all that is highest in picture and sculpture.
g. HOLLAND—*Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects. Art and Life.*

Long in the field of words we may contend,
Reproach is infinite, and knows no end,
Arm'd or with truth or falsehood, right or wrong;
So valuable a weapon is the tongue;
Wounded, we wound; and neither side can fail,
For every man has equal strength to rail:
Women alone, when in the streets they jar,
Perhaps excel us in this wordy war;
Like us they stand, encompass'd with the crowd,
And vent their anger, impotent and loud.
h. POPE's *Homer's Iliad.* Bk. XX. Line 244.

I am not so lost in lexicography as to forget that words are the daughters of earth, and that things are the sons of heaven.
i. SAM'L JOHNSON—*Preface to his Dictionary.*

Fair words gladden so many a heart.
j. LONGFELLOW—*Tales of a Wayside Inn. The Musician's Tale.*

Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.
k. LONGFELLOW—*Evangeline.* Pt. I. V.

Words are men's daughters, but God's sons are things.
l. Dr. MADDEN—*Boulter's Monument.* (*Preface to Johnson's Dictionary.*)

It is as easy to draw back a stone thrown with force from the hand, as to recall a word once spoken.
m. MENANDER—*Ex Incert. Comœd.* P. 216.

Wild, as waves
That wash no shore, words wander.
n. OWEN MEREDITH—*Thanatos Athanatou.*

Words, however, are things; and the man who accords
To his language the license to outrage his soul,
Is controll'd by the words he disdains to control.
o. OWEN MEREDITH—*Lucile.* Pt. I. Canto II. St. 10.

Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
p. POPE—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 309.

O! many a shaft, at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant!
And many a word, at random spoken,
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken!
q. SCOTT—*Lord of the Isles.* Canto V. St. 18.

A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.
r. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act II. Sc. 4.

But words are words; I never yet did hear
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.
s. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Familiar in his mouth as household words.
t. *Henry V.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Good words are better than bad strokes.
u. *Julius Cæsar.* Act V. Sc. 1.

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument.
v. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act V. Sc. 1.

How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs,
End in a word: Such is the breath of kings.
w. *Richard II.* Act I. Sc. 3.

I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath.
x. *Othello.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
y. *Comedy of Errors.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins.
z. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 2.

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words without thoughts, never to heaven go.
a. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 3.

These words are razors to my wounded heart.
b. *Titus Andronicus.* Act I. Sc. 2.

The tongues of dying men
Enforce attention, like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain;
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.
c. *Richard II.* Act II. Sc. 1.

'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well:
And yet words are no deeds.
d. *Henry VIII.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing, like a very drab.
e. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Pol.—What do you read, my lord?
Ham.—Words, words, words!
f. *Hamlet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.
g. *Twelfth Night.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart.
h. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words;
Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad.
i. *King John.* Act II. Sc. 2.

We know not what we do
When we speak words.
j. SHELLEY—*Rosalind and Helen.* Line 1108.

Words are but holy as the deeds they cover.
k. SHELLEY—*The Cenci.* Act II. Sc. 2.

What may words say, or what may words not say?
l. Sir PHILIP SIDNEY—*Astrophel and Stella.* St. 35.

Such as thy words are, such will thy affections be esteemed; and such will thy deeds as thy affections, and such thy life as thy deeds.
m. SOCRATES.

The artillery of words.
n. SWIFT—*Ode to Sancroft.* Line 13.

High Air-castles are cunningly built of Words, the Words well bedded also in good Logic-mortar; wherein, however, no knowledge will come to lodge.
o. TEUFELSDRÖCKH—*In Carlyle's Sartor Resartus.* Ch. VIII.

WORK.

By the way,
The works of women are symbolical.
We sew, sew, prick our fingers, dull our sight,
Producing what? A pair of slippers, sir
To put on when you're weary—or a stool
To tumble over and vex you . . . curse that stool!'
Or else at best, a cushion where you lean
And sleep, and dream of something we are not,
But would be for your sake. Alas, alas!
This hurts most, this . . that, after all, we are paid
The worth of our work, perhaps.
p. E. B. BROWNING—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. I. Line 465.

Get leave to work
In this world,—'tis the best you get at all.
q. E. B. BROWNING—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. III. Line 164.

God did anoint thee with his odorous oil,
To wrestle, not to reign.
r. E. B. BROWNING—*Work.*

Let no one till his death
Be called unhappy. Measure not the work
Until the day's out and the labour done.
s. E. B. BROWNING—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. V. Line 78.

And still be doing, never done.
t. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto I. Line 204.

All work, even cotton-spinning, is noble; work is alone noble.
u. CARLYLE—*Past and Present.* Bk. III. Ch. IV.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it and will follow it.
v. CARLYLE—*Past and Present.* Bk. III. Ch. II.

Genuine Work alone, what thou workest faithfully, that is eternal, as the Almighty Founder and World-Builder himself.
w. CARLYLE—*Past and Present.* Bk. II. Ch. XVII.

All true Work is sacred; in all true Work, were it but true hand-labour, there is something of divineness.
x. CARLYLE—*Work.*

Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.
y. EARL OF CHESTERFIELD—*Letter.* March 10th, 1746.

In every rank, or great or small,
'Tis industry supports us all.
z. GAY—*Man, Cat, Dog, and Fly.* Pt. II. Line 62.

Joy to the Toiler!—him that tills
The fields with Plenty crowned;
Him with the woodman's axe that thrills
The wilderness profound;
Him that all day doth sweating bend
In the fierce furnace heat;
And her whose cunning fingers tend
On loom and spindle fleet!
A prayer more than the prayer of saint,
A faith no fate can foil,
Lives in the heart that shall not faint
In time-long task of Toil.
a. BENJAMIN HATHAWAY—*Songs of the Toiler.*

It is better to wear out than to rust out.
b. BISHOP HORNE—*Sermon on the Duty of Contending for the Truth.*

We enjoy ourselves only in our work, our doing; and our best doing is our best enjoyment.
c. JACOBI.

For men must work and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.
d. CHAS. KINGSLEY—*Three Fishers.*

To that dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood.
e. LAMB—*Work.*

Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others.
f. LONGFELLOW—*Courtship of Miles Standish.* Pt. VIII.

No man is born into the world, whose work
Is not born with him; there is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil!
g. LOWELL—*A Glance Behind the Curtain.* Line 202.

God be thank'd that the dead have left still
Good undone for the living to do—
Still some aim for the heart and the will
And the soul of a man to pursue.
h. OWEN MEREDITH—*Epilogue.*

Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed.
i. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 618.

The work under our labour grows,
Luxurious by restraint.
j. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IX. Line 208.

Nothing is impossible to industry.
k. PERIANDER *of Corinth.*

Work first, and then rest.
l. RUSKIN—*True and Beautiful. Architecture. The Lamp of Beauty.*

Hard toil can roughen form and face,
And want can quench the eye's bright grace.
m. SCOTT—*Marmion.* Canto I. St. 28.

Excellently done, if God did all.
n. *Twelfth Night.* Act I. Sc. 5.

Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal: 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.
o. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 2.

Why, universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries;
As motion, and long-during action, tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
p. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Thine to work as well as pray,
Clearing thorny wrongs away;
Plucking up the weeds of sin,
Letting heaven's warm sunshine in.
q. WHITTIER—*The Curse of the Charter-Breakers.* Line 21.

WORLD, THE.

This restless world
Is full of chances, which by habit's power
To learn to bear is easier than to shun.
r. JOHN ARMSTRONG—*Art of Preserving Health.* Bk. II. Line 474.

The world's a bubble, and the life of man
Less than a span.
s. BACON—*The World.*

Earth took her shining station as a star,
In Heaven's dark hall, high up the crowd of worlds.
t. BAILEY—*Festus.* Sc. *The Centre.*

In this bad, twisted, topsy-turvy world,
Where all the heaviest wrongs get uppermost.
u. E. B. BROWNING—*Aurora Leigh.* Bk. V. Line 981.

World's use is cold, world's love is vain,
World's cruelty is bitter bane;
But pain is not the fruit of pain.
v. E. B. BROWNING—*A Vision of Poets.* St. 146.

The wide world is all before us,
But a world without a friend.
w. BURNS—*Strathallan's Lament.*

Such is the world. Understand it, despise it, love it; cheerfully hold on thy way through it, with thy eye on highest loadstars!
x. CARLYLE—*Essays. Count Cagliostro.*

The true sovereign of the world, who moulds the world like soft wax, according to his pleasure, is he who lovingly sees into the world.
y. CARLYLE—*Essays. Death of Goethe.*

The world's an inn, and death the journey's end.
z. DRYDEN—*Palamon and Arcite.* Bk. III. Line 888.

The world is a bride superbly dressed;—
Who weds her for dowry must pay his soul.
aa. HAFIZ.

Earth is but the frozen echo of the silent voice of God.
a. HAGEMAN—*Silence.*

The world's a theatre, the earth a stage,
Which God and nature do with actors fill.
b. THOS. HEYWOOD—*Apology for Actors.* 1612.

The Earth goes on the Earth glittering with gold;
The Earth goes on the Earth sooner than it should;
The Earth builds on the Earth castles and towers;
The Earth says to the Earth, All this is ours.
c. *Inscription on the Ruined Gate at Melrose Abbey.*

Upon the battle ground of heaven and hell
I palsied stand.
d. MARIE JOSEPHINE—*Rosa Mystica.* P. 231.

If all the world must see the world
As the world the world hath seen,
Then it were better for the world
That the world had never been.
e. LELAND—*The World and the World.*

The world in all doth but two nations bear,
The good, the bad, and these mixed everywhere.
f. MARVELL—*The Loyal Scot.*

A boundless continent,
Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night
Starless exposed.
g. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. III. Line 423.

Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call Earth.
h. MILTON—*Comus.* Line 5.

Brightest seraph, tell
In which of all these shining orbs hath man
His fixed seat—or fixed seat hath none,
But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell.
i. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. III. Line 667.

Earth self-balanc'd, on her centre hung.
j. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. VII. Line 242.

Hanging in a golden chain
This pendent World.
k. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 1051.

The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
l. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. XII. Line 646.

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of Joy, the tears of Wo,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true, but Heaven!
m. THOMAS MOORE—*This World is All a Fleeting Show.*

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seems to me all the uses of this world.
n. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them.
o. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 3.

The world is grown so bad
That wrens may prey where eagles dare not perch.
p. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 3.

This earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
q. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 4.

This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.
r. *As You Like It.* Act II. Sc. 7.

Why, then the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.
s. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act II. Sc. 2.

World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations makes us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.
t. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

O Earth! all bathed with blood and tears, yet never
Hast thou ceased putting forth thy fruit and flowers.
u. MADAME DE STAËL—*Corinne.* Bk. XIII. Ch. IV. Trans. by L. E. L.

This world, surely, is wide enough to hold both thee and me.
v. STERNE—*Tristram Shandy.* Ch. XII.

So many worlds, so much to do;
So little done, such things to be.
w. TENNYSON—*In Memoriam.* Pt. LXXII.

What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all?
x. THOMSON—*The Seasons.* *Spring.* Line 1134.

The world is a comedy to those that think, a tragedy to those who feel.
y. WALPOLE—*Letter to Sir Horace Mann.*

The world's all title-page; there's no contents;
The world's all face; the man who shows his heart,
Is hooted for his nudities, and scorn'd.
z. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night VIII. Line 31.

WORSHIP.

Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised?
a. BRYANT—*A Forest Hymn.*

Man always worships something; always he sees the Infinite shadowed forth in something finite; and indeed can and must so see it in any finite thing, once tempt him well to fix his eyes thereon.
b. CARLYLE—*Essays. Goethe's Works.*

Praise him each savage furious Beast
That on his stores do daily feast!
And you tame Slaves, of the laborious plow,
Your weary knees to your Creator bow.
c. WENTWORTH DILLON (Earl of Roscommon)—*Miscellanies. A Paraphrase on Psalm CXLVIII.* Line 53.

What greater calamity can fall upon a nation than the loss of worship.
d. EMERSON—*An Address.* July 15, 1838.

Resort to sermons, but to prayers most:
Praying's the end of preaching.
e. HERBERT—*The Temple. The Church Porch.*

O sure it were a seemly thing,
While all is still and calm,
The praise of God to play and sing,
With trumpet and with shalm.
* * * * * * * *
All labourers draw hame at even,
And can to others say,
"Thanks to the gracious God of heaven,
Whilk sent this summer day."
f. ALEXANDER HUME—*Evening.* St. 2.

How often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator?
g. MILTON—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 680.

Get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand between two churchmen.
h. *Richard III.* Act III. Sc. 7.

Stoop, boys: this gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows you
To morning's holy office: The gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may get through
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good morrow to the sun.
i. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 3.

WORTH.

'Tis virtue, wit, and worth, and all
That men divine and sacred call:
For what is worth in anything,
But so much money as 't will bring?
j. BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. II. Canto I. Line 463.

Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends!
Hath he not always treasures, always friends.
The good great man? three treasures—love and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infants' breath:
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.
k. COLERIDGE—*Reproof.*

What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.
l. POPE—*Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 215.

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
And what is 't but mine own when I praise thee?
m. *Sonnet XXXIX.*

What's aught but as 'tis valued?
n. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act II. Sc. 2.

WOUNDS.

What deep wounds ever closed without a scar?
The heart's bleed longest, and but heal to wear
That which disfigures it.
o. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto III. St. 84.

He in peace is wounded, not in war.
p. *The Rape of Lucrece.* Line 831.

He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.
q. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeathd
Her winged spright, and through her wounds doth fly,
Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny.
r. *The Rape of Lucrece.* Line 1727.

Mine honour be the knife's that makes my wound.
s. *The Rape of Lucrece.* Line 1201.

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me.
t. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 2.

The private wound is deepest: O time most accurs'd!
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst.
u. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* Act V. Sc. 4.

The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure.
v. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act II. Sc. 2.

What wound did ever heal, but by degrees?
w. *Othello.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Y.

YOUTH.

Youth dreams a bliss on this side death.
It dreams a rest, if not more deep,
More grateful than this marble sleep;
It hears a voice within it tell:
Calm's not life's crown, though calm is well.
'Tis all perhaps which man acquires,
But 'tis not what our youth desires.
a. MATTHEW ARNOLD—*Youth and Calm.* Line 19.

Young fellows will be young fellows.
b. BICKERSTAFF—*Love in a Village.* Act II. Sc. 2.

There is nothing can equal the tender hours
When life is first in bloom,
When the heart like a bee, in a wild of flowers,
Finds everywhere perfume;
When the present is all and it questions not
If those flowers shall pass away,
But pleas'd with its own delightful lot,
Dreams never of decay.
c. HENRY G. BOHN—*MSS. Dictionary of Poetical Quotations.*

Ah! happy years! once more who would not be a boy.
d. BYRON—*Childe Harold.* Canto II. St. 23.

And both were young, and one was beautiful.
e. BYRON—*The Dream.* St. 2.

Her years
Were ripe, they might make six-and-twenty springs;
But there are forms which Time to touch forbears,
And turns aside his scythe to vulgar things.
f. BYRON—*Don Juan.* Canto V. St. 18.

Youth is to all the glad season of life; but often only by what it hopes, not by what it attains, or what it escapes.
g. CARLYLE—*Essays. Schiller.*

The morning of life is like the dawn of day, full of purity, of imagery, and harmony.
h. CHATEAUBRIAND.

As I approve of a youth that has something of the old man in him, so I am no less pleased with an old man that has something of the youth. He that follows this rule may be old in body, but can never be so in mind.
i. CICERO.

It is a truth but too well known, that rashness attends youth, as prudence does old age.
j. CICERO.

Alas! the slippery nature of tender youth!
k. CLAUDIANUS.

Life went a-maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy
When I was young!
When I was young? Ah, woful when!
l. COLERIDGE—*Youth and Age.*

Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise,
We love the play-place of our early days;
The scene is touching, and the heart is stone,
That feels not at that sight, and feels at none.
m. COWPER—*Tirocinium.* Line 296.

Youth what man's age is like to be doth show;
We may our ends by our beginnings know.
n. DENHAM—*Of Prudence.*

It is with youth as with plants; from the first fruits they bear we learn what may be expected in future.
o. DEMOPHILUS.

Olympian bards who sung
Divine ideas below,
Which always find us young,
And always keep us so.
p. EMERSON—*Essay. The Poet.* Introduction.

Youth holds no society with grief.
q. EURIPIDES.

The foreground of human life is the only part of it which we can examine with real exactness.
r. FROUDE—*Short Studies on Great Subjects. Society in Italy in the Last Days of the Roman Republic.*

O happy unown'd youths! your limbs can bear
The scorching dog-star and the winter's air,
While the rich infant, nurs'd with care and pain,
Thirsts with each heat and coughs with every rain!
s. GAY—*Trivia.* Bk. II. Line 165.

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly rising o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vesssl goes,
Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm.
t. GRAY—*The Bard.* Pt. II. St. 2.

The insect-youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied spring,
And float amid the liquid noon.
u. GRAY—*Ode on the Spring.* St. III. Line 5.

There is a feeling of Eternity in youth which makes us amends for everything. To be young is to be as one of the Immortals.
a. HAZLITT—*Table Talk. The Feeling of Immortality in Youth.*

Youth! youth! how buoyant are thy hopes! they turn
Like marigolds toward the sunny side.
b. JEAN INGELOW—*The Four Bridges.* St. 56.

How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!
Book of Beginnings, Story without End,
Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend!
c. LONGFELLOW—*Morituri Salutamus.* Line 66.

Rise, O youth, and wrestle with me!
d. LONGFELLOW—*Hiawatha.* Pt. V.

Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!
e. LONGFELLOW—*Maidenhood.*

Youth comes but once in a lifetime.
f. LONGFELLOW—*Hyperion.* Bk. II. Ch. X.

Every street has two sides, the shady side and the sunny. When two men shake hands and part, mark which of the two takes the sunny side; he will be the younger man of the two.
g. BULWER-LYTTON—*What Will He Do With It?* Bk. II. Ch. XV.

Whose youth has paused not, dreaming in the vale
Where the rathe violets dwell?
h. BULWER-LYTTON—*The First Violets.*

Youth, that pursuest with such eager face
Thy even way,
Thou pantest on to win a mournful race:
Then stay! oh, stay!
Pause and luxuriate in thy sunny plain;
Loiter,—enjoy:
Once past, Thou never wilt come back again,
A second Boy.
i. MILNES—*Youth. That Pursuest.*

'Tis now the summer of your youth: time has not cropt the roses from your cheek, though sorrow long has washed them.
j. EDWARD MOORE—*The Gamester.* Act III. Sc. 4.

He felt, with indescribable strength and sweetness, that the lovely time of youth is our Italy and Greece, full of gods, temples, and bliss; and which, alas! so often Goths and Vandals stalk through, and strip with their talons.
k. RICHTER.

The youth of the soul is everlasting and eternity is youth.
l. RICHTER.

Youth is a continual intoxication; it is the fever of reason.
m. ROCHEFOUCAULD.

Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek; his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.
n. *Winter's Tale.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together.
Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather,
Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short,
Youth is nimble, age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold.
Youth is wild and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee, youth, I do adore thee.
o. *The Passionate Pilgrim.* St. 12.

He wears the roses of youth upon him.
p. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act III. Sc. 2.

In the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.
q. *King Henry V.* Act I. Sc. 2.

So wise, so young, they say, do ne'er live long.
r. *Richard III.* Act III. Sc. 1.

The spirit of youth,
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
s. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

Hail, blooming Youth!
May all your virtues with your years improve,
Till in consummate worth you shine the pride
Of these our days, and succeeding times
A bright example.
t. SOMERVILLE—*The Chase.* Bk. III. Line 389.

Youth should be a savings-bank.
u. MADAME SWETCHINE.

To be young was very Heaven!
v. WORDSWORTH—*The Prelude.* Bk. XI.

Youth is not rich in time; it may be poor;
Part with it as with money, sparing; pay
No moment, but in purchase of its worth,
And what it's worth, ask death-beds; they can tell.
w. YOUNG—*Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 47.

Z.

ZEAL.

There is no greater sign of a general decay of virtue in a nation, than a want of zeal in its inhabitants for the good of their country.
a. Addison—*Freeholder.* No. 5.

Never let your zeal outrun your charity; the former is but human, the latter is divine.
b. Hosea Ballou—*MSS. Sermons.*

Through zeal knowledge is gotten, through lack of zeal knowledge is lost; let a man who knows this double path of gain and loss thus place himself that knowledge may grow.
c. Buddha.

There is a holy mistaken zeal in politics as well as religion. By persuading others we convince ourselves.
d. Junius.

A Spirit, zealous, as he seemed, to know
More of the Almighty's works, and chiefly Man,
God's latest image.
e. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 565.

His zeal
None seconded, as out of season judged,
Or singular and rash.
f. Milton—*Paradise Lost.* Bk. V. Line 849.

Zeal moved thee;
To please thy gods thou didst it!
g. Milton—*Samson Agonistes.* Line 895.

So shall they build me altars in their zeal,
Where knaves shall minister, and fools shall kneel;
Where Faith may mutter o'er her mystic spell,
Written in blood—and Bigotry may swell
The sail he spreads for Heav'n with blasts from hell!
h. Moore—*Lalla Rookh. Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.*

Zeal is very blind, or badly regulated, when it encroaches upon the rights of others.
i. Pasquier Quesnel.

I have more Zeal than Wit.
j. Pope—*Imitations of Horace.* Bk. II. Satire VI. Line 56.

Poets heap Virtues, Painters Gems at will,
And shew their zeal, and hide their want of skill.
k. Pope—*Moral Essays.* Ep. II. Line 185.

Zeal then, not charity, became the guide.
l. Pope—*Essay on Man.* Ep. III. Line 261.

We do that in our Zeal our calmer moment would be afraid to answer.
m. Scott—*Woodstock.* Ch. XVII.

Press bravely onward!—not in vain
Your generous trust in human kind;
The good which bloodshed could not gain
Your peaceful zeal shall find.
n. Whittier—*To the Reformers of England.*

ZEPHYRS.

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows.
o. Gray—*The Bard.*

And soon
Their hushing dances languished to a stand,
Like midnight leaves when, as the zephyrs swoon,
All on their drooping stems they sink unfanned.
p. Hood—*The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies.*

What joy have I in June's return?
My feet are parched—my eyeballs burn,
I scent no flowery gust;
But faint the flagging Zephyr springs,
With dry Macadam on its wings,
And turns me "dust to dust."
q. Hood—*Ode Imitated from Horace.*

Lull'd by soft Zephyrs thro' the broken pane.
r. Pope—*Prologue to Satires.* Line 42.

No grateful dews descend from ev'ning skies,
Nor morning odours from the flow'rs arise;
No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield,
The balmy Zephyrs, silent since her death,
Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath.
s. Pope—*Winter.* Line 45.

Soften'd sounds along the waters die;
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play.
t. Pope—*Rape of the Lock.* Line 50.

Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows.
u. Pope—*Essay on Criticism.* Line 366.

Soft o'er the shrouds aërial whispers breathe,
That seemed but zephyrs to the train beneath.
v. Pope—*Rape of the Lock.* Line 58.

They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet.
w. *Cymbeline.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

UNCLASSIFIED QUOTATIONS.

Short Sayings of Noted Authors.

A.

ADDISON.

Health and cheerfulness mutually beget each other.
a. *The Spectator.* No. 387.

The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.
b. *Cato.* Act V. Sc. 1.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Death and love are the two wings
Which bear man from earth to heaven.
c.

ARIOSTO.

In wall and roof and pavement scattered are
Full many a pearl, full many a costly stone.
d.

B.

BACON.

Come home to men's business and bosoms.
e. *Essays. Dedication.*

Knowledge bloweth up, but charity buildeth up.
f. *Rendering of 1 Cor.* VIII. 1.

BAILEY.

Defining night by darkness, death by dust.
g. *Festus.* Sc. *Water and Wood.*

Ye live and die on what your souls will fetch;
And all are of different prices.
h. *Festus.* Sc. *A Country Town.*

BEATTIE.

He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.
i. *The Hermit.*

Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms.
j. *The Minstrel.* Bk. I. St. 2.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

As high as Heaven and as deep as Hell.
k. *The Honest Man's Fortune.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Evil beginning hours may end in good.
l. *The Knight of Malta.*

What's one man's poison, signor,
Is another's meat or drink.
m. *Love's Cure.* Act III. Sc. 2.

LORD BROOKE.

And out of mind as soon as out of sight.
n. *Sonnet LVI.*

O wearisome condition of humanity.
o. *Mustapha.* Act V. Sc. 4.

E. B. BROWNING.

And her *yes* said once to you
SHALL be Yes for evermore.
p. *The Lady's Yes.*

The beautiful seems right
By force of beauty, and the feeble wrong
Because of weakness.
q. *Aurora Leigh.* Bk. I.

The soul's Rialto hath its merchandises,
I barter curl for curl upon that mart.
r. *Sonnets from the Portuguese.*

Whatever's lost, it first was won.
s. *De Profundis.* XXII.

BUTLER.

As he that has two strings to his bow.
t. *Hudibras.* Pt. III. Canto I. Line 3.

He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly.
u. *Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto I. Line 150.

He that is down can fall no lower.
v. *Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto III. Line 877.

Look a gift-horse in the mouth.
w. *Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto I. Line 490.
Rabelais. Bk. I. Ch. XI.
Vulgaria Stambrigi. Circa 1510. *Also Quoted by St. Jerome.*

There's but the twinkling of a star
Between a man of peace and war.
x. *Hudibras.* Pt. II. Canto III. Line 957.

Which he by hook or crook has gather'd
And for his own invention father'd.
y. *Hudibras.* Pt. III. Canto I. Line 109

You have a wrong sow by the ear.
z. *Hudibras.* Pt. II. Canto III. Line 580.
COLEMAN—*Heir at Law.* Act I. Sc. 1.

BUNYAN.

Some things are of that nature as to make
One's fancy chuckle, while his heart doth ache.
a. *The Author's Way of Sending Forth his Second Part of the Pilgrim.*

BURKE.

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.
b. *Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

Illustrious predecessor.
c. *Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents.*

The Age of Chivalry is gone.
d. *Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

BYRON.

A school boy's tale, the wonder of the hour!
e. *Childe Harold.* Canto II. St. 2.

Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away.
f. *Don Juan.* Canto XIII. St. 11.

He left a corsair's name to other times,
Linked with one virtue, and a thousand crimes.
g. *The Corsair.* St. 24.

Of such materials wretched men were made.
h. *Lament of Tasso.* St. 6. Line 11.

So bright the tear in Beauty's eye,
Love half regrets to kiss it dry;
So sweet the Blush of bashfulness,
Ev'n Pity scarce can wish it less.
i. *The Bride of Abydos.* Canto I. St. 8.

Strange all this difference should be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee.
j. *In the Feuds Between Handel and Bononcini.*

There was a laughing devil in his sneer,
That raised emotions both of rage and fear.
k. *The Corsair.* Canto I. St. 8.

When Bishop Berkeley said, "there was no matter,"
And proved it—'twas no matter what he said.
l. *Don Juan.* Canto XI. St. 1.

C.

CALHOUN.

Protection and patriotism are reciprocal.
m. *Speech in Reply to John Randolph in Favor of a War with Great Britain.*

CARLYLE.

No good Book, or good thing of any sort, shows its best face at first.
n. *Essays. Novalis.*

Of Nothing you can, in the long-run, and with much lost labour, make only—Nothing.
o. *Essays. Sinking of the Vengeur.*

SUSANNA CENTLIVRE.

The real Simon Pure.
p. *A Bold Stroke for a Wife.* Act V. Sc. 1.

CERVANTES.

The more thou stir it the worse it will be.
q. *Don Quixote.* Bk. III. Ch. VIII.

Too much of a good thing.
r. *Don Quixote.* Pt. I. Bk. I. Ch. VI.

CHURCHILL.

Nor waste their sweetness in the desert air.
s. *Gotham.* Bk. II. Line 20.

Where he falls short, 'tis Nature's fault alone;
Where he succeeds, the merit's all his own.
t. *Rosciad.* Line 1025.

Sir EDWARD COKE.

Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six,
Four spend in prayer, the rest on nature fix.
u. *Lines Quoted in Latin.*

COLERIDGE.

Clothing the palpable and familiar.
v. *The Death of Wallenstein.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.
w. *The Death of Wallenstein.* Act V. Sc. 1.

COLLINS.

Filled with fury, rapt, inspir'd.
x. *The Passions.* Line 10.

In yonder grave a Druid lies.
y. *Ode on the Death of Thomson.*

'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.
z. *The Passions.* Line 28.

GEORGE COLEMAN, JR.

Like two single gentlemen, rolled into one.
aa. *Lodgings for Single Gentlemen.*

Thank you, good sir, I owe you one.
bb. *The Poor Gentleman.* Act I. Sc. 2.

'Tis a very fine thing to be father-in-law
To a very magnificent three-tailed Bashaw.
cc. *Blue Beard.* Act II. Sc. 5.

COWLEY.

Charm'd with the foolish whistling of a man.
dd. *Horace.* Bk. III. Ode I.

God the first garden made and the first city Cain.
ee. *The Garden.* Essay V.

His time is for ever, everywhere his place.
ff. *Friendship in Absence.*

COWPER.

Adored through fear, strong only to destroy.
a. *The Task.* Bk. V. Line 444.

God made the country, and man made the town.
b. *The Task.* Bk. I. Line 749.

I was a stricken deer that left the herd long since.
c. *The Task.* Bk. III. Line 108.

Neither the praise nor the blame is our own.
d. *Letter to Mr. Newton.*

Prison'd in a parlour, snug and small,
Like bottled wasps upon a southern wall.
e. *Retirement* Line 493.

Some people are more nice than wise.
f. *Mutual Forbearance.* Line 19.

Such stuff the world is made of.
g. *Hope.* Line 211.

The son of parents passed into the skies.
h. *On Receipt of My Mother's Picture.*

'Tis a truth well known to most,
That whatsoever thing is lost;
We seek it, ere it come to light,
In every cranny but the right:
i. *The Retired Cat.* Line 95.

Virtue and vice had boundaries in old time,
Not to be pass'd.
j. *The Task.* Bk. III. Line 75.

CRABBE.

Cut and come again.
k. *Tales.* VII. Line 26.

CRASHAW.

Days that need borrow
No part of their good morrow,
From a fore-spent night of sorrow.
l. *Wishes to his Supposed Mistress.*

D.

JOHN FRANCIS DAVIS.

Honors come by diligence; riches spring from economy.
m. *Chinese Moral Maxims.*

DIBDIN.

Did you ever hear of Captain Wattle?
He was all for love and a little for the bottle.
n. *Captain Wattle and Miss Rol.*

There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.
o. *Poor Jack.*

DIONYSIUS.

Better late than never.
p. *Halicarnassus.* IX. 9.

DRUMMOND.

My life lies in those looks which have me slain.
q. *Sonnet.*

DRYDEN.

Art may err, but Nature cannot miss.
r. *The Cock and Fox.* Line 452.

Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease.
s. *Absalom and Achitophel.* Line 169.

Every inch that is not fool, is rogue.
t. *Absalom and Achitophel.* Pt. II. Line 463.

His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen.
u. *Absalom and Achitophel.* Pt. I. Line 645

Joy rul'd the day, and love the night.
v. *The Secular Masque.* Line 83.

Take the good the gods provide thee.
w. *Alexander's Feast.* Pt. V.

E.

GEORGE ELIOT.

In high vengeance there is noble scorn.
x. *The Spanish Gypsy.* Bk. IV.

It is one thing to see your road, another to cut it.
y. *Daniel Deronda.* Bk. IV. Ch. XXXII.

EBENEZER ELLIOT.

Life is short, and time is swift;
Roses fade, and shadows shift.
z. *Epigram.*

EMERSON.

Right is more beautiful than private affection; and love is compatible with universal wisdom.
aa. *Essay. On Shakespeare.*

F.

CATHERINE M. FANSHAWE.

'Twas in Heaven pronounced, and 'twas whisper'd in Hell.
bb. *Enigma Written at the Deep Dene, England,* 1816.

FORD.

Diamonds cut diamonds.
cc. *The Lover's Melancholy.* Act I. Sc. 1.

FRANKLIN.

A fat kitchen makes a lean will.
dd. *The Way to Wealth.*

There never was a good war or a bad peace.
ee. *Letter to Quincy.* Sept. 11, 1773.

G.

GARRICK.

Hearts of oak are our ships,
Hearts of oak are our men.
a. *Hearts of Oak.*

Let others hail the rising sun:
I bow to that whose course is run.
b. *On the Death of Mr. Pelham.*

GAY.

How many saucy airs we meet,
From Temple Bar to Aldgate street!
c. *The Barley-Mow and Dunghill.* Pt. I.

Lash'd into Latin by the tingling rod.
d. *The Birth of the Squire.* Line 46.

Over the hills and far away.
e. *Beggars Opera.* Act I. Sc. 1.

GLADSTONE.

To be engaged in opposing wrong affords, under the conditions of our mental constitution, but a slender guarantee for being right.
f. *Time and Place of Homer.* Introduction.

GOETHE.

Originality provokes originality.
g.

GOLDSMITH.

Measures, not men, have always been my mark.
h. *The Good-Natured Man.* Act II.

Nobody with me at sea but myself.
i. *The Haunch of Venison.*

Shakespeare and the musical glasses.
j. *Vicar of Wakefield.* Ch. IX.

Such dainties to them, their health it might hurt:
It's like sending them ruffles, when wanting a shirt.
k. *The Haunch of Venison.*

The king himself has followed her
When she has walked before.
l. *Elegy on Mrs. Mary Blaize.*

The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms.
m. *The Traveller.* Line 356.

They say that woman and music should never be dated.
n. *She Stoops to Conquer.* Act III.

Who can direct, when all pretend to know.
o. *The Traveller.* Line 64.

GOOGE.

Out of syght, out of mynd.
p. *Eglogs, Epytaphes, and Sonnettes.* 1563.

GRAY.

Beneath the Good how far,—but far above the Great.
q. *Progress of Poesy.* III. 3. Line 16.

Scatter plenty o'er a smiling land.
r. *Elegy in a Country Churchyard.* St. 16.

ROBERT GREENE.

Waste brings woe, and sorrow hates despair.
s. *Sonnet.*

H.

HAFIZ.

I am: what I am
My dust will be again.
t.

The earth is a host who murders his guests.
u.

J. C. and A. W. HARE.

Science sees signs; Poetry the thing signified.
v. *Guesses at Truth.*

Thought is the wind, knowledge the sail, and mankind the vessel.
w. *Guesses at Truth.*

HEINE.

Friendship, love, philosopher's stone,—
These three things men value alone.
x. *Book of Songs. Lyrical Interlude.* No. 44

HERBERT.

Do well and right, and let the world sink.
y. *Country Parson.* Ch. XXIX.

His bark is worse than his bite.
z. *Country Parson.* Ch. XXIX.

HOLMES.

Everything is twice as large, measured on a three-year-old's three-foot scale as on a thirty-year-old's six-foot scale.
aa. *The Poet at the Breakfast Table.* Ch. I.

Whatever comes from the brain carries the hue of the place it came from, and whatever comes from the heart carries the heat and color of its birthplace.
bb. *The Professor at the Breakfast Table.* Ch. VI

Sir JOHN HOLT.

The better day the better deed.
cc. *Sir Wm. Moore's Case.*

HUDSON.

Before you could say Jack Robinson.
dd. *Song.*

J.

Samuel Johnson.

Much may be made of a Scotchman if he be caught young.
a. *Boswell's Life of Johnson.* An. 1772.

We that live to please, must please to live.
b. *Prologue on Opening the Drury Lane Theatre.*

Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat.
c. *Boswell's Life of Johnson.* An. 1784.

Words are the daughters of earth, and things are the sons of heaven.
d. *Preface to Dictionary.*

Ben Jonson.

All concord's born of contraries.
e. *Cynthia's Revels.* Act V. Sc. 2.

And may they know no rivals but themselves.
f. *Sejanus.* Act III. Sc. 1.

He threatens many that hath injured one.
g. *Sejanus.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Let them call it mischief:
When it is past, and prospered, 'twill be a virtue.
h. *Catiline.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Small Latin, and less Greek.
i. *To the Memory of Shakespeare.*

K.

Keble.

Sweet is the infant's waking smile,
And sweet the old man's rest—
But middle age by no fond wile,
No soothing calm is blest.
j. *The Christian Year.* *St. Philip and St. James.* St. 3.

L.

Lamb.

An album is a garden, not for show
Planted, but use; where wholesome herbs should grow.
k. *In an Album to a Clergyman's Lady.*

Not if I know myself at all.
l. *The Old and New Schoolmaster.*

L'Estrange.

Though this may be play to you,
'Tis death to us.
m. *Fables from Several Authors.* Fable 398.

Longfellow.

A banner with a strange device.
Excelsior!
n. *Excelsior.*

Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,
Life is checkered shade and sunshine.
o. *Hiawatha.* Pt. X.

So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,
So patient, peaceful, loyal; loving, pure.
p. *Christus. The Golden Legend.* Pt. V.

The country is lyric,—the town dramatic. When mingled, they make the most perfect musical drama.
q. *Kavanagh.* Ch. XIII.

The heaven of poetry and romance still lies around us and within us.
r. *Drift-Wood. Twice Told Tales.*

The natural alone is permanent.
s. *Kavanagh.* Ch. XIII.

The thirst of power, the fever of ambition.
t. *Christus. Divine Tragedy. The First Passover.* Pt. II.

Lover.

Live and think.
u. *Father Roach.*

Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye.
v. *Rory O'More.*

Bulwer-Lytton.

Frank, haughty, rash,—the Rupert of debate.
w. *The New Timon.* Pt. I. St. 6.

In life it is difficult to say who do you the most mischief, enemies with the worst intentions, or friends with the best.
x. *What Will He Do With It?* Bk. III. Ch. XVII.

Never say
"Fail" again.
y. *Richelieu.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Lowell.

And but two ways are offered to our will,
Toil with rare triumph, ease with safe disgrace
The problem still for us and all the human race.
z. *Under the Old Elm.* Pt. VII. St. 3.

Daily with souls that cringe and plot,
The Sinias climb and know it not.
aa. *The Vision of Sir Launfal.* Prelude.

God is not dumb, that he should speak no more;
If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness
And find'st not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor.
bb. *Bibliotatres.*

Got the ill name of augurs because they were bores.
cc. *A Fable for Critics.* Line 55.

In general those who have nothing to say
Contrive to spend the longest time in doing it.
dd. *An Oriental Apalogue.* St. 15.

Nature fits all her children with something to do.
ee. *A Fable for Critics.* Last Line.

We remain
Safe in the hallowed quiet of the past.
a. *The Cathedral.*

Soft-heartedness, in times like these
Shows sof'ness in the upper story.
b. *Bigiow Papers.* No. 7.

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak.
c. *Stanzas on Freedom.*

M.

Macaulay.

A system in which the two great commandments were, to hate your neighbor and to love your neighbor's wife.
d. *Essay. Mitford's History of Greece.*

MacCallum.

The mill will never grind with the water that is past.
e. *The Watermill.*

George MacDonald.

Beauty and sadness always go together.
Nature thought Beauty too rich to go forth
Upon the earth without a meet alloy.
f. *Within and Without.* Pt. IV. Sc. 3.

Where McGregor sits, there is the head of the table.
g. *Quoted by Emerson in American Scholar.*

Marlowe.

Things that are not at all, are never lost.
h. *Hero and Leander.* First Sestiad. Line 276.

Massinger.

And, but herself, admits no parallel.
i. *The Duke of Milan.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Mazzini.

One sole God;
One sole ruler,—his Law;
One sole interpreter of that law — Humanity.
j. *Life and Writings. Young Europe. General Principles.* No. 1.

Owen Meredith.

Who can answer where any road leads to?
k. *Lucile.* Pt. I. Canto IV. St. 21.

Merrick.

Not what we wish but what we want.
l. *Hymn.*

Milton.

Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons; the fairest of her daughters Eve.
m. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 323.

A fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation.
n. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 710.

Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence.
o. *Paradise Regained.* Bk. IV. Line 240.

Eldest Night and Chaos, ancestors of Nature.
p. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 894.

Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute.
q. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 560.

For contemplation he and valor formed,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace.
r. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. IV. Line 297.

Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire.
s. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 628.

Killed with report that old man eloquent.*
t. *Sonnet. To the Lady Margaret Ley.*

Last, the sire and his three sons,
With their four wives; and God made fast the door.
u. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. XI. Line 736.

Moping melancholy,
And moonstruck madness.
v. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. XI. Line 486.

Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks, and wreathed Smiles.
w. *L'Allegro.* Line 27.

Rocks whereon greatest men have oftest wreck'd.
x. *Paradise Regained.* Bk. II. Line 228.

Servant of God, well done!
y. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. VI. Line 29.

Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
z. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. III. Line 99.

The palpable obscure.
aa. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 406.

Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
bb. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. I. Line 16.

Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved.
cc. *Paradise Lost.* Bk. II. Line 185.

What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
dd. *Comus.* Line 365.

Zeal and duty are not slow,
But on Occasion's forelock watchful wait.
ee. *Paradise Regained.* Bk. III. Line 172.

Montaigne.

A man must either imitate the vicious or hate them.
ff. *Of Solitude.*

We are nearer neighbours to ourselves than whiteness to snow, or weight to stones.
gg. *Essays.* Bk. II. Ch. XII.

* Isocrates, the celebrated orator of Greece.

MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword.
a. *Song.* "*My Dear and only Love.*"

MORE.

For men use if they have an evil tourne, to write it in marble; and whoso doth us a good tourne we write it in duste.
b. *Richard III.*

MOORE.

Good at a fight, but better at a play;
Godlike in giving but the devil to pay.
c. *On a Cast of Sheridan's Hand.*

MURPHY.

Above the vulgar flight of common souls.
d. *Zenobia.* Act V.

N.

LADY NAIRNE.

A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.
e. *The Laird o' Cockpen.*

Gude nicht, and joy be wi' you a'.
f. *Gude Nicht, etc.*

O.

KANE O'HARA.

When the judgment's weak,
The prejudice is strong,
g. *Midas.* Act I. Sc. 4.

P.

PALEY.

Who can refute a sneer?
h. *Moral Philosophy.* Bk. V. Ch. IX.

PERCY.

Every white will have its black,
And every sweet its sour.
i. *Reliques. Sir Carline.*

He that wold not when he might,
He shall not when he wold-a.
j. *Reliques. The Baffled Knight.*

AMBROSE PHILIPS.

Studious of ease and fond of humble things.
k. *From Holland to a Friend in England.*

POPE.

Alive, ridiculous, and dead, forgot!
l. *Moral Essay.* Ep. II. Line 248.

A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.
m. *Dunciad.* Bk. IV. Line 90.

Bare the mean heart that lurks behind a star.
n. *Satire I.* Bk. II. Line 110.

Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust;
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.
o. *Prologue to Satires.* Line 332.

Destroy all Creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, If Man's unhappy, God's unjust.
p. *Essay on Man.* Ep. I. Line 117.

Die and endow a College, or a Cat.
q. *Moral Essays.* Ep. III. *To Bathurst.* Line 96.

Esteem and love were never to be sold.
r. *Essay on Man.* Ep. IV.

Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
s. *Prologue to Satires.* Line 5.

For fools admire, but men of sense approve.
t. *Essay on Criticism.* Line 191.

Glory and gain the industrious tribe provoke;
And gentle dulness ever loves a joke.
u. *The Dunciad.* Bk. II. Line 33.

Health consists with Temperance alone;
And Peace, oh Virtue! Peace is all thy own.
v. *Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 81.

Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.
w. *Rape of the Lock.* Canto I. Line 137.

How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
x. *Essay on Criticism.* Pt. II. Line 421.

Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
y. *Essay on Man.* Ep. III. Line 19.

Nature made every Fop to plague his brother,
Just as one Beauty mortifies another.
z. *Satire of Dr. Donne.* Satire IV. Line 258.

Of Manners gentle, of Affections mild;
In Wit a Man, Simplicity, a child.
aa. *Epitaph XI.* Line 1.

Solid pudding against empty praise.
bb. *The Dunciad.* Bk. I. Line 52.

Sometimes virtue starves, while vice is fed.
cc. *Essay on Man.* Ep. IV. Line 149.

The doubtful beam long nods from side to side.
dd. *Rape of the Lock.* Canto V. Line 73.

The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.
ee. *Prologue to Satires.* Line 171.

To err is human; to forgive divine.
ff. *Essay on Criticism.* Pt. II. Line 325.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart.
gg. *Prologue to "Cato."* Line 1.

Tricks to show the stretch of human brain.
a. *Essay on Man.* Ep. II. Line 47.

With too much Quickness ever to be taught;
With too much Thinking to have common Thought.
b. *Moral Essays.* Ep. II. Line 97.

PRÆD.

Some lie beneath the churchyard stone,
And some before the speaker.
c. *School and School-Fellows.*

PRIOR.

And the gray mare will prove the better horse.
d. *Epilogue to Lucius.*

Fine by degrees, and beautifully less.
e. *Henry and Emma.* Line 323.

One single positive weighs more,
You know, than negatives a score.
f. *Epistle to Fleetwood Shepherd, Esq.*

They always talk who never think.
g. *On a Passage in the Scaligerana.*

They never taste who always drink.
h. *On a Passage in the Scaligerana*

Q.

QUARLES.

Be wisely worldly, but not wordly wise.
i. *Emblems.* Bk. II. 2.

The next way home's the farthest way about.
j. *Emblems.* Bk. IV. 2. Epigram II.

R.

RILEY.

Bad are those men who speak evil of the good.
k. *Plautus. The Bacchides.* Act I. Sc. 3.

S.

LE SAGE.

I wish you all sorts of prosperity with a little more taste.
l. *Gil Blas.* Bk. VII. Ch. IV.

SEWARD.

It is an irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces.
m. *Speech.* Oct. 25, 1858.

SHAKESPEARE.

A heavy heart bears not a humble tongue.
n. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act V. Sc. 2.

A hit, a very palpable hit.
o. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 2.

A knave: a rascal: an eater of broken meats.
p. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 2.

A little more than kin, and less than kind.
q. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

All's not offence, that indiscretion finds.
r. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 4.

All's well that ends well.
s. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Although our last and least.
t. *King Lear.* Act I. Sc. 1.

"Amen"
Stuck in my throat.
u. *Macbeth.* Act II. Sc. 2.

And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found.
v. *Sonnet LXXV.*

And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill.
w. *Sonnet LXVI.*

And thereby hangs a tale.
x. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

A pound of man's flesh, * * * *
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats.
y. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Are you drawn forth among a world of men,
To slay the innocent?
z. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 4.

Arm'd at all points, exactly, cap-à-pé.
aa. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer.
bb. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act IV. Sc. 1.

At my finger's ends.
cc. *Twelfth Night.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Bashful sincerity, and comely love.
dd. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Behold destruction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless antics, one another meet.
ee. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act V. Sc. 3.

Beware the ides of March!
ff. *Julius Cæsar.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.
gg. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

Brief abstract, and record of tedious days.
hh. *Richard III.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears.
ii. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Mess.—But yet, madam—
Cleo.—I do not like "but yet," it does allay
The good precedence; fie upon "but yet;"
"But yet" is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor.
jj. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act II. Sc. 5.

Can such things be
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder?
a. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Condemned into everlasting redemption for this.
b. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together.
c. *Passionate Pilgrim.* Pt. XII.

Even in the afternoon of her best days.
d. *Richard III.* Act III. Sc. 7.

Every man is odd.
e. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

Every why hath a wherefore.
f. *Comedy of Errors.* Act II. Sc. 2.
BUTLER—*Hudibras.* Pt. I. Canto I. Line 132.

Excellent! I smell a device.
g. *Twelfth Night.* Act II. Sc. 3.

Fair is foul, and foul is fair.
h. *Macbeth.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Fast bind, fast find.
i. *Merchant of Venice.* Act II. Sc. 5.

Fathers that wear rags do make their children blind;
But fathers that bear bags shall see their children kind.
j. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.
k. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake.
l. *Merchant of Venice.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Giving more light than heat.
m. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 3.

God defend thy right!
n. *Richard II.* Act I. Sc. 3.

God save the mark!
o. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 3.

Harp not on that string.
p. *Richard III.* Act IV. Sc. 4.

Heaven mend all!
q. *Cymbeline.* Act V. Sc. 5.

Heaven's face doth glow.
r. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 4.

He does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.
s. *Twelfth Night.* Act II. Sc. 3.

He must have a long spoon, that must eat with the Devil.
t. *Comedy of Errors.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Here, in the sands,
Thee I'll rake up.
u. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 6.

Here's metal more attractive.
v. *Hamlet.* Act III. Sc. 2.

He that is more than a youth, is not for me; and he that is less than man, I am not for him.
w. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Hyperion to a satyr.
x. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning.
y. *King Lear.* Act III. Sc. 2.

I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff; but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy.
z. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 4.

I do desire we may be better strangers.
aa. *As You Like It.* Act III. Sc. 2.

I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.
bb. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 2.

In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.
cc. *Henry VI.* Pt. III. Act IV. Sc. 1.

In time we hate that which we often fear.
dd. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Act I. Sc. 3.

I pause for a reply.
ee. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 2.

I saw Othello's visage in his mind.
ff. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 3.

I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen.
gg. *Henry V.* Act III. Sc. 6.

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on 't.
hh. *Cymbeline.* Act II. Sc. 4.

It is a pretty mocking of the life.
ii. *Timon of Athens.* Act I. Sc. 1.

It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage.
jj. *Winter's Tale.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire.
kk. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act IV. Sc. 2.

Lord of thy presence, and no land beside.
ll. *King John.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none.
mm. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Mend, when thou canst; be better at thy leisure.
nn. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 4.

No more like my father
Than I to Hercules.
a. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

No more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.
b. *Henry VI.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 4.

No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize.
c. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 7.

Nor age eat up my invention.
d. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.
e. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act II. Sc. 3.

No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough.
f. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act III. Sc. 1.

O day and night, but this is wondrous strange.
g. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 5.

O my prophetic soul! mine uncle!
h. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 5.

O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
i. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 2.

O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil!
j. *Othello.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heaven.
k. *All's Well That Ends Well.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety.
l. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 3.

Out upon this half fac'd fellowship!
m. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 3.

Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst.
n. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act II. Sc. 3.

Patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better day.
o. *King Lear.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Prosperity's the very bond of love.
p. *Winter's Tale.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Rights by rights fouler, strength by strengths do fail.
q. *Coriolanus.* Act IV. Sc. 7.

Shall remain!—
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute shall?
r. *Coriolanus.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.
s. *Richard III.* Act I. Sc. 3.

Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace.
t. *Richard III.* Act II. Sc. 4.

Smooth as monumental alabaster.
u. *Othello.* Act V. Sc. 2.

Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deep;
And in his simple show he harbours treason.
v. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 1.

Some of us will smart for it.
w. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall.
x. *Measure for Measure.* Act II. Sc. 1.

So we grew together.
y. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
Cry but—Ah me! pronounce but love and dove.
z. *Romeo and Juliet.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak.
aa. *Macbeth.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.
bb. *Taming of the Shrew.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.
cc. *King Lear.* Act I. Sc. 4.

Sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
dd. *Sonnet CII.*

Sweet smoke of rhetoric!
ee. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Sweets to the sweet; farewell!
ff. *Hamlet.* Act V. Sc. 1.

Sweets with sweets war not; joy delights in joy.
gg. *Sonnet VIII.*

Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.
hh. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act III. Sc. 2.

Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill.
ii. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act V. Sc. 2.

That it should come to this!
But two months dead!—nay, not so much not two!
jj. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 2.

That that is, is.
kk. *Twelfth Night.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

The anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.
a. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 3.

The attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us.
b. *Macbeth.* Act II. Sc. 2.

The choice and master spirits of this age.
c. *Julius Cæsar.* Act III. Sc. 1.

The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.
d. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act V. Sc. 1.

The game is up.
e. *Cymbeline.* Act III. Sc. 3.

Then westward ho!
Grace and good disposition 'tend your lady-
ship.
f. *Twelfth Night.* Act III. Sc. 1.

The people are the city.
g. *Coriolanus.* Act III. Sc. 1.

There shall be, in England, seven half-
penny loaves sold for a penny: the three-
hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will
make it felony to drink small beer.
h. *Henry VI.* Pt. II. Act IV. Sc. 2.

These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times.
i. *Henry VIII.* Act V. Sc. 1.

The short and the long of it.
j. *Merry Wives of Windsor.* Act II.
Sc. 2.

The trick of singularity.
k. *Twelfth Night.* Act II. Sc. 5.

The true beginning of our end.
l. *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Act V.
Sc. 1.

Things at the worst will cease, or else climb
upward
To what they were before.
m. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

This denoted a foregone conclusion.
n. *Othello.* Act III. Sc. 3.

This precious stone set in the silver sea.
o. *Richard II.* Act II. Sc. 1.

Thou hast stolen both mine office and my
name;
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle
blame.
p. *Comedy of Errors.* Act III. Sc. 1.

Thou knowest my old ward;—here I lay,
and thus I bore my point.
q. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 4.

Thou villain base
Know'st me not by my clothes?
r. *Cymbeline.* Act IV. Sc. 2.

'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and
weather.
s. *Twelfth Night.* Act I. Sc. 5.

'Tis neither here nor there.
t. *Othello.* Act IV. Sc. 3.

Truth needs no colour, with his colour
fix'd;
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
But best is best, if never intermix'd.
u. *Sonnet CI.*

'Twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful.
v. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 3.

We have strict statutes, and most biting laws.
w. *Measure for Measure.* Act I. Sc. 4.

We know what we are, but know not what we
may be.
x. *Hamlet.* Act IV. Sc. 5.

What a falling-off was there!
y. *Hamlet.* Act I. Sc. 5.

What a frosty-spirited rogue is this!
z. *Henry IV.* Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 3.

What! will the line stretch out to the crack
of doom?
aa. *Macbeth.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

What work's, my countrymen, in hand?
Where go you
With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I
pray you.
bb. *Coriolanus.* Act I. Sc. 1.

When he is best, he is little worse than a
man; and when he is worst, he is little better
than a beast.
cc. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 2.

When I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into
Charybdis, your mother.
dd. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 5.

When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have
told you
That I was worse than nothing.
ee. *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. Sc. 2.

When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his
tools
Made me a counterfeit.
ff. *Cymbeline.* Act II. Sc. 5.

Whip me such honest knaves.
gg. *Othello.* Act I. Sc. 1.

Why should a man whose blood is warm
within
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
hh. *Merchant of Venice.* Act I. Sc. 1.

With all appliances and means to boot.
ii. *Henry IV.* Pt. II. Act III. Sc. 1.

Words pay no debts, give her deeds.
jj. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act III. Sc. 2.

You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern.
a. *Much Ado About Nothing.* Act III. Sc. 3.

You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair.
b. *Timon of Athens.* Act III. Sc. 5.

You would eat chickens i' the shell.
c. *Troilus and Cressida.* Act I. Sc. 2.

Zed! thou unnecessary letter!
d. *King Lear.* Act II. Sc. 2.

SHELLEY.

Love's pestilence, and her slow dogs of war.
e. *Hellas.* Line 321.

The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow.
f. *To ———.*

SHERIDAN.

An unforgiving eye, and a damned disinheriting countenance.
g. *School for Scandal.* Act IV. Sc. 1.

An oyster may be crossed in love.
h. *The Critic.* Act III.

Inconsolable to the minuet in Ariadne.
i. *The Critic.* Act II. Sc. 2.

Too civil by half.
j. *The Rivals.* Act III. Sc. 4.

Sir PHILIP SIDNEY.

Have I caught my heav'nly jewel.
k. *Astrophel and Stella.* Song II.

Many-headed multitude.
l. *Arcadia.* Bk. II.

My dear, my better half.
m. *Arcadia.* Bk. III.

SMOLLETT.

Facts are stubborn things.
n. *Gil Blas.* Bk. X. Ch. I.

SPENSER.

And there, though last, not least.
o. *Colin Clout.* Line 444.

Through thick and thin.
p. *Fœrie Queene.* Bk. III. Canto IV. St. 46.

Yet was he but a squire of low degree.
q. *Fœrie Queene.* Bk. IV. Canto VII. St. 15.

MADAME DE STAËL.

I see that time divided is never long, and that regularity abridges all things.
r. *Abel Stevens' Life of Madame de Staël.* Ch. XXXVIII.

Innocence in genius, and candor in power, are both noble qualities.
s. *Germany.* Pt. II. Ch. VIII.

SWEDENBORG.

A man after death is not a natural but a spiritual man; nevertheless he still appears in all respects like himself.
t. *Conjugial Love.* Par. 31.

Charity itself consists in acting justly and faithfully in whatever office, business and employment a person is engaged in.
u. *True Christian Religion.* Par. 422.

Conjugial love is celestial, spiritual, and holy, because it corresponds to the celestial, spiritual and holy marriage of the Lord and the Church.
v. *Conjugial Love.* Par. 62.

Love in its essence is spiritual fire.
w. *True Christian Religion.* Par. 31.

The love that reigns in the celestial kingdom, is love to the Lord, and the light of truth thence derived is wisdom.
x. *Heaven and Hell.* Par. 148.

The omnipotence of God shines forth from the universe.
y. *Apocalypse Explained.* Par. 726.

The third essential of God's love, to make others happy from itself, is recognized in the gift of eternal life, which is blessedness, satisfaction, and happiness without end.
z. *True Christian Religion.* Par. 43.

What ought to be more dear to a man than his life to eternity?
aa. *Arcana.* Par. 794.

With every man there are good spirits and evil spirits; by good spirits, man has conjunction with heaven, and by evil spirits with hell.
bb. *Heaven and Hell.* Par. 292.

SWIFT.

For by old proverbs it appears
That walls have tongues, and hedges ears.
cc. *Pastoral Dialogue. Written After the News of the King's Death.* Line 1.

Hail, fellow, well met,
All dirty and wet:
Find out, if you can,
Who's master, who's man.
dd. *My Lady's Lamentation.*

They are like each other as are peas
ee. *Horace.* Bk. I. Ep. V.

T.

TENNYSON.

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.
ff. *Locksley Hall.* St. 92.

Jewels five words long,
That on the stretch'd forefinger of all Time
Sparkle forever.
a. *The Princess.* Canto II. Line 368.

O saviour of the silver-coasted isle.
b. *Ode on Death of Duke of Wellington.* Pt. 6.

THACKERAY.

Werter had a love for Charlotte,
Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.
c. *The Sorrows of Werter.*

THOMSON.

Falsely luxurious, will not man awake?
d. *The Seasons. Summer.* Line 67.

Looked unuttered things.
e. *The Seasons. Summer.* Line 1188.

Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade.
f. *The Seasons. Hymn.* Line 35.

TUSSER.

Better late than never.
g. *An Habitation Enforced.*

W.

WALLER.

All human things
Of dearest value hang on slender strings.
h. *Miscellanies I.* Line 163.

WALTON.

Never man can lose what he never had.
i. *Complete Angler.* Pt. I. Ch. V.

JOHN WEBSTER.

Give an inch, he'll take an ell.
j. *Sir Thomas Wyatt.*
HOBBES—*Liberty and Necessity.* No. 111.

WITHER.

And I oft have heard defended
Little said is soonest mended.
k *The Shepherd's Hunting.*

Jack shall pipe, and Jill shall dance.
l. *Poem on Christmas.*

WORDSWORTH.

A tale in everything.
m. *Simon Lee.*

For all things are less dreadful than they seem.
n. *Ecclesiastical Sonnets. Recovery.*

Something between a hindrance and a help.
o. *Michael.*

With battlements that on their restless fronts
Bore stars.
p. *The Excursion.* Bk. II.

Wrongs unredressed, or insults unavenged.
q. *The Excursion.* Bk. III.

Y.

YONGE.

At whose sight, like the sun,
All others with diminish'd lustre shone.
r. *Cicero. Tusculan Disp.* Bk. III. Div. 18.

YOUNG.

In records that defy the tooth of time.
s. *The Statesman's Creed.*

Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts at home.
t. *Love of Fame.* Satire I. Line 99.

None think the great unhappy, but the great.
u. *Love of Fame.* Satire I. Line 238.

Time flies, death urges, knell calls, heaven invites,
Hell threatens.
v. *Night Thoughts.* Night II. Line 291.

We rise in glory, as we sink in pride;
Where boasting ends, there dignity begins.
w. *Night Thoughts.* Night VIII. Line 510.

Part II.

QUOTATIONS

FROM THE

CLASSICAL LATIN AUTHORS.

A.

ABSURDITY.

Nihil tam absurdum, quod non dictum sit ab aliquo philosophorum.

There is nothing so absurd as not to have been said by some philosopher.

a. CICERO.

ACTING.

Tristia mæstum
Vultum verba decent; iratum, plena minarum;
Ludentem, lasciva; severum, seria dictu.

Sorrowful words become the sorrowful; angry words suit the passionate; light words a playful expression; serious words suit the grave.

b. HORACE.

Fere totus mundus exercet histrionem.

Almost the whole world are players.

c. PETRONIUS ARBITER.

ACTION.

Nunquam ædepol temere tinniit tintinnabulum;
Nisi quis illud tractat aut movet, mutum est, tacet.

The bell never rings of itself; unless some one handles or moves it, it is dumb.

d. PLAUTUS.

AFFINITY.

Neque est ullum certius amicitiæ vinculum, quam consensus et societas consiliorum et voluntatum.

There is no more sure tie between friends than when they are united in their objects and wishes.

e. CICERO.

Ubi mel, ibi apes.

Where there is honey, there are bees.

f. PLAUTUS.

AFFLICTION.

Damna minus consueta movent.

The afflictions to which we are accustomed, do not disturb us.

g. JUVENAL.

Crede mihi, miseris cœlestia numina parcunt;
Nec semper læsos, et sine fine, premunt.

Believe me, the gods spare the afflicted, and do not always oppress those who are unfortunate.

h. OVID.

Res est sacra miser.

The afflicted person is sacred.

i. OVID.

Dubium salutem qui dat adflictis negat.

He who tenders doubtful safety to those in trouble refuses it.

j. SENECA.

AGE.

Turpis et ridicula res est elementarius senex: juveni parandum, seni utendum est.

An old man in his rudiments is a disgraceful object. It is for youth to acquire, and for age to apply.

k. SENECA.

Vetera extollimus recentium incuriosi.

We extol ancient things, regardless of our own times.

l. TACITUS.

Vitium commune omnium est,
Quod nimium ad rem in senectâ attenti sumus.

It is a vice common to all, that in old age we are too much attached to worldly interests.

m. TERENCE.

AGREEMENT.

Nunquam aliud Natura aliud Sapientia dixit.

Nature never says one thing, Wisdom another.

a. JUVENAL.

Rara est adeo concordia formæ
Atque pudicitiæ.

Rare is the union of beauty and purity.

b. JUVENAL.

Discors concordia.

Agreeing to differ.

c. OVID.

AGRICULTURE.

Continuâ messe senescit ager.

A field becomes exhausted by constant tillage.

d. OVID.

Tempus in agrorum cultu consumere dulce est.

Time spent in the cultivation of the fields passes very pleasantly.

e. OVID.

AMBITION.

Prima enim sequentem, honestum est in secundis, tertiisque consistere.

When you are aspiring to the highest place, it is honorable to reach the second or even the third rank.

f. CICERO.

Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.

My exalted head shall strike the stars.

g. HORACE.

Velle parum est; cupias ut re potiaris oportet; Et faciat somnos hæc tibi cura breves.

To wish is of little account; to succeed you must earnestly desire; and this desire must shorten thy sleep.

h. OVID.

Necesse in immensum exeat cupiditas quæ naturalem modum transiliit.

When once ambition has passed its natural limit, its progress is boundless.

i. SENECA.

Si vis ad summum progredi, ab infimo ordire.

If you wish to reach the highest, begin at the lowest.

j. SYRUS.

AMUSEMENT.

Ludendi etiam est quidam modus retinendus, ut ne nimis omnia profundamus, elatique voluptate in aliquam turpitudinem delabamur.

In our amusements a certain limit is to be placed that we may not devote ourselves to a life of pleasure and thence fall into immorality.

k. CICERO.

Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem.

Mingle a little folly with your wisdom. (A little nonsense now and then.)

l. HORACE.

ANCESTRY.

Stemmata quid faciunt, quid prodest, Pontice, longo,
Sanguine censeri?

Of what use are pedigrees, or to be thought of noble blood?

m. JUVENAL.

ANGER.

Ira est libido puniendi ejus, qui videatur læsisse injuriâ.

Anger is the desire of punishing the man who seems to have injured you.

n. CICERO.

Animum rege qui nisi paret imperat.

Control your passion or it will control you.

o. HORACE.

Ira furor brevis est.

Anger is a short madness.

p. HORACE.

Vino tortus et irâ.

Racked by wine and anger.

q. HORACE.

Trahit ipse furoris
Impetus, et visum est lenti quæsisse nocentem.

They are borne along by the violence of their rage, and think it a waste of time to ask who are guilty.

r. LUCAN.

Quamlibet infirmas adjuvat ira manus.

Anger assists hands however weak.

s. OVID.

Ut fragilis glacies interit ira morâ.

Like fragile ice anger passes away in time.

t. OVID.

Quamvis tegatur proditur vultu furor.

Anger, though concealed, is betrayed by the countenance.

u. SENECA.

Ne frena animo permitte calenti;
Da spatium, tenuemque moram; male cuncta ministrat
Impetus.

Give not reins to your inflamed passions; take time and a little delay; impetuosity manages all things badly.

v. STATIUS.

Furor arma ministrat.

Their rage supplies them with weapons.

w. VIRGIL.

Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ.

Can heavenly minds such anger entertain?

x. VIRGIL.

ANXIETY.

Calamitosus est animus futuri anxius.

The mind that is anxious about the future, is miserable.

a. SENECA.

ART.

Oculi picturâ tenentur, aures cantibus.

The eyes are charmed by paintings, the ears by music.

b. CICERO.

Arte citæ veloque rates, remoque moventur;
Arte levis currus, arte regendus Amor.

By science, sails, and oars, ships are rapidly moved; science moves the light chariot, and it establishes love.

c. OVID.

AVARICE.

Avaritiam si tollere vultis, mater ejus est tollenda, luxuries.

If you wish to remove avarice you must remove its mother, luxury.

d. CICERO.

Ac primam scelerum matrem, quæ semper habendo
Plus sitiens patulis rimatur faucibus aurum.

(Avarice) the mother of all wickedness, always thirsty for more, opens wide her jaws for gold.

e. CLAUDIANUS.

Crescit amor nummi quantum ipsa pecunia crescit.

The love of pelf increases with the pelf.

f. JUVENAL.

Non propter vitam faciunt patrimonia quidam,
Sed vitio cæci propter patrimonia vivunt.

Some men make fortunes, but not to enjoy them; for, blinded by avarice, they live to make fortunes.

g. JUVENAL.

Desunt inopiæ multa, avaritiæ omnia.

Poverty wants much; but avarice, everything.

h. SYRUS.

B.

BEAUTY.

Auxilium non leve vultus habet.

A pleasing countenance is no slight advantage.

i. OVID.

Nimia est miseria nimis pulchrum esse hominem.

It is a great plague to be too handsome a man.

j. PLAUTUS.

Gratior ac pulchro veniens in corpore virtus.

Even virtue is fairer when it appears in a beautiful person.

k. VIRGIL.

BEGINNING.

Incipe; dimidium facti est cœpisse. Supersit
Dimidium: rursum hoc incipe, et efficies.

Begin; to begin is half the work. Let half still remain; again begin this, and thou wilt have finished.

l. AUSONIUS.

Incipe quicquid agas: pro toto est prima operis pars.

Begin whatever you have to do: the beginning of a work stands for the whole.

m. AUSONIUS.

Omnium rerum principia parva sunt.

The beginnings of all things are small.

n. CICERO.

Dimidium facti qui cœpit habet.

What's well begun, is half done.

o. HORACE.

Victuros agimus semper, nec vivimus unquam.

We are always beginning to live, but are never living.

p. LUCRETIUS.

Cœpisti melius quam desinis. Ultima primis cedunt.

Thou beginnest better than thou endest. The last is inferior to the first.

q. OVID.

Principiis obsta: sero medicina paratur,
Cum mala per longas convaluere moras.

Resist beginnings: it is too late to employ medicine when the evil has grown strong by inveterate habit.

r. OVID.

Deficit omne quod nascitur.

Everything that has a beginning comes to an end.

s. QUINTILIAN.

BELIEF.

Credat Judæus Apella.

Let the Jew believe it.

a. HORACE.

Tarde quæ credita lædunt credimus.

We are slow to believe what if believed would hurt our feelings.

b. OVID.

BENEFITS.

Gratia, quæ tarda est, ingrata est: gratia namque
Cum fieri properat, gratia grata magis.

A favor tardily bestowed is no favor; for a favor quickly granted is a more agreeable favor.

c. AUSONIUS.

Nam improbus est homo qui beneficium scit sumere et reddere nescit.

That man is worthless who knows how to receive a favor, but not how to return one.

d. PLAUTUS.

Beneficium non in eo quod fit aut datur consistit sed in ipso dantis aut facientis animo.

A benefit consists not in what is done or given but in the intention of the giver or doer.

e. SENECA.

Eodem animo beneficium debetur, quo datur.

A benefit is estimated according to the mind of the giver.

f. SENECA.

Nullum est tam angustum beneficium, quod non bonus interpres extendat.

There is no benefit so small, that a good man will not magnify it.

g. SENECA.

BENEVOLENCE.

Non sibi sed toto genitum se credere mundo.

He believed that he was born, not for himself, but for the whole world.

h. LUCAN.

Non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco.

Being myself no stranger to suffering, I have learned to relieve the sufferings of others.

i. VIRGIL.

BOOKS.

Quicquid agunt homines nostri farrago libelli.

The doings of men are the subject of this book.

j. JUVENAL.

Seria cum possim, quod delectantia malim
Scribere, tu causa es lector.

Thou art the cause, O reader, of my dwelling on lighter topics, when I would rather handle serious ones.

k. MARTIAL.

Distrahit animum librorum multitudo.

A multitude of books distracts the mind.

l. SENECA.

BUSINESS.

Quam quisque novit artem, in hac se exerceat.

Let a man practice the profession which he best knows.

m. CICERO.

Caput est in omni negotio, nôsse quid agendum sit.

The most important part of every business is to know what ought to be done.

n. COLUMELLA.

Aliena negotia curo,
Excussus propriis.

I attend to the business of other people, having lost my own.

o. HORACE.

Amoto quæramus seria ludo.

Setting raillery aside, let us attend to serious matters.

p. HORACE.

Quod medicorum est
Promittunt medici, tractant fabrilia fabri.

Physicians attend to the business of physicians, and workmen handle the tools of workmen.

q. HORACE.

Consilia callida et audacia primâ specie læta, tractatu dura, eventu tristia sunt.

Hasty and adventurous schemes are at first view flattering, in execution difficult, and in the issue disastrous.

r. LIVY.

O cura hominum! O quantum est in rebus inane!

Oh, the cares of men! how much emptiness there is in human concerns.

s. PERSIUS.

Dominum videre plurimum in rebus suis.

The master looks sharpest to his own business.

t. PHÆDRUS.

Non enim potest quæstus consistere, si eum sumptus superat.

There can be no profit, if the outlay exceeds it.

u. PLAUTUS.

Quâ pote quisque in eâ conterat arte diem.

Let everyone engage in the business with which he is best acquainted.
a. PROPERTIUS.

Prius quam incipias consulto, et ubi consulueris mature facto opus est.

Advise well before you begin: and when you have decided, act promptly.
b. SALLUST.

Omnia inconsulti impetus cœpta, initiis valida, spatio languescunt.

All inconsiderate enterprises are impetuous at first, but soon languish.
c. TACITUS.

Par negotiis neque supra.

Neither above nor below his business.
d. TACITUS.

Actum ne agas.

Do not do what is already done.
e. TERENCE.

C.

CALUMNY.

Nihil est autem tam volucre, quam maledictum; nihil facilius emittitur; nihil citius excipitur, latius dissipatur.

Nothing is so swift as calumny; nothing is more easily uttered; nothing more readily received; nothing more widely dispersed.
f. CICERO.

Conscia mens recti famæ mendacia risit:
Sed nos in vitium credula turba sumus.

The mind conscious of innocence despises false reports: but we are a set always ready to believe a scandal.
g. OVID.

Non soles respicere te, cum dicas injuste alteri?

Do you never look at yourself when you abuse another person?
h. PLAUTUS.

CAREFULNESS.

Festina lente.

Hasten slowly.
i. AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

Assiduus usus uni rei deditus et ingenium et artem sæpe vincit.

Careful attention to one thing often proves superior to genius and art.
j. CICERO.

Nec minor est virtus quam quærere parta tueri,
Casus inest illic: hic erit artis opus.

There is no less merit in keeping than in acquiring. Chance affects the one; the other is the result of effort.
k. OVID.

Majores fertilissimum in agro oculum domini esse dixerunt.

Our fathers used to say that the master's eye was the best fertilizer.
l. PLINY THE ELDER.

Nimius in veritate, et similitudinis quam pulchritudinis amantior.

Too exact, and studious of similitude rather than of beauty.
m. QUINTILIAN.

Boni pastoris est tondere pecus non deglubere.

A good shepherd shears his flock, not flays them.
n. SUETONIUS.

Non quam multis placeas, sed qualibus stude.

Do not care how many, but whom, you please.
o. SYRUS.

CAUSE.

In bello parvis momentis magni casus intercedunt.

In war events of importance are the result of trivial causes.
p. CÆSAR.

Causa latet: vis est notissima.

The cause is hidden, but the result is known.
q. OVID.

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.

Happy the man who has been able to learn the causes of things.
r. VIRGIL.

CENSURE.

Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas.

Censure pardons the crows while it condemns the doves.
s. JUVENAL.

CHANCE.

Nil prodest quod non lædere possit idem.

Nothing profits which may not also harm.
t. OVID.

Quam sæpè fortè temerè eveniunt, quæ non audeas optare!

How often things occur by mere chance, which we dared not even to hope for.

a. TERENCE.

CHANGE.

An id exploratum cuiquam potest esse, quomodo sese habiturum sit corpus, non dico ad annum sed ad vesperam?

Can anyone find out in what condition his body will he, I do not say a year hence, but this evening?

b. CICERO.

Nihil est aptius ad delectationem lectoris quam temporum varietates fortunæque vicissitudines.

There is nothing better fitted to delight the reader than change of circumstances and varieties of fortune.

c. CICERO.

Asperius nihil est humili cum surgit in altum.

Nothing is more annoying than a low man raised to a high position.

d. CLAUDIANUS.

Mobile mutatur semper cum principe vulgus.

The fickle populace always change with the prince.

e. CLAUDIANUS.

Amphora cœpit
Institui; currente rotâ cur urceus exit?

A vase is begun; why, as the wheel goes round, does it turn out a pitcher?

f. HORACE.

Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis.

He pulls down, he builds up, he changes squares into circles.

g. HORACE.

Non si malè nunc et olim sic erit.

If matters go on badly now, they will not always be so.

h. HORACE.

Non sum qualis eram.

I am not what I once was.

i. HORACE.

Optat ephippia bos piger, optat arare caballus.

The lazy ox wishes for horse-trappings, and the steed wishes to plough.

j. HORACE.

Plerumque gratæ divitibus vices.

Change generally pleases the rich.

k. HORACE.

Quod petit spernit, repetit quod nuper omisit.

He despises what he sought; and he seeks that which he lately threw away.

l. HORACE.

Quo teneam vultus mutantem
Protea nodo?

With what knot shall I hold this Proteus, who so often changes his countenance?

m. HORACE.

Momento mare vertitur,
Eodem die ubi luserunt, navigia sorbentur.

In a moment the sea is convulsed and on the same day vessels are swallowed up where they lately sported on the waves.

n. JUVENAL.

Nam multa præter spem scio multis bona evenisse,
At ego etiam qui speraverint, spem decepisse multos.

For I know that many good things have happened to many, when least expected; and that many hopes have been disappointed.

o. PLAUTUS.

Est natura hominum novitatis avida.

Human nature is fond of novelty.

p. PLINY THE ELDER.

Nostra sine auxilio fugiunt bona. Carpite florem.

Our advantages fly away without aid. Pluck the flower.

q. OVID.

Corporis et fortunæ bonorum ut initium finis est. Omnia orta occidunt, et orta senescunt.

As the blessings of health and fortune have a beginning, so they must also find an end. Everything rises but to fall, and increases but to decay.

r. SALLUST.

Non convalescit planta, quæ sæpe transfertur.

The plant, which is often transplanted, does not prosper.

s. SENECA.

Corpora lente augescent, cito extinguuntur.

Bodies are slow of growth, but are rapid in their dissolution.

t. TACITUS.

Multa dies variusque labor mutabilis ævi
Retulit in melius: multos alterna revisens
Lusit, et in solido rursus
Fortuna locavit.

Time and the varying movements of changing years have bettered many things; and Fortune returning after having deserted many, has again placed them upon solid ground.

u. VIRGIL.

CHARACTER.

Constans et lenis, ut res expostulet, esto.

Be firm or mild as the occasion may require.

v. CATO.

Suus quoque attributus est error:
Sed non videmus, manticæ quid in tergo est.

Every one has his faults: but we do not see the wallet on our own backs.
a. CATULLUS.

Etiam illud adjungo, sæpius ad laudem atque virtutem naturam sine doctrinâ, quam sine naturâ valuisse doctrinam.

I add this also, that natural ability without education has oftener raised man to glory and virtue, than education without natural ability.
b. CICERO.

Imago animi vultus est, indices oculi.

The countenance is the portrait of the soul, and the eyes mark its intentions.
c. CICERO.

Importunitas autem, et inhumanitas omni ætati molesta est.

But a perverse temper and fretful disposition make any state of life unhappy.
d. CICERO.

Minime sibi quisque notus est, et difficillime de se quisque sentit.

Every one is least known to himself, and it is very difficult for a man to know himself.
e. CICERO.

Quotus quisque philosophorum invenitur, qui sit ita moratus, ita animo ac vita constitutus, ut ratio postulat?

How few philosophers there are whose habits, minds and lives are constituted as reason demands.
f. CICERO.

Ut ignis in aquam conjectus, continuo restinguitur et refrigeratur, sic refervens falsum crimen in purissimam et castissimam vitam collatum, statim concidit et extinguitur.

As fire when thrown into water is cooled down and put out, so also a false accusation when brought against a man of the purest and holiest character, boils over and is at once dissipated, and vanishes.
g. CICERO.

Falsus honor juvat et mendax infamia terret,
Quem nisi mendosum et mendacem?

Whom does false honor aid, and calumny deter, but the vicious and the liar?
h. HORACE.

Integer vitæ scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauri jaculis neque arcu.

The man who is pure in life, and free from guilt needs not the aid of Moorish bows and darts.
i. HORACE.

Paullum sepultæ distat inertiæ
Celata virtus.

Excellence when concealed, differs but little from buried worthlessness.
j. HORACE.

Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.

Let the character as it began be preserved to the last; and let it be consistent with itself.
k. HORACE.

Famæ damna majora, quam quæ estimari possint.

The injury done to character is greater than can be estimated.
l. LIVY.

Mortua cui vita est prope jam vivoque videnti.

Whose life is dead even while he lives and sees.
m. LUCRETIUS.

Magnos homines virtute metimur non fortunâ.

We measure great men by their character, not by their success.
n. NEPOS.

Sui cuique mores fingunt fortunam.

His own character shapes the fortune of every man.
o. NEPOS.

Quod licet ingratum est; quod non licet acrius urit.

What is lawful is despised; what is unlawful is eagerly desired.
p. OVID.

Ut desint vires tamen est laudanda voluntas.

Though the power be wanting, yet the wish is praiseworthy.
q. OVID.

Video meliora proboque,
Deteriora sequor.

I see and approve better things, I follow the worse.
r. OVID.

Intus et in jecore ægro
Nascuntur domini.

Within thy morbid breast there spring up masters.
s. PERSIUS.

Tecum habita, et nôris quam sit tibi curta supellex.

Retire within thyself, and thou will discover how small a stock is there.
t. PERSIUS.

Udum et molle lutum es: nunc, nunc properandus et acri
Fingendus sine fine rotâ.

Thou art moist and soft clay; thou must instantly be shaped by the glowing wheel.
u. PERSIUS.

Velle suum cuique, nec voto vivitur uno.

Each man has his own desires; all do not possess the same inclinations.
v. PERSIUS.

Tu si animum vicisti potius quam animus te est quod gaudias.

If you have overcome your inclination and not been overcome by it, you have reason to rejoice.

a. PLAUTUS.

Naturæ sequitur semina quisque suæ.

Every one follows the inclinations of his own nature.

b. PROPERTIUS.

Aliena vitia in oculis habemus; a tergo nostra sunt.

Other men's sins are before our eyes; our own, behind our backs.

c. SENECA.

Potentissimus est qui se habet in potestate.

He is most powerful, who has himself in his power.

d. SENECA.

Quæris Alcidæ parem?
Nemo est nisi ipse.

Do you seek Alcides' equal? There is none but himself.

e. SENECA.

Formosa facies muta commendatio est.

A pleasing countenance is a silent commendation.

f. SYRUS.

In turbas et discordias pessimo cuique plurima vis: pax et quies bonis artibus indigent.

In seasons of tumult and discord bad men have most power; mental and moral excellence require peace and quietness.

g. TACITUS.

Fuerat Vitellio simplicitas ac liberalitas, quæ, nisi adsit modus in exitium vertuntur.

Vitellius possessed simplicity and liberality, qualities which beyond a certain limit lead to ruin.

h. TACITUS.

Ita comparatam esse naturam omnium, aliena ut melius videant et dijudicent, quam sua.

The nature of all men is so formed, that they see and discriminate in the affairs of others, much better than in their own.

i. TERENCE.

Re ipsâ reperi,
Facilitate nihil esse homini melius neque clementiâ.

I have found by experience that there is nothing better for a man than mildness and clemency.

j. TERENCE.

Accipe nunc Danaûm insidias, et crimine ab uno
Disce omnes.

Learn now of the treachery of the Greeks, and from one example the character of the nation may be known.

k. VIRGIL.

CIRCUMSPECTION.

Nil admirari prope est res una, Numici,
Solaque, quæ possit facere et servare beatum.

Not to be lost in idle admiration is the only sure means of making and of preserving happiness.

l. HORACE.

CITIES.

Omitte mirari beatæ
Fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ.

Cease to admire the smoke, wealth and noise of Rome.

m. HORACE.

Urbem lateritiam invenit, marmoream reliquit.

He found the city of brick, and he left it of marble.

n. SUETONIUS.

COMPANIONS.

Comes jucundus in viâ pro vehiculo est.

A pleasant companion on a journey is as good as a carriage.

o. SYRUS.

COMPARISON.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt plura mala.

Some things are good, some are middling, the most are bad.

p. MARTIAL.

Sic canibus catulos similes, sic matribus hædos
Nôram; sic parvis componere magna solebam.

Thus I knew that pups are like dogs, and kids like goats; so I used to compare great things with small.

q. VIRGIL.

COMPASSION.

Quemcumque miserum videris, hominem scias.

When you see a man in distress, recognize him as a fellow man.

r. SENECA.

Non ignara mali miseris succurere disco.

Having suffered, I know how to help those who are in distress.

s. VIRGIL.

COMPENSATION.

Ut sementem feceris, ita metes.

As thou sowest, so shalt thou reap.

t. CICERO.

Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum;
Multa recedentes adimunt.

The coming years bring many advantages with them; retiring they take away many.

u. HORACE.

Sæpe creat molles aspera spina rosas.

The prickly thorn often bears soft roses.

a. Ovid.

Primo avulso, non deficit alter.

When the first is plucked a second will not be wanting.

b. Virgil.

COMPLAINT.

Apud novercam quærere.

Complain to your stepmother.

c. Plautus.

CONCEALMENT.

Vitæ postscenia celant.

Men conceal the past scenes of their lives.

d. Lucretius.

CONCISENESS.

Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio.

In laboring to be concise, I become obscure.

e. Horace.

CONDITION.

Asperius nihil est humili, cum surgit in altum.

Nothing is more unendurable than a low-born man raised to high estate.

f. Claudianus.

CONFIDENCE.

Ultima talis erit quæ mea prima fides.

My last confidence will be like my first.

g. Propertius.

Nunquam tuta fides.

Confidence is nowhere safe.

h. Virgil.

CONQUEST.

Cede repugnanti; cedendo victor abibis.

Yield to him who opposes you; by yielding you conquer.

i. Ovid.

Bis vincit qui se vincit in victoriâ.

He conquers twice who conquers himself in victory.

j. Syrus.

CONSCIENCE.

Hic murus æneus esto,
Nil conscire sibi, nullâ pallescere culpâ.

Be this thy brazen bulwark, to keep a clear conscience, and never turn pale with guilt.

k. Horace.

Sic vive cum hominibus, tanquam Deus videat; sic loquere cum Deo, tanquam homines audiant.

Live with men as if God saw you; converse with God as if men heard you.

l. Seneca.

Neutiquam officium liberi esse hominis puto
Cum is nihil promereat, postulare id gratiæ apponi sibi.

No free man will ask as favour, what he cannot claim as reward.

m. Terence.

CONSOLATION.

Suave mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terrâ magnum alterius spectare laborem.

It is pleasant, when the sea runs high to view from land the great distress of another.

n. Lucretius.

CONTENTION.

Ex magno certamine magnas excitari ferme iras.

Great contests generally excite great animosities.

o. Livy.

Ducibus tantum de funere pugna est.

The chiefs contend only for their place of burial.

p. Lucan.

Quod certaminibus ortum ultra metam durat.

That which arises from strife goes often beyond the mark.

q. Vell. Paterculus.

Nimium altercando veritas amittitur.

In excessive altercation, truth is lost.

r. Syrus.

Ubi velis nolunt, ubi nolis volunt ultro:
Concessâ pudet ire viâ.

When you will, they won't; when you won't, they will: they are loath to walk in the lawful path.

s. Terence.

CONTENTMENT.

Levis est consolatio ex miseriâ aliorum.

The comfort derived from the misery of others is slight.

t. Cicero.

Ille potens sui
Lætusque deget, cui licet in diem
Dixisse Vixi; cras vel atrâ
Nube polum pater occupato,
Vel sole puro, non tamen irritum
Quodcunque retro est efficiet.

That man lives happy and in command of himself, who from day to day can say I have lived. Whether clouds obscure, or the sun illumines the following day, that which is past is beyond recall.

u. Horace.

Nec vixit malê qui natus moriensque fefellit.

Nor has he spent his life badly who has passed it in privacy.

v. Horace.

Quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit,
A Diis plura feret. Nil cupientium
Nudus castra peto; multa petentibus
Desunt multa.

The more a man denies himself, the more he shall receive from heaven. Naked, I seek the camp of those who covet nothing: those who require much, are ever much in want.
a. HORACE.

Sit mihi quod nunc est, etiam minus ut mihi vivam
Quod superest ævi—si quid superesse volunt dii.

Let me possess what I now have, or even less, so that I may enjoy my remaining days, if Heaven grant any to remain.
b. HORACE.

Aliena nobis, nostra plus aliis placent.

The circumstances of others seem good to us, while ours seem good to others.
c. SYRUS.

Quoniam non potest id fieri, quod vis,
Id velis quod possit.

Since you cannot have what you wish, wish for what you can have.
d. TERENCE.

Vivite felices, quibus est fortuna peracta
Jam sua.

Be happy ye, whose fortunes are already completed.
e. VIRGIL.

CONTRAST.

Ducis ingenium res
Adversæ nudare solent, celare secundæ.

Adversity usually reveals the genius of the general, while good fortune conceals it.
f. HORACE.

Hoc ego tuque sumus: sed quod sum non potes esse:
Tu quod es, e populo quilibet esse potest.

Such are thou and I: but what I am thou canst not be; what thou art any one of the multitude may be.
g. MARTIAL.

Multos qui conflictari adversis videantur beatos; ac plerosque quamquam magnos per opes, miserrimos; si illi gravem fortunam constanter tolerant, hi prosperâ inconsulte utantur.

Many who seem to be struggling with adversity are happy; whilst some in the midst of riches are miserable; this is the case when the former bear the pressure with constancy, and the latter employ their wealth thoughtlessly.
h. TACITUS.

CORRUPTION.

Malê verum examinat omnis
Corruptus judex.

A corrupt judge does not carefully search for the truth.
i. HORACE.

Nec lex est æquior ulla,
Quam necis artificem arte perire sua.

Nor is there any law more just, than that he who has plotted death shall perish by his own plot.
j. OVID.

Corruptissimâ republicâ, plurimæ leges.

The more corrupt the state, the more laws.
k. TACITUS.

COURAGE.

Fortis vero, dolorem summum malum judicans; aut temperans, voluptatem summum bonum statuens, esse certe nullo modo potest.

No man can be brave who thinks pain the greatest evil; nor temperate, who considers pleasure the highest good.
l. CICERO.

Æquam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem.

Remember to be calm in adversity.
m. HORACE.

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori:
Cœlo Musa beat.

The muse does not allow the praise-deserving hero to die: she enthrones him in the heavens.
n. HORACE.

Nil mortalibus arduum est:
Cœlum ipsum petimus stultitiâ.

Nothing is too high for the daring of mortals: we would storm heaven itself in our folly.
o. HORACE.

Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris et carcere dignum
Si vis esse aliquis. Probitas laudatur et alget.

Dare to do something worthy of transportation and a prison, if you mean to be anybody. Virtue is praised and freezes.
p. JUVENAL.

In rebus asperis et tenui spe fortissima quæque consilia tutissima sunt.

In great straits and when hope is small the boldest counsels are the safest.
q. LIVY.

Audendo magnus tegitur timor.

By daring, great fears are concealed.
r. LUCAN.

Stimulos dedit æmula virtus.

He was spurred on by rival valor.
s. LUCAN.

Qui sua metitur pondera ferre potest.

He who weighs his burdens, can bear them.
t. MARTIAL.

Animus tamen omnia vincit.
Ille etiam vires corpus habere facit,

Courage conquers all things: it even gives strength to the body.
a. Ovid.

Audentem forsque Venusque juvant.

Fortune and Love befriend the bold.
b. Ovid.

Leve fit quod bene fertur onus.

The burden which is well borne becomes light.
c. Ovid.

Male vincetis, sed vincite.

You will hardly conquer, but conquer you must.
d. Ovid.

Saucius ejurat pugnam gladiator, et idem
Immemor antiqui vulneris arma capit.

The wounded gladiator forswears all fighting, but soon forgetting his former wound resumes his arms.
e. Ovid.

Teloque animus præstantior omni.

A spirit superior to every weapon.
f. Ovid.

Bonus animus in malâ re, dimidium est mali.

Courage in danger is half the battle.
g. Plautus.

Pluma haud interest, patronus an cliens probior sit
Homini, cui nulla in pectore est audacia.

It does not matter a feather whether a man be supported by patron or client, if he himself wants courage.
h. Plautus.

Non solum taurus ferit uncis cornibus hostem,
Verum etiam instanti læsa repugnat ovis.

Not only does the bull attack its foe with its crooked horns, but the injured sheep will fight its assailant.
i. Propertius.

Quod si deficiant vires, audacia certe
Laus erit: in magnis et voluisse sat est.

Although strength should fail, the effort will deserve praise. In great enterprises the attempt is enough.
j. Propertius.

Fortuna opes auferre, non animum potest.

Fortune can take away riches, but not courage.
k. Seneca.

Serum est cavendi tempus in mediis malis.

The time for caution is past when we are in the midst of evils.
l. Seneca.

Virtus in astra tendit, in mortem timor.

Courage leads to heaven; fear, to death.
m. Seneca.

Adversis etenim frangi non esse virorum.

Brave men ought not to be cast down by adversity.
n. Silius Italicus.

Nemo timendo ad summum pervenit locum.

No one reaches a high position without daring.
o. Syrus.

Fortes et strenuos etiam contra fortunam insistere, timidos et ignaros ad desperationem formidine properare.

The brave and bold persist even against fortune; the timid and cowardly rush to despair through fear alone.
p. Tacitus.

Si cadere necesse est, occurendum discrimini.

If we must fall, we should boldly meet the danger.
q. Tacitus.

Fortes fortuna adjuvat.

Fortune favors the brave.
r. Terence.

Audentes fortuna juvat.

Fortune helps the bold.
s. Virgil.

Exigui numero, sed bello vivida virtus.

Small in number, but their valour tried in war, and glowing.
t. Virgil.

Macte novâ virtute, puer; sic itur ad astra.

Go on and increase in valor, O boy! this is the path to immortality.
u. Virgil.

Tu ne cede malis, sed contra ardentior ito.

Do not yield to misfortunes, but meet them with fortitude.
v. Virgil.

COVETOUSNESS.

Multa petentibus desunt multa.

Those who covet much want much.
w. Horace.

Quicquid servatur, cupimus magis: ipsaque furem
Cura vocat. Pauci, quod sinit alter, amant.

We covet what is guarded; the very care invokes the thief. Few love what they may have.
x. Ovid.

Amittit merito proprium qui alienum appetit.

He deservedly loses his own property, who covets that of another.
y. Phædrus.

COWARDS.

Nec tibi quid liceat, sed quid fecisse decebit
Occurrat, mentemque domet respectus honesti.

Do not consider what you may do, but what it will become you to have done, and let the sense of honor subdue your mind.
a. CLAUDIANUS.

Nil conscire sibi, nullâ pallescere culpâ.

To be conscious of no guilt, and to turn pale at no charge.
b. HORACE.

Mater timidi flere not solet.

The mother of a coward does not often weep.
c. NEPOS.

Conscia mens ut cuique sua est, ita concipit intra
Pectora pro facto spemque metumque suo.

According to the state of a man's conscience, so do hope and fear on account of his deeds arise in his mind.
d. OVID.

Timidi est optare necem.

To wish for death is a coward's part.
e. OVID.

Virtutis expers verbis jactans gloriam
Ignotos fallit, notis est derisui.

A coward boasting of his courage may deceive strangers, but he is a laughing-stock to those who know him.
f. PHÆDRUS.

Nihil est miserius quam animus hominis conscius.

Nothing is more wretched than a guilty conscience.
g. PLAUTUS.

Canis timidus vehementius latrat quam mordet.

A cowardly cur barks more fiercely than it bites.
h. QUINTUS CURTIUS RUFUS.

Ignavissimus quisque, et ut res docuit, in periculo non ausurus, nimio verbis et linguâ feroces.

Every recreant who proved his timidity in the hour of danger, was afterwards boldest in word and tongue.
i. TACITUS.

CRIME.

Animi labes nec diuturnitate vanescere nec omnibus ullis elui potest.

Mental stains cannot be removed by time, nor washed away by any waters.
j. CICERO.

Deorum tela in impiorum mentibus figuntur.

The darts of the gods are fixed in the minds of the wicked.
k. CICERO.

Maxima illecebra est peccandi impunitatis spes.

The greatest incitement to sin is the hope of impunity.
l. CICERO.

Exemplo quodcumque malo committitur, ipsi
Displicet auctori.

Every crime will bring remorse to the man who committed it.
m. JUVENAL.

Multi committunt eadem diverso crimina fato;
Ille crucem sceleris pretium tulit, hic diadema.

Many commit the same crimes with a very different result. One bears a cross for his crime; another a crown.
n. JUVENAL.

Nam scelus intra se tacitum qui cogitat ullum,
Facti crimen habet.

For whoever meditates a crime is guilty of the deed.
o. JUVENAL.

Nemo repente venit turpissimus.

No one ever became very wicked all at once.
p. JUVENAL.

Se judice, nemo nocens absolvitur.

By his own verdict no guilty man is ever acquitted.
q. JUVENAL.

Nullum scelus rationem habet.

No wickedness has any ground of reason.
r. LIVY.

Quidquid multis peccatur inultum est.

The sins committed by many pass unpunished.
s. LUCAN.

Solent occupationis spe vel impune quædam scelesta committi.

Wicked deeds are generally done, even with impunity, for the mere desire of occupation.
t. AMMIANUS MARCELLINUS.

Ars fit ubi a teneris crimen condiscitur annis.

Where crime is taught from early years, it becomes a part of nature.
u. OVID.

Non bene cœlestes impia dextra colit.

The wicked right-hand cannot offer acceptable homage to the gods.
v. OVID.

Pœna potest demi, culpa perennis est.

The punishment can be remitted; the crime is everlasting.
w. OVID.

Dum ne ob male facta peream, parvi æstimo.

I esteem death a trifle, if not caused by guilt.

a. PLAUTUS.

Ad auctores redit
Sceleris coacti culpa.

The guilt of enforced crimes lies on those who impose them.

b. SENECA.

Cui prodest scelus,
Is fecit.

He who profits by crime, is guilty of it.

c. SENECA.

Dumque punitur scelus,
Crescit.

While crime is punished it yet increases.

d. SENECA.

Nefas nocere vel malo fratri puta.

Consider it a crime to injure a brother even if he be wicked.

e. SENECA.

Nullum caruit exemplo nefas.

No crime has been without a precedent.

f. SENECA.

Prosperum ac felix scelus
Virtus vocatur.

Successful crime is called virtue.

g. SENECA.

Qui non vetat peccare, cum possit, jubet.

He who does not prevent a crime when he can, encourages it.

h. SENECA.

Scelere velandum est scelus.

One crime has to be concealed by another.

i. SENECA.

Fatetur facinus is qui judicium fugit.

He who flees from trial confesses his guilt.

j. SYRUS.

CRUELTY.

Homo homini lupus.

Man is a wolf to man.

k. PLAUTUS.

D.

DANGER.

Tibi nullum periculum esse perspicio, quod quidem sejunctum sit ab omnium interitu.

I see no danger to which you are exposed, apart from the destruction of us all.

l. CICERO.

Quid quisque vitet nunquam homini satis
Cautum est in horas.

Man is never watchful enough against dangers that threaten him every hour.

m. HORACE.

Citius venit periculum, cum contemnitur.

Danger comes the sooner when it is despised.

n. LABERIUS.

Nunquam est fidelis cum potente societas.

A partnership with men in power is never safe.

o. PHÆDRUS.

Contemptum periculorum assiduitas periclitandi dabit.

Constant exposure to dangers will breed contempt for them.

p. SENECA.

Caret periculo qui etiam tutus cavet.

He is safe from danger who is on his guard even when safe.

q. SYRUS.

DEATH.

Animoque supersunt
Jam prope post animam.

Their spirits survive their breath.

r. SIDONIUS APOLLINARIS.

Emori nolo: sed me esse mortuum nihil æstimo.

I do not wish to die: but I care not if I were dead.

s. CICERO.

Moriendum enim certe est: et id incertum, an eo ipso die.

We must certainly die; perhaps this very day.

t. CICERO.

Supremus ille dies non nostri extinctionem sed commutationem affert loci.

That last day does not bring extinction to us, but change of place.

u. CICERO.

Totus hic locus est contemnendus in nobis, non negligendus in nostris.

This place [the place of our sepulture] is wholly to be disregarded by us, but not to be neglected by our friends.

v. CICERO.

Undique enim ad inferos tantundem viæ est.

There are countless roads on all sides to the grave.

w. CICERO.

Vetat dominans ille in nobis deus, injussu hinc nos suo demigrare.

The divinity who rules within us, forbids us to leave this world without his command.

a. CICERO.

Omnia mors æquat.

Death levels all things.

b. CLAUDIANUS.

Mors ultima linea rerum est.

Death is the last limit of all things.

c. HORACE.

Omne capax movet urna nomen.

In the capacious urn of death, every name is shaken.

d. HORACE.

Omnes eodem cogimur; omnium
Versatur urnâ serius, ocyus
Sors exitura.

We are all compelled to take the same road; from the urn of death shaken for all, sooner or later the lot must come forth.

e. HORACE.

Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres.

Pale death with impartial step, knocks at the hut of the poor and the palaces of kings.

f. HORACE.

Autumnus libitinæ quæstus acerbæ.

Autumn is the harvest of greedy death.

g. JUVENAL.

Nascentes morimur, finisque ab origine pendet.

We begin to die as soon as we are born, and the end is linked to the beginning.

h. LUCRETIUS.

Hoc rogo, non furor est ne moriare mori?

This I ask, is it not madness to kill thyself in order to escape death?

i. MARTIAL.

Nec mihi mors gravis est posituro morte dolores.

Death is not grievous to me, for I shall lay aside my pains by death.

j. OVID.

Nil feret ad manes divitis umbra suos.

The rich man's shade will carry nothing to the grave.

k. OVID.

Quocumque adspicio, nihil est nisi mortis imago.

Wherever I look there is nothing but the image of death.

l. OVID.

Stulte, quid est somnus, gelidæ nisi mortis imago?
Longa quiescendi tempora fata dabunt.

Thou fool, what is sleep but the image of death? Fate will give an eternal rest.

m. OVID.

Ultima semper
Expectanda dies homini est, dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo et suprema funera debet.

Man should ever look to his last day, and no one should be called happy before his funeral.

n. OVID.

Optima mors parca quæ venit aptâ die.

That death is best which comes appropriately at a ripe age.

o. PROPERTIUS.

Dies iste, quem tamquam extremum reformidas, æterni natalis est.

This day, which thou fearest as thy last, is the birth-day of eternity.

p. SENECA.

Incertum est quo te loco mors expectet: itaque tu illam omni loco expecta.

It is uncertain in what place death may await thee; therefore expect it in any place.

q. SENECA.

Interim pœna est mori,
Sed sæpe donum; pluribus veniæ fuit.

Sometimes death is a punishment; often, a gift; it has been a favor to many.

r. SENECA.

Vitæ est avidus quisquis non vult
Mundo secum moriente mori.

That man must be very fond of life who is unwilling to die when the world reaches its last day.

s. SENECA.

Bis emori est alterius arbitrio mori.

To die at the command of another, is to die twice.

t. SYRUS.

Mori est felicis antequam mortem invocet.

It is a happy thing to die before you invite death.

u. SYRUS.

Honesta mors turpi vitâ potior.

An honorable death is better than a dishonorable life.

v. TACITUS.

Id cinerem aut Manes credis curare sepultos?

Do you think that the dead care for this?

w. VIRGIL.

Usque adeone mori miserum est?

Is it then so sad a thing to die?

x. VIRGIL.

DEBT.

Æs debitorem leve; grave inimicum facit.

A small debt makes a debtor; a heavy one an enemy.

a. Syrus.

Alienum æs homini ingenuo acerba est servitus.

Debt is a bitter slavery to the free-born.

b. Syrus.

DECEIT.

Improbi hominis est mendacio fallere.

It is the act of a bad man to deceive by falsehood.

c. Cicero.

Irrepit in hominum mentes dissimulatio.

Dissimulation creeps gradually into the minds of men.

d. Cicero.

Nam quæ voluptate, quasi mercede aliquâ, ad officium impellitur, ea non est virtus sed fallax imitatio simulatioque virtutis.

That which leads us to the performance of duty by offering pleasure as its reward, is not virtue, but a deceptive copy and imitation of virtue.

e. Cicero.

Decipimur specie recti.

We are deceived by an appearance of right.

f. Horace.

Incedimus per ignes suppositos cineri doloso.

We tread on fires covered by deceitful ashes.

g. Horace.

Curios simulant et Bacchanalia vivunt.

They affect to be Curii, and live like Bacchanals.

h. Juvenal.

Decipit
Frons prima multos; rara mens intelligit
Quod interiore condidit cura angulo.

The first appearance deceives many. The mind seldom perceives what has been carefully hidden.

i. Juvenal.

Fronti nulla fides.

Trust not to outward show.

j. Juvenal.

Calvo turpius est nihil comto.

There is nothing more contemptible than a bald man who pretends to have hair.

k. Martial.

Habent insidias hominis blanditiæ mali.

The smooth speeches of the wicked are full of treachery.

l. Phædrus.

Non semper ea sunt quæ videntur; decipit
Frons prima multos.

Things are not always what they seem; first appearances deceive many.

m. Phædrus.

Alterâ manu fert lapidem, alterâ panem ostendat.

He carries a stone in one hand, and offers bread with the other.

n. Plautus.

Erras, me decipere haud potes.

No, you can't deceive me.

o. Plautus.

Nemo omnes, neminem omnes fefellerunt.

No one has deceived the whole world, nor has the whole world ever deceived any one.

p. Pliny the Younger.

Cætera fortunæ, non mea, turba fuit.

The rest of the crowd were friends of my fortune, not of me.

q. Ovid.

Furtum ingeniosus ad omne,
Qui facere assueret, patriæ non degener artis,
Candida de nigris, et de candentibus atra.

Skilled in every trick, a worthy heir of his paternal craft, he would make black look white, and white look black.

r. Ovid.

Impia sub dulce melle venena latent.

Deadly poisons are concealed under sweet honey.

s. Ovid.

Quam angusta innocentia est, ad legem bonum esse.

What narrow innocence it is, for one to be good only according to the law.

t. Seneca.

Turpe est aliud loqui, aliud sentire; quanto turpius aliud scribere, aliud sentire.

It is base to speak one thing, and think another, how much baser to write one thing and think another.

u. Seneca.

Non aliter vives in solitudine, aliter in foro.

You should not live one way in private, another in public.

v. Syrus.

Hinc nunc præmium est, qui recta prava faciunt.

There is a demand in these days, for men who can make wrong conduct appear right.

w. Terence.

DEEDS.

Dii pia facta vident.

The gods see the deeds of the righteous.

x. Ovid.

Ipse decor, recti facti si præmia desint,
Non movet.

Men do not value a good deed unless it brings a reward.
a. OVID.

Nequam illud verbum 'st, Bene vult, nisi qui benefacit.

"He wishes well" is worthless, unless the deed go with it.
b. PLAUTUS.

DEFENCE.

Hic est mucro defensionis meæ.

This is the point of my defense.
c. CICERO.

DELAY.

Unus homo nobis cunctando restituit rem,
Non ponebat enim rumores ante salutem.

One man by delay restored the state, for he preferred the public safety to idle report.
d. ENNIUS.

Tolle moras—semper nocuit differre paratis.

Away with delay—it always injures those who are prepared.
e. LUCAN.

Longa mora est nobis omnis, quæ gaudia differt.

Every delay that postpones our joys, is long.
f. OVID.

Miserum est opus,
Igitur demum fodere puteum, ubi sitis fauces tenet.

It is wretched business to be digging a well just as thirst is mastering you.
g. PLAUTUS.

Dum deliberamus quando incipiendum, incipere jam serum fit.

Whilst we deliberate about beginning, it is already too late to begin.
h. QUINTILIAN.

Quod ratio nequiit, sæpe sanavit mora.

What reason could not avoid, has often been cured by delay.
i. SENECA.

Pelle moras; brevis est magni fortuna favoris.

Away with delay; the chance of great fortune is short-lived.
j. SILIUS ITALICUS.

Da spatium tenuemque moram; male cuncta ministrat impetus.

Take time for deliberation; haste spoils everything.
k. STATIUS.

Deliberando sæpe perit occasio.

The opportunity is often lost by deliberating.
l. SYRUS.

DESPAIR.

Nil desperandum Teucro duce et auspice Teucro.

Never despair while under the guidance and auspices of Teucer.
m. HORACE.

Desperatio magnum ad honeste moriendum incitamentum.

Despair is a great incentive to honorable death.
n. QUINTUS CURTIUS RUFUS.

DIGNITY.

Facilius crescit dignitas quam incipit.

Dignity increases more easily than it begins.
o. SENECA.

DISAGREEMENT.

In eâdem re, utilitas et turpitudo esse non potest.

Usefulness and baseness cannot exist in the same thing.
p. CICERO.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Usque adeo nulli sincera voluptas,
Solicitique aliquid lætis intervenit.

No one possesses unalloyed pleasure; there is some anxiety mingled with the joy.
q. OVID.

DISCONTENT.

Qui fit, Mæcenas, ut nemo quam sibi sortem,
Seu ratio dederit, seu fors objecerit, illâ
Contentus vivat? laudet diversa sequentes.

How does it happen, Mæcenas, that no one is content with that lot in life which he has chosen, or which chance has thrown in his way, but praises those who follow a different course?
r. HORACE.

DISCORD.

Discordia est ira acrior odio, intimo corde concepta.

Discord is anger more bitter than hatred, conceived in the inmost breast
s. CICERO.

DISGRACE.

Odiosum est enim, cum a prætereuntibus dicatur:—O domus antiqua, heu, quam dispari dominare domino.

It is disgraceful when the passers-by exclaim, "O ancient house! alas, how unlike is thy present master to thy former one."
t. CICERO.

Id demum est homini turpe, quod meruit pati.

That only is a disgrace to a man which he has deserved to suffer.
u. PHÆDRUS.

Hominum immortalis est infamia;
Etiam tum vivit, cum esse credas mortuam.

Disgrace is immortal, and living even when one thinks it dead.

a. PLAUTUS.

DISSATISFACTION.

Curtæ nescio quid semper abest rei.

A nameless something is always wanting to our incomplete fortune.

b. HORACE.

DOUBT.

Nil agit exemplum, litem quod lite resolvit.

The illustration which solves one difficulty by raising another, settles nothing.

c. HORACE.

Dum in dubio est animus, paulo momento huc illuc impellitur.

When the mind is in a state of uncertainty the smallest impulse directs it to either side.

d. TERENCE.

DUTY.

Pietas fundamentum est omnium virtutum.

The dutifulness of children is the foundation of all virtues.

e. CICERO.

Leve fit quod bene fertur onus.

That load becomes light which is cheerfully borne.

f. OVID.

E.

ECONOMY.

Magnum est vectigal parsimonia.

Economy is a great revenue.

g. CICERO.

ELOQUENCE.

In causâ facili cuivis licet esse diserto.

In an easy cause any man may be eloquent.

h. OVID.

ENJOYMENT.

Voluptas mentis (ut ita dicam) præstringit oculos, nec habet ullum cum virtute commercium.

Pleasure blinds (so to speak) the eyes of the mind, and has no fellowship with virtue.

i. CICERO.

Carpe diem, quam minime credula postero.

Enjoy the present day, trusting very little to the morrow.

j. HORACE.

Ficta voluptatis causâ sint proxima veris.

Let the fictitious sources of pleasure be as near as possible to the true.

k. HORACE.

Voluptates commendat rarior usus.

Our pleasures have a higher relish when they are rarely used.

l. JUVENAL.

Ride si sapis.

Be merry, if you are wise.

m. MARTIAL.

Bona malis paria non sunt, etiam pari numero; nec lætitia ulla minimo mærore pensanda.

The enjoyments of this life are not equal to its evils, even in number: there is no joy which can be weighed against the smallest degree of grief.

n. PLINY.

Tanto brevius omne, quanto felicius tempus.

The happier the time, the quicker it passes.

o. PLINY THE YOUNGER.

Dum licet inter nos igitur lætemur amantes;
Non satis est ullo tempore longus amor.

Let us enjoy pleasure while we can: pleasure is never long enough.

p. PROPERTIUS.

Diliguntur immodice sola quæ non licent; * * * * non nutrit ardorem concupiscendi, ubi frui licet.

Forbidden pleasures alone are loved immoderately; when lawful, they do not excite desire.

q. QUINTILIAN.

Modica voluptas laxat animos et temperat.

Moderate pleasure relaxes the spirit, and moderates it.

r. SENECA.

Sic præsentibus utaris voluptatibus ut futuris non noceas.

Enjoy present pleasures in such a way as not to injure future ones.

s. SENECA.

ENMITY.

Occultæ inimicitiæ magis timendæ sunt quam apertæ.

Secret enmities are more to be feared than open ones.

a. Cicero.

ENVY.

Rabiem livoris acerbi
Nulla potest placare quies.

Nothing can allay the rage of biting envy.

b. Claudianus.

Cui placet alterius sua nimirum est odio sors.

He who envies another's lot is evidently dissatisfied with his own.

c. Horace.

Ego si risi quod ineptus
Pastillos Rufillus olet, lividus et mordax videar?

If I smile at the strong perfumes of the silly Rufillus must I be regarded as envious and ill-natured?

d. Horace.

Invidus alterius macrescit rebus opimis.

The envious man grows lean at the sucess of his neighbor.

e. Horace.

Urit enim fulgore suo qui prægravat artes
Intra se positas; extinctus amabitur idem.

He whose excellence causes envy is consumed by his own splendor; yet he shall be revered when dead.

f. Horace.

Invidiâ Siculi non invenere tyranni
Tormentum majus.

The Sicilian tyrants never devised a greater punishment than envy.

g. Juvenal.

A proximis quisque minime anteiri vult.

No man likes to be surpassed by those of his own level.

h. Livy.

Cæca invidia est, nec quidquam aliud scit quam detractare virtutes.

Envy is blind and knows nothing except how to depreciate the excellencies of others.

i. Livy.

Invidiam, tamquam ignem, summa petere.

Envy like fire soars upward.

j. Livy.

Commune vitium in magnis liberisque civitatibus, ut invidia comes gloriæ sit.

It is a common vice in great and free states for envy to be the attendant of glory.

k. Nepos.

Ingenium magni detractat livor Homeri.

Envy depreciates the genius of the great Homer.

l. Ovid.

Nascitur in vivis livor; post fata quiescit.

Envy feeds on the living. It ceases when they are dead.

m. Ovid.

Summa petit livor: perflant altissima venti.

Envy assails the noblest: the winds howl around the highest peaks.

n. Ovid.

ERROR.

Cujusvis hominis est errare; nullius, nisi insipientis, in errore perseverare. Posteriores enim cogitationes (ut aiunt) sapientiores solent esse.

Any man may make a mistake; none but a fool will stick to it. Second thoughts are best, as the proverb says.

o. Cicero.

Culpa enim illa, bis ad eundem, vulgari reprehensa proverbio est.

To stumble twice against the same stone, is a proverbial disgrace.

p. Cicero.

Amabilis insania, et mentis gratissimus error.

A delightful insanity, and a most pleasing error of the mind.

q. Horace.

Ille sinistrorsum hic detrorsum abit, unus utrique
Error, sed variis illudit partibus.

One goes to the right, the other to the left; both are wrong, but in different directions.

r. Horace.

EVENTS.

Certis rebus certa signa præcurrunt.

Certain signs precede certain events.

s. Cicero.

Ex parvis sæpe magnarum momenta rerum pendent.

Events of great consequence often spring from trifling circumstances.

t. Livy.

In tantâ inconstantiâ turbâque rerum nihil nisi quod preteriit certum est.

In the great inconstancy and crowd of events, nothing is certain except the past.

u. Seneca.

EVIL.

Omne malum nascens facile opprimitur; inveteratum fit plerumque robustius.

Every evil in the bud is easily crushed; as it grows older, it becomes stronger.

v. Cicero.

Quid nos dura refugimus
Ætas, quid intactum nefasti
Reliquimus?

What has this unfeeling age of ours left untried, what wickedness has it shunned?

w. Horace.

Magna inter molles concordia.

There is great unanimity among the dissolute.

a. JUVENAL.

Fere fit malum malo aptissimum.

Evil is fittest to consort with evil.

b. LIVY.

Notissimum quodque malum maxime tolerabile.

The best known evil is the most tolerable.

c. LIVY.

Qui tegitur, majus creditur esse malum.

The evil which is concealed is thought to be greater than it really is.

d. MARTIAL.

Nullum magnum malum quod extremum est.

No evil is great, if it is the last.

e. NEPOS.

Genus est mortis male vivere.

An evil life is a kind of death.

f. OVID.

Mille mali species, mille salutis erunt.

There are a thousand forms of evil; there will be a thousand remedies.

g. OVID.

Omnia perversas possunt corrumpere mentes.

All things can corrupt perverse minds.

h. OVID.

Nemo non nostrum peccat. Homines sumus, non dei.

No one of us is without sin. We are men, not gods.

i. PETRONIUS ARBITER.

Male partum male disperit.

Ill gotten is ill spent.

j. PLAUTUS.

Pulchrum ornatum turpes mores pejus cœno collinunt.

Bad conduct soils the finest ornament more than filth.

k. PLAUTUS.

Maledicus a malefico non distat nisi occasione.

An evil-speaker differs from an evil-doer only in the want of opportunity.

l. QUINTILIAN.

Per scelera semper sceleribus certum est iter.

The way to wickedness is always through wickedness.

m. SENECA.

Serum est cavendi tempus in mediis malis.

It is too late to be on our guard when we are in the midst of evils.

n. SENECA.

Solent suprema facere securos mala.

Desperate evils generally make men safe.

o. SENECA.

O cæca nocentum consilia!
O semper timidum scelus!

Oh, the blind councils of the guilty!
Oh, how cowardly is wickedness always!

p. STATIUS.

Nequitia pœna maxima ipsamet sui est.

Wickedness is its own greatest punishment.

q. SYRUS.

Paucorum improbitas universis calamitas.

The wickedness of a few is the calamity of all.

r. SYRUS.

Malorum facinorum ministri quasi exprobrantes aspiciuntur.

Partakers of evil deeds are regarded as reproaching them.

s. TACITUS.

Mala mens, malus animus.

A bad heart, bad designs.

t. TERENCE.

Nimia illæc licentia
Profecto evadet in aliquod magnum malum.

Excessive licentiousness will most certainly terminate in some great mischief.

u. TERENCE.

EXAMPLE.

Componitur orbis
Regis ad exemplum; nec sic inflectere sensus
Humanos edicta valent, quam vita regentis.

The people are fashioned according to the example of their kings; and edicts are of less power than the life of the ruler.

v. CLAUDIANUS.

Unde tibi frontem libertatemque parentis,
Cum facias pejora senex?

Whence do you derive the power and privilege of a parent, when you, though an old man, do worse things (than your child)?

w. JUVENAL.

Sua quisque exempla debet æquo animos pati.

Every man is bound to tolerate the act of which he has himself given the example.

x. PHÆDRUS.

Homines amplius oculis quam auribus credunt. Longum iter est per præcepta, breve et efficax per exempla.

Men trust rather their eyes than their ears. The effect of precept is slow and tedious, that of example is quick and effectual.

y. SENECA.

Inspicere tamquam in speculum in vitas omnium
Jubeo atque ex aliis sumere exemplum sibi.

We should look at the lives of all as at a mirror, and take from others an example for ourselves.

z. TERENCE.

EXCESS.

Ne mente quidem recte uti possumus, multo cito et potione completi.

We cannot use the mind aright, when we are filled with excessive food and drink.

a. CICERO.

Quin corpus onustum
Hesternis vitiis, animum quoque prægravat unâ,
Atque affigit humo divinæ particulam auræ.

The body loaded by the excess of yesterday, depresses the mind also, and fixes to the ground this particle of divine breath.

b. HORACE.

Quicquid excessit modum
Pendit instabili loco.

Whatever exceeds its due bounds, is ever unstable.

c. SENECA.

EXCITABILITY.

Excitabat enim fluctus in simpulo.

He used to raise a storm in a teapot.

d. CICERO.

EXCUSE.

Quod exemplo fit, id etiam jure fieri putant.

Men think they may justly do that for which they have a precedent.

e. CICERO.

Malefacere qui vult numquam non causam invenit.

He who wishes to do wrong, is never without a reason.

f. SYRUS.

EXPECTATION.

Quisquis magna dedit, voluit sibi magna remitti.

Whoever makes great presents expects great presents in return.

g MARTIAL.

EXPERIENCE.

Avidos vicinum funus et ægros
Exanimat, mortisque metu sibi parcere cogit,
Sic teneros animos aliena opprobria sæpe
Absterrent vitiis.

As a neighboring funeral terrifies sick misers, and fear obliges them to have some regard for themselves; so, the disgrace of others will often deter tender minds from vice.

h. HORACE.

Expertus metuit.

The man who has experience dreads it.

i. HORACE.

Stultorum eventus magister est.

Experience is the teacher of fools.

j. LIVY.

Semper enim ex aliis alia proseminat usus.

Experience is always sowing the seed of one thing after another.

k. LUCRETIUS.

Te de aliis quam alios de te suaviu'st.

It is sweeter to learn from the experience of others, than that others should learn from thee.

l. PLAUTUS.

Nam in omnibus fere minus valent præcepta quam experimenta.

In almost every thing, experience is more valuable than precept.

m. QUINTILIAN.

Felix quicumque dolore alterius disces posse cavere tuo.

Happy thou that learnest from another's griefs, not to subject thyself to the same.

n. TIBULLUS.

F.

FAILURE.

Multa cadunt inter calicem supremaque labra.

Many things fall between the cup and the lip.

o. LABERIUS.

Stat magni nominis umbra.

He stands the shadow of a mighty name.

p. LUCAN.

FAITH.

Cujuslibet tu fidem in pecuniâ perspiceres, Verere ei verba credere?

Do you fear to trust the word of a man, whose honesty you have seen in business?

q. TERENCE.

Experto crede.

Believe one who has tried it.

r. VIRGIL.

FALSITY.

Solent mendaces luere pœnas maleficii.

Liars generally pay the penalty of their guilt.

a. PHÆDRUS.

FAME.

Miserum est aliorum incumbere famæ.

It is a wretched thing to live on the fame of others.

b. JUVENAL.

Tanto major famae sitis est quam virtutis.

So much greater is the thirst for fame than for virtue.

c. JUVENAL.

Nolo virum facili redimit qui sanguine famam;
Hunc volo laudari qui sine morte potest.

I do not like the man who squanders life for fame; give me the man who living makes a name.

d. MARTIAL.

Si post fata venit gloria non propero.

If fame comes after death, I am in no hurry for it.

e. MARTIAL.

Immensum gloria calcar habet.

The love of fame gives an immense stimulus.

f. OVID.

Ingenio stimulos subdere fama solet.

The love of fame usually spurs on the mind.

g. OVID.

At pulchrum est digito monstrari et dici hic est.

It is pleasing to be pointed at with the finger and to have it said "There goes the man."

h. PERSIUS.

Etiam sapientibus cupido gloriæ novissima exuitur.

The love of fame is the last weakness which even the wise resign.

i. TACITUS.

Modestiæ fama neque summis mortalibus spernenda est.

Modest fame is not to be despised by the highest characters.

j. TACITUS.

In tenui labor, sed tenuis non gloria.

The object of the labor was small, but not the fame.

k. VIRGIL.

FATE.

Nati sumus ad congregationem hominum et ad societatem communitatemque generis humani.

We have been born to associate with our fellow men, and to join in community with the human race.

l. CICERO.

Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.

Monarchs err, the people are punished.

m. HORACE.

Fata volentem ducunt, nolentem trahunt.

The fates lead the willing, and drag the unwilling.

n. HORACE.

In se magna ruunt: lætis hunc numina rebus
Crescendi posuere modum.

Mighty things haste to destruction: this limit have the gods assigned to human prosperity.

o. LUCAN.

Sed quo fata trahunt, virtus secura sequetur.

Whither the fates lead virtue will follow without fear.

p. LUCAN.

Nullo fata loco possis excludere.

From no place can you exclude the fates.

q. MARTIAL.

Geminos, horoscope, varo
Producis genio.

O natal star, thou producest twins of widely different character.

r. PERSIUS.

Sæpe calamitas solatium est nosse sortem suam.

It is often a comfort in misfortune to know our own fate.

s. QUINTUS CURTIUS RUFUS.

Multi ad fatum
Venere suum dum fata timent.

Many have reached their fate while dreading fate.

t. SENECA

Nemo fit fato nocens.

No one becomes guilty by fate.

u. SENECA.

Durate; miseros meliora sequentur.

Persevere; a better fate awaits the afflicted.

v. VIRGIL.

Nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futuræ,
Et servare modum, rebus sublata secundis.

The mind of man is ignorant of fate and future destiny, and cannot keep within due bounds when elated by prosperity.

w. VIRGIL.

Quisque suos patimur manes,

We bear each one our own destiny.

x. VIRGIL.

Quocumque trahunt fata sequamur.

Wherever the fates lead us let us follow.

y. VIRGIL.

FAULTS.

Ea molestissime ferre homines debent quæ ipsorum culpâ ferenda sunt.

Men ought to be most annoyed by the sufferings which come from their own faults.

i. Cicero.

Nam vitiis nemo sine nascitur, optimus ille est
Qui minimis urgetur.

No man is born without faults, he is best who has the fewest.

b. Horace.

Amici vitium ni feras, prodis tuum.

Unless you bear with the faults of a friend, you betray your own.

c. Syrus.

FEAR.

Crux est si metuas quod vincere nequeas.

It is tormenting to fear what you cannot overcome.

d. Ausonius.

In summo periculo timor misericordiam non recipit.

In extreme danger fear feels no pity.

e. Cæsar.

Timor non est diuturnus magister officii.

Fear is not a lasting teacher of duty.

f. Cicero.

Quærit, et inventis miser abstinet, ac timet uti.

The miser acquires, yet fears to use his gains.

g. Horace.

Quia me vestigia terrent
Omnia te adversum spectantia, nulla retrorsum.

I am frightened at seeing all the footprints directed towards thy den, and none returning.

h. Horace.

Fugiendo in media sæpe ruitur fata.

By flying, men often meet their fate.

i. Livy.

Major ignotarum rerum est terror.

Apprehensions are greater in proportion as things are unknown.

j. Livy.

Audendo magnus tegitur timor.

Great fear is concealed by a bold front.

k. Lucan.

Multos in summa pericula misit
Venturi timor ipse mali.

The mere apprehension of a coming evil has put many into a situation of the utmost danger.

l. Lucan.

Nam cupide conculcatur nimis ante metutum.

For what we once feared is now eagerly spurned.

m. Lucretius.

Invisa potentia, atque miseranda vita eorum, qui se metui quam amari malunt.

The power is hateful, and the life is miserable, of those who wish to be feared rather than loved.

n. Nepos.

Membra reformidant mollem quoque saucia tactum:
Vanaque sollicitis incutit umbra metum.

The wounded limb shrinks from the slightest touch; and a slight shadow alarms the nervous.

o. Ovid.

Plus habet infestâ terra timoris aquâ.

The land has more objects to fear than the boisterous ocean.

p. Ovid.

Quem metuit quisque, periisse cupit.

Every one wishes that the man whom he fears would perish.

q. Ovid.

Terretur minimo pennæ stridore columba
Unguibus, accipiter, saucia facta tuis.

The dove, O hawk, that has once been wounded by thy talons, is frightened by the least movement of a wing.

r. Ovid.

Primus in orbe Deos fecit timor.

The first thing that introduced a god into the world, was fear.

s. Petronius Arbiter.

Ad deteriora credenda proni metu.

Fear makes men believe the worst.

t. Quintus Curtius Rufus.

Ubi explorari vera non possunt, falsa per metum augentur.

When the truth cannot be clearly made out, what is false is increased through fear.

u. Quintus Curtius Rufus.

In vota miseros ultimus cogit timor.

Fear of death drives the wretched to prayer.

v. Seneca.

Magnifica verba mors prope admota excutit.

Approaching death puts an end to boastful words.

w. Seneca.

Miserimum est timere, cum speres nihil.

It is a most wretched thing, still to fear when hope has left us.

x. Seneca.

Necesse est multos timeat, quem multi timent.

He must necessarily fear many, whom many fear.

a. SENECA.

(Attributed also to P. Syrus.)

O quam miserum est nescire mori!

Oh! what misery is it, not to know how to die.

b. SENECA.

Plura sunt quæ nos terrent, quam quæ premunt, et sæpius opinione quam re laboramus.

Our alarms are more than our dangers, and we suffer oftener in apprehension than in fact.

c. SENECA.

Quid tam ridiculum quam appetere mortem, cum vitam tibi inquietam feceris metu mortis.

What is so ridiculous as to seek death, when it is merely the fear of death that makes life miserable.

d. SENECA.

Qui timide rogat,
Docet negare.

He who begs timidly courts a refusal.

e. SENECA.

Si vultis nihil timere, cogitate omnia esse timenda.

If you wish to fear nothing, consider that everything is to be feared.

f. SENECA.

Minor est quam servus dominus qui servos timet.

The master who fears his slaves is inferior to his slaves.

g. SYRUS.

Stultum est timere quod vitare non potes.

It is foolish to fear what you cannot avoid.

h. SYRUS.

Etiam fortes viros subitis terreri.

Even the bravest men are frightened by sudden terrors.

i. TACITUS.

Cur ante tubam tremor occupat artus?

Why should trembling seize the limbs before the trumpet sounds?

j. VIRGIL.

Degeneres animos timor arguit.

Fear is the proof of a degenerate mind.

k. VIRGIL.

Omnia tuta timens.

Fearing all things, even those which are safe.

l. VIRGIL.

Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.

I fear the Greeks, even when they bring gifts.

m. VIRGIL.

FICTION.

Hi narrata ferunt alio; mensuraque ficti
Crescit, et auditus aliquid novus adjicit auctor.

Some report elsewhere whatever is told them; the measure of fiction always increases, and each fresh narrator adds something to what he has heard.

n. OVID.

FIDELITY.

Barbaris ex fortunâ pendet fides.

The fidelity of barbarians depends on fortune.

o. LIVY.

Poscunt fidem secunda, at adversa exigunt.

Prosperity asks for fidelity; adversity exacts it.

p. SENECA.

Pretio parata vincitur pretio fides.

Fidelity bought with money is overcome by money.

q. SENECA.

FIRE.

Tua res agitur, paries cum proximus ardet.

Your own property is concerned when your neighbor's house is on fire.

r. HORACE.

Igne quid utilius? si quis tamen urere tecta
Comparet audaces instruit igne manus.

What is more useful than fire? Yet if any one prepares to burn a house, it is with fire that he arms his daring hands.

s. OVID.

Parva sæpe scintilla contempta magnum excitavit incendium.

A spark neglected has often raised a conflagration.

t. QUINTIUS CURTIUS RUFUS.

FLATTERY.

Assentatio, vitiorum adjutrix, procul amoveatur.

Let flattery, the handmaid of the vices, be far removed (from friendship),

u. CICERO.

Adulandi gens prudentissima laudat
Sermonem indocti, faciem deformis amici.

The skilful class of flatterers praise the discourse of an ignorant friend and the face of a deformed one.

v. JUVENAL.

Qui se laudari gaudent verbis subdolis,
Serâ dant pœnas turpes pœnitentiâ.

They who delight to be flattered, pay for their folly by a late repentance.

w. PHÆDRUS.

Formosis levitas semper amica fuit.

Fickleness has always befriended the beautiful.

a. PROPERTIUS.

Si vir es, suspice, etiam si decidunt, magna conantes.

If thou art a man, admire those who attempt great things, even though they fail.

b. SENECA.

Vitium fuit, nunc mos est, adsentatio.

Flattery was formerly a vice, it has now become the fashion.

c. SYRUS.

Pessimum genus inimicorum laudantes.

Flatterers are the worst kind of enemies.

d. TACITUS.

FOLLY.

Risu inepto res ineptior nulla est.

Nothing is sillier than a silly laugh.

e. CATULLUS.

Clitellæ bovi sunt impositæ.

The pack-saddle has been put on the ox.

f. CICERO.

Est proprium stultitiæ aliorum vitia cernere, oblivisci suorum.

It is the peculiar quality of a fool to perceive the faults of others, and to forget his own.

g. CICERO.

Stultorum plena sunt omnia.

All places are filled with fools.

h. CICERO.

Adde cruorem
Stultitiæ, atque ignem gladio scrutare.

To your folly (of love) add bloodshed, and stir the fire with the sword.

i. HORACE.

Arma tenenti
Omnia dat qui justa negat.

He who refuses what is just, gives up everything to him who is armed.

j. LUCAN.

Quantum est in rebus inane!

How much folly there is in human affairs.

k. PERSIUS.

In pertusum ingerimus dicta dolium, operam ludimus.

We are pouring our words into a sieve, and lose our labor.

l. PLAUTUS.

Si stimulos pugnis cædis manibus plus dolet.

If you strike the goads with your fists, your hands suffer most.

m. PLAUTUS.

Stultus est qui fructus magnarum arborum spectat, altitudinem non metitur.

He is a fool who looks at the fruit of lofty trees, but does not measure their height.

n. QUINTUS CURTIUS RUFUS.

Inter cætera mala hoc quoque habet Stultitia, semper incipit vivere.

Among other evils folly has also this, that it is always beginning to live.

o. SENECA.

Quid est dementius quam bilem in homines collectam in res effundere.

What is more insane than to vent on senseless things the anger that is felt towards men?

p. SENECA.

Sera parsimonia in fundo est.

Frugality, when all is spent, comes too late.

q. SENECA.

Absentem tædit cum ebrio qui litigat.

He hurts the absent who quarrels with a drunken man.

r. SYRUS.

Improbe Neptunum accusat qui iterum naufragium facit.

He is foolish to blame the sea, who is shipwrecked twice.

s. SYRUS.

Miserum est tacere cogi, quod cupias loqui.

You are in a pitiable condition when you have to conceal what you wish to tell.

t. SYRUS.

Nam quæ inscitia est,
Adversum stimulum calces?

What ignorance to kick against the pricks!

u. TERENCE.

FORGETFULNESS.

Etiam oblivisci quod scis interdum expedit.

It is sometimes expedient to forget what you know.

v. SYRUS.

FORGIVENESS.

Æquum est
Peccatis veniam poscentem reddere rursus.

It is right for him who asks forgiveness for his offenses to grant it to others.

w. HORACE.

Ignoscito sæpe alteri nunquam tibi.

Forgive others often, yourself never.

x. SYRUS.

FORTITUDE.

Suum cuique incommodum ferendum est, potius quam de alterius commodis detrahendum.

Every man should bear his own grievances rather than detract from the comforts of another.

y. CICERO.

Justum et tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni,
Mente quatit solidâ.

The man who is just and resolute will not be moved from his settled purpose, either by the misdirected rage of his fellow citizens, or by the threats of an imperious tyrant.
a. HORACE.

Ducimus autem
Hos quoque felices, qui ferre incommoda vitæ,
Nec jactare jugum vitâ didicere magistrâ.

We deem those happy, who from the experience of life, have learned to bear its ills, without being overcome by them.
b. JUVENAL.

In re malâ animo si bono utâre, adjuvat.

Fortitude is a great help in distress.
c. PLAUTUS.

Quod malé fers, assuesce, feres benè.

Accustom yourself to what you bear ill, and you will bear it well.
d. SENECA.

Quod sors feret, feremus æquo animo.

Whatever chance shall bring, we will bear with equanimity.
e. TERENCE.

FORTUNE.

Si fortuna juvat, caveto tolli;
Si fortuna tonat, caveto mergi.

If fortune favours you, do not be elated; if she frowns do not despond.
f. AUSONIUS.

Fortunam nemo ab inconstantiâ et temeritate sejunget.

No one will separate fortune from inconstancy and rashness.
g. CICERO.

Suæ quemque fortunæ maxime pœnitet.

Everyone is dissatisfied with his own fortune.
h. CICERO.

Vitam regit fortuna, non sapientia.

It is fortune, not wisdom, that rules man's life.
i. CICERO.

Eheu! quam brevibus pereunt ingentia causis.

Alas! by what slight means are great affairs brought to destruction.
j. CLAUDIANUS.

Tolluntur in altum
Ut lapsu graviore ruant.

They are raised to a great height that their fall may be the heavier.
k. CLAUDIANUS.

Cui non conveniet sua res, ut calceus olim,
Si pede major erit subvertet; si minor, uret.

If a man's fortune does not fit him, it is like the shoe in the story; if too large it trips him up, if too small it pinches him.
l. HORACE.

Horæ
Momento cita mors venit aut victoria læta.

In a moment comes either death or joyful victory.
m. HORACE.

Quid quisque vitet, numquam homini satis
Cautum est in horas.

Man can never provide against those dangers which may happen any hour.
n. HORACE.

Quo mihi fortunam, si non conceditur uti?

Of what use is a fortune to me, if I cannot use it?
o. HORACE.

Rem facias rem,
Rectè si possis, si non, quocumque modo rem.

A fortune—make a fortune; by honest means if you can; if not, by any means make a fortune.
p. HORACE.

Sed tacitus pasci si posset corvus haberet
Plus dapis, et rixæ multo minus invidiæque.

If the crow had been satisfied to eat his prey in silence, he would have had more meat and less quarreling and envy.
q. HORACE.

Ploratur lacrymis amissa pecunia veris.

Money lost is bewailed with unfeigned tears.
r. JUVENAL.

Quantum quisque suâ nummorum servat in arcâ,
Tantum habet et fidei.

A man has just so much credit as he has money in his possession.
s. JUVENAL.

Maximæ cuique fortunæ minime credendum est.

The least reliance can be placed even on the most exalted fortune.
t. LIVY.

Non temere incerta casuum reputat, quem fortuna numquam decepit.

He whom fortune has never deceived, rarely considers the uncertainty of human events.
u. LIVY.

Præterita magis reprehendi possunt quam corrigi.

What is past can be blamed more easily than it can be retrieved.
v. LIVY.

Raro simul hominibus bonam fortunam bonamque mentem dari.

Men are seldom blessed with good fortune and good sense at the same time.

a. Livy.

Posteraque in dubio est fortunam quam vehat ætas.

It is doubtful what fortune to-morrow will bring.

b. Lucretius.

Quivis beatus, versâ rotâ fortunæ, ante vesperum potest esse miserrimus.

Anyone who is prosperous may by the turn of fortune's wheel become most wretched before evening.

c. Ammianus Marcellinus.

Fortuna multis dat nimis, satis nulli.

Fortune gives too much to many, enough to none.

d. Martial.

Casus ubique valet: semper tibi pendeat hamus,
Quo minime credas gurgite, piscis erit.

Luck affects everything; let your hook always be cast; in the stream where you least expect it, there will be a fish.

e. Ovid.

Fortuna miserrima tuta est:
Nam timor eventus deterioris abest.

The most wretched fortune is safe; for there is no fear of anything worse.

f. Ovid.

Major sum quam cui possit Fortuna nocere.

I am too high for Fortune to harm me.

g. Ovid.

Cum fortuna manet, vultum servatis amici:
Cum cedit, turpi vertitis ora fugâ.

While fortune remains, you have a gay countenance, my friends: when she withdraws, you basely flee.

h. Petronius Arbiter.

Fortuna humana fingit artatque ut lubet.

Fortune moulds and circumscribes human affairs as she pleases.

i. Plautus.

Nulli est homini perpetuum bonum.

No man has perpetual good fortune.

j. Plautus.

Ut sunt humana, nihil est perpetuum datum.

As regards human affairs, nothing is pertual.

k. Plautus.

Præsente fortunâ pejor est futuri metus.

Fear of the future is worse than one's present fortune.

l. Quintilian.

Breves et mutabiles vices rerum sunt, et fortuna nunquam simpliciter indulget.

The fashions of human affairs are brief and changeable, and fortune never remains long indulgent.

m. Quintus Curtius Rufus.

Minor in parvis Fortuna furit,
Leviusque ferit leviora deus.

Fortune is gentle to the lowly, and heaven strikes the humble with a light hand.

n. Seneca.

Quidquid in altum fortuna tulit, ruitura levat.

Whatever fortune has raised to a height, she has raised only to cast it down.

o. Seneca.

Quod non dedit fortuna non eripit.

Fortune cannot take away what she did not give.

p. Seneca.

Fortuna nimium quem favet, stultum facit.

When fortune favors a man too much, she makes him a fool.

q. Syrus.

Fortuna vitrea est, tum cum splendet frangitur.

Fortune is like glass; when she shines, she is broken.

r. Syrus.

Miserrima est fortuna quæ inimico caret.

That is a very wretched fortune which has no enemy.

s. Syrus.

Omnibus nobis ut res dant sese, ita magni atque humiles sumus.

We all, according as our business prospers or fails, are elated or cast down.

t. Terence.

FREEDOM.

Libertas est potestas faciundi id quod jure liceat.

Liberty is the power of doing what the law permits.

u. Cicero.

Nulla enim minantis auctoritas apud liberos est.

To freemen, threats are impotent.

v. Cicero.

Fallitur egregio quisquis sub principe credet
Servitutem. Nunquam libertas gratior extat
Quam sub rege pio.

That man is deceived who thinks it slavery to live under an excellent prince. Never does liberty appear in a more gracious form than under a pious king.

w. Claudianus.

Ea libertas est quæ pectus purum et firmum gestitat.

That is true liberty which bears a pure and firm breast.

a. Ennius.

Civitas ea autem in libertate est posita, quæ suis stat viribus, non ex alieno arbitrio pendet.

That state alone is free which rests upon its own strength and depends not upon the arbitrary will of another.

b. Livy.

Libertas ultima mundi
Quo steterit feriendi loco.

The remaining liberty of the world was to be destroyed in the place where it stood.

c. Lucan.

Non bene, crede mihi, servo servitur amico;
Sit liber, dominus qui volet esse meus.

Service cannot be expected from a friend in service; let him be a freeman who wishes to be my master.

d. Martial.

An quisquam est alius liber, nisi ducere vitam
Cui licet, ut voluit?

Is any man free except the one who can pass his life as he pleases?

e. Persius.

Libertatem naturâ etiam mutis animalibus datam.

Liberty is given by nature even to mute animals.

f. Tacitus.

FRIENDSHIP.

Secundas res splendidiores facit amicitia, et adversas partiens communicansque leviores.

Friendship makes prosperity brighter, while it lightens adversity by sharing its griefs and anxieties.

g. Cicero.

Vulgo dicitur multos modios salis semel edendos esse, ut amicitia munus expletum sit.

It is a common saying that many pecks of salt must be eaten, before the duties of friendship can be discharged.

h. Cicero.

Novos amicos dum paras, veteres cole.

Whilst you seek new friendships, cultivate the old.

i. Hermes.

Dulcis inexpertis cultura potentis amici;
Expertus metuit.

To have a great man for an intimate friend seems pleasant to those who have never tried it; those who have, fear it.

j. Horace.

Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico.

While I keep my senses I shall prefer nothing to a pleasant friend.

k. Horace.

Par nobile fratrum.

A noble pair of brothers.

l. Horace.

Amicum ita habeas, posse ut fieri hunc inimicum scias.

Treat your friend as if you know that he will one day become your enemy.

m. Laberius.

Nulla fides regni sociis omnisque potestas
Impatiens consortis erit.

There is no friendship between those associated in power; he who rules will always be impatient of an associate.

n. Lucan.

Se non fortunæ sed hominibus solere esse amicum.

He was the friend not of fortune, but of men.

o. Nepos.

Scilicet ut fulvum spectatur in ignibus aurum,
Tempore in duro est inspicienda fides.

As the yellow gold is tried in the fire, so the faith of friendship must be seen in adversity.

p. Ovid.

Vulgus amicitias utilitate probat.

The vulgar herd estimate friendship by its advantages.

q. Ovid.

Hospes nullus tam in amici hospitium diverti potest,
Quin ubi triduum continuum fuerit jam odiosus siet.

No one can be so welcome a guest, that he will not become an annoyance when he has stayed three continuous days in a friend's house.

r Plautus.

Nihil homini amico est opportuno amicius.

There is nothing more friendly than a friend in need.

s. Plautus.

Quod tuum 'st meum'st; omne meum est autem tuum.

What is thine is mine, and all mine is thine.

t. Plautus.

Idem velle et idem nolle ea demum firma amicitia est.

To desire the same things and to reject the same things, constitutes true friendship.

u. Sallust.

Amicitia semper prodest, amor etiam aliquando nocet.

Friendship always benefits; love sometimes injures.

a. SENECA.

Nullius boni sine sociis jucunda possessio est.

No possession is gratifying without a companion.

b. SENECA.

Omnes amicos habere operosum est; satis est inimicos non habere.

It is a thing almost impracticable to have all men your friends; it is enough if you have no enemies.

c. SENECA.

Post amicitiam credendum est, ante amicitiam judicandum.

After forming a friendship you must render implicit faith; before that period you may use your judgment.

d. SENECA.

Qui sibi amicus est, scito hunc amicum omnibus esse.

He who is his own friend is a friend to all men.

e. SENECA.

Amici vitium ni feras, prodis tuum.

Unless you bear with the faults of a friend you betray your own.

f. SYRUS.

Amicum lædere ne joco quidem licet.

A friend must not be injured even in jest.

g. SYRUS.

Amicum perdere est damnorum maximum.

To lose a friend is the greatest of all losses.

h. SYRUS.

Secrete amicos admone, lauda palam.

Reprove your friends in secret, praise them openly.

i. SYRUS

FUTURITY.

Aliquod crastinus dies ad cogitandum dabit.

To-morrow will give some food for thought.

j. CICERO.

Quod est ante pedes nemo spectat: cœli scrutantur plagas.

No one sees what is before his feet: we all gaze at the stars.

k. CICERO.

Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quærere.

Do not ask what will happen to-morrow.

l. HORACE.

Qui non est hodie, cras minus aptus erit.

He who is not ready to-day, will be less so to-morrow.

m. OVID.

Vive sine invidiâ, mollesque inglorius annos
Exige; amicitias et tibi junge pares.

May you live unenvied, and pass many pleasant years unknown to fame; and also have congenial friends.

n. OVID.

Cum altera lux venit
Jam cras hesternum consumpsimus; ecce aliud cras
Egerit hos annos, et semper paulum erit ultrâ.

When another day has arrived, we will find that we have consumed our yesterday's to-morrow; another morrow will urge on our years, and still be a little beyond us.

o. PERSIUS.

Festo die si quid prodegeris,
Profesto egere liceat nisi perpeceris.

Feast to-day makes fast to-morrow.

p. PLAUTUS.

G.

GAMING.

Aleator quantum in arte melior tanto est nequior.

The gambler is more wicked as he is a greater proficient in his art.

q. SYRUS.

GENEROSITY.

Conveniens est homini hominem servare voluptas,
Et melius nullâ quæritur arte favor.

It is a pleasure appropriate to man, for him to save a fellowman, and gratitude is acquired in no better way.

r. OVID.

Repente liberalis stultis gratus est,
Verum peritis irritos tendit dolos.

A man that suddenly becomes generous may please fools, but he vainly lays snares for the wise.
a. PHÆDRUS.

Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.

To spare the lowly and subdue the proud.
b. VIRGIL.

GENIUS.

Ut sæpe summa ingenia in occulto latent.

How often men of the greatest genius are lost in obscurity.
c. PLAUTUS.

Ingenio stat sine morte decus.

The honors of genius are eternal.
d. PROPERTIUS.

Nullum maguum ingenium sine mixturâ dementiæ fuit.

There has never been any great genius without a spice of madness.
e. SENECA.

Nullum sæculum magnis ingeniis clusum est.

No age is shut against great genius.
f. SENECA.

GENTLENESS.

Peraget tranquilla potestas
Quod violenta nequit; mandataque fortius urget
Imperia quies.

Power can do by gentleness that which violence fails to accomplish; and calmness best enforces the imperial mandate.
g. CLAUDIANUS.

At caret insidiis hominum, quia mitis, hirundo.

The swallow is not ensnared by men because of its gentle nature.
h. OVID.

Re ipsâ repperi
Facilitate nihil esse homini melius neque clementiâ.

I have found by experience that nothing is more useful to man than gentleness and affability.
i. TERENCE.

GIFTS.

Quidquid præcipies esto brevis.

Whatever advice you give, be short.
j. HORACE.

Statim daret, ne differendo videretur negare.

He would give at once, lest by delaying he should seem to deny the favor.
k. NEPOS.

Acceptissima semper munera sunt auctor quæ pretiosa facit.

Those gifts are ever the most acceptable which the giver makes precious.
l. OVID.

Majestatem res data dantis habet.

The gift derives its value from the rank of the giver.
m. OVID.

Res est ingeniosa dare.

To give is a noble thing.
n. OVID.

GLORY.

Gloria virtutem tanquam umbra sequitur.

Glory follows virtue as if it were its shadow.
o. CICERO.

Fulgente trahit constrictos gloria curru
Non minus ignotos generosis.

Glory drags all men along, low as well as high, bound captive at the wheels of her glittering car.
p. HORACE.

Cineri gloria sera est.

Glory paid to our ashes comes too late.
q. MARTIAL.

Nisi utile est quod facimus, stulta est gloria.

Unless what we do is useful, our glory is vain.
r. PHÆDRUS.

Magnum iter adscendo; sed dat mihi gloria vires.

I am climbing a difficult road; but the glory gives me strength.
s. PROPERTIUS.

Heu, quam difficilis gloriæ custodia est.

Alas! how difficult it is to retain glory!
t. SYRUS.

GLUTTONY.

Jejunus raro stomachus vulgaria temnit.

A stomach that is seldom empty despises common food.
u. HORACE.

GOD.

Nihil est quod deus efficere non possit.

There is nothing which God cannot do.
v. CICERO.

Valet ima summis
Mutare, et insignem attenuat Deus,
Obscura promens.

God can change the lowest to the highest, abase the proud, and raise the humble.
w. HORACE.

Estne Dei sedes nisi terra et pontus et aër
Et cœlum et virtus? Superos quid quærimus ultra?
Jupiter est quodcumque vides, quoqcumque moveris.

Is there any other seat of the Divinity than the earth, sea, air; the heavens, and virtuous minds? why do we seek God elsewhere? He is whatever you see; he is wherever you move.
a. LUCAN.

Exemplumque dei quisque est in imagine parvâ.

Everyone is in a small way the image of God.
b. LUCRETIUS.

Nihil ita sublime est, supraque pericula tendit
Non sit ut inferius suppositumque deo.

Nothing is so high and above all danger that it is not below and in the power of God.
c. OVID.

Sed tamen ut fuso taurorum sanguine centum,
Sic capitur minimo thuris honore deus.

As God is propitiated by the blood of a hundred bulls, so also is he by the smallest offering of incense.
d. OVID.

Est profecto Deus qui quæ nos gerimus auditque et videt.

There is indeed a God that hears and sees whatever we do.
e. PLAUTUS.

Quidquid nos meliores beatosque facturum est, aut in aperto aut in proximo posuit.

Whatever will make us better and happier God has placed either openly before us, or very close to us.
f. SENECA.

GODS, THE

Omnia fanda, nefanda, malo permista furore,
Justificam nobis mentem avertere deorum.

The confounding of all right and wrong, in wild fury, has averted from us the gracious favor of the gods.
g. CATULLUS.

Quid datur â divis felici optatius horâ?

What is there given by the gods more desirable than a happy hour?
h. CATULLUS.

O dii immortales! ubinam gentium sumus?

Ye immortal gods! where in the world are we?
i. CICERO.

Nec deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus.

Nor let a god come in, unless the difficulty be worthy of such an intervention.
j. HORACE.

Quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit,
A dis plura feret.

The more we deny ourselves, the more the gods supply our wants.
k. HORACE.

Scire, deos quoniam propius contingis, oportet.

Thou oughtest to know, since thou livest near the gods.
l. HORACE.

Nam pro jucundi saptissima quæque dabunt dii,
Carior est illis homo quam sibi.

For the gods, instead of what is most pleasing, will give what is most proper. Man is dearer to them than he is to himself.
m. JUVENAL.

Ludit in humanis divina potentia rebus,
Et certam præsens vix habet hora fidem.

The powers above seem to sport with human affairs, so that we can scarcely be assured of the hour which is passing.
n. OVID.

Cui homini dii propitii sunt aliquid objiciunt lucri.

The gods give that man some profit to whom they are propitious.
o. PLAUTUS.

Dî nos quasi pilas homines habent.

The gods play games with men as balls.
p. PLAUTUS.

Mundus est ingens deorum omnium templum.

The world is the mighty temple of the gods.
q. SENECA.

Desine fata deûm flecti sperare precando.

Cease to think that the decrees of the gods can be changed by prayers.
r. VIRGIL.

GOLD.

Aurum per medios ire satellites
Et perrumpere amat saxa potentius
Ictu fulmineo.

Gold loves to make its way through guards, and breaks through barriers of stone more easily than the lightning's bolt.
s. HORACE.

Auro pulsa fides, auro venalia jura,
Aurum lex sequitur, mox sine lege pudor.

By gold all good faith has been banished; by gold our rights are abused; the law itself is influenced by gold, and soon there will be an end of every modest restraint.
t. PROPERTIUS.

Aurum omnes victâ pietate colunt.

All men worship gold, all other reverence being done away.
u. PROPERTIUS.

Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
Auri sacra fames?

Accursed thirst for gold! what dost thou not compel mortals to do?

a. VIRGIL.

GOODNESS.

Ergo hoc proprium est animi bene constituti, et lætari bonis rebus, et dolere contrariis.

This is a proof a well-trained mind, to rejoice in what is good, and to grieve at the opposite.

b. CICERO.

Homines ad deos nullâ re propius accedunt, quam salutem hominibus dando.

Men in no way approach so nearly to the gods as in doing good to men.

c. CICERO.

Vir bonus est quis?
Qui consulta patrum, qui leges juraque servat.

Who is a good man? He who keeps the decrees of the fathers, and both human and divine laws.

d. HORACE.

Rari quippe boni: numero vix sunt totidem quot
Thebarum portæ, vel divitis ostia Nili.

The good, alas! are few: they are scarcely as many as the gates of Thebes or the mouths of the Nile.

e. JUVENAL.

Si veris magna paratur
Fama bonis, et si successu nuda remoto
Inspicitur virtus, quicquid laudamus in ullo
Majorum, fortuna fuit.

If honest fame awaits the truly good; if setting aside the ultimate success excellence alone is to be considered, then was his fortune as proud as any to be found in the records of our ancestry.

f. LUCAN.

Esse quam videri bonus malebat.

He preferred to be good, rather than to seem so.

g. SALLUST.

Bonitas non est pessimis esse meliorem.

It is not goodness to be better than the very worst.

h. SENECA.

GOVERNMENT.

Non posse bene geri rempublicam multorum imperiis.

A commonwealth cannot be well conducted under the command of many.

i. NEPOS.

Nullum imperium tutum, nisi benevolentiâ munitum.

No government is safe unless it be fortified by goodwill.

j. NEPOS

Invisa nunquam imperia retinentur diu.

A hated government does not last long.

h. SENECA.

Omnium consensu capax imperii, nisi imperâsset.

In the opinion of all men he would have been regarded as capable of governing, if he had never governed.

l. TACITUS.

Et errat longé meâ quidem sententiâ
Qui imperium credit gravius esse aut stabilius,
Vi quod fit, quam illud quod amicitiâ adjungitur.

It is a great error in my opinion, to believe that a government is more firm or assured, when it is supported by force, than when founded on affection.

m. TERENCE.

Hæ tibi erunt artes, pacisque imponere morem
Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.

This shall be thy work: to impose conditions of peace, to spare the lowly, and to overthrow the proud.

n. VIRGIL.

GRATITUDE.

Gratus animus est una virtus non solum maxima, sed etiam mater virtutum omnium reliquarum.

A thankful heart is not only the greatest virtue, but the parent of all the other virtues.

o. CICERO.

Gratia pro rebus merito debetur inemtis.

Thanks are justly due for things got without purchase.

p. OVID.

Non est diuturna possessio in quam gladio ducimus; beneficiorum gratia sempiterna est.

That possession which we gain by the sword is not lasting: gratitude for benefits is eternal.

q. QUINTUS CURTIUS RUFUS.

Qui gratus futurus est statim dum accipit de reddendo cogitet.

Let the man, who would be grateful, think of repaying a kindness, even while receiving it.

r. SENECA.

GREATNESS.

Nemo vir magnus aliquo afflatu divino unquam fuit.

No man was ever great without divine inspiration.

s. CICERO.

Nec census nec clarum nomen avorum,
Sed probitas magnos ingeniumque facit.

Not wealth nor ancestry, but honorable conduct and a noble disposition make men great.
a. OVID.

GRIEF.

Nullus dolor est quem non longinquitas temporis minuat ac molliat.

There is no grief which time does not lessen and soften.
b. CICERO.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis?

What impropriety or limit can there be in our grief for a man so beloved?
c. HORACE.

Ponamus nimios gemitûs: flagrantior æquo
Non debet dolor esse viri, nec vulnere major.

Let us moderate our sorrows. The grief of a man should not exceed proper bounds, but be in proportion to the blow he has received.
d. JUVENAL.

Illa dolet vere qui sine teste dolet.

She grieves sincerely who grieves unseen.
e. MARTIAL.

Strangulat inclusus dolor, atque exæstuat intus,
Cogitur et vires multiplicare suas.

Suppressed grief suffocates, it rages within the breast, and is forced to multiply its strength.
f. OVID.

Dolore affici, sed resistere tamen.

To be affected by grief, but still to resist it.
g. PLINY.

Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.

Light griefs are communicative, great ones stupefy.
h. SENECA.

Levis est dolor qui capere consilium potest.

That grief is light which can take counsel.
i. SENECA.

Plus dolet quam necesse est, qui ante dolet quam necesse est.

He grieves more than is necessary, who grieves before it is necessary.
j. SENECA.

GUILT.

In ipsa dubitatione facinus inest, etiamsi ad id non pervenerint.

Guilt is present in the very hesitation, even though the deed be not committed.
k. CICERO.

Omne animi vitium tanto conspectius in se
Crimen habet, quanto major qui peccat habetur.

Every vice makes its guilt the more conspicuous in proportion to the rank of the offender.
l. JUVENAL.

Ingenia humana sunt ad suam cuique levandam culpam nimio plus facunda.

Men's minds are too ingenious in palliating guilt in themselves.
m. LIVY.

Facinus quos inquinat æquat.

Those whom guilt stains it equals.
n. LUCAN.

Heu! quam difficile est crimen non prodere vultu.

Alas! how difficult it is to prevent the countenance from betraying guilt.
o. OVID.

Haud est nocens, quicumque non sponte est nocens.

He is not guilty who is not guilty of his own free will.
p. SENECA.

Multa trepidus solet
Detegere vultus.

The fearful face usually betrays great guilt.
q. SENECA.

HABIT.

Consuetudo quasi altera natura.

Habit is, as it were, a second nature.
r. CICERO.

Quod crebro videt non miratur, etiamsi cur fiat nescit. Quod ante non vidit, id si evenerit, ostentum esse censet.

A man does not wonder at what he sees frequently, even though he be ignorant of the reason. If anything happens which he has not seen before, he calls it a prodigy.
s. CICERO.

Abeunt studia in mores.

Pursuits become habits.
t. OVID.

Morem fecerat usus.

Habit had made the custom,
u. OVID.

Nil consuetudine majus.

Nothing is stronger than habit.
v. OVID.

Frangas enim citius quam corrigas quæ in pravum induerunt.

Where evil habits are once settled, they are more easily broken than mended.
w. QUINTILIAN.

Consuetudo naturâ potentior est.

Habit is stronger than nature.
x. QUINTUS CURTIUS RUFUS.

H.

HATRED.

Magna pars vulgi levis
Odit scelus spectatque.

Most of the giddy rabble hate the evil deed they come to see.
a. SENECA.

Id agas tuo te merito ne quis oderit.

Take care that no one hates you justly.
b. SYRUS.

Accerima proximorum odio.

The hatred of relatives is the most violent.
c. TACITUS.

Proprium humani ingenii est, odisse quem læseris.

It is human nature to hate those whom we have injured.
d. TACITUS.

HEAVEN.

Non est ad astra mollis e terris via.

The ascent from earth to heaven is not easy.
e. SENECA.

HELP.

Alterum alterius auxilio eget.

The one needs the other's help.
f. SALLUST.

HESITATION.

Si possem, sanior essem.
Sed trahit invitam nova vis; aliudque Cupido,
Mens aliud. Video meliora, proboque:
Deteriora sequor.

If it were in my power, I would be wiser; but a newly felt power carries me off in spite of myself; love leads me one way, my understanding another. I see and approve the right, and yet pursue the wrong.
g. OVID.

Sequiturque patrem non passibus æquis.

He follows his father with unequal steps.
h. VIRGIL.

HISTORY.

Historia, testis temporum, lux veritatis vita memoriæ, magistra vitæ, nuntia vetustatis.

History is the witness of the times, the torch of truth, the life of memory, the teacher of life, the messenger of antiquity.
i. CICERO.

Præcipium munus annalium reor, ne virtutes sileantur, utque pravis dictis, factisque ex posteritate et infamiâ metus sit.

The principal office of history I take to be this, to prevent virtuous actions from being forgotten, and that evil words and deeds should fear an infamous reputation with posterity.
j. TACITUS.

HOME.

Nullus est locus domesticâ sede jucundior.

There is no place more delightful than one's own fireside.
k. CICERO.

HONESTY.

Omnia quæ vindicaris in altero, tibi ipsi vehementer fugienda sunt.

Everything that thou reprovest in another, thou must most carefully avoid in thyself.
l. CICERO.

Probitas laudatur et alget.

Honesty is praised and freezes.
m. JUVENAL.

Semper bonus homo tiro est.

An honest man is always a child.
n. MARTIAL.

Causa paupertatis plerisque probitas est.

Honesty is to many the cause of poverty.
o. QUINTUS CURTIUS RUFUS.

HONOR.

Turpe quid ausurus, te sine teste time.

When about to commit a base deed, respect thyself, though there is no witness.
p. AUSONIUS.

Nulla est laus ibi esse integrum, ubi nemo est, qui aut possit aut conetur rumpere.

There is no praise in being upright, where no one can, or tries to, corrupt you.
q. CICERO.

Semper in fide quid senseris, non quid dixeris, cogitandum.

In honorable dealing you should consider what you intended, not what you said or thought.
r. CICERO.

Quantum quisque suâ nummorum condit in arcâ,
Tantum habet et fidei.

Every man's credit is proportioned to the money which he has in his chest.
a. JUVENAL.

Summun crede nefas, animum præferre pudori.
Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.

Believe it to be the greatest of all infamies, to prefer your existence to your honor, and for the sake of life to lose every inducement to live.
b. JUVENAL.

Quod pulcherrimum idem tutissimum est.

What is honorable is also safest.
c. LIVY.

Suum cuique decus posteritas rependit,

Posterity gives to every man his true honor.
d. TACITUS.

HOPE.

Ægroto dum anima est, spes est.

To the sick, while there is life there is hope.
e. CICERO.

Maxima illecebra est peccandi impunitatis spes.

The hope of impunity is the greatest inducement to do wrong.
f. CICERO.

Et res non semper, spes mihi semper adest.

My hopes are not always realized, but I always hope.
g. OVID.

Ego spem pretio non emo.

I do not buy hope with money.
h. TERENCE.

Verum putes haud ægrè, quod valdè expetas.

You believe that easily, which you hope for earnestly.
i. TERENCE.

Speravimus ista
Dum fortuna fuit.

Such hopes I had while fortune was kind.
j. VIRGIL.

HUMILITY.

Parvum parva decent.

Humble things become the humble.
k. HORACE.

Da locum melioribus.

Give place to your betters.
l. TERENCE.

HUNGER.

Socratem audio dicentem, cibi condimentum esse famem, potionis sitim.

I hear Socrates saying that the best seasoning for food is hunger; for drink, thirst.
m. CICERO.

Græculus esuriens in cœlum, jusseris, ibit.

Bid the hungry Greek go to heaven. He will go.
n. JUVENAL.

Nec rationem patitur, nec æquitate mitigatur nec ulla prece flectitur, populus esuriens.

A hungry people listens not to reason, nor cares for justice, nor is bent by any prayers.
o. SENECA.

HYPOCRISY.

Nulli jactantius mœrent quam qui maxime lætautur.

None grieve so ostentatiously as those who rejoice most in heart.
p. TACITUS.

I.

IDLENESS.

Cœlum, non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt.
Strenua nos exercet inertia, navibus atque
Quadrigis petimus benè vivere; quod petis hic est.

They change their sky not their mind who cross the sea. A busy idleness possesses us; we seek a happy life, with ships and carriages: the object of our search is present with us.
q. HORACE.

IGNORANCE.

Causarum ignoratio in re novâ mirationem facit.

In extraordinary events ignorance of their causes produces astonishment.
r. CICERO.

Ignoratione rerum bonarum et malarum maxime hominum vita vexatur.

Through ignorance of what is good and what is bad, the life of men is greatly perplexed.
s. CICERO.

Nec me pudet, ut ipsos, fateri nescire quod nesciam.

I am not ashamed, as some men are, to confess my ignorance of what I do not know.

a. CICERO.

Qui ex errore imperitæ multitudinis pendet, hic in magnis viris non est habendus.

He who hangs on the errors of the ignorant multitude, must not be counted among great men.

b. CICERO.

O miseras hominum mentes! oh, pectora cæca!

How wretched are the minds of men, and how blind their understandings.

c. LUCRETIUS.

Proh superi! quantum mortalia pectora cæcæ,
Noctis habent.

Heavens! what thick darkness pervades the minds of men.

d. OVID.

Quantum animis erroris inest!

What ignorance there is in human minds

e. OVID.

Quod latet ignotum est; ignoti nulla cupido.

What is hid is unknown: for what is unknown there is no desire.

f. OVID.

Etiam illud quod scies nesciveris;
Ne videris quod videris.

Know not what you know, and see not what you see.

g. PLAUTUS.

Illi mors gravis incubat qui notus nimis omnibus ignotus moritur sibi.

Death presses heavily on that man, who, being but too well known to others, dies in ignorance of himself.

h. SENECA.

Quid crastina volveret ætas,
Scire nefas homini.

Man is not allowed to know what will happen to-morrow.

i. STATIUS.

Omne ignotum pro magnifico.

Everything unknown is magnified.

j. TACITUS.

Ita me Dii ament, ast ubi sim nescio.

As God loves me, I know not where I am.

k. TERENCE.

Namque inscitia est,
Adversum stimulum calces.

It is consummate ignorance to kick against the spur.

l. TERENCE.

IMAGINATION.

Delphinum appingit sylvis, in fluctibus aprum.

He paints a dolphin in the woods, and a boar in the waves.

m. HORACE.

Muscæo contingens cemeta lepore.

Gently touching with the charm of poetry.

n. LUCRETIUS.

IMITATION.

Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari,
Ceratis ope Dædaleâ
Nititur pennis, vitreo daturus
Nomina ponto.

He who studies to imitate the poet Pindar, relies on artificial wings fastened on with wax, and is sure to give his name to a glassy sea.

o. HORACE.

Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatorem, et veras hinc ducere voces.

I would advise him who wishes to imitate well, to look closely into life and manners, and thereby to learn to express them with truth.

p. HORACE.

Dociles imitandis
Turpidis et pravis omnes sumus.

We are all easily taught to imitate what is base and depraved.

q. JUVENAL.

IMMORTALITY.

Nemo unquam sine magnâ spe immortalitatis se pro patriâ offerret ad mortem.

No one could ever meet death for his country without the hope of immortality.

r. CICERO.

Sic itur ad astra.

Thus do we reach the stars (immortality).

s. VIRGIL.

IMPOSSIBILITY.

Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum

Every man cannot go to Corinth.

t. HORACE.

IMPRUDENCE.

Beneficium accipere, libertatem est vendere

To accept a favor is to sell one's freedom.

u. SYRUS.

Invitat culpam qui delictum præterit.

He who overlooks a fault, invites the commission of another.

v. SYRUS.

INDEPENDENCE.

Meo sum pauper in aere.

I am in debt to nobody but myself.
a. HORACE.

Pauper enim non est cui rerum suppetet usus.

He is not poor who has the use of necessary things.
b. HORACE.

INDOLENCE.

Homines nihil agendo discunt male agere.

Men by doing nothing, learn to do ill.
c CATO.

Piger scribendi ferre laborem;
Scribendi recte, nam ut multum nil moror.

Too indolent to bear the toil of writing; I mean of writing well; I say nothing about quantity.
d. HORACE.

Vitanda est improba syren—desidia.

That destructive syren, sloth, is ever to be avoided.
e. HORACE.

Variam semper dant otia mentem.

An idle life always produces varied inclinations.
f. LUCAN.

Cernis ut ignavum corrumpant otia corpus
Ut capiant vitium ni moveantur aquæ.

Thou see'st how sloth wastes the sluggish body, as water is corrupted unless it moves.
g. OVID.

Tardo amico nihil est quidquam iniquius.

Nothing is more annoying than a tardy friend.
h. PLAUTUS.

Difficultatis patrocinia prætexímus segnitiæ.

We excuse our sloth under the pretext of difficulty,
i. QUINTILIAN.

Blandoque veneno
Desidiæ virtus paullatim evicta senescit.

Valor gradually overpowered by the delicious poison of sloth, grows torpid.
j. SILIUS ITALICUS.

Utque alios industria, ita hunc ignavia ad famam protulerat.

Other men have acquired fame by industry, but this man by indolence.
k. TACITUS.

INDUSTRY.

Diligentia cum omnibus in rebus, in causis defendendis plurimum valet. Hæc præcipue colenda est nobis: hæc semper adhibenda; hæc nihil est quod non assequatur

Diligence has very great power in everything, particularly in defending cases in court: we must cultivate it carefully, and always attend to it. There is nothing which it does not accomplish.
l. CICERO.

Malo mihi male quam molliter esse.

I would rather be sick than idle.
m. SENECA.

Vitia otii negotio discutienda sunt.

The vices of sloth are only to be shaken off by occupation.
n. SENECA.

INGRATITUDE.

Nil homine terra pejus ingrato creat.

Earth produces nothing worse than an ungrateful man.
o. AUSONIUS.

Nihil amas, cum ingratum amas.

You love a nothing when you love an ingrate.
p. PLAUTUS.

Ut acerbum est, pro benefactis cum mali messem metas.

How bitter it is to reap a harvest of evil for good that you have done.
q. PLAUTUS.

Ingratus unus miseris omnibus nocet.

One ungrateful man does an injury to all who are in suffering.
r. SYRUS.

Beneficia usque eo læta sunt dum videntur exsolvi posse; ubi multum antevenere pro gratiâ odium redditur.

Benefits are acceptable, while the receiver thinks he may return them; but once exceeding that, hatred is given instead of thanks.
s. TACITUS.

INHERITANCE.

Major hæreditas venit unicuique nostrum a jure et legibus quam a parentibus.

A greater inheritance comes to each of us from our rights and laws, than from our parents.
t. CICERO.

In prolem dilata ruunt perjuria patris, et pœnam merito filius ore luit.

The father's perjury is visited on both father and son.
u. CLAUDIANUS.

INJUSTICE.

Habet aliquid ex iniquo omne magnum exemplum, quod contra singulos, utilitate publicâ rependitur.

Every striking example has some injustice connected with it: individuals suffer while the public are benefited.

a. TACITUS.

INQUIRY.

Dixerit e multis aliquis: Quid virus in anguem
Adjicis? et rabidæ tradis ovile lupæ?

Some of the crowd will say, Why do you attribute poison to the serpent? And, do you open the sheep-fold to the rabid wolf?

b. OVID.

INQUISITIVENESS.

Percunctatorem fugito, nam garrulus idem est.

Shun the inquisitive person, for he is also a talker.

c. HORACE.

Incitantur enim homines ad agnoscenda quæ differuntur.

Our inquisitive disposition is excited by having its gratification deferred.

d. PLINY THE YOUNGER.

INSANITY.

O major tandem parcas, insane, minori.

Oh! thou who art greatly mad, deign to spare me who am less mad.

e. HORACE.

Omnes stultos insanire.

All fools are insane.

f. HORACE.

Nimirum insanus paucis videatur, eo quod Maxima pars hominum morbo jactatur eodem.

He appears mad indeed but to a few, because the majority is infected with the same disease.

g. HORACE.

I demens! et sævas curre per Alpes,
Ut pueris placeas et declamatio fias.

Go, madman! rush over the wildest Alps, that you may please children, and be made the subject of declamation.

h. JUVENAL.

Necesse est cum insanientibus furere, nisi relinqueris solus.

It is necessary to be mad with the insane, unless you would be left quite alone.

i. PETRONIUS ARBITER.

Hei mihi, insanire me ajunt, ultro cum ipsi insaniunt.

They call me mad, while they are all mad themselves.

j. PLAUTUS.

Insanus omnis furere credit ceteros.

Every mad man thinks all other men mad

k. SYRUS.

INSTRUCTION.

Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam.

Instruction enlarges the natural powers of the mind.

l. HORACE.

Adde, quod ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse fervos.

To be instructed in the arts, softens the manners and makes men gentle.

m. OVID.

Domi habuit unde disceret.

He need not go away from home for instruction.

n. TERENCE.

INSULT.

Quid facis tibi,
Injuriæ qui addideris contumeliam?

What wilt thou do to thyself, who hast added insult to injury?

o. PHÆDRUS.

Sæpe satius fuit dissimulare quam ulcisci.

It is often better not to see an insult than to avenge it.

p. SENECA.

INTEMPERANCE.

Libidinosa etenim et intemperans adolescentia effœtum corpus tradit senectuti.

A sensual and intemperate youth hands over a wornout body to old age.

q. CICERO.

Quid non ebrietas designat? Operta recludit;
Spes jubet esse ratas; in prælia trudit inermem.

What does drunkenness not accomplish? It discloses secrets; it ratifies hopes, and urges even the unarmed to battle.

r. HORACE.

Nihil aliud est ebrietas quam voluntaria insania.

Drunkenness is nothing but voluntary madness.

s. SENECA.

J.

JESTING.

Dulce est desipere in loco.

Nonsense, now and then, is pleasant.

a. HORACE.

Nec lusisse pudet, sed non incidere ludum.

The shame is not in having sported, but in not having broken off the sport.

b. HORACE.

Si quid dictum est per jocum,
Non æquum est id serio provortier.

If anything is spoken in jest, it is not fair to take it in earnest.

c. PLAUTUS.

Asperæ facetiæ, ubi nimis ex vero traxere,
Acram sui memoriam relinquunt.

A bitter jest when it comes too near the the truth, leaves a sharp sting behind it.

d. TACITUS.

JUDGMENT.

Tuo tibi judicio est utendum. Virtutis et vitiorum grave ipsius conscientia pondus est; quâ sublatâ jacent omnia.

You must use your own judgment on yourself. Great is the weight of conscience in deciding on your own virtues and vices; if that be taken away, all is lost.

e. CICERO.

Sequitur superbos ultor a tergo Deus.

An avenging God closely follows the haughty.

f. SENECA.

JUSTICE.

Cavendum est ne major pœna quam culpa sit; et ne iisdem de causis alii plectantur, alii ne appellentur quidem.

Care should be taken that the punishment does not exceed the guilt; and also that some men do not suffer for offenees for which others are not even indicted.

g. CICERO.

Fundamenta justitiæ sunt, ut ne cui noceatur, deinde ut communi utilitati serviatur.

The foundations of justice are that no one shall suffer wrong; then, that the public good be promoted.

h. CICERO.

Justitia est obtemperatio scriptis legibus.

Justice is obedience to the written laws.

i.

Justitia suum cuique distribuit.

Justice renders to every one his due.

j. CICERO.

Meminerimus etiam adversus infimos justitiam esse servandam.

Let us remember that justice must be observed even to the lowest.

k. CICERO.

Diis proximus ille est
Quem ratio non ira movet: qui factor rependens
Consilio punire potest.

He is next to the gods, whom reason, and not passion impels; and who, after weighing the facts, can measure the punishment with discretion.

l. CLAUDIANUS.

Observantior æqui
Fit populus, nec ferre negat, cum viderit ipsum
Auctorem parere sibi.

The people become more observant of justice, and do not refuse to submit to the laws, when they see them obeyed by their enactor.

m. CLAUDIANUS.

Ne scuticâ dignum horribili sectere flagello.

Do not pursue with the terrible scourge him who deserves a slight whip.

n. HORACE.

Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede pœna claudo.

Justice, though moving with tardy pace, has seldom failed to overtake the wicked in their flight.

o. HORACE.

Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas.

The verdict acquits the raven, but condemns the dove.

p. JUVENAL.

Hominem improbum non accusari tutius est quam absolvi.

It is safer that a bad man should not be accused, than that he should be acquitted.

q. LIVY.

Judicis officium est ut res ita tempora rerum
Quærere.

The judge's duty is to inquire about the time, as well as the facts.

r. OVID.

Paucite paucarum diffundere crimen in omnes.

Do not lay on the multitude the blame that is due to a few.

a. Ovid.

Si quoties homines peccant sua fulmina mittat
Jupiter, exiguo tempore inermis erit.

If Jupiter hurled his thunderbolt as often as men sinned, he would soon be out of thunderbolts.

b. Ovid.

Qui statuit aliquid, parte inauditâ alterâ,
Æquum licet statuerit, haud æquus fuerit.

He who decides a case without hearing the other side, though he decide justly, cannot be considered just.

c. Seneca.

Si judicas, cognosce; si regnas, jube.

If you judge, investigate; if you reign, command.

Seneca.

Bonis nocet quisquis pepercerit malis.

He hurts the good who spares the bad.

e. Syrus.

Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur.

The judge is condemned when the guilty is acquitted.

f. Syrus.

Initia magistratuum nostrorum meliora ferme finis inclinat.

Our magistrates discharge their duties best at the beginning; and fall off toward the end.

g. Tacitus.

Suo sibi gladio hunc jugulo.

With his own sword do I stab this man.

h. Terence.

Discite justitiam moniti et non temnere divos.

Being admonished learn justice and despise not the gods.

i. Virgil.

K.

KINDNESS.

Sed tamen difficile dictu est, quantopere conciliat animos hominum comitas affabilitasque sermonis.

It is difficult to tell how much men's minds are conciliated by a kind manner and gentle speech.

j. Cicero.

Sola deos æquat clementia nobis.

Clemency alone makes us equal to the gods.

k. Claudianus.

Bene si amico feceris ne pigeat fecisse,
Ut potius pudeat si non feceris.

If you have done your friend a kindness, do not regret it; rather regret if you have not done it.

l. Plautus.

Bonis quod benefit haud perit.

Kindness to the good is never lost.

m. Plautus.

Nemini credo, qui large blandus est dives pauperi.

I trust no rich man who is officiously kind to a poor man.

n. Plautus.

Ubicumque homo est, ibi beneficio locus est.

Wherever there is a human being, there is an opportunity for a kindness.

o. Seneca.

Bis gratum est, quod dato opus est, ultro si offeras.

If what must be given is given willingly the kindness is doubled.

p. Syrus.

Inopi beneficium bis dat, qui dat celeriter.

He confers a double kindness on a poor man who gives quickly.

q. Syrus.

Pars beneficii est, quod petitur, si cito neges.

It is kindness to immediately refuse, what you intend to deny.

r. Syrus.

KNOWLEDGE.

Animi cultus quasi quidam humanitatis cibus.

The cultivation of the mind is a kind of food supplied for the soul of man.

s. Cicero.

Nam non solum scire aliquid, artis est, sed quædam ars etiam docendi.

Not only is there an art in knowing a thing, but also a certain art in teaching it.

t. Cicero.

Nec enim ignorare deus potest, quâ mente quisque sit.

God cannot be ignorant of a man's character.

u. Cicero.

Nescire autem quid ante quam natus sis acciderit, id est semper esse puerum.

Not to know what happened before one was born, is always to be a child.

a. CICERO.

Nec scire fas est omnia.

One cannot know everything.

b. HORACE.

Serviet eternum qui parvo nesciet uti.

He will always be a slave, who does not know how to live upon a little.

c. HORACE.

Si quid novisti rectius istis
Candidus imperti, si non, his utere mecum.

If you know anything better than this candidly impart it; if not, use this with me.

d. HORACE.

Scire volunt omnes, mercedem solvere nemo.

All desire knowledge, but no one is willing to pay the price.

e. JUVENAL.

Et teneo melius ista quam meum nomen.

I know all that better than my own name.

f. MARTIAL.

Intus et in cute novi hominem,

I know the man within and without.

g. PERSIUS.

Usque adeone
Scire tuum nihil est nisi te scire hoc, sciat alter?

Is therefore your knowledge to pass for nothing unless others know that you possess it?

h. PERSIUS.

Plus scire satius est, quam loqui.

It is well for one to know more than he says.

i. PLAUTUS.

Cogi qui potest, nescit mori.

He who can be forced (to act against his will), does not know how to die.

j. SENECA.

L.

LABOR.

Arbores serit diligens agricola, quarum adspiciet baccam ipse numquam,

The diligent farmer plants trees, of which he himself will never see the fruit.

k. CICERO.

Jucundi acti labores.

Labors passed are pleasant.

l. CICERO.

Nil sine magno
Vita labore dedit mortalibus.

Life gives nothing to men without great labor.

m. HORACE.

Qui cupit optatam cursu contingere metam
Multa tulit fecitque puer, sudavit et alsit.

He who would reach the desired goal must, while a boy, suffer and labor much and bear both heat and cold.

n. HORACE.

Nil actum reputans, si quid superesset agendum.

Thinking that nothing was done, if any thing remained to do.

o. LUCAN.

Labor est etiam ipsa voluptas.

Labor is itself a pleasure.

p. LUCRETIUS.

Stultus labor est ineptiarum.

Labor bestowed on trifles is silly.

q. MARTIAL.

Dum vires annique sinunt, tolerate labores.
Jam veniet tacito curva senecta pede.

While strength and years permit, endure labor: soon bent old age will come with silent foot.

r. OVID.

Facilis descensus averni;
Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,
Hic labor, hoc opus est.

The descent into hell is easy, but to recall your steps, and re-ascend to the upper air, this is labor, this is work.

s. VIRGIL.

Labor omnia vincit.

Labor conquers everything.

t. VIRGIL.

LANDSCAPE.

Nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos,
Nunc frondent sylvæ, nunc formosissimus annus.

Now every field and every tree is in bloom. The woods are in full leaf, and the year in its highest beauty.

u. VIRGIL.

LAUGHTER.

Quid rides?
Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur.

Why do you laugh? Change but the name, and the story is told of yourself.
a. HORACE.

Citharœdus
Ridetur chordâ qui semper oberrat eâdem.

The musician who always plays on the same string, is laughed at.
o. HORACE.

Risu inepto res ineptior nulla est.

Nothing is more silly than silly laughter.
c. MARTIAL.

Nimium risus pretium est, si probitatis impendio constat.

A laugh costs too much when bought at the expense of virtue.
d. QUINTILIAN.

LAW.

Quid leges sine moribus
Vanæ proficiunt?

Of what use are laws, inoperative through public immorality?
e. HORACE.

Nulla fere causa est in quâ non femina litem
Moverit.

There is scarcely a law-suit unless a woman is the cause of it.
f. JUVENAL.

Nulla manus belli, mutato judice, pura est.

Neither side is guiltless, if its adversary is appointed judge.
g. LUCAN.

Certis * * * * legibus omnia parent.

All things obey fixed laws.
h. LUCRETIUS.

Sunt superis sua jura.

The gods have their own laws.
i. OVID.

Nescis tu quam meticulosa res sit ire ad judicem.

You little know what a ticklish thing it is to go to law.
j. PLAUTUS.

Jus summum sæpe summa est malitia.

The strictest law sometimes becomes the severest injustice.
k. TERENCE.

Quod vos jus cogit, id voluntate impetret.

What the law insists upon, let it have of your own free will.
l. TERENCE.

LEARNING.

Nosse velint omnes, mercedem solvere nemo.

All wish to be learned, but no one is willing to pay the price.
m. JUVENAL.

Homo doctus in se semper divitias habet.

The learned man always has riches in himself.
n. PHÆDRUS.

Dediscit animus sero quod didicit diu.

The mind unlearns with difficulty what it was long in learning.
o. SENECA.

Homines, dum docent, discunt.

Men learn while they teach.
p. SENECA.

Nunquam nimis dicitur, quod nunquam satis discitur.

That is never too often said which is never sufficiently learned.
q. SENECA.

Bonum est fugienda aspicere in alieno malo.

It is well to learn from the misfortunes of others what should be avoided.
r. SYRUS.

Discipulus est priori posterior dies.

Each day is the scholar of yesterday.
s. SYRUS.

LIBERTY.

Rarâ temporum felicitate, ubi sentire quæ velis, et quæ sentias dicere licet.

Such being the happiness of the times, that you may think as you wish, and speak as you think.
t. TACITUS.

LICENSE.

Pictoribus atque poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æque potestas.

Painters and poets have equal license in regard to every thing.
u. HORACE.

Quicquid multis peccatur, inultum est.

All go free when multitudes offend.
v. LUCAN.

Deteriores omnes sumus licentiâ.

We are all worse for license.
w. TERENCE.

LIFE.

Qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum,
Illuc, unde negant redire quemquam.

He is now travelling the darksome path to that land from which, they say, no one ever returns.
x. CATULLUS.

Brevis a naturâ nobis vita data est; at memoria bene reditæ vitæ sempiterna.

The life given us by nature is short; but the memory of a well-spent life is eternal.

a. CICERO.

Esse oportet ut vivas, non vivere ut edas.

Thou should'st eat to live; not live to eat.

b. CICERO.

Natura dedit usuram vitæ tanquam pecuniæ, nullâ præstitutâ die.

Nature has lent us life at interest, like money, and has fixed no day for its payment.

c. CICERO.

Nemo parum diu vixit, qui virtutis perfectæ perfecto functus est munere.

No one has lived a short life who has performed its duties with unblemished character.

d. CICERO.

Quoniam diu vixisse denegatur, aliquid faciamus quo possimus ostendere nos vixisse.

Since long life is denied us, we should do something to show that we have lived.

e. CICERO.

Vivimus exiguo melius, natura beatis
Omnibus esse dedit, si quis cognoverit uti.

Men live best upon a little; nature has given to all the privilege of being happy, if they but knew how to use her gifts.

f. CLAUDIANUS.

Vitâ cedat uti conviva satur.

Let him take leave of life, like a satiated guest.

g. HORACE.

Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.

The short space of life forbids us to lay plans requiring a long time for their accomplishment.

h. HORACE.

Vivendi recte qui prorogat horam
Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis; at ille
Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

He who postpones the hour of living as he ought, is like the rustic who waits for the river to pass along (before he crosses); but it glides on and will glide on forever.

i. HORACE.

Vitaque mancipio nulli datur, omnibus usu.

Life is given to no one for a lasting possession, to all for use.

j. LUCRETIUS.

Hoc est vivere bis
Vitâ posse priori frui.

It is to live twice when you can enjoy (the recollection of) your former life.

k. MARTIAL.

Non est vivere, sed valere vita.

Life is not mere living, but the enjoyment of health.

l. MARTIAL.

Id quoque, quod vivam, munus habere dei.

This also, that I live, I consider a gift of God.

m. OVID.

Vive sine invidiâ mollesque inglorios annos
Exige, et amicitias tibi junge pares.

Live without envy, pray for placid and inglorious years, and form friendships with your equals.

n. OVID.

Vita ipsa quâ fruimur brevis est.

The very life which we enjoy is short.

o. SALLUST.

Ante senectutem curavi ut bene viverem, in senectute (curo) ut bene moriar; bene autem mori est libenter mori.

Before old age I took care to live well; in old age I take care to die well; but to die well is to die willingly.

p. SENECA.

Atqui vivere, militare est.

But life is a warfare.

q. SENECA.

Elige eum, cujus tibi placuit et vita et oratio.

Choose that man whose life, as well as eloquence, you can approve.

r. SENECA.

Exigua pars est vitæ quam nos vivimus.

The part of life which we really like, is short.

s. SENECA.

Non domus hoc corpus sed hospitium et quidem breve.

This body is not a home, but an inn; and that only for a short time.

t. SENECA.

Non est ut diu vivamus curandum est, sed ut satis.

Our care should be not to live long, but to live enough.

u. SENECA.

Non vivere bonum est, sed bene vivere.

To live is not a blessing, but to live well.

v. SENECA.

Prima quæ vitam dedit hora, carpit.

The hour which gives us life, begins to take it away.

w. SENECA.

Propera vivere et singulos dies singulas vitas puta.

Make haste to live, and consider each day a life.

x. SENECA.

Rebus parvis alta præstatur quies.

In humble life there is great repose.

a. SENECA.

Si ad naturam vivas, nunquam eris pauper; si ad opinionem, numquam dives.

If you live according to nature, you never will be poor; if, according to the world's caprice, you will never be rich.

b. SENECA.

Qui mente novissimus exit
Lucis amor.

The love of life, the last that lingers in the mind.

c. STATIUS.

O vita misero longa! felici brevis!

O life! long to the wretched, short to the happy.

d. SYRUS.

Pater ipse colendi
Haud facilem esse viam voluit, primusque per artem
Movit agros, curis acuens mortalia corda.

The father himself did not wish the farmer's life to be easy; he was the first to cultivate the soil by art, inciting the human heart by anxiety.

e. VIRGIL.

LOSS.

Periere mores, jus, decus, pietas, fides,
Et qui redire nescit, cum perit, pudor.

We have lost morals, justice, honor, piety and faith, and that sense of shame which, once lost, can never be restored.

f. SENECA.

LOVE.

Quis legem det amantibus?
Major lex amor est sibi.

What law can bind lovers? Love is their supreme law.

g. BOETHIUS.

Difficile est longum subito deponere amorem.

It is difficult at once to relinquish a long cherished love.

h. CATULLUS.

Mulier cupido quod dicit amanti,
In vento et rapidâ scribere oportet aquâ.

What woman says to her fond lover, should be written on air or the swift water.

i. CATULLUS.

Nihilo sese plus quam alterum homo diligat.

Let man not love himself more than his neighbor.

j. CICERO.

Felices ter et amplius
Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis
Supremâ citius solvet amor die.

Happy and thrice happy are they who enjoy an uninterrupted union, and whose love, unbroken by any complaints shall not dissolve until the last day.

k. HORACE.

Si sine amore, jocisque
Nil est jucundum, vivas in amore jocisque.

If nothing is delightful without love and jokes, then live in love and jokes.

l. HORACE.

Amare et sapere vix deo conceditur.

To love and to be wise is scarcely granted to a god.

m. LABERIUS.

Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare;
Hoc tantum posse dicere: non amo te.

I do not love thee, Sabidius, nor can I say why; I can only say this, "I do not love thee."

n. MARTIAL.

Credula res amor est.

Love is a credulous thing.

o. OVID.

Hei mihi! quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis.

Ah me! love cannot be cured by herbs.

p. OVID.

Meminerunt omnia amantes.

Lovers remember everything.

q. OVID.

Militat omnis amasius.

Every lover is a soldier.

r. OVID.

Moribus et formâ conciliandus amor.

Love must be attracted by beauty of mind and body.

s. OVID.

Non bene conveniunt, nec in uno sede morantur,
Majestas et amor.

Majesty and love do not well agree, nor do they live together.

t. OVID.

Otia si tollas, periere
Cupidinis arcus.

If you give up your quiet life, the bow of Cupid will lose its power.

u. OVID.

Qui finem quæris amoris,
(Credit amor rebus) res age; tutus eris.

If thou wishest to put an end to love, attend to business (love yields to employment;) then thou wilt be safe.

v. OVID.

Qui non vult fieri desidiosus, amet.

Let the man who does not wish to be idle, fall in love.

a. Ovid.

Quicquid Amor jussit non est contemnere tutum.
Regnat, et in dominos jus habet ille deos.

It is not safe to despise what Love commands. He reigns supreme, and rules the mighty gods.

b. Ovid.

Res est soliciti plena timoris amor.

Love is a thing full of anxious fears.

c. Ovid.

Ut ameris, amabilis esto.

To be loved, be lovable.

d. Ovid.

Vanescitque absens, et novus intrat amor.

Absent love vanishes and a new one takes its place.

e. Ovid.

Amor et melle et felle est fecundissimus.

Love abounds in honey and poison.

f. Plautus.

Auro contra cedo modestum amatorem.

Find me a reasonable lover against his weight in gold.

g. Plautus.

Bonum est, pauxillum amare sane; insane non bonum est.

It is good to love moderately; immoderately, it is not good.

h. Plautus.

Qui in amore præcipitavit pejus perit, quam si saxo saliat.

He who falls in love meets a worse fate than he who leaps from a rock.

i. Plautus.

Scilicet insano nemo in amore videt.

Everybody in love is blind.

j. Propertius.

Amor timere neminem verus potest.

True love can fear no one.

k. Seneca.

Non potest amor cum timore misceri;

Love cannot be mixed with fear.

l. Seneca.

Nulla vis major pietate verâ est.

No power is greater than true affection (for parents).

m. Seneca.

Odit verus amor nec patitur moras.

True love hates and will not bear delay.

n. Seneca.

Qui amicus est amat, qui amat non utique amicus est. Itaque, amicitia semper prodest: amor etiam aliquando nocet.

He who is a friend must love; but he who loves is not therefore a friend. Friendship, consequently, always profits; love sometimes does harm.

o. Seneca.

Si vis amari, ama.

If you wish to be loved, love.

p. Seneca.

Amor animi arbitrio sumitur, non ponitur.

Love is in our power, but not to lay it aside.

q. Syrus.

Cogas amantem irasci, amare si velis.

You must make a lover angry if you wish him to love.

r. Syrus.

Pessimum veri affectus venenum sua cuique utilitas.

Self-interest is the bane of all true affection.

s. Tacitus.

Amantium iræ amoris integratio est.

Quarrels of lovers renew their love.

t. Terence.

Omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amori.

Love conquers all things; let us yield to love.

u. Virgil.

Quis fallere possit amantem?

Who can deceive a lover?

v. Virgil.

Vulnus alit venis, et cæca carpitur igni.

She nourishes the poison in her veins, and is consumed by the hidden fire.

w. Virgil.

LUCK.

Felix ille tamen corvo quoque rarior albo.

A lucky man is rarer than a white crow.

x. Juvenal.

Insperata accidunt magis sæpe quam quæ speres.

Things unhoped for happen oftener than things we desire.

y! Plautus.

LUXURY.

Nunc patimur longæ pacis mala; sævior armis Luxuria incubuit, victumque ulciscitur orbem.

Now we are suffering the evils of a long peace. Luxury, more destructive than war, has engrossed us, and avenges the vanquished world.

z. Juvenal.

M.

MAN.

Homo ad duas res, ad intelligendum et ad agendum, est natus.

Man was born for two things—thinking and acting.

a. CICERO.

Homo homini aut deus aut lupus.

Man is to man either a god or a wolf.

b. ERASMUS.

Metiri se quemque suo modulo ac pede æquum est.

Every man should measure himself by his own standard.

c. HORACE.

Os homini sublime dedit cœlumque tueri.

God gave man an upright countenance to survey the heavens.

d. HORACE.

Consilia res magis dant hominibus quam homines rebus.

Men's plans should be regulated by the circumstances, not circumstances by the plans.

e. LIVY.

Hominem pagina nostra sapit.

Our page relates to man.

f. MARTIAL.

Mille hominum species et rerum discolor usus;
Velle suum cuique est nec voto vivitur uno.

There are a thousand kinds of men, and their sense of things is various: each has his own inclination, nor do all live for the same object.

g. PERSIUS.

Homo vitæ commodatus, non donatus est.

Man has been lent, not given, to life.

h. SYRUS.

Homo sum, et humani a me nil alienum puto.

I am a man, and nothing which relates to man can be a matter of unconcern to me.

i. TERENCE.

Ut homo est, ita morem geras.

As the man is, so should you conduct yourself.

j. TERENCE.

MANNERS.

Pulcrum ornatum turpes mores pejus cœno collinunt,
Lepidi mores turpem ornatum facile factis comprobant.

Evil manners soil a fine dress more than mud; good manners, by their deeds, easily adorn a humble garb.

k. PLAUTUS.

Quæ fuerant vitia mores sunt.

What once were vices, are now the manners of the day.

l. SENECA.

Obsequium amicos, veritas odium parit.

Obsequiousness begets friends; truth, hatred.

m. TERENCE.

MARRIAGE.

Prima societas in ipso conjugio est: proxima in liberis; deinde una domus, communia omnia.

The first bond of society is marriage; the next, our children; then the whole family, and all things in common.

n. CICERO.

Si qua voles apte nubere, nube pari.

If thou wouldst marry wisely, marry thy equal.

o. OVID.

Non id videndum, conjugum ut bonis bona
At ut ingenium congruat et mores moribus;
Probitas, pudorque virgini dos optima est.

In marriage the relative proportion of property is not so much to be considered, as the union of mind and similarity of disposition. Chastity and modesty form the best dowry of a virgin.

p. TERENCE.

MEDICINE.

Ægri quia non omnes convalescunt, idcirco ars nulla medicina est.

Because all the sick do not recover, therefore medicine is not an art.

q. CICERO.

Vulnera nisi tacta tractataque sanari non possunt.

Wounds cannot be cured unless they are probed.

r. LIVY.

Aëre non certo corpora languor habet.

Sickness seizes the body from bad ventilation.

a. Ovid.

Corpora vix ferro quædam sanantur acuto!
Auxilium multis succus et herba fuit.

Some bodies are scarcely healed by the knife; many are healed by potions and herbs.

b. Ovid.

Dulcia non ferimus; succo renovamus amaro.

We do not bear sweets; we are recruited by a bitter potion.

c. Ovid.

Tempore ducetur longo fortasse cicatrix,
Horrent admotas vulnera cruda manus.

The wound will perhaps be cured in the process of time, but it shrinks from the touch while it is fresh.

d. Ovid.

Medicus nihil aliud est quam animi consolatio.

A physician is nothing but a consoler of the mind.

e. Petronius Arbiter.

Pars sanitatis velle sanari fuit.

It is part of the cure to wish to be cured.

f. Seneca.

Crudelem medicum intemperans æger facit.

A disorderly patient makes the physician cruel.

g. Syrus.

Graviora quædam sunt remedia periculis.

Some remedies are worse than the disease.

h. Syrus.

Ægrescitque medendo.

The medicine increases the disease.

i. Virgil.

MEMORY.

Memoria est thesaurus ominum rerum et custos.

Memory is the treasury and guardian of all things.

j. Cicero.

Vita enim mortuorum in memoriâ vivorum est posita.

The life of the dead is placed in the memory of the living.

k. Cicero.

Patriâ quis exul se quoque fugit.

What exile from his country is able to escape from himself?

l. Horace.

At cum longa dies sedavit vulnera mentis,
Intempestive qui fovet illa novat.

When time has assuaged the wounds of the mind, he who unseasonably reminds us of them, opens them afresh.

m. Ovid.

Parsque est meminisse doloris.

A part of the pain is memory.

n. Ovid.

Impensa monumenti supervacua est: memoria nostra durabit, si vitâ meruimus.

The erection of a monument is superfluous; the memory of us will last, if we have deserved it in our lives.

o. Pliny the Younger.

Facetiarum apud præpotentes in longum memoria est.

The powerful hold in deep remembrance an ill-timed pleasantry.

p. Tacitus.

Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit;
Durate et rebus vosmet servate secundis.

Perhaps the remembrance of these things will prove a source of future pleasure.
(Be of stout heart, and preserve yourselves for better times.)

q. Virgil.

Quique sui memores alios fecêre merendo.

These who have ensured their remembrance by their deserts.

r. Virgil.

Si genus humanum et mortalia temnitis arma,
At sperate Deos memores fandi atque nefandi.

If ye despise the human race, and mortal arms, yet remember that there is a God who is mindful of right and wrong.

s. Virgil.

MERCY.

Mortem misericors sæpe pro vitâ dabit.

Mercy often inflicts death.

t. Seneca.

Pulchrum est vitam donare minori.

It is noble to grant life to the vanquished.

u. Statius.

MERIT.

Virtute ambire oportet, non favitoribus.
Sat habet favitorum semper, qui recte facit.

We should try to succeed by merit, not by favor. He who does well will always have patrons enough.

v. Plautus.

MIND.

Frons est animi janua.

The forehead is the gate of the mind.

w. Cicero.

In animo perturbato, sicut in corpore, sanitas esse non potest.

In a disturbed mind, as in a body in the same state, health cannot exist.

a. CICERO.

Morbi perniciores pluresque animi quam corporis.

The diseases of the mind are more and more destructive than those of the body.

b. CICERO.

Acclinis falsis animus meliora recusat.

A mind that is charmed by false appearances refuses better things.

c. HORACE.

Omne supervacuum pleno de pectore manat.

Superfluous advice is not retained by the full mind.

d. HORACE.

Quæ lædunt oculum festinas demere; si quid
Est animum, differs curandi tempus in annum.

If anything affects your eye, you hasten to have it removed; if anything affects your mind, you postpone the cure for a year.

e. HORACE.

Cum corpore mentem
Crescere sentimus pariterque senescere.

We plainly perceive that the mind strengthens and decays with the body.

f. LUCRETIUS.

Corpore sed mens est ægro magis ægra; malique
In circumspectu stat sine fine sui.

The mind is sicker than the sick body; in contemplation of its sufferings it becomes hopeless.

g. OVID.

Mensque pati durum sustinet ægra nihil.

The sick mind cannot bear anything harsh.

h. OVID.

Mens sola loco non exulat.

The mind alone cannot be exiled.

i. OVID.

Vitiant artus ægræ contagia mentis.

Diseases of the mind impair the bodily powers.

j. OVID.

Animus quod perdidit optat,
Atque in præteritâ se totus imagine versat.

The mind wishes for what it has missed, and occupies itself with retrospective contemplation.

k. PETRONIUS ARBITER.

Animus æquus optimum est ærumnæ condimentum.

A well-balanced mind is the best remedy against affliction.

l. PLAUTUS.

Habet cerebrum sensus arcem; hic mentis est regimen.

The brain is the citadel of the senses: this guides the principle of thought.

m. PLINY THE ELDER.

MISFORTUNE.

Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.

Cheerless poverty has no harder trial than this, that it makes men the subject of ridicule.

n. JUVENAL.

Adversæ res admonent religionum.

Adversity reminds men of religion.

o. LIVY.

Væ victis!

Woe to the vanquished.

p. LIVY.

Non est paupertas, Nestor, habere nihil.

To have nothing is not poverty.

q. MARTIAL.

Rebus in angustis facile est contemnere vitam;
Fortiter ille facit qui miser esse potest.

In adversity it is easy to despise life; he is truly brave who can endure a wretched life.

r. MARTIAL.

Horrea formicæ tendunt ad inania nunquam,
Nullus ad amissas ibit amicus opes.

Ants do not bend their ways to empty barns, so no friend will visit the place of departed wealth.

s. OVID.

Quem si non tenuit magnis tamen excidit ausis.

If he did not succeed, he at least failed in a glorious undertaking.

t. OVID.

Quicumque amisit dignitatem pristinam
Ignavis etiam jocus est in casu gravi.

Whoever has fallen from his former high estate is in his calamity the scorn even of the base.

u. PHÆDRUS.

Calamitas virtutis occasio est.

Calamity is virtue's opportunity.

v. SENECA.

Viri infelices, procul amici.

When men are unfortunate, their friends are distant.

w. SENECA.

Bonum est fugienda adspicere in alieno malo.

It is good to see in the misfortunes of others what we should avoid.

x. SYRUS.

MODESTY.

Maximum ornamentum amicitiæ tollit, qui ex eâ tollit verecundiam.

He takes the greatest ornament from friendship, who takes modesty from it.

a. CICERO.

Adolescentem verecundum esse decet.

Modesty becomes a young man.

b. PLAUTUS.

Modestè tamen et circumspecto judicio de tantis viris pronunciandum est, ne quod plurisque accidit, damnent quæ non intelligunt.

We should speak modestly and circumspectly of such great men, lest we should fall into the faults of many, who condemn what they do not understand.

c. QUINTILIAN.

Saltabat melius quam necesse est probæ.

She danced much better than became a modest woman.

d. SALLUST.

Nemo beneficia in calendario scribit.

Nobody makes an entry of his good deeds in his day-book.

e. SENECA.

Redire cum perit nescit pudor.

When modesty is once extinguished, it knows not a return.

f. SENECA.

Erubuit: salva res est.

He blushes: all is safe.

g. TERENCE.

MONEY.

Nec quicquam acrius quam pecuniæ damnum stimulat.

Nothing stings more deeply than the loss of money.

h. LIVY.

Pecuniam in loco negligere maximum est lucrum.

To dispise money on some occasions is a very great gain.

i. TERENCE.

MONUMENT.

Exegi monumentum ære perennius.

I have erected a monument more lasting than brass.

j. HORACE.

MOURNING.

Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi.

If you wish me to weep, you must mourn first yourself.

k. HORACE.

MUSIC.

Id haud paullo est verius quam quod Platoni nostro placet qui, musicorum cantibus, ait, mutatis mutari civitatum status.

This saying is much more certain than that of Plato who says that a change in the songs of musicians can change the state of commonwealths.

l. CICERO.

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi: sed omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longâ
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.

Many heroes lived before Agamemnon, but they are all unmourned, and consigned to oblivion, because they had no bard to sing their praises.

m. HORACE.

Etiam singulorum fatigatio quamlibet se rudi modulatione solatur.

Men, even when alone, lighten their labors by song, however rude it may be.

n. QUINTILIAN.

N.

NATURE.

Meliora sunt ea quæ naturâ quam illa quæ arte perfecta sunt.

Things perfected by nature are better than those finished by art.

o. CICERO.

Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurrit.

You may turn nature out of doors with violence, but she will still return.

p. HORACE.

Natura vero nihil hominibus brevitate vitæ præstitit melius.

Nature has given man no better thing than shortness of life.

q. PLINY THE ELDER.

Ut natura dedit, sic omnis recta figura.

Every form as nature made it, is correct.

r. PROPERTIUS.

Natura semina scientiæ nobis dedit, scientiam non dedit.

Nature has given us the seeds of knowledge, not knowledge itself.

s. SENECA.

NECESSITY.

Necessitatis inventa sunt antiquiora quam voluptatis.

The inventions of necessity are older than those of pleasure.

a. Cicero.

Æquâ lege necessitas
Sortitur insignes et imos.

Necessity takes impartially the highest and the lowest.

b. Horace.

Necessitas ultimum et maximum telum est.

Necessity is the last and strongest weapon.

c. Livy.

Discite quam parvo liceat producere vitam,
Et quantum natura petat.

Learn on how little man may live, and how small a portion nature requires.

d. Lucan.

Magister artis ingeniique largitor venter.

The belly is the teacher of art and the bestower of genius.

e. Persius.

Efficacior omni arte imminens necessitas.

Necessity when threatening is more powerful than device of man.

f. Quintus Curtius Rufus.

Ingens telum necessitas.

Necessity is a powerful weapon.

g. Seneca.

Necessitas plus posse quam pietas solet.

Necessity has greater power than duty.

h. Seneca.

O.

OBEDIENCE.

Qui modeste paret, videtur qui aliquando imperet dignus esse.

He who obeys with modesty, appears worthy of being some day a commander.

i. Cicero.

Ibit eo quo vis qui zonam perdidit.

The man who has lost his purse will go wherever you wish.

j. Horace.

OPINION.

Denique non omnes eadem mirantur amantque.

All men do not, in fine, admire or love the same thing.

k. Horace.

Piper, non homo.

He is pepper, not a man.

l. Petronius Arbiter.

Nequam hominis ego parvi pendo gratiam.

I set little value on the esteem of a worthless man.

m. Plautus.

Quot homines, tot sententiæ.

As many men, so many opinions.

n. Terence.

Scinditur incertum studia in contraria vulgus.

The uncertain multitude is divided by opposite opinions.

o. Virgil.

ORATORY.

Is enim est eloquens, qui et humilia subtiliter, et magna graviter, et mediocria temperate potest dicere.

He is the eloquent man who can treat humble subjects with delicacy, lofty things impressively, and moderate things temperately.

p. Cicero.

Intererit multum Davusne loquatur an heros.

It makes a great difference whether Davus or a hero speaks.

q. Horace.

Oratorem autem instituimus illum perfectum, qui esse nisi vir bonus non potest.

According to my definition no man can be a perfect orator, unless he is a good man.

r. Quintilian.

ORDER.

Nihil ordinatum est, quod præcipitatur et properat.

Nothing is well-ordered that is hasty and precipitate.

s. Seneca.

OVERSIGHT.

Multorum te etiam oculi et aures non sentientem, sicuti adhuc fecerunt, speculabuntur atque custodient.

Without your knowledge, the eyes and ears of many will see and watch you, as they have done already.

t. Cicero.

P.

PAIN.

Quid te exempla juvat spinis è pluribus una.

What does it avail you, if of many thorns only one be removed?

a. JUVENAL.

PARTIALITY.

Deos fortioribus adesse.

The gods are on the side of the stronger.

b. TACITUS.

PATIENCE.

Durum! sed levius fit patientiâ
Quicquid corrigere est nefas.

It is hard! But what cannot be removed, becomes lighter through patience.

c. HORACE.

Æquo animo pœnam, qui meruere, ferant.

Let those who have deserved their punishment, bear it patiently.

d. OVID.

Sua quisque exempla debet æquo animo pati.

Every one ought to bear patiently the results of his own conduct.

e. PHÆDRUS.

Nihil tam acerbum est in quo non æquus animus solatium inveniat.

There is nothing so disagreeable, that a patient mind cannot find some solace for it.

f. SENECA.

Nec tamen fugisse cavendo
Adversa egregium, quam perdomuisse ferendo.

To avoid misfortunes by our watchfulness, is not so noble as to overcome them by patience.

g. SILIUS ITALICUS.

Durate, et vosmet rebus servate secundis.

Persevere and preserve yourselves for better circumstances.

h. VIRGIL.

Superanda omnis fortuna ferendo est.

Every misfortune is to be subdued by patience.

i. VIRGIL.

PATRIOTISM.

Cum tempus necessitasque postulat, decertandum manu est, et mors servituti turpidinique anteponenda.

When time and need require, we should resist with all our might, and prefer death to slavery and disgrace.

j. CICERO.

Nihil ex omnibus rebus humanis est præclarius aut præstantius quam de republicâ bene mereri.

Of all human things nothing is more honorable or more excellent than to deserve well of one's country.

k. CICERO.

O fortunata mors quæ, naturæ debita, pro patriâ potissimum redita!

O happy death, which though due to nature is most nobly given for our country.

l. CICERO.

Patria est communis omnium parens.

Our country is the common parent of all.

m. CICERO.

Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori.

It is sweet and glorious to die for one's country.

n. HORACE.

Non ille pro charis amicis
Aut patriâ timidus perire.

He dares for his country or his friends to die.

o. HORACE.

Nullum est imperium tutum nisi benevolentiâ munitum.

No government is safe unless protected by the good-will of the people.

p. NEPOS.

Amor patriæ ratione valentior.

The love of country is more powerful than reason itself.

q. OVID.

Nescio quâ natale solum dulcedine captos
Ducit, et immemores non sinit esse sui.

Our native land charms us with inexpressible sweetness, and never allows us to forget that we belong to it.

r. OVID.

Patria est ubicumque vir fortis sedem elegerit.

A brave man's country is wherever he chooses his abode.

s. QUINTUS CURTIUS RUFUS.

Non exercitus, neque thesauri, præsidia regni sunt, verum amici.

The safety of a kingdom is not its armies, nor its treasures, but its friends.

t. SALLUST.

Præferre patriam liberis regem decet.

A king should prefer his country to his children.

u. SENECA.

Servare cives, major est virtus patriæ patri.

To preserve the life of citizens, is the greatest virtue in the father of his country.

a SENECA.

PEACE.

Mars gravior sub pace latet.

A severe war lurks under the show of peace.

b. CLAUDIANUS.

Nec sidera pacem
Semper habent.

Nor is heaven always at peace.

c. CLAUDIANUS.

Sævis inter se convenit ursis.

Savage bears keep at peace with one another.

d. JUVENAL.

Paritur pax bello.

Peace is obtained by war.

e. NEPOS.

Candida pax homines, trux decet ira feras.

Fair peace becomes men; ferocious anger belongs to beasts.

f. OVID.

Sævis pax quæritur armis.

Peace is sought by cruel war.

g. STATIUS.

Miseram pacem vel bello benè mutari.

A peace may be so wretched as not to be ill exchanged for war.

h. TACITUS.

Solitudinem faciunt pacem appellant.

They make a desert and call it peace.

i. TACITUS.

PERCEPTION.

Utilium sagax rerum.

Sagacious in making useful discoveries.

j. HORACE.

Segnius homines bona quam mala sentiunt.

Men have less lively perception of good than of evil.

k. LIVY.

PERSEVERANCE.

Non missura cutem nisi plena cruoris hirudo.

A leech does not quit the skin until it is full of blood.

l. HORACE.

PERSPICUITY.

Perspicuitas enim argumentatione elevatur.

Clearness is often obscured by discussion.

m. CICERO.

PHILOSOPHY.

Fuge magna, licet sub paupere tecto
Reges et regum vitâ præcurrere amicos.

Avoid greatness; in a cottage there may be more real happiness, than kings or their favorites enjoy.

n. HORACE.

Quod satis est cui contigit, nihil amplius optet.

Let him who has enough ask for nothing more.

o. HORACE.

Quo me cumque rapit tempestas deferor hospes.

Wherever the storm carries me, I go a willing guest.

p. HORACE.

Sperne voluptates; nocet empta dolore voluptas.

Despise pleasures; pleasures bought by pain is injurious.

q. HORACE.

Vivo et regno, simul ista reliqui
Quæ vos ad cælum fertis rumore secundo.

I live and am like a king, since I have abandoned those pleasures which you by your praises extol to the skies.

r. HORACE.

Quod sit esse velit, nihilque malit.

He is willing to be what he is, and sees nothing preferable.

s. MARTIAL.

Habeas ut nactus: nota mala res optima est.

Keep what you have got; the known evil is best.

t. PLAUTUS.

Philosophia stemma non inspicit. Platonem non accipit nobilem philosophia, sed fecit.

Philosophy does not look into pedigree. She did not receive Plato as noble, but she made him such.

u. SENECA.

Injuriarum remedium est oblivio.

The remedy for wrongs is to forget them.

v. SYRUS.

Etiam quæ sibi quisque timebat
Unius in miseri exitium conversa tulere.

What each man feared would happen to himself, did not trouble him when he saw that it would ruin another.

w. VIRGIL.

PLACE.

Mitius exilium faciunt loca.

The place makes the banishment more bearable.

x. OVID.

PLEASURE.

Quod licet ingratum est; quod non licet acrius urit.

What is lawful is undesirable; what is unlawful is very attractive.

a. HORACE.

Voluptates commendat rarior usus.

Rare indulgence produces greater pleasure.

b. JUVENAL.

Prævalent illicita.

Things forbidden have a secret charm.

c. TACITUS.

PLIABILITY.

Argillâ quidvis imitaberis udâ.

Thou canst mould him into any shape like soft clay.

d. HORACE.

Turpe est aliud loqui, aliud sentire : quanto turpius aliud scribere, aliud sentire.

It is dishonorable to say one thing and think another; how much more dishonorable to write one thing and think another.

e. SENECA.

POETRY.

Semper enim audivi poetam bonum neminem sine inflammatione animorum existere posse, et sine quodam afflatu quasi furoris.

I have always heard that no true poet can exist without the spirit being on fire, and without, as it were, an inspiration of passion.

f. CICERO.

Nonumque prematur in annum.

Let your poem be kept nine years.

g. HORACE.

Non satis est pulchra esse poemata, dulcia sunto.

It is not enough that poetry is agreeable. it should also be interesting.

h. HORACE.

Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis.

But if there are many brilliancies in the poem, a few faults will not trouble me.

i. HORACE.

Versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.

Verses devoid of substance, melodious trifles.

j. HORACE.

Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,
Quale sopor fessis.

Thy verses are as pleasing to me, O divine poet, as sleep is to the wearied.

k. VIRGIL.

POETS.

Adhuc neminem cognovi poetam, qui sibi non optimus videretur.

I have never yet known a poet who did not think himself super-excellent.

l. CICERO.

Aut insanit homo, aut versus facit.

The man is either mad or he is making verses.

m. HORACE.

Disjecta membra poetæ.

The scattered remnants of the poet.

n. HORACE.

Genus irritabile vatum.

The irritable tribe of poets.

o. HORACE.

Mediocribus esse poetis
Non homines, non di, non concessere columnæ.

Neither men, nor gods, nor booksellers' shelves permit poets to be in the second rank.

p. HORACE.

Non scribit ille, cujus carmina nemo legit.

He does not write whose verses no one reads.

q. MARTIAL.

Carmina lætum
Sunt opus et pacem mentis habere volunt.

The poet's labors are a work of joy, and require peace of mind.

r. OVID.

POISON.

Venenum in auro libitur.

Poison is drunk out of gold.

s. SENECA.

POVERTY.

Haud facile emergunt quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi.

They do not easily rise whose abilities are repressed by poverty at home.

t. JUVENAL.

Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.

The traveller without money will sing before the robber.

u. JUVENAL.

Paupertas fugitur, totoque arcessitur orbe.

Poverty is shunned and persecuted all over the globe.

v. LUCAN.

Bonæ mentis soror est paupertas.

Poverty is the sister of a sound mind.

w. PETRONIUS ARBITER.

Inops, potentem dum vult imitari, perit.

The poor trying to imitate the powerful, perish.

a. PHÆDRUS.

In principatu commutando civium
Nil præter domini nomen mutant pauperes.

In a change of government the poor change nothing but the name of their masters.

b. PHÆDRUS.

Palam mutire plebeio periculum est.

It is dangerous for a plebeian to grumble in public.

c. PHÆDRUS.

Non qui parum habet, sed qui plus cupit, pauper est.

Not he who has little, but he who wishes for more, is poor.

d. SENECA.

POWER.

Fit in dominatu servitus, in servitute dominatus.

He is sometimes slave who should be master; and sometimes master who should be slave.

e. CICERO.

Obruat illud malè partum, male retentum, male gestum imperium.

Perish that power which has been obtained by evil means, retained by evil means, and administered by evil means.

f. CICERO.

Et qui nolunt occidere quemquam
Posse volunt.

Those who do not wish to kill any one, wish they had the power.

g. JUVENAL.

A cane non magno sæpe tenetur aper.

The wild boar is often held by a small dog.

h. OVID.

Imperium facile iis artibus retinetur, quibus initio partum est.

Power is easily retained by those means by which it was acquired.

i. SALLUST.

Minimum decet liberè cui multum licet.

He who has great power should use it lightly.

j. SENECA.

Quod non potest vult posse, qui nimium potest.

He who is too powerful, is still aiming at that degree of power which is unattainable.

k. SENECA.

Malè imperando summum imperium amittitur.

The highest power may be lost by misrule.

l. SYRUS.

Cupido dominandi cunctis affectibus flagrantior est.

Lust of power is the most flagrant of all the passions.

m. TACITUS.

Imperium cupientibus nihil medium inter summa et præcipitia.

In the struggle between those seeking power there is no middle course.

n. TACITUS.

Imperium flagitio acquisitum nemo unquam bonis artibus exercuit.

Power acquired by guilt was never used for a good purpose.

o. TACITUS.

Potentiam cautis quam acribus consiliis tutius haberi.

Power is more safely retained by cautious than by severe councils.

p. TACITUS.

Suspectum semper invisumque dominantibus qui proximus destinaretur.

Rulers always hate and suspect the next in succession.

q. TACITUS.

Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo.

If I cannot influence the gods, I shall move all hell.

r. VIRGIL.

PRAISE.

Trahimur omnes laudis studio, et optimus quisque maxime gloriâ ducitur.

We are all excited by the love of praise, and the noblest are most influenced by glory.

s. CICERO.

Principibus placuisse viris non ultima laus est.

To please great men is not the last degree of praise.

t. HORACE.

Id facere laus est quod decet, non quod licet.

He deserves praise who does not what he may, but what he ought.

u. SENECA.

Tacent, satis laudant.

Their silence is sufficient praise.

v. TERENCE.

PRAYER.

Orandum est ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.

Our prayers should be for a sound mind in a healthy body.

w. JUVENAL.

PREFERENCE.

Verum illud est vulgo quod dici solet;
Omnes sibi malle melius esse quam alteri.

The common saying is true, that we all would rather have matters go well with ourselves than with others.
a. TERENCE.

PREJUDICE.

Vulgus ex veritate pauca, ex opinione muta æstimat.

The rabble estimate few things according to their real value, most things according to their prejudices.
b. CICERO.

Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.

So much evil was bigotry able to accomplish.
c. LUCRETIUS.

PREPARATION.

In omnibus negotiis prius quam aggrediare, adhibenda est præparatio diligens.

In all matters, before beginning, a diligent preparation should be made.
d. CICERO.

Sperat infestis, metuit secundis
Alteram sortem, bene preparatum
Pectus.

A well prepared mind hopes in adversity and fears in prosperity.
e. HORACE.

PRIDE.

Inquinat egregios adjuncta superbia mores.

The noblest character is stained by the addition of pride.
f. CLAUDIANUS.

Quid prodest, Pontice, longo
Sanguine censeri, pictosque ostendere vultus
Majorum.

Of what advantage is it to you, Ponticus, to quote your remote ancestors, and to exhibit their portraits?
g. JUVENAL.

PROOF.

Pluris est oculatus testis unus, quam auriti decem.
Qui audiunt, audita dicunt; qui vident, plane sciunt.

One eye witness is of more weight than ten hear-says. Those who hear, speak of what they have heard; those who see, know beyond mistake.
h. PLAUTUS.

PROPHECY.

Bene qui conjiciet, vatem hunc perhibebo optimum.

I shall always consider the best guesser the best prophet.
i. CICERO.

PROPRIETY.

Quod est, eo decet uti: et quicquid agas, agere pro viribus.

What one has, one ought to use: and whatever he does he should do with all his might.
j. CICERO.

Munditiis capimur: non sine lege capilli.

We are charmed by neatness of person; let not thy hair be out of order.
k. OVID.

Nam genus et proavus et quæ non fecimus ipsi
Vix ea nostra voco.

Birth and ancestry, and that which we have not ourselves achieved, we can scarcely call our own.
l. OVID.

PROSPERITY.

In rebus prosperis, superbiam, fastidium arrogantiamque magno opere fugiamus.

In prosperity let us most carefully avoid pride, disdain and arrogance.
m. CICERO.

Ut adversas res, secundas immoderate ferre, levitatis est.

It shows a weak mind not to bear prosperity as well as adversity with moderation.
n. CICERO.

Est quoddam prodire tenus si non datur ultrà.

It is something to proceed thus far, if it is not permitted to go farther.
o. HORACE.

Felix se nescit amari.

The prosperous man does not know whether he is loved.
p. LUCAN.

Donec eris felix multos numerabis amicos.

Whilst you are prosperous you will count many friends.
q. OVID.

Si numeres anno soles et nubila toto,
Invenies nitidum sæpius isse diem.

If you count the sunny and the cloudy days of the whole year, you will find that the sunshine predominates.
r. OVID.

Est felicibus difficilis miseriarum vera æstimatio.

The prosperous cannot easily form a right idea of misery.
s. QUINTILIAN.

Res secundæ valent commutare naturam, et raro quisquam erga bona sua satis cautus est.

Prosperity can change man's nature; and seldom is anyone cautious enough to resist the effects of good fortune.
t. QUINTUS CURTIUS RUFUS.

PROVERB.

Hac quoque de causâ, si te proverbia tangunt,
Mense malos Maio nubere vulgus ait.

For this reason, if you believe proverbs, let me tell you the common one: "It is unlucky to marry in May."
a. OVID.

PROVIDENCE.

Deus haec fortasse benignâ
Reducet in sedem vice.

Perhaps Providence by some happy change will restore these things to their proper places.
b. HORACE.

Sæpius ventis agitatur ingens
Pinus, et celsae graviore casu
Decidunt turres feriuntque summos
Fulgura montes.

The lofty pine is oftenest shaken by the winds; high towers fall with a heavier crash; and the lightning strikes the highest mountains.
c. HORACE.

Sperat quidem animus: quo eveniat, diis in manu est.

The mind is hopeful; success is in God's hand. (Man proposes, God disposes.)
d. PLAUTUS.

Deus quædam munera universo humano generi dedit, a quibus excluditur nemo.

God has given some gifts to the whole human race, from which no one is excluded.
e. SENECA.

Et sceleratis sol oritur.

The sun shines even on the wicked.
f. SENECA.

PRUDENCE.

Multis terribilis, caveto multos.

If thou art terrible to many, then beware of many.
g. AUSONIUS.

Ita enim finitima sunt falsa veris ut in præcipitem locum non deheat se sapiens committere.

So near is falsehood to truth that a wise man would do well not to trust himself on the narrow edge.
h. CICERO.

Malo indisertam prudentiam, quam loquacem stultitiam.

I prefer silent prudence to loquacious folly.
i. CICERO.

Non est ab homine nunquam sobrio postulanda prudentia.

Prudence must not be expected from a man who is never sober.
j. CICERO.

Parvi enim sunt foris arma, nisi est consilium domi.

An army abroad is of little use unless there are prudent counsels at home.
k. CICERO.

Principum munus est resistere levitati multitudinis.

It is the duty of the nobles to oppose the fickleness of the multitude.
l. CICERO.

Prudentia est verum expectandarum fugiendarumque scientia.

Prudence is the knowledge of things to be sought, and those to be shunned.
m. CICERO.

Prudens in flammam ne manum injicio.

The prudent man does not put his hand into the fire.
n. HIERON, JUNIOR.

Melius non tangere, clamo.

Better not touch me, I exclaim.
o. HORACE.

Mitte sectare rosa quo locorum
Sera movetur.

Do not search for the place where the last rose of summer lingers.
p. HORACE.

Nescit vox missa reverti.

A word once escaped can never be recalled.
q. HORACE.

Arbore dejecto quivis ligna colligit.

When a tree is down everybody gathers wood.
r. JUVENAL.

Nullum numen abest, si sit prudentia.

No protecting power is wanting, if prudence be used.
s. JUVENAL.

Rarus venit in cœnacula miles.

The plundering soldier rarely visits the garret.
t. JUVENAL.

Cede repugnanti, cedendo victor abibis.

Yield to the opposer; by yielding you will come off victor.
u. OVID.

Crede mihi; miseros prudentia prima relinquit.

Believe me; it is prudence that first forsakes the wretched.
v. OVID.

Intra fortunam quisque debet manere suam.

Every man should stay within his own fortune.
w. OVID.

Modus omnibus in rebus, soror, optimum est habitu;
Nimia omnia nimium exhibent negotium hominibus ex se.

In everything the middle course is best: all things in excess bring trouble to men.
a. PLAUTUS.

Omnes bonos bonasque accurare addecet,
Suspicionem et culpam ut ab se segregent.

All good men and women should be on their guard to avoid guilt and even the suspicion of it.
b. PLAUTUS.

Viam qui nescit quâ deveniat ad mare
Eum oportet amnem quærere comitem sibi.

He who does not know his way to the sea should take a river for his guide.
c. PLAUTUS.

Alter remus aquas, alter mihi radat arenas.

Let one oar strike the water, the other scrape the sand.
d. PROPERTIUS.

Omnes homines, qui de rebus dubiis consultant, ab odio, amicitiâ, irâ atque misericordiâ vacuos esse decet.

All who deliberate on important matters, ought to be uninfluenced by hatred, friendship, anger or compassion.
e. SALLUST.

Extrema primo nemo tentavit loco.

No one tries extreme remedies at first.
f. SENECA.

Latere semper patere, quod latuit diu.

Leave in concealment what has long been concealed.
g. SENECA.

Post malam segetem serendum est.

After a bad crop, you should instantly begin to sow.
h. SENECA.

Caret periculo, qui etiam tutus cavet.

He is free from danger, who, even when safe, is on his guard.
i. SYRUS.

Consilio melius vinces quam iracundiâ.

You will conquer more surely by prudence than by passion.
j. SYRUS.

Deliberandum est diu, quod statuendum semel.

That should be considered long which can be decided but once.
k. SYRUS.

Difficilem oportet aurem habere crimina.

One should not lend a ready ear to criminal charges.
l. SYRUS.

Plura consilio quam vi perficimus.

We accomplish more by prudence than by force.
m. TACITUS.

Ratio et consilium, propriæ ducis artes.

Forethought and prudence are the proper qualities of a leader.
n. TACITUS.

Omnia prius verbis experiri quam armis sapientem decet.

It becomes a wise man to try negotiation before arms.
o. TERENCE.

Laudato ingentia rura,
Exiguum colito.

Praise a large domain, cultivate a small estate.
p. VIRGIL.

Litus ama: * * * altum alii teneant.

Keep close to the shore: let others venture on the deep.
q. VIRGIL.

PUNISHMENT.

Culpam pœna premit comes.

Punishment follows close on crime.
r. HORACE.

Estque pati pœnas quam meruisse minus.

It is less to suffer punishment than to deserve it.
s. OVID.

Nec ulla major pœna nequitiæ est, quam quod sibi et suis displicet.

There is no greater punishment of wickedness than that it is dissatisfied with itself and its deeds.
t. SENECA.

Quod antecedit tempus, maxima venturi supplicii pars est.

The time that precedes punishment is the severest part of it.
u. SENECA.

Habet aliquid ex iniquo omne magnum exemplum, quod contra singulos, utilitate publicâ rependitus.

Every great example of punishment has in it some injustice, but the suffering individual is compensated by the public good.
v. TACITUS.

Punitis ingeniis, gliscit auctoritas.

When men of talents are punished, authority is strengthened.
w. TACITUS.

Sera tamen tacitis pœna venit pedibus.

Punishment, though late, comes on with silent step.
x. TIBULLUS.

Q.

QUALITY.

Non numero hæc judicantur sed pondere.

These things are not judged of by their number, but by their weight.

a. Cicero.

R.

RASHNESS.

Audax omnia perpeti
Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas.

The human race afraid of nothing, rushes on through every crime.

b. Horace.

Non semper temeritas est felix.

Rashness is not always fortunate.

c. Livy.

Paucis temeritas est bono, multis malo.

Rashness brings success to few, misfortune to many.

d. Phædrus.

REASON.

Domina omnium et regina ratio.

Reason is the mistress and queen of all things.

e. Cicero.

Plus apud nos vera ratio valeat quam vulgi opinio.

Reason shall prevail with me more than popular opinion.

f. Cicero.

Plus ratio quam vis cæca valere solet.

Reason can generally do more than blind force.

g. Gallus.

Quid nobis certius ipsis
Sensibus esse potest? quî vera ac falso notemus.

What can give us more sure knowledge than our senses? How else can we distinguish between the true and the false?

h. Lucretius.

Nihil potest esse diuturnum cui non subest ratio.

Nothing can be lasting when reason does not rule.

i. Quintus Curtius Rufus.

REBELLION.

Seditiosissimus quisque ignavus.

The most seditious is the most cowardly.

j. Tacitus.

Sævitque animis ignobile vulgus,
Jamque faces et saxa volant; furor omnia ministrat.

The rude rabble are enraged; now firebrands and stones fly; fury supplies them with arms.

k. Virgil.

REGRET.

Ploratur lacrymis amissa pecunia veris.

The loss of money is deplored with real tears.

l. Juvenal.

RELIGION.

Deos placatos pietas efficiet et sanctitas.

Piety and holiness of life will propitiate the gods.

m. Cicero.

Res sacros non modo manibus attingi, se ne cogitatione quidem violari fas fuit.

Things sacred should not only not be touched with the hands, but not violated in thought.

n. Cicero.

Nihil enim in speciem fallacius est quam prava religio.

Nothing is more deceitful in appearance than false religion.

o. Livy.

Quantum religio potuit suadere malorum!

How many evils has religion caused!

p. Lucretius.

Scilicet adversis probitas exercita rebus
Tristi materiam tempore laudis habet.

Righteousness tried by adversity has good grounds for glorying in its sorrow.

q. Ovid.

Animus hoc habet argumentum divinitatis suæ, quod illum divina delectant.

The soul has this proof of its divinity; that divine things delight it.

a. SENECA.

Nulla res carius constat quam quæ precibus empta est.

Nothing costs so much as what is bought by prayers.

b. SENECA.

REPENTANCE.

Quem pœnitet peccâsse, pæne est innocuus.

He who is sorry for having sinned is almost innocent.

c. SENECA.

Velox consilium sequitur pœnitentiâ.

Repentance follows hasty counsels.

d. SYRUS.

REPETITION.

Occidet miseros crambe repetitâ magistros.

Repetition, like re-hashed cabbage, kills the school-masters.

e. JUVENAL.

REPUTATION.

Damnum appellandum est cum malâ famâ lucrum.

Gain at the expense of reputation should be called loss.

f. SYRUS.

RESIGNATION.

Pereant amici, dum unà inimici intercidant.

Let our friends perish, provided that our enemies fall at the same time.

g. CICERO.

Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum.

Believe that each day which shines upon you is the last.

h. HORACE.

Summam nec metuas diem, nec optes.

You should neither fear nor wish for your last day.

i. MARTIAL.

Placato possum non miser esse deo.

If God be appeased, I cannot be wretched.

j. OVID.

Placeat homini quidquid deo placuit.

Let that please man which has pleased God.

k. SENECA.

Unum est levamentum malorum pati et necessitatibus suis obsequi.

One alleviation in misfortune is to endure and submit to necessity.

l. SENECA.

Vitæ est avidus quisquis non vult
Mundo secum pereunte mori.

He is greedy of life who is not willing to die when the world is perishing around him.

m. SENECA.

Quoniam id fieri quod vis non potest
Id velis quod possis.

As you cannot do what you wish, you should wish what you can do.

n. TERENCE.

Quem semper acerbum
Semper honoratum (sic dii voluistis) habeo.

That day I shall always recollect with grief; with reverence also, for the gods so willed it.

o. VIRGIL.

RESISTANCE.

Insitâ hominibus naturâ violentiæ resistere.

To resist violence is implanted in the nature of man.

p. TACITUS.

RESPONSIBILITY.

Culpam majorum posteri luunt.

Posterity pay for the sins of their fathers.

q. QUINTUS CURTIUS RUFUS.

REST.

Homines quamvis in turbidis rebus sint, tamen, si modo homines sunt, interdum animis relaxantur.

Men, in whatever anxiety they may be, if they are men, sometimes indulge in relaxation.

r. CICERO.

Da requiem; requietus ager bene credita reddit.

Take rest; a field that has rested gives a bountiful crop.

s. OVID.

Detur aliquando otium
Quiesque fessis.

Let the weary at length possess quiet rest.

t. SENECA.

Arcum intensio frangit, animum remissio.

Straining breaks the bow, and relaxation relieves the mind.

u. SYRUS.

Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.

God has given us this repose.

v. VIRGIL.

RETALIATION.

Ab alio expectes, alteri quod feceris.

You may expect from one person what you have done to another.

w. LABERIUS.

REVENGE.

Minuti
Semper et infirma est animi exiguique voluptas
Ultio.

Revenge is always the weak pleasure of a little and narrow mind.
a. JUVENAL.

Sæpe intereunt aliis meditantes necem.

Those who plot the destruction of others often fall themselves.
b. PHÆDRUS.

Inhumanum verbum est ultio.

Revenge is an inhuman word.
c. SENECA.

Malevolus animus abditos dentes habet.

The malevolent have hidden teeth.
d. SYRUS.

Odia in longum jaciens, quæ reconderet, auctaque promeret.

Laying aside his resentment, he stores it up, to bring it forward with increased bitterness.
e. TACITUS.

REWARD.

Quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipsam,
Præmia si tollas?

For who will embrace even virtue itself, if you take away its rewards?
f. JUVENAL.

Acer et ad palmæ per se cursurus honores,
Si tamen horteris fortius ibit equus.

The spirited horse, which will of itself strive to beat in the race, will run still more swiftly if encouraged.
g. OVID.

Acta deos nunquam mortalia fallunt.

The deeds of men never escape the gods.
h. OVID.

RICHES.

Fortunam reverenter habe, quicumque
Dives ab exili progrediere loco.

Whoever thou art that hast suddenly become rich from great poverty, use thy good fortune with moderation.
i. AUSONIUS.

Crescentem sequitur cura pecuniam
Majorumque fames.

Increasing wealth is attended by care and by the desire of greater increase.
j. HORACE.

Et genus et virtus, nisi cum re, vilior algâ est.

Noble descent and worth, unless united with wealth, are esteemed no more than seaweed.
k. HORACE.

Imperat aut servit collecta pecunia cuique.

Riches either serve or govern the possessor.
l. HORACE.

Licet superbus ambules pecuniæ,
Fortuna non mutat genus.

Though you strut proud of your money, yet fortune has not changed your birth.
m. HORACE.

Nescio quid curtæ semper abest rei.

Something is always wanting to our imperfect fortune.
n. HORACE.

Omnis enim res,
Virtus, fama, decus, divina, humanaque pulchris
Divitiis parent.

For everthing divine and human, virtue, fame and honor, now obey the alluring influence of riches.
o. HORACE.

Dives fieri qui vult
Et cito vult fieri.

He who wishes to become rich wishes to become so immediately.
p. JUVENAL.

Misera est magni custodia censûs.

The care of a large estate is an unpleasant thing.
q. JUVENAL.

Non propter vitam faciunt patrimonia quidam,
Sed vitio cæci propter patrimonia vivunt.

Some men do not get estates for the purpose of enjoying life, but, blinded with error, they live only for their estates.
r. JUVENAL.

Rarus enim fermè sensus communis in illâ Fortunâ.

Common sense among men of fortune is rare.
s. JUVENAL.

Facile est momento quo quis velit, cedere possessione magnæ fortunæ; facere et parare eam, difficile atque arduum est.

It is easy at any moment to resign the possession of a great fortune; to acquire it is difficult and arduous.
t. LIVY.

Nihil est periculosius in hominibus mutatâ subito fortunâ.

Nothing is more dangerous to men than a sudden change of fortune.
u. QUINTILIAN.

Fabrum esse suæ quemque fortunæ.

Every one is the artificer of his own fortune.
v. SALLUST.

Aurea rumpunt tecta quietem.

Golden roofs break men's rest.
w. SENECA.

Is maxime divitiis utitur, qui minime divitiis indiget.

He makes the best use of riches, who needs them least.

a. SENECA.

Multis parâsse divitias non finis miseriarum fuit, sed mutatio. Non est in rebus vitium sed in animo.

The acquisition of wealth with many was not an end, but a change of their miseries. The fault, however, is not in the riches but in the mind.

b. SENECA.

Repente dives nemo factus est bonus.

No good man ever became suddenly rich.

c. SYRUS.

RIDICULE.

Ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius magnas plerumquesecat res.

Ridicule often cuts the (gordian) knot more effectively than the severity of satire.

d. HORACE.

RISK.

Nil enim prodest quod lædere non posset idem.

There is nothing profitable which cannot also injure.

e. OVID.

Necesse est facere sumptum, qui quærit lucrum.

He who seeks for gain, must be at some expense.

f. PLAUTUS.

Si quis mutuum quid dederit, sit pro proprio perditum;
Cum repetas, inimicum amicum beneficio invenis tuo.
Si mage exigere cupias, duarum rerum exoritur optio;
Vel illud, quod credideris perdas, vel illum amicum amiseris.

What you lend is lost; when you ask for it back, you may find a friend made an enemy by your kindness. If you begin to press him further, you have the choice of two things—either to lose your loan or lose your friend.

g. PLAUTUS.

ROYALTY.

An nescis longos regibus esse manus?

Knowest thou not that kings have long hands?

h. OVID.

Est aliquid validâ sceptra tenere manu.

It is something to hold the sceptre with a firm hand.

i. OVID.

Sit piger ad pœnas princeps, ad præmia velox.

A monarch should be slow to punish, swift to reward.

j. OVID.

Ars prima regni posse te invidiam pati.

The first art to be learned by a ruler is to endure envy.

k. SENECA.

Omne sub regno graviore regnum est.

Every monarch is subject to a mightier one.

l. SENECA.

RUMOR.

Vana quoque ad veros accessit fama timores.

Idle rumors were also added to well-founded apprehensions.

m. LUCAN.

Nam inimici famam non ita ut nata est ferunt.

Enemies carry a report in a form different from the original.

n. PLAUTUS.

Haud semper erret fama; aliquando et elegit.

Rumor does not always err; it sometimes even elects a man.

o. TACITUS.

Mobilitate viget, et vires acquirit eundo.

It flourishes by its very activity, and gains new strength by its movements.

p. VIRGIL.

S.

SATIETY.

Omnibus in rebus voluptatibus maximis fastidium finitimum est.

In everything satiety closely follows the greatest pleasures.

q. CICERO.

Omne supervacuum pleno de pectore manat.

Everything that is superfluous overflows from the full bosom.

r. HORACE.

Fecit statim, ut fit, fastidium copia.

Satiety, as is generally the case, immediately begot loathing.

s. LIVY.

Continuis voluptatibus vicina satietas.

Satiety is a neighbor to continued pleasures.

a. QUINTILIAN.

Nam id arbitror
Adprime in vitâ esse utile ut nequid nimis.

I hold this to be the rule of life, "Too much of anything is bad."

b. TERENCE.

SATIRE.

Difficile est satiram non scribere.

It is difficult not to write satire.

c. JUVENAL.

SATISFACTION.

Ohe!
Jam satis est.

Now, that's enough.

d. HORACE.

Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo
Ipse domi, simul ac nummos contemplor in arcâ.

The people hiss me, but I applaud myself at home, when I contemplate the money in my chest.

e. HORACE.

Qua positus fueris in statione, mane.

Stay in that station in which you have been placed.

f. OVID.

Si animus est æquus tibi satis habes, qui bene vitam colas.

If you are content, you have enough to live comfortably.

g. PLAUTUS.

Sufficit ad id, Natura quod poscit.

We have enough for what nature requires.

h. SENECA.

SEA, THE

Mare quidem commune cert 'est omnibus.

The sea is certainly common to all.

i. PLAUTUS.

Rari nantes in gurgite vasto.

A few swimming in the vast deep.

j. VIRGIL.

SECRECY.

Arcanum neque tu scrutaveris ullius unquam, commissumve teges et vino tortus et irâ.

Never inquire into another man's secret; but conceal that which is intrusted to you, though pressed both by wine and anger to reveal it.

k. HORACE.

Alium silere quod voles, primus sile.

If you wish another to keep your secret, first keep it yourself.

l. SENECA.

Eo magis præfulgebat quod non videbatur.

He shone with the greater splendor, because he was not seen.

m. TACITUS.

Tacitum vivit sub pectore vulnus.

The secret wound still lives within the breast.

n. VIRGIL.

SELF-ESTEEM.

Huic maxime putamus malo fuisse nimiam opinionem ingenii atque virtutis.

In our opinion, what chiefly led to his misfortunes was too high an opinion of his own talents and valor.

o. NEPOS.

Homine imperito nunquam quidquid injustius,
Qui nisi quod ipse facit nihil rectum putat.

Nothing can be more unjust than the ignorant man, who thinks that nothing is well done unless done by himself.

p. TERENCE.

SELFISHNESS.

Esto, ut nunc multi, dives tibi pauper amicis.

Be, as many now are, luxurious to yourself, parsimonious to your friends.

q. JUVENAL.

Nitimur in vetitum semper, cupimusque negata.

We are always striving for things forbidden, and coveting those denied us.

r. OVID.

Hac re videre nostra mala non possumus;
Alii simul delinquunt, censores sumus.

Hence we cannot see our own faults; when others transgress, we become censors.

s. PHÆDRUS.

Omnes sibi malle melius esse quam alteri.

Each one wishes for his own advantage, rather than that of others.

t. TERENCE.

SELF-LOVE.

Nemo in sese tentat descendere.

No man attempts to descend into his own bosom.

u. PERSIUS.

SERENITY.

In animi securitate vitam beatam ponimus.

We think a happy life consists in tranquility of mind.

v. CICERO.

Altissima quæque flumina minimo sono labuntur.

The deepest rivers flow with least sound.

w. QUINTUS CURTIUS RUFUS.

SHAME.

Male parta, male dilabuntur.

What is dishonorably got, is dishonorably squandered.

a. CICERO.

Negligere quid de se quisque sentiat, non solum arrogantis est, sed etiam omnino dissoluti.

To disregard what the world thinks of us is not only arrogant but utterly shameless.

b. CICERO.

Stultorum incurata pudor malus ulcera celat.

It is the false shame of fools that hides ulcered sores.

c. HORACE.

Omnia Græcè!
Cum sit turpe magis nostris nescire Latinè.

Everything is Greek, when it is more shameful to be ignorant of Latin.

d. JUVENAL.

Næ simul pudere quod non oportet cœperit; quod oportet non pudebit.

As soon as she (woman) begins to be ashamed of what she ought not, she will not be ashamed of what she ought.

LIVY.

Pessimus quidem pudor vel est parsimoniæ vel frugalitatis.

The worst kind of shame is being ashamed of frugality or poverty.

f. LIVY.

Turpe est in patriâ peregrinari, et in iis rebus quæ ad patriam pertinent hospitem esse.

It is shameful for a man to be a foreigner in his own country, and a stranger to her affairs and interests.

g. MINUTIUS.

Pudet hæc oppropria nobis et dici potuisse et non potuisse repelli.

I am not ashamed that these reproaches can be cast upon us, and that they cannot be repelled.

h. OVID.

Nam ego illum periisse duco, cui quidem periit pudor.

I count him lost, who is lost to shame

i. PLAUTUS.

Domini pudet non servitutis.

I am ashamed of my master and not of my servitude.

j. SENECA.

SICKNESS.

Pars sanitatis velle sanari fuit.

The wish to be cured is a part of the cure.

k. SENECA.

SILENCE.

Rarus sermo illis et magna libido tacendi.

Their conversation was brief, and their desire was to be silent.

l. JUVENAL.

Exigua est virtus, præstare silentia rebus;
At contra gravis est culpa, tacenda loqui.

To be silent is but a small virtue; but it is a serious fault to reveal secrets.

m. OVID.

Tacere multis discitur vitæ malis.

Silence is learned by the many misfortunes of life.

n. SENECA.

SIN.

Cui peccare licet peccat minus. Ipsa potestas
Semina nequitiæ languidiora facit.

He who has it in his power to commit sin, is less inclined to do so. The very idea of being able, weakens the desire.

o. OVID.

Omnes mali sumus. Quidquid itaque in alio reprehenditur, id unusquisque in suo sinu inveniet.

We are all sinful. Therefore whatever we blame in another we shall find in our own bosoms.

p. SENECA.

SKILL.

Materiam superabat opus.

The workmanship surpassed the materials.

q. OVID.

SLANDER.

Homines qui gestant, quique auscultant crimina,
Si meo arbitratu liceat, omnes pendeant,
Gestores linguis, auditores auribus.

Your tittle-tattlers, and those who listen to slander, by my good will should all be hanged—the former by their tongues, the latter by the ears.

r. PLAUTUS.

SLAVERY.

Nimia libertas et populis et privatis in nimiam servitutem cadit.

Excessive liberty leads both nations and individuals into excessive slavery.

s. CICERO.

Beneficium accipere libertatem vendere est.

To receive a benefit is to sell your liberty.

t. LABERIUS.

Nemo liber est, qui corpori servit.

No man is free who is a slave to the flesh.

u. SENECA.

SLEEP.

Et idem
Indignor quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus;
Verum opere longo fas est obrepere somnum.

I, too, am indignant when the worthy Homer nods; yet in a long work it is allowable for sleep to creep over the writer.

a. HORACE.

Alliciant somnos tempus motusque merumque.

Time, motion and wine cause sleep.

b. OVID.

SORROW.

Stultum est in luctu capillum sibi evellere, quasi calvitio mæror levaretur.

It is foolish to pluck out one's hair for sorrow, as if grief could be assuaged by baldness.

c. CICERO.

Oderunt hilarem tristes tristemque jocosi.

The sorrowful dislike the gay, and the gay the sorrowful.

d. HORACE.

Nulla dies mærore caret.

There is no day without sorrow.

e. SENECA.

SPEECH.

Lingua mali pars pessima servi.

The tongue is the vile slave's vilest part.

f. JUVENAL.

Sæpe tacens vocem verbaque vultus habet.

The silent countenance often speaks.

g. OVID.

Negatas artifex sequi voces.

He attempts to use language which he does not know.

h. PERSIUS.

Sermoni huic obsonas.

You drown him by your talk.

i. PLAUTUS.

Talis hominibus est oratio qualis vita.

Men's conversation is like their life.

j. SENECA.

Sæpius locutum, nunquam me tacuisse pœnitet.

I have often regretted having spoken, never having kept silent.

k. SYRUS.

Sermo animi est imago; qualis vir, talis et oratio est.

Conversation is the image of the mind; as the man, so is his language.

l. SYRUS.

Vox faucibus hæsit.

My voice stuck in my throat.

m. VIRGIL.

SPENDING.

Non tibi illud apparere si sumas potest.

If you spend a thing you cannot have it.

n. PLAUTUS.

SPIRITUALITY.

Deus est in pectore nostro.

There is a divinity within our breast.

o. OVID.

Est deus in nobis, et sunt commercia cœli.
Sedibus ætheriis spiritus ille venit.

There is a god within us, and we have intercourse with heaven. That spirit comes from abodes on high.

p. OVID.

STRENGTH.

Nihil tam firmum est cui periculum non sit etiam ab invalido.

Nothing is strong that may not be endangered even by the weak.

q. QUINTUS CURTIUS RUFUS.

Plus potest qui plus valet.

The stronger always succeeds.

r. PLAUTUS.

STUDY.

Hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis solatium et perfugium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.

These (literary) studies are the food of youth, and consolation of age; they adorn prosperity, and are the comfort and refuge of adversity; they are pleasant at home, and are no incumbrance abroad; they accompany us at night, in our travels, and in our rural retreats.

s. CICERO.

STYLE.

Aliter scribimus quod eos solos quibus mittimus, aliter quod multos lecturos putamus.

We use one style, when we think that only those to whom we write will read our letters; and another, when many will read them.

t. CICERO.

SUCCESS.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.

He has carried every point, who has mingled the useful with the agreeable.

u. HORACE.

Successus improborum plures allicit.

The success of the wicked entices many more.

v. PHÆDRUS.

Honesta quædam scelera successus facit.

Success makes some crimes honorable.

w. SENECA.

Nullus cunctationi locus est in eo consilio quod non potest laudari nisi peractum.

There is no room for hesitation in any enterprise which can be justified only by success.

a. TACITUS.

Non equidem invideo; miror magis.

Indeed, I do not envy your fortune; I rather am surprised at it.

b. VIRGIL.

SUFFERING.

Ratio in angustis facile est contemnere vitam; Fortiter ille facit qui miser esse potest.

It is easy in adversity to despise death; he has real fortitude who bears his sufferings.

c. MARTIAL.

Leniter ex merito quidquid patiare ferendum est,
Quæ venit indigne pœna dolenda venit.

What is deservedly suffered must be borne with calmness, but when the pain is unmerited, the grief is resistless.

d. OVID.

Levia perpessi sumus
Si flenda patimur.

We have suffered lightly, if we have suffered what we should weep for.

e. SENECA.

Magis exurunt
Quos secretæ lacerant curæ.

They suffer not whom secret cares torment.

f. SENECA.

SUFFRAGE.

Nam ego in istâ sum sententiâ, quâ te fuisse semper scio, nihil ut fuerit in suffragiis voce melius.

I am of the opinion which you have always held, that "viva voce" voting at elections is the best method.

g. CICERO.

Non ego ventosæ plebis suffragia venor.

I court not the votes of the fickle mob.

h. HORACE.

SUPERSTITION.

Accedit etiam mors, quæ quasi saxum Tantalo semper impendit: tum superstitio, quâ qui est imbutus quietus esse numquam potest.

Death approaches, which is always impending like the stone over Tantalus: then comes superstition with which he who is imbued can never have peace of mind.

i. CICERO.

Superstitio, in quâ inest inanis timor Dei; religio, quæ Dei pio cultu continetur.

There is in superstition a senseless fear of God; religion consists in the pious worship of God.

j. CICERO.

Superstitione tollendâ religio non tollitur.

Religion is not removed by removing superstition.

k. CICERO.

Minimis etiam rebus prava religio inserit deos.

A foolish superstition introduces the influences of the gods even in the smallest matters.

l. LIVY.

SUSCEPTIBILITY.

Quem res plus nimis delectavere secundæ Mutatæ quatient.

The man who most enjoys prosperity, will most acutely feel adversity.

m. HORACE.

SUSPICION.

Paullum distare videtur
Suspectus vereque reus.

The suspected and the really guilty seem to differ but slightly.

n. AUSONIUS.

Cautus enim metuit foveam lupus, accipiterque
Suspectos laqueos, et opertum milvius hamum.

The wolf dreads the pitfall, the hawk suspects the snare, and the kite the covered hook.

o. HORACE.

Ad tristem partem strenua est suspicio.

The losing side is full of suspicion.

p. SYRUS.

Omnes, quibus res sunt minus
Secundæ, magis sunt, nescio quomodo,
Suspiciosi; ad contumeliam omnia accipiunt magis;
Propter suam impotentiam se credunt negligi.

All persons as they become less prosperous, are the more suspicious. They take everything as an affront; and from their conscious weakness, presume that they are neglected.

q. TERENCE.

SWEARING.

Juvavi linguâ, mentem injuratam gero.

I have sworn with my tongue, but my mind is unsworn.

r. CICERO.

In totum jurare, nisi ubi necesse est, gravi viro parum convenit.

To swear, except when necessary, is unbecoming to an honorable man.

s. QUINTILIAN.

T.

TALENTS.

Magni est ingenii revocare mentem a sensibus, et cogitationem a consuetudine abducere.

It is a proof of great talents to recall the mind from the senses, and to separate thought from habit.

a. CICERO.

TASTE.

Poscentes vario multum diversa palato.

Requiring, with various tastes, things very unlike.

b. HORACE.

Fastidientis est stomachi multa degustare.

It proves a squeamish stomach to taste of many things.

c. SENECA.

TEACHING.

Quod enim munus reipublicæ afferre majus, meliusve possumus, quam si docemus atque erudimus juventutem?

What greater or better gift can we offer the republic, than to teach and instruct our youth?

d. CICERO.

TEARS.

Hinc illæ lacrymæ.

Hence these tears.

e. HORACE.

Est quædam flere voluptas;
Expletur lacrymis egeriturque dolor.

It is some relief to weep; grief is satisfied and carried off by tears.

f. OVID.

Interdum lacrymæ pondera vocis habent.

Tears are sometimes as weighty as words.

g. OVID.

Sunt lacrymæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.

Tears are due to human misery, and human sufferings touch the mind.

h. VIRGIL.

TEMPERANCE.

Est in aquâ dulci non invidiosa voluptas.

There is no small pleasure in pure water.

i. OVID.

Bonarum rerum consuetudo pessima est.

The too constant use even of good things is hurtful.

j. SYRUS.

THOUGHT.

Vivere est cogitare.

To think is to live.

k. CICERO.

TIME.

Opinionum enim commenta delet dies; naturæ judicia confirmat.

Time destroys the groundless conceits of men; it confirms decisions founded on reality.

l. CICERO.

Quid non longa valebit permutare dies?

What will not length of time be able to change?

m. CLAUDIANUS.

Damnosa quid non imminuit dies?

What does not destructive time destroy?

n. HORACE.

Quidquid sub terrâ est, in apricum proferet ætas;
Defodiet condetque nitentia.

Time will bring to light whatever is hidden; it will cover up and conceal what is now shining in splendor.

o. HORACE.

Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes.

Each passing year robs us of some possession.

p. HORACE.

Tempus edax rerum.

Time that devours all things.

q. HORACE.

Truditur dies die.

One day is pressed on by another.

r. HORACE.

Nondum omnium dierum sol occidit.

The sun of all my days has not yet set.

s. LIVY.

Volat hora per orbem.

The hours fly along in a circle.

t. LUCRETIUS.

Caducis
Percussu crebo saxa cavantur aquis.

Stones are hollowed out by the constant dropping of water.

u. OVID.

Labitur occulte, fallitque volubilis ætas,
Ut celer admissis labitur amnis aquis.

Time steals on and escapes us, like the swift river that glides on with rapid stream.

v. OVID.

Temporis ars medicina fere est.

Time is generally the best medicine.
a. Ovid.

Utendum est ætate; cito pede labitur ætas.

We must improve our time; time goes with rapid foot.
b. Ovid.

Longissimus dies cito conditur.

The longest day soon comes to an end.
c. Pliny the Younger.

Infinita est velocitas temporis quæ magis apparet respicientibus.

The swiftness of time is infinite, which is still more evident to those who look back upon the past.
d, Seneca.

Nullum ad nocendum tempus angustum est malis.

No time is too short for the wicked to injure their neighbors.
e. Seneca.

Omnis nimium longa properanti mora est.

Every delay is too long to one who is in a hurry.
f. Seneca.

Quidquid cœpit, et desinit.

Whatever begins, also ends.
g. Seneca.

Quod ratio non quit sæpe sanavit mora.

Time often heals what reason cannot.
h. Seneca.

Volat ambiguis
Mobilis alis hora.

The swift hour flies on double wings.
i. Seneca.

Scelera impetu, bona consilia morâ valescunt.

Crimes succeed by sudden despatch; honest counsels gain vigor by delay.
j. Tacitus.

TRAINING.

Viamque insiste domandi
Dum faciles animi juvenum, dum mobilis ætas.

Take the course of a strong rule, while the mind of youth is flexible and impressible.
k, Virgil.

TREACHERY.

Nemo unquam sapiens proditori credendum putavit.

No wise man ever thought that a traitor should be trusted.
l. Cicero.

Ipsa se fraus, etiamsi initio cautior fuerit, detegit.

Treachery, though at first very cautious, in the end betrays itself.
m. Livy.

TRIFLES.

Levitatis est inanem aucupari rumorem.

His is a trifling character who seeks for fame through silly reports.
n. Cicero.

Hæc nugæ seria ducent
In mala.

These trifles will lead to serious mischief.
o. Horace.

Ut vellem his potius nugis tota illa desisset
Tempora sævitiæ.

Would to heaven he had given up to trifles like these all the time which he devoted to cruelty.
p. Juvenal.

Dare pondus idonea fumo.

Fit to give weight to smoke.
q. Persius.

Magno conatu magnas nugas.

By great efforts obtain great trifles.
r. Terence.

TROUBLE.

Hoc scito nimio celerius
Venire quod molestum est, quam id quod cupide petas.

Know this, that troubles come swifter than the things we desire.
s. Plautus.

TRUTH.

Judicis est semper in causis verum sequi.

It is a judge's duty in all trials to follow truth.
t. Cicero.

Naturâ inest mentibus nostris insatiabilis quædam cupiditas veri videndi.

Our minds possess by nature an insatiable desire to know the truth.
u. Cicero.

Nihil est veritatis luce dulcius.

Nothing is more delightful than the light of truth.
v. Cicero.

Qui semel a veritate deflexit, hic non majore religione ad perjurium quam ad mendacium perduci consuevit.

He who has once deviated from the truth, usually commits perjury with as little scruple as he would tell a lie.
w. Cicero.

Quid verum atque decens curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.

My cares and my inquiries are for decency and truth, and in this I am wholly occupied.
x. Horace.

Ridentem dicere verum,
Quid vetat.

What forbids a man to speak the truth in a laughing way?
a. HORACE.

Qui non liberè veritatem pronunciat, proditor est veritatis.

He who does not speak the truth freely, is a betrayer of the truth.
b. INST. EPIL.

Veritatem laborare nimis sæpe, aiunt, extingui nunquam.

It is said that truth is often eclipsed but never extinguished.
c. LIVY.

Pericula veritati sæpe contigua.

Truth is often attended with danger.
d. AMMIANUS MARCELLINUS.

Veritatis absolutus sermo ac semper est simplex.

The language of truth is unadorned and always simple.
e. AMMIANUS MARCELLINUS.

Non opus est verbis, credite rebus ait.

There is no need of words; believe facts.
f. OVID.

Ego verum amo, verum volo mihi dici; mendacem odi.

I love truth and wish to have it always spoken to me: I hate a liar.
g. PLAUTUS.

Dum omnia quærimus, aliquando ad verum, ubi minime expectavimus, perveminus.

While we are examining into everything we sometimes find truth where we least expected it.
h. QUINTILIAN.

Veritas nunquam perit.

Truth never perishes.
i. SENECA.

Veritas odit moras.

Truth hates delays.
j. SENECA.

Veritatem dies aperit.

Time discovers truth.
k. SENECA.

Veritatis simplex oratio est.

The language of truth is simple.
l. SENECA.

Veritas visû et morâ, falsa festinatione et incertis valescunt.

Truth is confirmed by inspection and delay: falsehood by haste and uncertainty.
m. TACITUS.

TYRANNY.

Quid violentius aure tyranni?

What is more cruel than a tyrant's ear?
n. JUVENAL.

Gaudetque viam fecisse ruinâ.

He rejoices to have made his way by ruin.
o. LUCAN.

Omnes habentur et dicuntur tyranni, qui potestate sunt perpetuâ, in eâ civitate quae libertate usa est.

All men are held and called tyrants, who possess perpetual power, in a state which once enjoyed freedom.
p. NEPOS.

U.

UBIQUITY.

Nusquam est, qui ubique est.

He who is everywhere is nowhere.
q. SENECA.

UNCERTAINTY.

Quis scit, an adjiciant hodiernæ crastina summæ
Tempora Di superi?

Who knows whether the gods will add tomorrow to the present hour?
r. HORACE.

Ludit in humanis divina potentia rebus,
Et certam præsens vix habet hora fidem.

Heaven makes sport of human affairs, and the present hour gives no sure promise of the next.
s. OVID.

Omnia sunt hominum tenui pendentia filo:
Et subito casu, quæ valuere, ruunt.

All human things hang on a slender thread: the strongest fall with a sudden crash.
t. OVID.

UNHAPPINESS.

Graviora quæ patiantur videntur jam hominibus quam quæ metuant.

Present sufferings seem far greater to men than those they merely dread.
a. LIVY.

Ego esse miserun credo, cui placet nemo.

I believe that man to be wretched whom none can please.
b. MARTIAL.

Miserias properant suas
Audire miseri.

The wretched hasten to hear of their own miseries.
c. SENECA.

Plus impetus majorem constantiam penes miseros.

There is more violence as well as perseverance among the wretched.
d. TACITUS.

UNIFORMITY.

Servetur ad imum,
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.

From first to last a man should maintain his character and in all things be consistent.
e. HORACE.

Cantilenam eandem canis.

You are harping on the same string.
f. TERENCE.

UNION.

Etenim omnes artes, quæ ad humanitatem pertinent, habent quoddam commune vinculum, et quasi cognatione quâdam inter se continentur.

All the arts which belong to polished life have some common tie, and are connected as it were by some relationship.
g. CICERO.

Concordiâ res parvæ cresunt, discordiâ maximæ dilabantur.

By union the smallest states thrive, by discord the greatest are destroyed.
h. SALLUST.

Auxilia humilia firma consensus facit.

Union gives strength to the humble.
i. SYRUS.

Quo res cunque cadant, unum et commune periculum,
Una salus ambobus erit.

Whatever may be the issue we shall share one common danger, one safety.
j. VIRGIL.

VANITY.

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu? Parturiunt montes; nascetur ridiculus mus.

What will this boaster produce worthy of this mouthing? The mountains are in labor; a ridiculous mouse will be born.
k. HORACE.

Qui genus suum
Aliena laudat.

He who boasts of his descent, praises the deeds of another.
l. SENECA.

VENERATION.

Præceptores suos adolescens veneratur ac suspicit.

The young venerate and look up to their teachers.
m. SENECA.

VICE.

Velocius ac citius nos
Corrumpunt vitiorum exempla domestica magnis
Cum subeant animos auctoribus.

We are more speedily and fatally corrupted by domestic examples of vice, when they impress our minds by high authority.
n. HORACE.

Nemo repente fuit turpissimus.

No man ever became utterly depraved in an instant.
o. JUVENAL.

Parcere personis, dicere de vitiis.

To spare persons, to lash vices.
p. MARTIAL.

Amici vitium si feras, facis tuum.

If you share the crime of your friend, you make it your own.
q. SYRUS.

Neque femina amissâ pudicitiâ alia abnuerit.

When a woman has lost her chastity, she will shrink from no crime.

a. TACITUS.

Alitur vitium vivitque tegendo.

Vice thrives and lives by concealment.

b. VIRGIL.

VIRTUE.

Accipere quam facere injuriam præstat.

It is better to receive than to do a wrong.

c. CICERO.

Est haec sæculi labes quædam et macula virtuti invidere, velle ipsum florem dignitatis infringere.

It is the stain and disgrace of the age to envy virtue, and to be anxious to crush the very flower of dignity.

d. CICERO.

Honor est præmium virtutis.

Honor is the reward of virtue.

e. CICERO.

In virtute sunt multi adscensus.

In the approach to virtue there are many steps.

f. CICERO.

Nam ut quisque est vir optimus, ita difficillime esse alios improbos suspicatur.

The more virtuous any man is, the less easily does he suspect others to be vicious.

g. CICERO.

Nec vero habere virtutem satis est, quasi artem aliquam, nisi utare.

It is not enough merely to possess virtue, as if it were an art; it should be practised.

h. CICERO.

Nihil est, mihi crede, virtute formosius, nihil pulchrius, nihil amabilius.

Nothing, believe me, is more beautiful than virtue; nothing fairer; nothing more lovely.

i. CICERO.

Vacare culpâ magnum est solatium.

To be free from fault is a great comfort.

j. CICERO.

Vera laus uni virtuti debetur.

True praise is due to virtue alone.

k. CICERO.

Virtus in usu sui tota posita est.

The whole of its virtue consists in its practice.

l. CICERO.

Virtute enim ipsâ non tam multi prætidi esse, quam videri volunt.

Fewer possess virtue, than those who wish us to believe that they possess it.

m. CICERO.

Virtutem nemo unquam acceptam deo retulit.

No one ever acknowledged having received virtue from a god.

n. CICERO.

Ipsa quidem virtus præmium sibi.

Virtue is indeed its own reward.

o. CLAUDIANUS.

Vile latens virtus.

Virtue when concealed is a worthless thing.

p. CLAUDIANUS.

Oderunt peccare boni virtutis amore.

The good hate sin because they love virtue.

q. HORACE.

Sincerum est nisi vas, quodcunque infundis acescit.

Unless the vessel be pure, whatever you put in will turn sour.

r. HORACE.

Uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis.

Tolerant only to virtue and her friends.

s. HORACE.

Virtus est medium vitiorum et utriusque reductum.

Virtue is a medium between two vices, and is at a distance from both.

t. HORACE.

Virtus est vitium fugere, et sapientiâ prima.

Virtue consists in avoiding vice, and is the highest wisdom.

u. HORACE.

Virtutem incolumem adimus,
Sublatam ex oculis quærimus.

We hate virtue when it is safe, when removed from our sight we diligently seek it.

v. HORACE.

Major famæ sitis est quam
Virtutis: quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipsam
Præmia si tollas.

The thirst for fame is greater than that for virtue; for who would embrace virtue itself if you take away its rewards?

w. JUVENAL.

Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus.

Virtue is the only and true nobility.

x. JUVENAL.

Semita certè
Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ.

The only path to a tranquil life is through virtue.

y. JUVENAL.

Virtus laudatur et alget.

Virtue is praised and freezes.

z. JUVENAL.

Virtutem videant, intabescantque relictâ.

Let them (the wicked) see the beauty of virtue, and pine at having forsaken her.

a. JUVENAL.

Vivendum est recte; cum propter plurima tum his
Præcipue causis, ut linguas mancipiorum
Contemnas; nam lingua mali pars pessima servi.

You should live virtuously for many reasons, but particularly that you may despise the tongues of your slaves. The tongue is the worst part of a bad servant.

b. JUVENAL.

Magnos homines virtute metimur non fortunâ.

We estimate great men by their virtue not by their success.

c. NEPOS.

Dummodo morata recte veniat, dotata est satis.

Provided a woman be well principled, she has dowry enough.

d. PLAUTUS.

Quam ad probos propinquitate proxime te adjunxeris,
Tam optimum est.

The more closely you can unite yourself with the virtuous, so much the better.

e. PLAUTUS.

Qui per virtutem peritat, non interit.

He who dies for virtue, does not perish.

f. PLAUTUS.

Virtus, etiamsi quosdam impetus a naturâ sumit, tamen perficienda doctrinâ est.

Although virtue receives some of its excellencies from nature, yet it is perfected by education.

g. QUINTILIAN.

Nihil tam alte natura constituit quo virtus non possit eniti.

Nature has placed nothing so high that virtue cannot reach it.

h. QUINTUS CURTIUS RUFUS.

Divitiarum et formæ gloria fluxa atque fragilis; virtus clara æternaque habetur.

The glory of riches and of beauty is frail and transitory; virtue remains bright and eternal.

i. SALLUST.

Sine virtute esse amicitia nullo pacto potest; quæ autem inter bonos amicitia dicitur hæc inter malos factio est.

There can be no friendship without virtue; for that intimacy, which among good men is called friendship, becomes faction among the bad.

j. SALLUST.

Facilis est ad beatam vitam via; inite modo, ipsis dis bene juvantibus.

The path to a happy life is easy: only enter it boldly with the favor of the gods.

k. SENECA.

Nunquam potest non esse virtuti locus.

There must ever be a place for virtue.

l. SENECA.

Virtute retro ire non licet.

Virtue is not allowed to go backward.

m. SENECA.

Explorant adversa viros. Perque aspera dura
Nititur ad laudem virtus interrita clivo.

Adversity tries men: but virtue struggles after fame regardless of the adverse heights.

n. SILIUS ITALICUS.

Puras Deus non plenas adspicit manus.

God looks at pure, not full, hands.

o. SYRUS.

Stat sua cuique dies; breve et irreparabile tempus
Omnibus est vitæ; sed famam extendere factis
Hoc virtutis opus.

Every man has his appointed day; life is brief and irrevocable; but it is the work of virtue to extend our fame by our deeds.

p. VIRGIL.

W.

WANT.

Semper avarus eget.

The miser is ever in want.

q. HORACE.

Tam deest avaro quod habet, quam quod non habet.

The miser is as much in want of what he has, as of what he has not.

r. SYRUS.

WAR.

Veni, vidi, vici.

I came, I saw, I conquered.

s. JULIUS CÆSAR.

Delenda est Carthago.

Carthage must be destroyed.

t. CATO.

Bellum autem ita suscipiatur, ut nihil aliud, nisi pax, quæsita videatur.

Let war be so carried on that no other object may seem to be sought but the acquisition of peace.

a. CICERO.

Silent leges inter arma.

The law is silent during war.

b. CICERO.

Ducis ingenium res
Adversae nudare solent, celare secundae.

Adversity reveals the skill of a general, prosperity conceals it.

c. HORACE.

Alta sedent civilis vulnera dextræ.

The wounds of civil war are deeply felt.

d. LUCAN.

Non tam portas intrare patentes
Quam fregisse juvat; nec tam patiente colono
Arva premi, quam si ferro populetur et igni;
Concessâ pudet ire viâ.

The conqueror is not so much pleased by entering into open gates, as by forcing his way. He desires not the fields to be cultivated by the patient husbandman; he would have them laid waste by fire and sword. It would be his shame to go by a way already opened.

e. LUCAN.

Omnibus hostes
Reddite nos populis—civile avertite vellum.

Make us enemies of every people on earth, but prevent a civil war.

f. LUCAN.

Rara fides probitasque viris qui castra sequuntur.

Good faith and probity are rarely found among the followers of the camp.

g. LUCAN.

Nihil in bello oportet contemni.

Nothing should be despised in war.

h. NEPOS.

Adjuvat in bello pacatæ ramus olivæ.

In war the olive branch of peace is of use.

i. OVID.

Fortuna belli semper ancipiti in loco est.

The fortune of war is always doubtful.

j. SENECA.

Facilior inter malos consensus ad bellum quam in pace ad concordiam.

The wicked find it easier to unite for war, than for concord in peace.

k. TACITUS.

Miseram pacem vel bello bene mutari.

Even war is better than a wretched peace.

l. TACITUS.

Nec quies gentium sine armis, nec arma sine stipendiis, nec stipendia sine tributis.

There can be no tranquillity of nations without troops, no troops without pay, no pay without taxes.

m. TACITUS.

Ratio et consilium propriæ ducis artes.

The proper qualities of a general are judgment and deliberation.

n. TACITUS.

Dolus an virtus quis in hoste requirat?

Who asks whether the enemy were defeated by strategy or valor?

o. VIRGIL.

Sævit amor ferri et scelerata insania belli.

The love of arms and the mad wickedness of war are raging.

p. VIRGIL.

Una salus victis nullam sperare salutem.

The only safety for the conquered is to expect no safety.

q. VIRGIL.

WEAKNESS.

Nequeo monstrare et sentio tantum.

I only feel, but want the power to paint.

r. JUVENAL.

Alieno in loco
Haud stabile regnum est.

The throne of another is not stable for thee.

s. SENECA.

WEALTH.

Et genus et formam regina pecunia donat.

All powerful money gives birth and beauty.

t. HORACE.

In pretio pretium nunc est: dat census honores,
Census amicitias; pauper ubique jacit.

Money now-a-days is money; money brings office; money gains friends: everywhere the poor man is down.

u. OVID.

Opum furiata cupido.

The ungovernable passion for wealth.

v. OVID.

Paucis carior est fides quam pecunia.

Few set a higher value on good faith, than on money.

w. SALLUST.

WINE.

Fœcundi calices quem non fecere disertum.

Whom has not the inspiring bowl made eloquent.

x. HORACE.

Quis post vina gravem militiam aut pauperiem crepat?

Who prates of war or want after his wine?
a. HORACE.

Spes donare novas largus, amaraque
Curarum eluere efficax.

Mighty to inspire new hopes, and able to drown the bitterness of cares.
b. HORACE.

WISDOM.

Malo indisertam prudentiam quam stultitiam loquacem.

I prefer the wisdom of the uneducated to the folly of the loquacious.
c. CICERO.

Quis nam igitur liber? Sapiens qui sibi imperiosus.

Who then is free? The wise man who can govern himself.
d. HORACE.

Sapere aude.

Dare to be wise.
e. HORACE.

Victrix fortunæ sapientia.

Wisdom is the conqueror of fortune.
f. JUVENAL.

Non est, crede mihi, sapientis dicere "vivam."
Sera nimis vita est crastina, vive hodie.

It is not, believe me, the act of a wise man to say, "I will live." To-morrow's life is too late; live to-day.
g. MARTIAL.

Quisquis plus justo non sapit, ille sapit.

Whoever is not too wise, is wise.
h. MARTIAL.

Festinare nocet, nocet et cunctatio sæpe;
Tempore quæque suo qui facit, ille sapit.

It is injurious to hasten, and delay is often injurious. That man is wise who does everything in its proper time.
i. OVID.

Feliciter sapit qui alieno periculo sapit.

He gains wisdom in a happy way, who gains it by another's experience.
j. PLAUTUS.

Nemo solus sapit.

No man is the only wise man.
k. PLAUTUS.

Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit.

No one is wise at all times.
l. PLINY THE ELDER.

Satis eloquentiæ, sapientiæ parum.

Enough eloquence, little wisdom.
m. SALLUST.

Melius in malis sapimus, secunda rectum auferunt.

We become wiser by adversity; prosperity destroys our appreciation of the right.
n. SENECA.

Nulli sapere casu obtigit.

No man was ever wise by chance.
o. SENECA.

Dictum sapienti sat est.

A word to the wise is enough.
p. TERENCE.

Isthuc est sapere non quod ante pedes modo est
Videre sed etiam illa, quæ futura sunt Prospicere.

True wisdom consists not in seeing what is immediately before our eyes, but in foreseeing what is to come.
q. TERENCE.

WIT.

O quantum est subitis casibus ingenium.

What quick wit is found in sudden straits.
r. MARTIAL.

WOMAN.

Nulla fere causa est, in quâ non fœmina litem.

There are few disputes in life, which do not originate with a woman.
s. JUVENAL.

Parvis mobilis rebus animus muliebris.

A woman's mind is affected by the meanest gifts.
t. LIVY.

Mulieri nimio male facere melius est onus, quam bene.

A woman finds it much easier to do ill than well.
u. PLAUTUS.

Multa sunt mulierum vitia, sed hoc e multis maximum,
Cum sibi nimis placent, nimisque operam dant ut placeant viris.

Women have many faults, but of the many this is the greatest, that they please themselves too much, and give too little attention to pleasing the men.
v. PLAUTUS.

Aut amat aut odit mulier, nihil est tertium.

A woman either loves or hates, she knows no medium.
w. SYRUS.

Novi ingenium mulierum;
Nolunt ubi velis, ubi nolis cupiunt ultro.

I know the nature of women. When you will, they will not; when you will not, they come of their own accord.
x. TERENCE.

Varium et mutabile semper,
Fœmina.

A woman is always changeable and capricious.
a. VIRGIL.

WORDS.

Verbaque dicuntur dictis contraria verbis.

The same words imply a different meaning.
b. OVID.

WORK.

Ardua molimur; sed nulla nisi ardua virtus.

I attempt a different work; but there is no excellence without difficulty.
c. OVID.

WRITING.

Sæpe stilum vertas, iterum quæ digna legi sint
Scripturus.

Often turn the stile [correct with care], if you expect to write anything worthy of being read twice.
d. HORACE.

Scribendi recte sapere et principium et fons.

Good sense is the foundation and source of good writing.
e. HORACE.

Sumite materiam vestris qui scribitis æquam
Viribus.

Ye who write, choose a subject suited to your abilities.
f. HORACE.

Tantum series junctura pollet.

Of so much force are system and connection.
g. HORACE.

Ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura.

Where there are many beauties in a work, I shall not cavil at a few faults proceeding either from negligence or from the imperfection of our nature.
h. HORACE.

Tenet insanabile multo
Scribendi cocoëthes, et ægro in corde senescit.

An incurable itch for scribbling takes possession of many, and grows inveterate in their insane breasts.
i. JUVENAL.

Scripta ferunt annos; scriptis Agamemnone nosti,
Et quisquis contra vel simul arma tulit.

Writings survive the years; it is by writings that you know Agamemnon, and those who fought for or against him.
j. OVID.

Y.

YIELDING.

Cogi qui potest nescit mori.

The man who can be compelled knows not how to die.
k. SENECA.

YOUTH.

Prima commendatio proficiscitur a modestiâ, tum pietate in parentes, tum in suos benevolentiâ.

The chief recommendation (in a young man) is modesty, then dutiful conduct towards parents, then affection for kindred.
l. CICERO.

Teneris, heu, lubrica moribus ætas!

Alas! the slippery nature of tender youth.
m. CLAUDIANUS.

Nil dictu fœdum visuque hæc limina tangat
Intra quæ puer est.

Let nothing foul to either eye or ear reach those doors within which dwells a boy.
n. JUVENAL.

Parentes objurgatione digni sunt, qui nolunt liberos suos severâ lege proficere.

Parents deserve reproof when they refuse to benefit their children by severe discipline.
o. PETRONIUS ARBITER.

Juvenile vitium regere non posse impetum.

It is the fault of youth that it cannot govern its own violence.
p. SENECA.

Pudore et liberalitate liberos
Retinere, satius esse credo, quam metu.

It is better to keep children to their duty by a sense of honor and by kindness than by fear.
q. TERENCE.

Ut quisque suum vult esse, ita est.

As each one wishes his children to be, so they are.
r. TERENCE.

APPENDIX.

QUOTABLE MISCELLANY.

I.

PROVERBS AND MOTTOES—LATIN, FRENCH, ETC.

II.

LATIN LAW TERMS AND PHRASES IN COMMON USE.

III.

ECCLESIASTICAL TERMS AND DEFINITIONS.

IV.

NAMES, NATIVITY, ETC., OF QUOTED AUTHORS.

INDEXES.

I.

TOPICAL INDEXES TO THIS VOLUME.

II.

CONCORDANCE TO ENGLISH QUOTATIONS.

III.

INDEX TO TRANSLATION OF LATIN QUOTATIONS.

APPENDIX.

LATIN PROVERBS AND MOTTOES.

A.

Absens carens.
The absent get nothing.

Abusus non tollit usum.
Abuse does not invalidate right.

Accusare nemo se debet, nisi coram Deo.
No one need accuse himself, unless to God.

A cruce salus.
Salvation (by means of the cross.)
Motto of the Irish Earl of Mayo.

A cuspide corona.
By my spear, a crown.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Middleton.

Ad astra per aspera.
To the stars through difficulties.
Motto of Kansas.

A Deo et rege.
By God and the king.
Motto of Earl Harrington, and Earl Stanhope.

Ægrescit medendo.
Worse than the sickness is the remedy.

Æquam æquanimiter.
With equanimity.
Motto of Lord Sheffield.

Æquam servare mentem.
To be unmoved.
Motto of Lord Rivers.

Æqua tellus pauperi recluditur regumque pueris.
We shall be all alike in our graves.

Afflavit Deus et dissipantur.
The breath of God has gone forth, and they are dispersed.
Inscription on a medal struck in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, on the destruction of the Spanish armada.

Alienâ optimum frui insaniâ.
It is of the highest advantage to gain instruction from another's folly.

Alis Volat Propriis.
Another flies on his own wings.
Motto of Oregon.

Aliud mihi est agendum.
I have other fish to fry.

Amantes amentes.
Lovers are fools.

Amare inepte nil ab odio discrepat.
To love absurdly is as bad as to hate.

Ambiguum pactum contra venditorem interpretandum est.
An ambiguous contract is to be interpreted against the seller or grantor.

Amicus certus in re incertâ cernitur.
A friend is never known till one have need.

Amor tussisque non celantur.
Love and a cough cannot be concealed.

Amor vincit omnia.
Love conquers everything.

Ampliat ætatis spatium sibi vir bonus: hoc est
Vivere bis, vitâ posse priore frui.
A good man doubles the length of his life: to look back with pleasure on our past life is to double it.

Animo et fide.
By courage and faith.
Motto of Earl of Guildford.

Animo imperabit sapiens, stultus serviet
The wise man is master of his passions, the fool is their slave.

Annosa vulpes non capitur laqueo.
"You can't catch old birds with chaff."

Ante victoriam ne canas triumphum.
"Count not your chickens before they are hatched."

Aperte mala cum est mulier, tum demum est bona.
When a woman is openly bad, she then is at the best.

Appetitus rationi pareat.
Let the appetite be obedient to reason.
Motto of Irish Earl Fitz William.

Argent comptant porte mèdecine.
Ready money brings medicine.

Ars longa, vita brevis.
Art is long, life short.

Astra regunt homines, sed regit astra Deus.
The stars govern men, but God governs the stars.

At spes non fracta.
But my hope is not broken.
Motto of the second Earl Hopetoun.

Auctor pretiosa facit.
The giver makes the gift more precious.
Motto of the Earl of Buckingham.

Audaces fortuna juvat, timidosque repellit.
Fortune assists the bold and repels the coward.

Audaciter et sincere.
Boldly and sincerely.
Motto of Lords Clare and Clive.

Auditque vocatus Apollo.
Apollo hears when called upon.

Aurea mediocritas.
The golden mean.

Auream quisquis mediocritatem
Diligit, tutus caret obsoleti
Sordibus tecti; caret invidendâ
Sobrius aulâ.
Whoever chooses the golden mean, serene and safe dwells neither in a wretched hovel, nor in an envied palace.

Aut Cæsar, aut nullus.
He will be Cæsar or nobody.

Aut nunquam tentes aut perfice.
Either never attempt or else accomplish.
Motto of Duke of Dorset.

Avi memorantur avorum.
I count grandfathers' grandfathers: (I follow a long train of ancestors.)
Motto of Lord Grantley.

Avise la fin.
Consider the end.
Motto of Second Earl of Cassilis.

B.

Basis virtutum constantia.
Steadiness is the foundation of all virtues.
Motto of Viscount Hereford.

Beneficia dare qui nescit, injuste petit.
He who knows not how to confer a kindness cannot justly ask for one.

Bene qui latuit, bene vixit.
Who lives in retirement, lives well.

Benigno numine.
By a kind providence.
Motto of the Founder of the House of Chatham.

Benignus etiam dandi causam cogitat.
Even the benevolent man reflects on the cause of giving.

Bis dat qui cito dat.
He gives twice who gives soon.

Bis est gratum quod opus est si ultro offeras.
That which is necessary is doubly grateful if you offer it of your own accord.

Bonum magis carendo quam fruendo, cernitur.
A good thing is appreciated more by its absence than by its enjoyment.

C.

Candidè et constanter.
Candidly and constantly.
Motto of the Earl of Coventry

Candor dat viribus alas.
Truth gives wings to strength.
The Motto of the Irish Earl of Belvedere.

Caseus est nequâm quia digerit omnia æquam.
Cheese is good for little. It digests all things but itself.

Casus, quem sæpe transit, aliquando invenit.
Whom chance frequently passes over, it at some time finds.

Catus amat pisces, sed non vult tingere plantas.
The cat loves fish but will not wet her paws.

Cavendo tutus.
Safe by caution.
The Motto of the House of Cavendish.

Cave tibi cane muto, aquâ silente.
Beware of the silent dog and still water.

Cedant arma togæ, concedat laurea linguæ.
Let arms yield to the gown, and the laurel give way to the tongue.

Cede Deo.
Yield to Providence.

Celsæ graviore casu decidunt turres.
Lofty towers fall with the greatest crash.

Citò maturum citò putridum.
Soon ripe soon rotten.

Clarior e tenebris.
More bright from obscurity.
The Motto of the Irish Earl of Miltown.

Cœlum non animum.
You may change your climate not your mind.
Motto of Earl Waldgrave.

Cogito ergo sum.
I think, therefore I exist.
Maxim of Descartes.

Compendiaria res improbitas, virtusque tarda.
Wickedness takes the shorter road, and virtue the longer.

Confido, conquiesco,
I confide, and am content.
Motto of the Second Earl of Dysart.

Conscia mens recti famæ mendacia ridet.
The mind which is conscious of right despises the lies of rumor.

Consequitur quodcunque petit.
He attains whatever he pursues.
Motto of the Irish Earl Bective.

Consilio et animis.
By wisdom and courage.
Motto of Second Earl of Lauderdale.

Constantia et virtute.
By constancy and virtue.
Motto of Lord Amherst.

Corrumpunt bonus mores colloquia prava.
Depraved conversation will corrupt the best morals.

Corruptio optimi pessima.
The corruption of the best is productive of the worst.

Cor unum, via una.
One heart, one way.
Motto of Earl of Exeter.

Cras credemus, hodie nihil.
To-morrow we will believe but not to-day.

Crescite, et multiplicamini.
Increase, and multiply.
Motto of Maryland.

Crescit sub pondere virtus.
Virtue grows under an imposed weight.
Motto of Earl of Dunbigh.

Crimina qui cernunt aliorum, non sua cernunt;
There are those who can see the faults of others, but who cannot discern their own.

Cruci, dum spiro, fido.
While I breathe I trust in the cross.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Netterville.

Cuilibet in arte suâ credendum est.
Every man is to be trusted in his own art.

Cujuslibet est solum, ejus usque ad cœlum.
He who has property in the soil has the same up to the sky.

Cum licet fugere, ne quare litem.
Do not seek the quarrel which there is an opportunity of escaping.

Cur omnium fit culpa, paucorum scelus?
Why should the wickedness of a few be laid to the account of all?

D.

Damnum appellandum est cum malâ fama lucrum.
The gain which is made at the expense of reputation should rather be set down as a loss.

Data fata secutus.
Following his declared fate.
Motto of Lord St. John.

Decori decus addit avito.
He adds honor to his ancestral honors.
Motto of Second Earl of Kellie.

Decrevi.
I have decreed.
Motto of the Irish Earl of Westmeath.

Dedecus ille domûs sciet ultimus.
The good man is the last who knows what is amiss at home.

De gustibus non est disputandum.
There is no disputing about tastes.

De monte alto.
From a high mountain.
Motto of the Irish Baron De Montalt.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum.
Let nothing but good be spoken of the dead.

De non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio.
The reasoning with respect to things which do not appear, and things which do not exist must be the same.

Deo adjuvante non timendum.
By God's aid there is nothing to be feared.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Fitz William.

Deo date.
Give to God.
Motto of Lord Arundel.

Deo duce, ferro comitante.
My God my guide, and my sword my companion.
Motto of the Irish Earl of Charlemont.

Deo, non fortunâ.
From God, not fortune.
Motto of Lord Digby.

Dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet.
Call no one happy before he dies.

Dies diem docet.
One day teaches the other.

Difficilia quæ pulchra.
The best of things are difficult to get.

Dirigo.
I lead.
Motto of Maine.

Divide et impera.
Divide and govern.

Docendo discimus.
We learn by teaching.

Docti male pingunt.
Learned men paint badly, (write a bad hand).

Dominus providebit.
God will provide.
Motto of Second Earl of Glasgow.

Ducit amor patriæ.
The love of my country leads me.
Motto of the Irish Baron Milford.

Dum spiro, spero.
Whilst I breathe, I hope.
Motto of the Irish Viscounts Dillon.

Dum vivimus, vivamus.
While we live, let us live.

Duo quum faciunt idem, non est idem.
When two persons do the same thing yet it is not the same.

Duos qui sequitur lepores, neutrum capit.
He who follows two hares is sure to catch neither.

E.

Ecce Homo.
Behold the man.

E duobus malis minimum eligendum.
Of two evils choose the least.

Empta dolore docet experientia.
Experience bought by suffering is instructive.

Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem.
With the sword she seeks a quiet peace with liberty.
Motto of Massachusetts.

Eodem collyrio mederi omnibus.
To cure all by the same salve.

E pluribus unum.
From many, one.
Motto of the United States.

Esse quam videri malim.
I should wish to be rather than to seem.
Motto of the Earl of Winterton.

Et decus et pretium recti.
Both the ornament and the reward of virtue.
Motto of the Duke of Grafton and Lord Southampton.

Etiam quod esse videris.
Be what you seem to be.
Motto of Lord Sondes.

Et nos quoque tela sparsimus.
We, too, have hurled weapons.
Motto of Lord Rawdon.

Eureka. (Gr.)
I have found it.
Motto of California.

Excelsior.
Still higher.
Motto of the State of New York.

Excitari non hebescere.
Spirited, not inactive.
Motto of Lord Walsingham.

Exemplo plus quam ratione vivimus.
We live more by example than by reason.

Exitus acta probat.
The event justifies the deed.
Washington's Motto.

Ex necessitate rei.
From the necessity of the case.

Ex nihilo nihil fit.
Out of nothing nothing comes.

Ex pede Herculem.
We recognize Hercules from his foot.

Experientia est optima rerum magistra.
Experience is the best teacher in all things.

Experientia stultorum magistra.
Experience is the mistress of fools.

Ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius.
A Mercury is not to be carved out of every wood.

F.

Facies tua computat annos.
Your face tells your age.

Facile est inventis addere.
It is easy to add to things already invented.

Fare—fac.
Speak—do.
Motto of the Second Baron Fairfax.

Fari quæ sentiat.
To speak what he thinks.
Motto of the Earl of Oxford, and of Lord Walpole.

Fas est et ab hoste doceri.
It is fair to derive instruction even from an enemy.

Fax mentis, incendium gloriæ.
The torch of the mind is the flame of glory.
Motto of the Irish Earl of Granard.

Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.
Happy is he who can learn prudence from the danger of others.

Felix qui nihil debet.
Happy is the man who owes nothing.

Festinatio tarda est.
Haste is slow.

Fide et amore.
By faith and love.
Motto of the Earl of Hertford.

Fide et fiduciâ.
By faith and courage.
Motto of the Second Earl of Roseberry.

Fide et fortitudine.
By faith and fortitude.
Motto of the Earl of Essex.

Fidei coticula crux.
The cross is the touch-stone of faith.
Motto of Earl Clarendon, Earl Jersey, and of the Irish Earl Grandison.

Fideli certi merces.
The faithful are certain of their reward.
Motto of Earl Boringdon.

Fidelis ad urnam.
Faithful to the ashes.
Motto of the Irish Baron Sunderlin.

Fideliter.
Faithfully.
Motto of the Scotch Baron Banff.

Fide, sed cui, vide.
Trust, but look to whom.

Fides probata coronat.
Approved faith crowns.
Motto of the Scotch Earl of Marchmont.

Fidus et audax.
Faithful and intrepid.
Motto of the Irish Baron Lismore.

Finem respice.
Look to the end.
Motto of Lord Clifton.

Finis coronat opus.
The end crowns the work.

Flecti non frangi.
To bend, not to break.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Palmerston.

Formosa facies muta commendatio est.
A pleasing countenance is a silent recommendation.

Fortem posce animum.
Ask for a brave soul.
Motto of Lord Say and Lele.

Forte scutum, salus ducum.
A strong shield is the safety of leaders.
Motto of the Irish Earl Clermont.

Fortes fortuna juvat.
Fortune assists the bold.

Forti et fideli nil difficile.
Nothing is difficult to the brave and faithful.
Motto of the Irish Baron Muskerry.

Fortis cadere, cedere non potest.
The brave man may fall, but cannot yield.
Motto of the Irish Earl of Drogheda.

Fortis sub forti fatiscet.
A brave man will yield to a braver man.
Motto of the Irish Earl of Upper Ossory.

Fortiter et recte.
Courageously and honorably.
Motto of Lord Heathfield.

Fortiter geret crucem.
He will bravely support the cross.
Motto of the Irish Baron Donaghmore.

Fortitudine et prudentiâ.
By fortitude and prudence.
Motto of Earl Powis.

Fortuna favet fatuis.
Fortune favors fools.

Fortuna nimium quem fovet, stultum facit.
Fortune when she caresses a man too much, makes him a fool.

Fortuna sequatur.
Let fortune follow.
Motto of the Earl of Aberdeen.

Frangas non flectas.
You may break, but not bend me.
Motto of the Marquis of Stafford.

Fronti nulla fides.
There is no trusting to the countenance.

Frustra laborat qui omnibus placere studet.
He labours vainly who endeavours to please every person.

Fuimus.
We have been.
Motto of the Earl of Aylesbury, and of the Scotch Earl Elgin.

Furor fit læsa sæpius patientia.
Patience when too often outraged is converted into madness.

G.

Gaudet tentamine virtus.
Virtue rejoices in temptation.
Motto of Earl Dartmouth.

Gloria virtutis umbra.
Glory is the shadow (*i. e.* the companion) of virtue.
Motto of the Irish Baron Longford.

Graviora quædam sunt remedia periculis.
Some remedies are worse than the disease.

Gutta cavat lapidem non vi sed sæpe cadendo.
The drop hollows the stone not by its force, but by the frequency of its falling.

H.

Habet et musca penem.
Tread on a worm, and it will turn.

Hæc generi incrementa fides.
This faith will furnish new increase to our race.
Motto of Marquis Townshend.

Hæredis fletus sub personâ risus est.
The weeping of an heir is laughter under a mask.

Hæreticis non est servanda fides.
A promise to heretics need not be kept.

Honores mutant mores.
Honors change manners.

Honor virtutis præmium.
Honor is the reward of virtue.
Motto of Lord Boston and Earl Ferrers.

Hora e semper.
It is always time.
Motto of Earl Pomfret.

Humani nihil alienum.
Nothing human is foreign to me.
Motto of Earl Talbot.

Humanum est errare.
To err is human.

I.

Illæso lumine solem.
With sight unhurt to view the sun; (the quality ascribed to the eagle).
Motto of Lord Loughborough.

Indignante invidiâ florebit justus.
The just man will flourish in despite of envy.
Motto of the Irish Earl Glendore.

Inest sua gratia parvis.
Even little things have their peculiar grace.

In ferrum pro libertate ruebant.
For freedom they rushed upon the sword.
Motto of Earl Leicester.

Ingens telum necessitas.
Necessity hath no law.

Ingratum si dixeris omnia dicis.
If you say that a man is ungrateful, you say everything.

In hoc signo spes mea.
In this sign (or standard) is my hope.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Taaffe.

In hoc signo vinces.
Under this standard (sign) thou shalt conquer.
Motto of Emperor Constantine.

Iniquissimam pacem justissimo bello antefero.
I prefer the most unjust peace to the justest war.

Invitum sequitur honor.
Honor follows him against his inclination.
Motto of Irish Marquis Donegal.

In nullum avarus bonus est, in se pessimus.
The avaricious man is kind to no person, but he is most unkind to himself.

Inopem copia fecit.
His plenty made him poor.

In pace leones, in prælio cervi.
In peace they are lions, in battle deer.

Insanus omnis furere credit ceteros.
Every madman thinks that all the rest of the world are mad.

In te, Domine, speravi.
In thee O Lord have I hoped.
Motto of the Scotch Earl of Strathmore.

Integra mens augustissima possessio.
A pure mind is the most august possession.
Motto of the Irish Lord Blayney.

Interdum lacrymæ pondera vocis habent.
Tears sometimes have the weight of words.

Inter folia fructus.
Fruit among the leaves.

In utroque fidelis.
Faithful in both.
Motto of the Scotch Viscount Falkland.

In vino veritas.
There is truth in wine.

L.

Labor ipse voluptas.
Labor is itself a pleasure.
Motto of Lord King.

Lateat scintillula forsan.
A small spark may lurk unseen.

Latet anguis in herba.
There is a snake concealed in the grass.

Laus Deo.
Praise be to God.
Motto of the Scotch Count Arbuthnot.

Levius fit patientiâ quicquid corrigere est nefas.—*Horace.*
What cannot be cured must be endured.

Libertas.
Liberty.
Motto of the Irish Baron Carbery.

Lucri bonus odor ex re quâlibet.
The smell of gain is good from whatever it proceeds.

Lupus pilum mutat non mentem.
The wolf changes his coat, but not his disposition.

M.

Magistratus indicat virum.
The office shows the man.
Motto of Earl Lonsdale.

Magna est veritas, et prævalebit.
Truth is powerful, and will prevail.

Magnum hoc vitium vino est;
Pedes captat primum, luctator dolosus.
This is the great fault of wine; it first trips up the feet; it is a cunning wrestler.

Mala ultro adsunt.
Sorrow comes unsent for.

Male parta mal dilabuntur.
Things ill acquired are ill expended.

Malo mori quam fœdari.
I had rather die than be debased.
Motto of the Irish Earl of Athlone and of Viscount Kingsland.

Malum malo proximum.
Misfortunes are close to one another.

Malum vas non frangitur.
A bad vessel is seldom broken.

Manu forte.
With brave hand.
Motto of the Scotch Baron Reay.

Manus hæc inimica tyrannis.
This hand is an enemy to tyrants.
Motto of Lord Carysfort.

Mediocra firma.
The middle station is the safest.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Grimston.

Mel in ore, verba lactis,
Fel in corde, fraus in factis.
Honey in his mouth, words of milk; gall in his heart, and fraud in his acts.

Melius est cavere semper quam patii semel.
It is better to be always on our guard, than to suffer once.

Memento Mori.
Remember Death.

Memoriâ in æternâ.
In eternal remembrance.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Tracey.

Mens conscia recti.
A mind conscious of rectitude.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Ashbrook, and of Lord Macartney.

Mihi cura futuri.
My care is for the future.
Motto of the Irish Baron Ongley.

Miramur ex intervallo fallentia.
We admire at a distance the things that deceive us.

Miris modos dii ludos faciunt hominibus,
Mirisque exemplis somnia in somnis donant.
The gods make sport of men in wondrous ways; and in wondrous fashion do they send dreams in sleep.

Miserrima fortuna est quæ inimico caret.
That is a most wretched fortune which is without an enemy.

Moderata durant.
Moderate things last.

Moniti meliori sequamur.
Being admonished, let us follow better things.

Montani semper liberi.
Mountaineers are always freemen.
Motto of West Virginia.

Mors mortis, morti mortem nisi morte dedisses;
Æternæ vitæ Janua clausa foret.
O death of death! unless thou hadst given up death to death by death, the gate of eternal life would have been closed.

Mors omnibus communis.
Death is common to all men.

Mortuis non conviciandum, et de mortuis nil nisi bonum.
The dead cannot defend themselves, therefore speak well of the dead.

Mortuo leoni et lepores insultant.
Even hares can insult a dead lion.

Moveo et propitior.
I rise and am appeased.
Motto of the Irish Baron Welles.

Mulier quæ sola cogitat, male cogitat.
When a woman thinks by herself, she thinks of mischief.

Multa docet fames.
Hunger teaches many things.

Multi te oderint, si teipsum ames.
Many will hate you if you love yourself.

Multorum manibus grande levatur onus.
Many hands make light work.

Multis ictibus dejicitur quercus.
Little strokes fell great oaks.

Mutare vel timere sperno.
I scorn to change or fear.
Motto of the Duke of Beaufort.

N.

Naturalia non sunt turpia.
Natural things are not shameful.

Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret.
Though you expel Nature with a club, yet she will always return.

Natura paucis contenta.
Nature is content with little.

Nec cupias nec metuas.
Neither desire nor fear.
Motto of Lord Dover, and of the Earl Hardwicke.

Ne cede malis.
Do not yield to misfortunes.
Motto of Earl Albermarle.

Nec male notus eques.
A well known knight.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Southwell.

Nec placidâ contentus quiete est.
Nor is he content with soft repose.
Motto of Earl Peterborough.

Nec pluribus impar.
Not an unequal match for larger numbers.
Motto of Louis XIV.

Nec prece nec pretio.
Neither by bribe nor by entreaty.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Bateman.

Nec quærere nec spernere honorem.
Neither to seek nor to despise honors.
Motto of Viscount Bolingbroke.

Nec scire fas est omnia.
It is not permitted us to know all things.

Nec semper feriet quodcumque minabitur arcus.
The arrow will not always hit the object which it threatens.

Nec temere nec timide.
Neither rashly nor timidly.
Motto of Earl Dorlington, and of the Irish Viscount Bulkeley.

Nec timeo nec sperno.
I neither fear nor despise.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Boyne.

Ne Jupiter quidem omnibus placet.
Not Jupiter even can please all.

Nemo me impune lacessit.
No man provokes me with impunity.
Motto of the Order of the Thistle.

Ne puer gladium.
Do not trust a boy with a sword.

Neque extra necessitates belli præcipuum odium gero.
I bear no particular hatred beyond the necessity of war.

Nequicquam sapit qui sibi non sapit.
He is wise to no purpose, who is not wise to himself.

Neque culpa neque lauda teipsum.
Neither blame nor applaud thyself.

Nescio quid plus est, quod donet sæcula chartis;
Victurus Genium debet habere liber.
Something more is needed to give immortality to writings. A book that is destined to live must have genius.

Ne sutor ultra crepidam.
Let not the shoemaker go beyond his last.

Ne tentes, aut perfice.
Attempt not, or accomplish.
Motto of the Irish Marquis of Downshire.

Ne vile fano.
Bring nothing base to the temple.
Motto of Earl of Westmoreland.

Ne vile velis.
Incline to nothing base.
Motto of Lord Abergavenny.

Nihil agendo, male agere discimus.
By doing nothing we learn to do ill.

Nihil dictum quod non dictum prius.
Nothing can now be said, which has not been said before.

Nil similius insano quam ebrius.
Nothing is more like a madman than a man who is drunk.

Nil sine numine.
There is nothing without a Providence.
Motto of Colorado.

Nimium altercando veritas amittitur.
In excessive altercation truth is lost.

Nimium ne crede colori.
Trust not too much to appearances.

Nibilitatis virtus non stemma character.
Virtue not pedigree should characterize nobility.
Motto of Earl Grosvenor.

Nisi Dominus frustra.
Unless God be with us, all labor is vain.

Nocet differre paratis.
Delay injures those who are prepared.

Noli equi dentes inspicere donati.
Look not a gift horse in the mouth.

Nolo episcopari.
I do not wish to be made a bishop.

Non amo te Zabidi, nec possum dicere quare; Hoc solum scio, non amo te, Zabidi.
I do not love you, Zabidio, I cannot tell why; but this I know, that I do not love you.

Non conscire sibi.
To be conscious of no fault.
Motto of Earl Winchelsea.

Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum.
Every man cannot go to Corinth.

Non est fumus absque igne.
There is no smoke without fire.

Non inferiora secutus.
Not having followed mean pursuits.
Motto Lord Montford.

Non licet in bello bis peccare.
It is not permitted in war to err twice.

Non nobis solum sed toti mundo nati.
Born not for ourselves alone but for the whole world.
Motto of the Irish Baron Rokeby.

Non omne molitor quæ fluit unda videt.
The miller does not see everything that floats by his mill.

Non omnis error stultitia est dicenda.
Every error is not to be called a folly.

Non opus admisso subdere calcar equo.
Do not spur a free horse.

Non quo, sed quomodo.
Not by whom, but in what manner (the business is done).
Motto of Earl Suffolk.

Non revertar inultus.
I will not return unrevenged.
Motto of the Irish Earl Lisburne.

Non sibi sed patriæ.
Not for self but for country.
Motto of Earl Romney.

Noscitur ex sociis.
He is known by his companions.

Nos poma natamus.
We apples swim.

Nulla ætas ad prædiscendum sera est.
Never too old to learn.

Nulla falsa doctrina est quæ non permisceat aliquid veritatis.
There is no doctrine so false, but that it may be intermixed with some truth.

Nulla regula sine exceptione.
No rule without an exception.

Nullus tantus quæstus quam quod habes parcere.
There is no gain so certain as saving what you have.

Numini et patriæ asto.
I stand to God and my country.
Motto of the Scotch Lord Aston.

Nunc aut nunquam.
Now or never.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Kilmorey.

Nunquam ad liquidum fama perducitur.
Fame never reports things in their true light.

Nunquam minus solus, quam cum solus.
Never less alone than when alone.

Nunquam non paratus.
Never unprepared.
Motto of Marquis Annandale.

O.

Occurrent nubes.
Clouds will intervene.
Motto of Baron Eliot.

Odimus accipitrem quia semper vivit in armis.
We hate the hawk, because it always lives in arms.

Omne ignotum pro magnifico.
Everything unknown is taken for magnificent.

Omne principium grave.
All beginnings are difficult.

Omne rarum carum.
What is scarce is dear.

Omne solum forti patria est.
To a brave man, every soil forms his country.

Omnia bona bonis.
All things are good with the good.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Wenman.

Omnia mea mecum porto.
All that is mine I carry with me.

Omnis fors ferendo superanda est.
Every fortune is to be overcome by enduring.

Opera illius mea sunt.
His works are mine.
Motto of Lord Brownlow.

Oportet iniquum petas, ut æquum feras.
You must ask what is unjust that you may obtain what is just.

Optimum obsonium labor.
Labor is the best sauce.

Ora et labora.
Pray and labor.
Motto of the Scotch Earl Dalhousie.

Ovem lupo commisist.
You have committed the sheep to the wolf.

P.

Palma non sine pulvere.
The palm is not gained without the dust of labor.

Palmam qui meruit ferat.
Let him who has won it bear the palm.
Motto of Lord Nelson.

Parcere personis, dicere de vitius.
Be sparing of persons and speak of crimes.

Parva leves capiunt animas.
Small minds are won by trifles.

Patria cara, carior libertas.
Country is dear, but liberty dearer.
Motto of Earl Radnor.

Patriæ infelici fidelis.
Faithful to my unhappy country.
Motto of the Irish Earl of Courtown.

Patriis virtutibus.
By ancestral virtues.
Motto of the Irish Baron Leitrim.

Pax potior bello.
Peace is preferable to war.

Pax in bello.
Peace in war.

Peraget angusta ad augusta.
Through difficulties to grandeur.
Motto of the Irish Earl of Massareene.

Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt.
May they perish who said our good things before us.

Perficitur dum cæditur.
He is made perfect by correction.

Periissem ni periissem.
I had perished unless I had perished.
Motto of the Scotch Baron Newark.

Perjurii pœna divina exitium, humana dedecus.
The crime of perjury is punished by Heaven with perdition, and by man with disgrace.

Per mare, per terras.
Through sea, through land.
Motto of the Irish Baron Mardonald.

Per multum risum poteris cognoscere stultum.
By his immoderate laughter you can always distinguish the fool.

Perseverando.
By perserverance.
Motto of Lord Ducie.

Plura crapula quam gladius.
Gluttony kills more than the sword.

Plura faciunt homines e consuetudine, quam e ratione.
Men do more from custom than from reason.

Plures adorant solem orientem quam occidentem.
The rising sun is more adored than the setting.

Plusque exemplo quam peccato nocent.
They do more mischief from the example, than from the sin.

Poeta nascitur, non fit.
A poet is born, not made.

Post cineres gloria venit.
Glory comes after death.

Post nubila Phœbus.
After clouds, sunshine.
Motto of the Irish Baron Shuldham.

Possunt, quia posse videntur.
They can, who think they can.

Post equitem sedet atra cura.
Dark care sits behind the horseman.

Potior tempore, potior jure.
First in time, first in right.

Præsto et persto.
I perform and I persevere.
Motto of the Scotch Earl of Haddington.

Primus inter pares.
First among his peers.

Principis est virtus maxima nosse suos.
It is a prince's highest duty to be acquainted with his subjects.

Probam pauperiem sine dote quæro.
I court virtuous poverty without a dowry.

Probitas laudatur, et alget.
Honesty praised, is left to starve.

Probitas verus honor.
Probity is true honour.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Chetwynd.

Probum non pœnitet.
The honest man does not repent.
Motto of Lord Sandys.

Pro Christo et patriâ.
For Christ and my country.
Motto of the Earl of Kerr.

Procul absit gloria vulgi.
I am beyond vulgar admiration.

Procul a Jove, procul a fulmine.
Being far from Jupiter, you are also far from his thunder.

Prodesse quam conspiceri.
To do good rather than be conspicuous.
Motto of Lord Somers.

Pro libertate patriæ.
For my country's liberty.
Motto of the Irish Baron Massey.

Pro magnâ chartâ.
For the great charter.
Motto of Lord Le Despencer.

Pro rege et patriâ.
For my king and country.
Motto of the Second Earl of Leven.

Pro rege, lege, et grege.
For the king, the law, and the people.
Motto of Lord Ponsonby.

Pulchrum est accusari ab accusandis.
It is honorable to be accused by those who deserve accusation.

Q.

Quæ amissa, salva.
What has been lost is safe.
Motto of the Scotch Lord of Kintore.

Quæ supra nos, nihil ad nos.
The things which are above us are nothing to us.

Qualis ab incepto.
The same from the beginning.
Motto of the Irish Lord Clanbrassil.

Qualis vir, talis oratio.
As the man, so his speech.

Quam prope ad crimen sine crimine.
How nearly a man may approach to guilt, without being guilty.

Quam temere in nosmet legem sancimus iniquam.
How rashly do we sanction an unjust law which will yet injure ourselves.

Quem Jupiter vult perdere, prius dementat.
Whom Jupiter wishes to destroy, he first deprives of reason.

Quem te Deus esse jussit.
What God commanded you to be.
Motto of the Irish Baron Sheffield.

Qui capit, ille facit.
He who takes it to himself, makes the allusion.

Quid futurum cras fuge quærere.
Do not seek to know what will happen tomorrow.

Qui de contemnendâ gloriâ libros scribunt, nomen suum subscribunt.
Those who write books about despising glory inscribe their own names.

Quid verum atque decens.
What is just and honorable.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Dungannon.

Qui e nuce nucleum esse vult, nucem frangit.
He that will eat the kernel must crack the nut.

Qui fingit sacros auro vel marmore vultus,
Non facit ille deos; qui rogat ille facit.
It is not he who forms sacred images of gold or marble, that makes them gods, but he who kneels before them.

Qui invidet minor est.
He who envies, admits his inferiority.
Motto of Lord Cadogan.

Quilibet præsumitur, donec probetur contrarium.
Every one is considered good until the contrary is proved.

Qui male agit odit lucem.
He who commits evil actions shuns the light.

Qui nimium probat, nihil probat.
He who proves too much, proves nothing.

Qui non proficit, deficit.
He who does not advance, recedes.

Quisque sibi proximus.
Every one is nearest to himself.

Quisque suorum verborum optimus interpres.
Every one can best explain his own words.

Quisquis ubique habitat, Maxime, nusquam habitat.
He dwells nowhere, who dwells everywhere.

Quis vult vitare Charybdim incidit in Scyllam.
To avoid Charybdis and fall into Scylla.

Qui tacet consentit.
Who is silent, consents.

Qui transtulit, sustinet.
He who transplanted, still sustains.
Motto of Connecticut.

Qui uti scit, ei bona.
That man should be possessed of wealth, who knows its proper use.
Motto of Lord Berwick.

Qui vult decipi, decipiatur.
If any man wishes to be deceived, let him be deceived.

Quod est violentum, non est durabile.
What is violent is not durable.

Quod fieri potest per pauca non debet per plura.
What can be done with little, need not be done with much.

Quod nemo aquam infundit in cineres.
No one pours water on the ashes, (to save the house from burning).

Quondam vicimus armis.
We were once victorious in arms.
Motto of Lord Dorchester.

Quos Deus vult perdere, prius dementat.
Whom God wishes to destroy, he first makes mad.

Quo semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem
Testa diu.
The cask will long retain the flavor of what first filled it.

Quot homines, tot sententiæ; suus cuique mos.
Many men, many minds; every one has his own fashion.

R.

Recte et suaviter.
Justly and mildly.
Motto of Lord Scarsdale.

Refert sis bonus, an velis videri.
It matters much whether you are really good, or only wish to appear so.

Regnant populi.
The people rule.
Motto of Arkansas.

Renovato nomine.
By a revived name.
Motto of Irish Baron Westcote.

Ridendo corrigit mores.
He reforms manners by ridicule.

S.

Salus per Christum Redemptorem.
Salvation through Christ the Redeemer.
Motto of the Scotch Earl of Moray.

Salus populi suprema est lex.
The welfare of the people is the highest law.
Motto of Missouri.

Sat pulchra, si sat bona.
Handsome enough is good enough.

Saxum volutum non obducitur musco.
A rolling stone gathers no moss.

Semel insanivimus omnes.
We have all at some time been foolish.

Semper fidelis.
Always faithful.
Motto of Lord Onslow.

Semper graculus assidet graculo.
Birds of a feather flock together.

Semper paratus.
Always ready.
Motto of Lord Clifford.

Semper timidum scelus.
Guilt is always timid.

Sene, bis puer.
An old man is twice a child.

Sero sed serio.
Late, but seriously.
Motto of the Scotch Marquis of Lothian, and of Marquis of Salisbury.

Servata fides cineri.
Faithful to the memory of my ancestors.
Motto of Lord Harrowby.

Servabo fidem.
I will keep faith.
Motto of Lord Sherborne.

Sic semper tyrannis.
Thus may it always be with tyrants.
Motto of Virginia.

Sic tacuisses, philosophus mansisses.
Had you been silent, you might still have passed as a philosopher.

Sic transit gloria mundi.
So passes this world's glory.

Sic volo, sic jubeo, stat pro ratione voluntas.
Thus I wish and order; my will stands in the place of reason.

Si Deus nobiscum, quis contra nos?
If God be with us, who shall be against us?
Motto of the Irish Viscount Mountmorris.

Si leonina pellis non satis est, assuenda vulpina.
If the lion's skin is not enough, sew on the fox's.

Similia similibus curantur.
Like cures like.

Similis simili gaudet.
One is pleased with his equal.

Sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus.
Without Ceres and Bacchus, Venus freezes.

Si quæris peninsulam amœnam, circumspice.
If thou seekest a beautiful peninsula, behold it here.
Motto of Michigan.

Si sit prudentia.
If there be prudence.
Motto of Lord Auckland.

Si vis incolumem, si vis te reddere sanum,
Curas tolle graves, irasci crede profanum.
If you wish to preserve yourself in health and safety, avoid serious cares, and do not give way to passion.

Sola juvat virtus.
Virtue alone assists me.
Motto of the Scotch Baron Blantyre.

Sola nobilitas virtus.
Virtue alone is true nobility.
Motto of the Marquis of Abercorn.

Sola salus servire Deo.
Our only safety is in serving God.
Motto of the Irish Earl of Ross.

Sola virtus invicta.
Virtue alone is invincible.
Motto of the Duke of Norfolk.

Spectemur agendo.
Let us be seen by our deeds,
Motto of Earl Beaulieu, and of the Irish Viscount Cliefden.

Spero meliora.
I hope for better things.
Motto of Scotch Viscount Stormont, and the Scotch Baron Torphichen.

Spes durat avorum.
The hope of my ancestors endures.
Motto of Earl Rochford.

Spes mea Christus.
Christ is my hope.
Motto of the Irish Baron Lucan.

Spes mea in Deo.
My hope is in God.
Motto of Teynham.

Spes tutissima cœlis.
The safest hope is in Heaven.
Motto of the Irish Earl of Kingston.

Stant cetera tigno.
The rest stand on a beam.
Motto of Earl Aboyne.

Stare super vias antiquas.
To stand firm on the old paths.

Stat promissa fides.
The promised faith remains.
Motto of the Scotch Baron Lindores.

Studiis et rebus honestis.
By honest pursuits and studies.
Motto of Lord Ashburton.

Stultitiam patiuntur opes.
Riches will bear out folly.

Stultitiam simulare loco, sapientia summa est.
To assume the garb of folly is, in some cases, wisdom.

Stultus nisi quod ipse facit, nil rectum putat.
The fool thinks nothing well done but what is done by himself.

Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.
Gentle in manners, firm in action.

Sub cruce candidâ.
Under the fair cross.
Motto of Lord Lovell.

Sub hoc signo vinces.
Under this sign thou shalt conquer.
Motto of the Irish Viscount De Vesci.

Sub rosâ.
Under the rose (privately).

Summum jus summa injuria.
The strictest law is sometimes the greatest injustice.

T.

Tandem fit surculus arbor.
The shoot at length becomes a tree.
Motto of Marquis of Waterford.

Templa quam dilecta!
Temples how beloved!
Motto of Marquis of Buckingham.

Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.
The times change and we change with them.

Thesaurus est malorum mala mulier.
A wicked woman is a magazine of evils.

Timet pudorem.
He fears shame.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Downe.

Timidus se vocat cautum: parcum, sordidus.
The coward says that he is cautious; the miser, that he is sparing.

Triumpho morte tam vitâ.
I triumph in death, as in life.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Allen

Tuebor.
I will defend.
The Motto of Viscount Torrington.

Tu ne cede malis.
Yield not to misfortunes.
Motto of the Irish Baron Milton.

Tuum est?
Is it yours?
Motto of Earl Cowper.

U.

Ubicunque ars ostentatur, veritas abesse videtur.
Wherever art is displayed, truth seems to be wanting.

Ubi lapsus?—Quid feci?
Where am I fallen?—What have I done?
Motto of Viscount Courtenay.

Ubi mel, ibi apes.
Where there is honey there are bees.

Ubique patriam reminisci.
Everywhere to remember our country.
Motto of Earl Malmesbury.

Uni æquus virtuti.
Friendly to virtue alone.
Motto of Earl of Mansfield.

Unica virtus necessaria.
Virtue is the only thing necessary.
Motto of the Irish Earl Mornington.

Ut apes geometriam.
As bees (practice) geometry.
Motto of Marquis of Lansdown.

Utcumque placuerit.
As it shall please (God).
Motto of Earl Howe.

Ut prosim.
That I may do good.
The Motto of Lord Foley.

Ut quimus, quando ut volumus non licet.
When we cannot act as we wish, we must act as we can.

Ut quocunque paratus.
Prepared on every side.
Motto of the Irish Earl of Cavan.

Ut vitiis nemo sine nascitur.
Every man hath his faults.

V.

Velim, mehercule, cum isti errare quam cum aliis recte sentire.
I would rather be wrong with this man, than be right with others.

Ventis secundis.
With prosperous winds. With uniform success.
Motto of Lord Hood.

Veritas vincit.
Truth conquers.
Motto of the Scotch Earl Marishall.

Ver non semper viret.
Spring does not always flourish.
Motto of Lord Vernon.

Vestigia nulla retrorsum.
No steps backwards.

Victor volentes per populos dat jura.
He, as a conqueror, dictates his laws to a willing people.

Vigilantibus.
To the watchful.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Gosford.

Vincit amor patriæ.
The love of my country overcomes.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Molesworth, and Lord Muncaster.

Vincit omnia veritas.
Truth conquers all things.

Vincit qui se vincit.
He conquers who conquers himself.
Motto of Lord Howard of Walden.

Vincit veritas.
Truth conquers.
Motto of the Irish Earls of Ballamont and Montrath.

Virescit vulnere virtus.
Virtue flourishes from a wound.
Motto of Scotch Earl of Galloway.

Vir sapit qui pauca loquitur.
He is wise who talks but little.

Virtus ariete fortior.
Virtue is stronger than a battering ram.
Motto of Earl of Abingdon.

Virtus in actione consistit.
Virtue consists in action.
Motto of Lord Craven.

Virtus in arduis.
Virtue in difficulties.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Cullen.

Virtus incendit vires.
Virtue kindles strength.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Strangford.

Virtus mille scuta,
Virtue is a thousand shields.
Motto of Earl of Effingham.

Virtus requiei nescia sordidæ.
Valor which knows not mean repose.
Motto of Irish Viscount Desart.

Virtus semper viridis.
Virtue is always flourishing.
Motto of Irish Viscount Belmore.

Virtus vincit invidiam.
Virtue conquers envy.
Motto of Marquis of Cornwallis.

Virtute ac fide.
By virtue and faith.
Motto of Earl of Oxford and Irish Viscount Melbourne.

Virtute ac labore.
By virtue and toil.
Motto of the Scotch Earl Dundonald.

Virtute et operâ.
By virtue and industry.
Motto of the Irish Earl of Fife.

Virtute fideque.
By virtue and faith.
Motto of the Scotch Baron Elibank.

Virtute non astutiâ.
By virtue, not by craft.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Perry.

Virtute non viris.
From virtue, not from men.
Motto of the Irish Earl of Kerry.

Virtute quies.
Content in virtue.
Motto of Baron Mulgrave.

Virtuti nihil obstat et armis.
Nothing can resist valor and arms.
Motto of the Earl of Aldborough.

Virtuti non armis fido.
I trust to virtue and not to arms.
Motto of Lord Gray de Wilton.

Virtutis amor.
The love of virtue.
Motto of the Irish Earl Annesley.

Virtutis amore.
Through the love of virtue.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Valentia.

Virtutis avorum præmium.
The reward of the virtue of my ancestors.
Motto of the Irish Baron Templetown.

Virtutis fortuna comes.
Fortune is the companion of virtue.
Motto of the Irish Barons Newhaven and Harberton.

Vis unita fortior.
Force or power is strengthened by union.
Motto of the Irish Earl Mount Cashel.

Vitæ via virtus.
Virtue is the way of life.
Motto of the Irish Earl of Portarlington.

Vitiis nemo sine nascitur.
No man is born without his faults.

Viva vox docet.
The living voice teaches (better than books).

Vivere sat vincere.
To conquer is to live enough.
Motto of the Irish Earl of Sefton.

Vivit post funera virtus.
Virtue survives the grave.
Motto of the Irish Earl of Shannon.

Vix ea nostra voco.
I can scarcely call these things our own.
Motto of Lord Sundridge and Earl Warwick.

Volens et potens.
Willing and able.
Motto of Nevada.

Volo non valeo.
I am willing but unable.
Motto of the Earl of Carlisle.

Vota vita mea.
My life is devoted.
Motto of the Irish Earl of Meath.

Vox et præterea nihil.
A voice, and nothing more.

Vox populi, vox Dei.
The voice of the people is the voice of God.

Vultus est index animi.
The face is the index of the mind.

PROVERBS AND MOTTOES

CULLED FROM MODERN FOREIGN TONGUES.

FRENCH.

A.

A barbe de fol, on apprend à raser.
Men learn to shave on the beard of a fool.

A bon chat, bon rat.
To a good cat, a good rat.

A bon chien il ne vient jamais un bon os.
A good bone never comes to a good dog.

A bon vin, il ne faut point bouchon.
Good wine needs no bush.

A chemin battu il ne croit point d'herbe.
No grass grows on a beaten road.

Aide toi, le ciel t' aidera.
Help yourself, and Heaven will help you.

A la faim il n' y a point de mauvais pain.
To the hungry no bread is bad.

A la guerre comme à la guerre.
In war according to war.

A l'aise on marche à pied qui mène son cheval par la bride.
'Tis easy to go on foot when one has a horse by the bridle.

A laver la tête d'un âne on perd sa lessive.
He who washes a donkey's head wastes his soap.

Aller en l' autre monde est très-grande sottise,
Tant que dans celui-ci l'on peut être de mise.
It is very foolish to rush into the next world when we can be well placed in this.

Amour fait beaucoup, mais argent fait tout.
Love does much, but money does all.

A petit mercier, petit panier.
For the small trader, a small basket.
A small pack serves a small back.

Après la pluie vient le beau temps.
After a storm comes a calm.

Après la poire, ou le vin ou le prêtre.
After the fruit, wine or the priest.

Après la mort le médecin.
After death the doctor.

Après moi le déluge.
After me the deluge.

Argent fait tout.
Money does all.

Argent reçu, le bras rompu.
The money received, the arm is broken.

Assez consent qui ne mot dit.
Silence is consent.

Assez y a, si trop n' y a.
Enough is as good as a feast.

A tous oiseaux leur nids sont beaux.
Every bird likes its own nest.

Au bon droit.
To the just right.
Motto of the Earl of Egremont.

Au bout du fossé la culbute.
At the end of the ditch, the summerset.

Aujourd' hui roi, demain rien.
To-day King, to-morrow nothing.
Fortune is always changing.

Au regnard endormi rien ne chut en la gueule.
When the fox is asleep, nothing falls into his mouth.

Aussitôt dit, aussitôt fait.
No sooner said than done.

Avoir l'aller pour le venir.
To have the going for the coming.

Aymez loyauté.
Love loyalty.
Motto of the Duke of Bolton.

B.

Bon avocat mauvais voisin.
A good lawyer is a bad neighbor.

Bonne et belle assez.
Good and handsome enough.
Motto of Earl of Fauconberg.

Bonne renommée vaut mieux que ceinture dorée.
A good name is better than a girdle of gold.

Bon jour, bonne œuvre.
Good day, good work.
The Better the Day the Better the Deed.

Bon marché tire l'argent hors de la bourse.
A cheap bargain takes money from the purse.

Boutez en avant.
Push forward.
Motto of the Irish Earl of Barrymore.

Brebis comptées, le loup les mange.
The wolf eats the counted sheep.

Brûler la chandelle par les deux bouts.
Burning the candle at both ends.
Extravagance Leads to Penury.

C.

Celui-là est le mieux servi, qui n'a pas besoin de mettre les mains des autres au bout de ses bras.
The man is best served who has no occasion to put the hands of others at the ends of his arms.

Celui-là qui dévore la substance du pauvre, y trouve à la fin un os qui l'étrangle.
He who devours the substance of the poor will find at length a bone to choke him.

Celui peut hardiment nager à qui l'on soûtient le menton.
He must needs swim that's held up by the chin.

Ce monde est plein de fous; et qui n'en veut pas voir
Doit se renfermer seul, et casser son miroir.
This world is full of fools, and he who would not see one, must shut himself up alone, and break his looking-glass.

Ce n'est pas être bien aisé que de rire.
Laughing is not a proof that the mind is at ease.

Ce qui fait qu'on n'est pas content de sa condition, c'est l'idée chimerique que l'on se forme du bonheur d'autrui.
What makes many persons discontented with their own condition is the absurd idea which they form of the happiness of others.

Ce qui manque aux orateurs en profondeur,
Ils vous la donnent en longueur.
What orators want in depth they give you in length.

Ce qui vient par la flute, s'en va par le tambourin.
What comes by the flute, goes away by the tambourine.
Easy come, easy go.

Ce qu'on nomme liberalité n'est souvent que la vanité de donner, que nous aimons mieux que ce que nous donnons.
That which is called liberality is frequently nothing more than the vanity of giving, of which we are more fond than of the thing given.

Ce sont toujours les aventuriers qui font des grandes choses, et non pas les souverains de grandes empires.
It is only adventurers that perform great actions, and not the sovereigns of empires.

C'est une grande folie de vouloir être sage tout seul.
It is great folly to think of being wise alone.

C'est une grande habilité que de savoir cacher son habilité.
The greatest skill is shown in hiding our skill.

Ceux qui n'aiment pas ont rarement de grandes joies; ceux qui aiment ont souvent de grandes tristesses.
Those who do not love seldom feel great joy; those who do love are liable to great sorrow.

Chacun à son goût.
Every man to his taste.

Chacun demande sa sorte.
Each demands his own kind.
Every Jack must have his Gill.

Châteaux en Espagne.
Castles in Spain.
Castles in the air.

Chat échaudé craint l'eau froide.
A scalded cat fears cold water.

Comme je fus.
As I was.
Motto of Viscounts Dudley and Ward.

Craignez honte.
Fear shame.
Motto of Duke of Portland.

Craignez tout d'un auteur en courroux.
Fear the worst from an enraged author.

D.

Dans les conseils d'un état il ne faut pas tant regarder ce qu'on doit faire que ce qu'on peut faire.
In the councils of the state it is not necessary to examine what ought to be done, as what can be done.

Dans un pays libre on crie beaucoup quoiqu' on souffre peu; dans un pays de tyrannie on se plaint peu quoiqu' on souffre beaucoup.
In a free country there is much clamor with little suffering; in a despotic state there is little complaint but much grievance.

De bon commencement bonne fin.
A good beginning makes a good ending.

De bon vouloir servir le roy.
To serve the king with good will.
Motto of Earl Tankerville.

De court plasir long repentir.
Short pleasure, long repentance.

De la main à la bouche, se perd souvent la soupe.
From the hand to the mouth the soup is often lost.

Droit et avant.
Right and forward.
Motto of Viscount Sydney.

D'un dévot souvent au chrétien véritable,
La distance est deux fois plus longue, à mon avis,
Que du pôle antarctique au détroit de Davis.
The distance between a devotee and a true Christian is often twice as great as that from the Southern Pole to Davis Strait.

E.

En Dieu est ma fiance.
In God is my trust.
Motto of Irish Earl Carhampton.

En Dieu est tout.
In God is everything.
Motto of Earl of Strafford.

En la rose je fleuris.
I flourish in the rose.
Motto of the Duke of Richmond.

En parole je vis.
I live in the word.
Motto of Lord Stowell.

En suivant la vérité.
In following truth.
Motto of the Earl of Portsmouth.

En vieillissant, on devient plus fou et plus sage.
When men grow old, they become more foolish and more wise.

Espérance et Dieu.
Hope and God.
Motto of Lord Lovaine.

Espérance en Dieu.
Hope in God.
Motto of Duke of Northumberland.

Être pauvre sans être libre, c' est le pire etat où l' homme puisse tomber.
To be poor without being free is the worst state into which man can fall.

F.

Femme rit quand elle peut, et pleure quand elle veut.
Women laugh when they can, and weep when they will.

Fidélité est de Dieu.
Fidelity is of God.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Powerscourt.

Fol est qui plus dépense que sa rente ne vaut.
He is a fool that spends more money than his receipts.

Foy en tout.
Faith is everything.
Motto of the Earl of Sussex.

Foy pour devoir.
Faith for duty.
Motto of the Duke of Somerset.

G.

Gardez bien.
Take care.
Motto of Scotch Earl of Eglinton.

Gardez la foy.
Keep faith.
Motto of Earl Poulett.

Gardez la foi.
Guard the faith.
Motto of the Irish Baron Kensington.

H.

Haut et bon.
Great and good.
Motto of the Irish Viscount Doneraile.

Honi soit qui mal y pense.
Evil to him who evil thinks.
Motto of Great Britain.

I.

Il a la mer à boire.

He has to drink up the sea.

A great work to accomplish.

Il a le vin mauvais.

He has bad wine.

He is quarrelsome when in his cups.

Il bat le buisson sans prendre l'oiseau.

He beats the bush, and another catches the bird.

Il coûte peu à amasser beaucoup de richesses, et beaucoup à en amasser peu.

It requires but little effort to amass a great deal of riches, but it requires much effort to collect a little.

Il est plus honteux de se défier de ses amis que d'en être trompé.

It is more disgraceful to suspect our friends than to be deceived by them.

Il est temps de fermer l'étable quand les chevaux en sont allés.

When the steed is stolen, it is time to shut the stable door.

Il fait bon battre le fer, tandis qu'il est chaud.

Strike while the iron is hot.

Il faut attendre le boiteux.

It is necessary to wait for the lame man.

Il faut des plus grands vertus pour soutenir la bonne fortune que la mauvaise.

It requires a greater share of virtue to sustain a situation of prosperity, than one of adversity.

Il faut hazarder un petit poisson pour prendre un grand.

Venture a small fish to catch a great one.

Il n'a ni bouche, ni éperon.

He has neither a mouth nor a spur.

He can neither talk nor act.

Il n'appartient qu'aux grands hommes d'avoir de grands défauts.

It belongs only to great men, to possess great defects.

Il n'aura jamais bon marché qui ne le demande pas.

You will never buy cheap if you don't ask the price.

Il n 'est sauce que d'appétit.

Hunger is the best sauce.

Il ne faut pas jetter les marguerites devant les pourceaux.

You must not throw pearls before swine.

Il ne faut pas parler de corde dans la maison d' un pendu.

Do not speak of a rope in the house of one who was hanged.

Il ne sait sur quel pied danser.

He knows not on which leg to dance.

Il n'y a point au monde un si pénible métier que celui de se faire un grand nom; la vie s'achève avant que l'on a à peine ébauché son ouvrage.

There is not in the world so difficult a task as that of getting a great name. Life is closed, when the work is scarcely begun.

Il n'y a point des gens qui sont plus méprisés que les petits beaux esprits et les grands sans probité.

There are no people so much despised as men of small wit, and those of rank without probity.

Il n'y a point d'homme vertueux qui n'ait quelque vice, et de méchant qui n'ait quelque vertu.

There is no virtuous man without some vice, or any wicked man who has not some virtue.

Il n'y a que le matin en toutes choses.

The duration of all things is but as the morning.

Il sent de fagot.

He smells of the faggot.

He is known by his trade.

Il vaut mieux plier que rompre.

Better to bend than break.

Il vaut mieux tâcher d'oublier ses malheurs que d'en parler.

It is much better for a man to forget his misfortunes than to talk of them.

Il vaut mieux tard que jamais.

Better late than never.

Il y a anguille sous roche.

There is an eel under the rock.

If you wish to find you must search.

Il y a des gens à qui la vertu sied presque aussi mal que le vice.

There are some persons on whom virtue sits almost as ungraciously as vice.

Il y a des gens dégoutants avec du mérite; et d'autres qui plaisent avec des défauts.

There are people of merit who are disgusting, and there are others who please with all their defects.

Il y a des reproches qui louent, et des louanges qui médisent.

There are some reproaches which commend, and some praises which slander.

Il y a plus d' un âne à la foire qui s' appelle Martin.

There is more than one donkey at the fair whose name is Martin.

J.

J'ai bonne cause.

I have a good cause.

Motto of the Marquis of Bath.

J'ai eu toujours pour principe de ne faire jamais par autrui ce que je pouvais faire par moi-même.

I have ever held it as a maxim, never to do that through another, which it was possible for me to do myself.

Jamais arrière.

Never behind.

Motto of the Scotch Earl of Selkirk.

Je le tiens.

I hold it.

Motto of Lord Audley.

Je ne cherche qu'un.

I seek but for one.

Motto of the Earl of Northampton.

Je n'oublierai jamais.

I shall never forget.

Motto of the Earl of Bristol.

Je pense.

I think.

Motto of the Scotch Earl of Wemyss.

Je suis prêt.

I am ready.

Motto of the Irish Earl of Farnham.

Jeu de main, jeu de vilain.

Practical jokes belong only to the low classes.

Jeune on conserve pour la viellesse: vieux on épargne pour la mort.

When young, men lay up for old age; when aged, they hoard for death.

Jour de ma vie.

The day of my life.

Motto of Earl Delawar.

L.

La beauté de l'esprit donne de l'admiration, celle de l'âme donne de l'estime, et celle du corps de l'amour.

The charms of wit excite admiration, those of the heart impress esteem, and those of the body lead to love.

La beauté sans vertu est une fleur sans parfum.

Beauty without virtue is a flower without perfume.

La chaumière est un palais au pauvre.

The cottage is a palace to the poor.

La clémence des princes n'est souvent qu' une politique pour gagner l'affection des peuples.

The clemency of princes is frequently nothing more than a measure of policy, to gain the affections of the people.

La confidence fournit plus à la conversation que l' esprit.

Confidence furnishes more to conversation than wit or talent.

La cour ne rend pas content; mais elle empêche qu'on ne le soit ailleurs.

The court does not make a man happy, but it prevents a man from enjoying happiness elsewhere.

L'adresse surmonte la force.

Policy goes further than strength.

La décence est le teint naturel de la vertu et le fard du vice.

Decency is the genuine tint of virtue and the disguise of vice.

La docte antiquité fut toujours vénérable,
Je ne la trouve pas cependant adorable.

The learning of antiquity was always venable, but it is not therefore sacred.

L'adversité fait l'homme, et le bonheur les monstres.

Adversity makes men, and prosperity makes monsters.

La faiblesse de l'ennemi fait notre propre force.

The weakness of the enemy makes our own strength.

La femme de bien n'a ni yeux ni oreilles.

Discreet women have neither eyes nor ears.

La grande sagesse de l'homme consiste à connaître ses folies.

The great wisdom in man consists in knowing his follies.

La libéralité consiste moins à donner beaucoup qu'à donner à propos.

Liberality consists less in giving much than in giving seasonably.

L'allegorie habite un palais diaphane.

Allegory dwells in a transparent place.

La maladie sans maladie.

Disease without a disease.

The hypocondriac.

La marque d'un mérite extraordinaire, c'est de voir que ceux que le' envient le plus sont contraints de le louer.

The proof of extraordinary merit is to see that it extorts praise from those who envy it.

La moitié du monde prend plaisir à médire et l'autre moitié à croire les médisantes.

One half the world takes a pleasure in slander, the other half in believing the slanderers.

L'amour de la justice n'est en la plupart des hommes que la crainte de souffrir l'injustice.

The love of justice is in most men nothing more than the fear of suffering injustice.

L'amour est une passion que vient souvent sans savoir comment, et qui s'en va au juste de même.

Love is a passion which frequently comes we know not how, and which quits us exactly in the same manner.

L'amour et la fumée
Ne peuvent se cacher.

Love and smoke cannot be hidden.

La moquerie est souvent une indigence d'esprit.

Jesting is often a poverty of understanding.

La mort est plus aisée à supporter sans y penser, que la pensée de la mort sans péril.

Death is itself more easy to encounter without reflection, than the thought of death without danger.

L'amour-propre est le plus grand de tous les flatteurs.

Self-love is the greatest of all flatterers.

La nuit donne conseil.

Night gives counsel.

La nuit tous les chats sont gris.

At night all cats are gray.
All colors are alike in the dark.

Là où Dieu veut il pleut.

Where God wishes it rains.
When God pleases unlikely things turn to our advantage.

La parfaite valeur est de faire sans témoins ce qu'on serait capable de faire devant tout le monde.

True courage is shown by doing, without witnesses, that which a man is capable of doing before the world.

La passion fait souvent un fou du plus habile homme, et rend souvent habiles les plus sots.

Love often makes a fool of the cleverest men, and as often gives cleverness to the most foolish.

La patience est amère, mais son fruit est doux.

Patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet.

La philosophie, qui nous promet de nous rendre heureux, nous trompe.

Philosophy, which promises to render us happy, deceives us.

La philosophie triomphe aisément des maux passés et de maux à venir; mais les maux présents triomphent d'elle.

Philosophy easily triumphs over the misfortunes which are past and to come; but those which are present triumph over her.

La plupart des hommes n'ont pas le courage de corriger les autres, parceque ils n'ont pas le courage de souffrir qu'on les corrige.

The generality of mankind have not sufficient courage to correct others, because they themselves have not fortitude to suffer correction.

La réputation d'un homme est comme son ombre, qui tantôt le suive, et tantôt le précède: quelquefois elle est plus longue et quelquefois plus courte que lui.

The reputation of a man is like his shadow; it sometimes follows or precedes him; it is sometimes longer, and sometimes shorter, than himself.

L'argent est un bon serviteur et un méchant maître.

Money is a good servant, but a bad master.

L'art de vaincre est celui de mépriser la mort.

The art of conquering is that of despising death.

La science du gouvernment n'est qu'une science de combinaisons, d'applications et déceptions, selon les temps, les lieux, les circonstances.

The science of government is only a science of combinations, of applications, and of deceptions, according to times, places, and circumstances.

La vérité ne fait pas autant de bien dans le monde, que ses apparences y font de mal.

Truth does not so much good in the world, as its appearances do evil.

La vertu dans l'indigence est comme un voyageur, que le vent et la pluie contraignent de s'envelopper de son manteau.

Virtue in indigence is like a traveller who is compelled, by the wind and rain, to wrap himself up in his cloak.

La vertu est la seule noblesse.

Virtue only is nobility.

La vertu n'irait pas si loin si la vanité ne lui tenait compagnie.

Virtue would not go so far, if vanity did not bear it company.

Le bonheur de l'homme en cette vie ne consiste pas à être sans passions, il consiste à en être le maître.

The happiness of man in this life does not consist in the absence, but in the mastery of his passions.

Le bonheur ou le malheur des hommes ne dépend pas moins de leur humeur que de la fortune.

The good or bad fortunes of men depend not less on their own disposition than on chance.

Le bon temps viendra.

The good time will come.
Motto of Earl Harcourt.

Le cœur d'une femme est un vrai miroir qui reçoit toutes sortes d'objets sans s'attacher à aucun.

The heart of a woman is a real mirror, which reflects every object without attaching itself to any.

Le cœur ne veut douloir ce que l'œil ne peut voir.

What the eye sees not, the heart will not complain of.

Les consolations indiscrètes ne font qu'aigrir les violentes afflictions.

Indiscreet consolation only irritates affliction.

Le coût en ôte le goût.

The cost takes away the taste.

Le grand œuvre.

The great work.
The philosopher's stone.

Le jeu est le fils d'avarice, et le père du désespoir.

Gaming is the son of avarice, and the father of despair.

Le mérite est souvent un obstacle à la fortune, et la raison de cela c'est qu'il produit toujours deux mauvais effets, l'envie et la crainte.

Merit is often an obstacle to success, for the reason that it ever produces two bad effects, envy and fear.

Le mieux est l'ennemi du bien.

The best is the enemy of well.
We forget what we have, in seeking something better.

Le moineau en la main vaut mieux que l'oie qui vole.

A sparrow in the hand is better than a goose on the wing.

Le monde est le livre des femmes.

The world is the book of women.

Le moyen le plus sûr de se consoler de tout ce qui peut arriver c'est d'attendre toujours au pire.

The most certain consolation against all that can happen is always to expect the worst.

L'ennui du beau, amène le goût du singulier.

A disgust for that which is proper, leads to a taste for singularity.

Le pays du mariage a cela de particulier, que les étrangers ont envie de l'habiter, et les habitans naturels voudraient en être exilés.

The land of marriage has this peculiarity, that strangers are desirous of inhabiting it, whilst its natural inhabitants would willingly be exiled from it.

Le petit gain remplit la bourse.

Light gains make a heavy purse.

Le plus lent à promettre est toujours le plus fidèle à tenir.

The man who is most slow in promising, is most sure to keep his word.

Le refus des louanges est souvent un désir d'être loué deux fois.

The refusal of praise is often a desire for a double portion.

Le roi et l'état.

The king and the State.
Motto of Earl Ashburnham.

Le roi le veut.

The king wills it.
Motto of Lord Clifford.

Les absents ont toujours tort.

The absent are always at fault.

Le sage entend demi mot.

The sensible man understands half a word.

Le sage songe avant que de parler à ce qui il doit dire, le fou parle et ensuite songe à ce qu'il a dit.

A wise man thinks before he speaks; but a fool speaks and then thinks of what he has been saying.

Le savoir faire.

The knowledge how to act.
Ability, skill.

Les eaux sont basses chez lui.

The waters are low with him.
Fortune is at ebb tide.

Le secret d'ennuyer est celui de tout dire.

The secret of tiring is to say all that can be said.

Les femmes peuvent tout, parcequ'elles gouvernent les personnes qui gouvernent tous.

Women can do everything, because they rule those who command everything

Les femmes sont extrêmes; elles sont meilleures ou pires que les hommes.

Women are extreme. They are either better or worse than the men.

Les fous font des festins, et les sages les mangent.

Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.

Les gens qui ont peu d'affaires sont de très grands parleurs. Moins on pense, plus on parle.

Men who have little business are great talkers. The less one thinks, the more one speaks.

Les grands noms abaissent, au lieu d'élever, ceux qui ne les savent pas soutenir.

Great names debase, instead of raising, those who know not how to sustain them.

Les hommes sont la cause que les femmes ne s'aiment point.

It is the men that cause the women to dislike each other.

Le silence est la vertu de ceux qui ne sont pas sages.

Silence is the virtue of those who are not wise.

Le silence est le parti le plus sûr de celui, qui se défie de soimême.

To be silent is the safest choice for the man who distrusts his own powers.

Les jeunes gens disent ce qu'ils font, les vieillards ce qu'ils ont fait, et les sots ce qu'ils ont envie de faire.

Young folks tell what they do, old ones what they have done, and fools what they intend to do.

Les larrons s'entrebattent, les larcins se découvrent.

When thieves fall out, thefts are discovered.

Le soleil ni la mort ne peuvent se regarder fixement.

Neither the sun nor death can be looked upon with fixed attention.

Les passions sont les vents qui font aller notre vaisseau, et la raison est le pilote qui le conduit; le vaisseau n'irait point sans les vents, et se perdrait sans le pilote.

The passions are the winds which urge our vessel forward, and reason is the pilot which steers it; the vessel could not advance without the winds, and without the pilot it would be lost.

L'espérance est le songe d'un homme éveillé.

Hope is the dream of a man awake.

L'esprit a son ordre, qui est par principes et démonstrations; le cœur en a un autre.

The mind has its methods; it proceeds from principles to demonstrations. The heart has a different mode of proceeding.

L'esprit est toujours la dupe du cœur.

The understanding is ever the dupe of the heart.

Les querelles ne dureraient pas longtemps si le tort n'était que d'un côté.

Disputes would not continue so long, if the wrong lay but on one side.

Les rats se promenent à l'aise, là où il n'y a point de chats.

When the cat is away, the mice will play.

Le travail du corps délivre des peines de l'esprit; et c'est ce qui rend les pauvres heureux.

Bodily labor relieves mental fatigue, and this forms the happiness of the poor.

Le travail éloigne de nous trois grands maux: l'ennui, le vice, et le besoin.

Labor rids us of three great evils—tediousness, vice and poverty.

Le vrai moyen d'être trompé, c'est de se croire plus fin que les autres.

The sure mode of being deceived, is to believe ourselves more cunning than others.

L'hypocrisie est un hommage que le vice rend à la vertu.

Hypocrisy is the homage which vice renders to virtue.

Liberté toute entière.

Liberty complete.

Motto of the Irish Earl of Lanesborough.

L'imagination gallope, le jugement ne va que le pas.

The imagination gallops; judgment only goes a foot-pace.

L'industrie des hommes s'épuise à briguer les charges; il ne leur en reste plus pour en remplir les devoirs.

The industry of men is exhausted in canvassing for places, none is left for fulfilling the duties of them.

L'on espère de vieillir et l'on craint la vieillesse; c'est à dire, on aime la vie, et on fuit la mort.

We hope to get old, and yet are afraid of age; in other words we are in love with life, and wish to fly from death.

Louer les princes. des vertus qu' ils n'ont pas, c'est leur dire impunément des injures.

To praise princes for virtues which they have not, is to reproach them with impunity.

Loyal devoir.

Loyal duty.

Motto of Lord Corteret.

Loyal je serai durant ma vie.

I shall be loyal during my life.

Motto of Lord Stourt.

Loyauté n'a honte.
Loyalty has no shame.
Motto of Duke of Newcastle.

Loyauté m'oblige.
Loyalty binds me.
Motto of Duke of Ancaster.

L'une des marques de la médiocrité de l'esprit est de toujours conter.
One of the marks of mediocrity of understanding, is to be always telling stories.

M.

Maintien le droit.
Maintain the right.
Motto of Lord Chandos.

Malheur ne vient jamais seul.
Misfortunes seldom come alone.

Marchandise qui plaît est à demi vendue.
The goods which please are already half-sold.

Marie ton fils quand tu voudras, mais ta fille quand tu pourras.
Marry your son when you please, and your daughter when you can.

Mauvaise est la saison quand un loup mange l'autre.
'Tis a hard winter, when one wolf eats another.

Mauvaise herbe croît toujours.
Ill weeds grow a-pace.

Méchant ouvrier, jamais ne trouvera bons outils.
A bad workman always quarrels with his tools.

Mieux vaut un once de fortune qu'une livre de sagesse.
Better an ounce of fortune than a pound of wisdom.

Mieux vaut un "tiens" que deux "tu l' auras."
One "take this" is better than two "thou shalt have."
A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

N.

Né pour la digestion.
Born for the benefit of digestion.

Ne remettez pas à demain ce que vous pouvez faire aujourd' hui.
Do not defer until to-morrow, what you can do to-day.

Noblesse oblige.
Nobility has its obligations.
Rank impresses duty.

Notre mal s'empoisonne
Du secours qu'on lui donne.
Our disease is aggravated by the remedies which are given.

N'oubliez.
Do not forget.
Motto of the Scotch Earl Graham.

Nous aurions souvent honte de nos plus belles actions, si le monde voyait tous les motifs qui les produisent.
We should often be ashamed of our brightest actions, were the world but to see the motives by which they are produced.

Nous avons tous assez de force pour supporter les maux d'autrui.
We all have sufficient strength to bear the misfortunes of others.

Nous désirerions peu de choses avec ardeur, si nous connaissions parfaitement ce que nous désirons.
We should wish for few things with eagerness, if we perfectly knew the object of our desire.

Nous ne savons ce que c'est que bonheur ou malheur absolu.
We do not know what is absolutely good or bad fortune.

Nous ne trouvons guère de gens de bon sens que ceux qui sont de notre avis.
We seldom find persons of good sense, but such as are of our opinion.

Nul bien sans peine.
Nothing is gained without work.

Nul n'aura de l'esprit,
Hors nous et nos amis.
No person shall be allowed to have wit outside of us and our friends.

O.

On connait l'ami au besoin.
A friend is known in time of need.

O l'utile secret que de mentir à propos!
Oh! what a useful secret it is to be able to lie to the purpose.

On a beau mener le bœuf à l'eau s'il n'a soif.
In vain do you lead the ox to the water if he is not thirsty.

On commence par être dupe, on finit par être fripon.
One begins by being a fool and ends in being a knave.

On dit des gueux qu'ils ne sont jamais dans leur chemin, parcequ'ils n'ont point de demeure fixe. Il en est de même de ceux qui disputent, sans avoir de notions dérterminées.
It is said of beggars that they are never on their way, because they have no fixed abode. It is the same with those who argue without having any fixed ideas.

On fait souvent tort à la verité par la manière dont on se sert pour la défendre.

Injury is often done to the cause of truth by the manner in which it is defended.

On n'a jamais bon marché de mauvaise marchandise.

No one has a good market for bad merchandise.

On ne cherche point à prouver la lumiére.

There is no necessity for proving the existence of light.

On ne loué d'ordinaire que pour être loué.

Praise is generally given that it may be returned.

On ne méprise pas tous ceux qui ont des vices, mais on méprise tous ceux qui n'ont aucune vertu.

We do not despise all those who have vices ; but we despise those who are without any virtue.

On peut attirer les cœurs par les qualités qu'on montre, mais on ne les fixe que par celles qu'on a.

Hearts may be attracted by assumed qualities, but the affections are fixed only by those which are real.

Oublier je ne puis.

I cannot forget.

Motto of Scotch Baron Colville.

Oui et non, sont bien courts à dire, mais avant que de les dire, il y faut penser longtemps.

Yes and no are very easily said, but before they are said it is necessary to think a long time.

On ne se blâme, que pour être loué.

Men only blame themselves for the purpose of being praised.

On n'est jamais si ridicule par les qualités que l'on a, que par celles que l'on affecte d'avoir.

Men are never so ridiculous from the qualities which really belong to them, as from those which they pretend to have.

On ne prend pas le lièvre au tambourin.

A hare is not caught with a drum.

On perd tout le temps qu'on peut mieux employer.

All that time is lost which might be better employed.

On prend le peuple par les oreilles, comme on fait un pot par les anses.

The people are taken by the ears as a pot is by the handles.

On touche toujours sur le cheval qui tire.

The horse that draws is most whipped.

P.

Pain tant qu'il dure, vin à mesure.

Eat at pleasure, drink by measure.

Par les mèmes voies on ne va pas toujours aux mêmes fins.

By the same means we do not always arrive at the same ends.

Parlez du loup et vous verrez sa queue.

Speak of the wolf, and you will see his tail.

Patience passe science.

Patience surpasses knowledge.

Motto of Viscount Falmouth.

Pauvres gens, je les plains, car on a pour les fous
Plus de pitié que de courroux.

Poor gentlemen, I pity them ; for one always entertains for fools more pity than anger.

Peu de bien, peu de soin.

Little wealth little care.

Peu de gens savent être vieux.

Few persons know how to be old.

Pense à bien.

Think for the best.

Motto of Viscount Wentworth.

Plus près est la chair que la chemise.

The skin fits closer than the shirt.

Pour bien désirer.

To desire good.

Motto of Lord Docre.

Pour connaître le prix de l'argent, il faut être oblige d'en emprunter.

To know the value of money, one must be obliged to borrow it.

Pour s'etablir dans le monde, on fait tout ce que l'on peut pour y paraître établi.

To establish himself in the world a man makes every effort to appear already established.

Pour y parvenir.

To attain the object.

Motto of the Duke of Rutland.

Précept commence, exemple achève.

Precept begins, example completes.

Prendre la lune avec les dents.

To seize the moon with one's teeth.

An effort to attain the impossible.

Prend moi tel que je suis.

Take me just as I am.

Motto of the Irish Viscount Loftus.

Prêt d'accomplir.
Ready to perform.
Motto of the Earl of Shrewsbury.

Prêt pour mon pays.
Ready for my country.
Motto of Lord Monson.

Q.

Quand on ne trouve pas son repos en soi même, il est inutile de le chercher ailleurs.
When a man does not find repose in himself, it is vain for him to seek it elsewhere.

Querelle d'allemand.
A German quarrel.
A Quarrel without reason.

Qui a bruit de se lever matin, peut dormir jusqu'a diner.
He who has the reputation of rising early, may sleep till noon.

Qui aime Jean aime son chien.
Who loves John, loves his dog.
Love me, love my dog.

Qui compte sans son hôte, il lui convient compter deux fois.
He that reckons without his host, must reckon again.

Qui dit docteur, ne dit pas toujours un homme docte, mais un homme qui devrait être docte.
He who speaks of a doctor does not always speak of a learned man, but only of a man who ought to be learned.

Qui est plus esclave qu'un courtisan assidu, si ce n'est un courtisan plus assidu?
Who can be a greater slave than the assiduous courtier, if not the one who is still more assiduous?

Qui garde son diner il a mieux à souper.
He that saves his dinner will have more for his supper.

Qui n'a cœur, ait jambes.
Let him that has no heart have legs.

Qui n'a point de sens à trente ans, n' en aura jamais.
He who has not wisdom at the age of thirty will never have it.

Qui perd, pêche.
He who loses, sins.

Qui pense?
Who thinks?
Motto of the Irish Earl of Howth.

Qui premier arriver au moulin, premier doit moudre.
He who arrives first at the mill should first get his grist.
First come, first served.

Qui prête à l'ami perd au double.
He who lends his money to a friend, is sure to lose both.

Qui se couche avec les chiens, se lève avec des puces.
Who lies down with dogs, rises with fleas.

Qui trop se hâte en cheminant, en beau chemin se fourvoye souvent.
He that walks too hastily, often stumbles in plain way.

Qui veut prendre un oiseau, qu'il ne l'effarouche.
To frighten a bird is not the way to catch it.

Qui vin ne boit apres salade, est en danger d'être malade.
He that drinks not wine after salad is in danger of being sick.

R.

Revenons à nos moutons.
Let us return to the mutton.
Let us resume the subject.

Rien de plus estimable que la cerémonie.
Nothing is of more value than civility.

Rien n'empêche tant d'être naturel que l'envie de le paraître.
Nothing prevents a person from being natural so much as the desire of appearing such.

Rira bien, qui rira le dernier.
He laughs well who laughs last.

S.

Sans Dieu rien.
Without God, nothing.
Motto of Lord Petre.

Sans les femmes les deux extrémités de la vie seraient sans secours, et le milieu sans plaisirs.
Without woman the two extremities of life would be without help and the middle of it without pleasure.

Selon le pain il faut le couteau.
According to the bread must be the knife.

Si ceux, qui sont enemis des divertissements honnêtes, avaient la direction du monde, ils voudraient ôter le printemps et la jeunesse—l'un de l'année et l'autre de la vie.
If those who are the enemies of innocent amusements had the direction of the world, they would take away spring and youth—the former from the year, the latter from life.

Si le ciel tombait les cailles seraient prises.
If the sky falls we shall catch larks.

Si nous ne nous flattions pas nous-mêmes, la flatterie des autres ne nous pourrait nuire.

If we did not flatter ourselves, the flattery of others could do us no harm.

Si souhaits furent vrais, pastoreaux seraient rois.

If wishes were true, farmers would be kings.

Soyez ferme.

Be firm.

Motto of the Irish Earl of Carrick.

Suivez raison.

Follow reason.

Motto of the Irish Earl Altamont, Viscount Montague, and Lord Kilmaine.

T.

Tâche sans tache.

A work without a stain.

The Motto of the Scotch Earl of Northesk.

Tant souvent va le pot a l'eau que l'anse y demeure.

The pitcher doth not go so often to the water, but the handle is broken at last.

Tel en vous lisant, admire chaque trait,
Qui dans le fond de l'âme et vous craint et vous hait.

Such a one, on reading your work, admires every stroke, but from the bottom of his soul he fears and hates you.

Telle brille au second rang qui s'éclipse au premier.

A man may shine in the second rank, who would be eclipsed in the first.

Tel maître, tel valet.

As the master so the valet.

Like master, like man.

Tiens ta foy.

Keep thy faith.

Motto of Earl Bathurst.

Toujours prêt.

Always ready.

Motto of the Irish Marquis of Antrim and Earl Clanwilliam.

Toujours propice.

Always propitious.

Motto of the Irish Viscount Cremorne.

Tous les hommes sont fous, et malgré leur soins
Ne diffèrent entr'eux, que du plus ou du moins.

All men are fools, and in spite of every effort, they only differ in degree.

Tout bien ou rien.

The whole or nothing.

Motto of Earl Gainsborough.

Tout ce qui luit n'est pas or.

All is not gold that glitters.

Tout éloge imposteur blesse une âme sincère.

An honest man is hurt by praise unjustly bestowed.

Tout le monde se plaint de sa mémoire, et personne ne plaint de son jugment.

Every man complains of his memory, but no man complains of his judgment.

U.

Un averti en vaut deux.

A person warned is worth two.

Un barbier rase l'autre.

One barber shaves another.

A Roland for an Oliver.

Un clou pousse l'autre.

One nail drives out another.

Un enfant en ouvrant ses yeux doit voir la patrie, et jusqu'à la mort ne voir qu'elle.

The infant, on first opening his eyes, ought to see his country, and to the hour of his death never lose sight of it.

Un homme d'esprit serait souvent bien embarrassé sans la compagnie des sots.

A man of wit may be often much embarrassed without the company of fools.

Un homme toujours satisfait de lui-même, l'est peu souvent des autres, rarement on l'est de lui.

A man who is always well satisfied with himself, is seldom so with others, and others are as little pleased with him.

Un je servirai

One I will serve.

Motto of Earl Pembroke and Lord Porchester.

Un Roy, une foy, une loy.

One King, one faith, one law.

Motto of the Irish Marquis of Clanricarde.

Un sac perce ne peut tenir le grain.

A broken sack will hold no corn.

Un sot trouve toujours un plus sot qui l'admire.

A fool always finds a greater fool to admire him.

Un tout seul.

One alone.

Motto of the Irish Earl Verney.

V.

Ventre affamé n'a point d'oreilles.
A starved belly has no ears.

Vérité sans peur.
Truth without fear.
Motto of Lord Middleton.

Vive la bagatelle.
Success to humbug.

Vivre ce n'est pas respirer, c'est agir.
Life does not consist in breathing, but in action.

Voir le dessous des cartes.
To see under the cards.
To understand the game.

Vous y perdrez vos pas.
You will there lose your steps.
You will have your trouble for nothing.

GERMAN.

A.

Abbitte ist die beste Busse.
Beg pardon is the best penitence.

Abends wird der Faule fleissig.
The lazy become industrious in the evening.

Adelig und edel sind zweierlei.
Nobility and nobleness are two different things.

Adel sitzt im Gemüthe, nicht im Geblüte.
Nobility lies in the mind, not in the blood.

Advocaten und Soldaten, sind des Teufels Spielkamraden.
Lawyers and soldiers are the devil's playmates.

"Aller Anfang ist schwer," sprach der Dieb, und stahl zuerst einen Amboss.
Every beginning is difficult, as said the thief, on stealing an anvil to commence with.

Alles wäre gut, wäre kein aber dabei.
Everything might be well, if there was no *but* added to it.

Allzu klug ist dumm.
Too wise is stupid.

Alte soll man ehren,
Junge soll man bekehren,
Weise soll man fragen,
Narren vertragen.
Honor the old, instruct the young, consult the wise, and bear with the foolish.

B.

Besser ohne Abendessen zu Bette gehen, als mit Schulden aufstehen.
Better go to bed without supper than rise with debts.

D.

Die Pfarrer bauen den Acker Gottes und die Aerzte den Gottesacker.
The parsons labor in God's vineyard, and the doctors in his churchyard.

E.

Ein Alter so ein jung Weib heirathet, ladet den Tod zu Gaste.
An old man who marries a young woman gives an invitation to death.

Eine Stunde nach zwölf, ist es eins, was man thut.
An hour after twelve, is just *one*, whatever you do.

F.

Freiheit is von Gott, Freiheiten von Teufel.
Liberty is from God, liberties from the devil.

G.

Geld regiert die Welt.
Money rules the world.

H.

Hut in der Hand, hilft durch's ganze Land.
With hat in hand, one gets on in the world.

J.

Jahre lehren mehr als Bücher.
Years teach more than books.

Ja und Nein, ist ein langer Streit.
Yes and no is a long dispute.

Jemand der nicht wird vor zwanzig Jahren schön, vor dreiszig stark, vor vierzig witzig, vor fünfzig reich, an dem ist Hopfen und Malz verloren.
He who does not become handsome before twenty years of age, strong before thirty, wise before forty, rich before fifty, on such a man hops and malt are lost.

K.

Kein warum ohne darum.

There is no *why* without a *because*.

M.

Mit den Alten soll man rathschlagen, und mit den Jungen fechten.

Consult with the old and fence with the young.

N.

Neuen Freunden und alten Häusern, ist nicht viel zu trauen.

Trust not too much in a new friend and an old house.

O.

Ohne Bruder kann man leben, nicht ohne Freund.

We can live without a brother, but not without a friend.

R.

Redet Geld, so schweigt die Welt.

Mention money, and the world is silent.

S.

Schönheit vergeht, Tugend besteht.

Beauty vanishes, virtue lasts.

Schwere Arbeit in der Jugend, ist sanfte Ruhe im Alter.

Heavy work in youth is sweet repose in old age.

Städte und Länder werden nie so sehr verwüstet als wenn man fremde Leute in den Rath zieht.

Towns and countries are never more ruined than when counsel is taken from foreigners

T.

Trockner Husten ist des Todes Trompeter.

A dry cough is the trumpeter of death.

W.

Wer A sagt, muss auch B sagen.

Who says A, must also say B.

Wer nicht alt werden will, mag sich jung hängen lassen.

He who does not wish to become old, may hang himself when young.

Z.

Zwischen Freud und Leid, ist die Brücke nicht weit.

The bridge between joy and sorrow is not long.

ITALIAN.

A.

A cader va chi troppo alto sale.

Who climbs too high is sure to fall.

A chi consiglia, non duole il capo.

He who gives advice is not often with a headache.

Amor e signoria non vogliono compagnia.

Love and lordship like no fellowship.

Arricchiscon gli avvocati.

Foolish persons enrich the lawyers.

B.

Bacio di bocca spesso cuor non tocca.

A kiss of the lips does not always touch the heart.

Bella femina che ride, vuol dir, borsa che piange.

When a pretty woman laughs, it is certain that a purse complains.

Bisogna fa trottar la vecchia.

Need makes the old woman trot.

C.

Chi con l'occhio vede, col cuor crede.

He who sees with the eyes believes in his heart.

Chi ha la sanità è ricco e non lo sa.

He who has good health is rich though he may not know it.

Chi non sa niente, non dubita di niente.

He who knows nothing doubts nothing.

Chi per man d'altri s'imbocca tardi satolla.

He who relies upon another's table is apt to dine late.

Cosa ben fatta, è fatta due volte.

What is well done is done twice.

Cosa fatta capo ha.

A thing accomplished has a beginning.

D.

Di buona terra tò la vigna, di buon madre tò la figlia.

Take a vine of a good soil, and a daughter of a good mother.

Dono molto aspettato, è venduto non donato.

A gift long waited for is sold not given.

Due visi sotto una beretta.

Two faces under one cap.

E.

È cattivo vento che non è buono per qualcuno.

'Tis an ill wind that brings good to no one.

È meglio cader dalla finistra che dal tetto.

It is better to fall from the window than from the roof.

Of two evils choose the least.

È meglio esser mendicante che ignorante.

It is better to be a beggar than an ignoramus.

È meglio senza cibo restar che senz onore.

It is better to be without food than without honor.

L.

La povertà è la madre di tutte le arti.

Poverty is the mother of all the arts.

La speranza è il pan de' miseri.

Hope is the poor man's bread.

Lauda la moglie e tienti donzello.

Praise a wife, but remain a bachelor.

La verità è figlia del tempo.

Truth is the daughter of time.

M.

Meglio è dar la lana che la pecora.

It is better to give the wool than the sheep.

N.

Nè femina nè tela al lume di candela.

Choose neither women nor linen by the light of a candle.

Nè caldo nè gelo resta mai in cielo.

Neither winter nor summer rests always in the sky.

O.

Ogni debole ha sempre il suo tiranno.

Every weak man finds some one to tyrannize over him.

Onor di bocca assai giova e poco costa.

Pleasant words are valued and do not cost much.

P.

Per troppo dibatter la verità si perde.

In too much controversy the truth is lost.

Più vide un occhio del padron che quattro de' servitori.

The eye of the master sees more than four eyes of the servants.

Poca roba, poco pensiero.

Little wealth, little care.

S.

Sempre il mal non vien per nuocere.

Misfortune does not always come for our injury.

T.

Tanto buon che val niente.

So good that he is good for nothing.

Tre cose vuol il campo, buon tempo, buon seme e buon lavoratore.

A field hath three needs: good weather, good seed and a good husbandman.

Trista è quella casa dove le galline cantano e il gallo tace.

That is a sad house where the hen crows louder than the cock.

Troppo disputare la verità fa errare.

Too much dispute puts the truth to flight.

U.

Una scopa nuova spazza bene.

A new broom sweeps clean.

PORTUGUESE.

Abolza vazia, e a casa acabada faz o home sesudo mas tarde.
An empty purse, and a new house, make a man wise, but too late.

Auto da fé.
An act of faith. Formerly applied to the burning of heretics.

Mais barato he o comprado que o pedido.
What is bought is cheaper than a gift.

Si no va el otero a Mahoma, vaya Mahoma al otero.
If the mountain will not go to Mahomet, let Mahomet go to the mountain.

SPANISH.

A.

Aviendo prigonado vino, venden vinagre.
After praising the wine they sell us vinegar.

B.

Barato (Lo) es caro.
Cheaply bought, dear in the end.

Bien vengas mal, si vienes solo.
Welcome trouble, if thou comest alone.

C.

Cabello luengo y corto el seso.
Rich in hair and poor in brains.

Cada uno en su casa, y Dios en la de todas.
Every one in his own house, and God in all of them.

Cada uno sabe adonde la aprieta el zapato.
The wearer best knows where the shoe pinches him.

Conocidos muchos, amigos pocos.
Have many acquaintances, but few friends.

D.

Del dicho al hecho hay gran trecho.
Between saying and doing there is a great distance.

Del mal el menos.
Of evils choose the least.

De ruin paño nunca buen sayo.
From poor cloth you cannot make a good coat.
You cannot make a purse of a sow's ear.

E.

El consejo de la muger es poco, y el que no le toma es loco.
A woman's counsel is not much, but he that despises it is a fool.

El pie del dueño estiercol es para la heredad.
The foot of the owner is manure for his land.

L.

La gente pone, y Dios dispone.
Men propose God disposes.

La mano cuerda no hace, todo lo que dice la lengua loca.
The wise hand doeth not all the foolish tongue speaketh.

La mentira tiene las piernas cortas.
A lie has short legs.

La muger del ciego, para quien se afeita?
For whom does the blind man's wife ornament herself?

M.

Mas luye mala palabra, que espada afilada.
An evil word wounds more than a sharp sword.

Mas vale buen amigo que pariente primo.
A good friend is worth more than a near kinsman.

Mas vale puñado de natural, que almozada de sciencia.
A handful of common sense is worth more than a bushel of learning.

Mas vale el buen nombre que las muchas riquezas.

A good name is better than great riches.

Mas vale rodear que no ahogar.

Better go about than fall into the ditch.

Mas quero asno que me leve, que cavallo que me derrube.

Better ride on an ass that carries me than a horse that throws me.

Mas ven quatro ojos que no dos.

Four eyes see more than two.

Mucho en el suelo, poco en el cielo.

Much on earth, little in heaven.

Muito sabe a zaposa, mas mais quïen a toma.

The fox is knowing, but more so he that catches him.

N.

Ni firmes carta que no leas, ni bebas agua que no veas.

Never sign a paper you have not read, nor drink water you have not examined.

No hay cerradura si es de oro la ganzua.

There is no lock but a golden key will open.

No hay mejor espejo, que el amigo viejo.

The best mirror is an old friend.

No se acuerda la suegra, que fue nuera.

The mother-in-law does not remember she was once a daughter-in-law.

O.

Ojos que no ven, corazon no quebrantan.

Eyes that see not do not break the heart.

Olla que mucho yerve, sabor perde.

Too many bitter herbs spoil the stew.

A hasty man never lacks trouble.

P.

Palabras y plumas el viento las lleva.

Words and feathers are tossed by the wind.

Pereza llave de pobreza.

Sloth is the key to poverty.

Poca barba, poca vergüenza.

Little beard, little shame.

Preso por uno, preso por ciento.

In for a penny, in for a pound.

Q.

Quando amigo pide no hay mañana.

When a friend asks, there is no to-morrow.

Quando la mala ventura si duerme, nadie la despierte.

When ill-luck falls asleep, let nobody wake her.

Quien ara, y cria, oro hila,

He that ploughs and thrives, spins gold.

Quien come y condesa dos veces pone la mesa.

He that eats and saves sets the table twice.

A penny saved is a penny earned.

Quien el diablo hà de engañar, de mañana se ha de levantar.

He that will deceive the devil must rise betimes.

Quien la fama ha perdida muerto anda en vida.

He that hath an ill name, is half hanged.

Quien quiere ruido, compre un cochino.

He that loves noise must buy a pig.

Quien solo come su gallo, solo ensille su cavallo.

Who eats his dinner alone, must saddle his horse alone.

Quien tiene tienda, que atienda.

Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee.

R.

Remuda de pasturaje hace bicerros gordos.

A change of pasturage makes fat calves.

Ruin señor cria ruin servidor.

A bad master makes a bad servant.

Like master like man.

S.

Si quieres hembra, escoge la el Sabado, y no el Domingo.

If thou desirest a wife, choose her on Saturday, but not on Sunday.

Si quieres vivir sano, hazte viejo temprano.

If thou wouldst be healthful make thyself old betimes.

Si teneis la cabeza de vidro, no os tomeis à pedradas co-migo.

If you have a glass head you must not throw stones at another.

He that lives in a glass house must not throw stones.

Sobre melon, vino fellon.

After melon, wine is a felon.

Sufre por saber, y trabaja por tener.

Suffer that you may be wise, and labor that you may have.

V.

Vendran por lana y volverán transquilados.

Many go out for wool and come back shorn.

Vida sin amigo, muerte sin testigo.

Life without a friend is death without a witness.

LATIN LAW TERMS AND PHRASES.

A.

Ab initio.
From the beginning.

Ab irato (testamentum).
(A will) made in anger.

Absolutio ab instatio.
Momentary acquittal.

Absolutio plenaria.
Full acquittal.

Accedas ad curiam.
Approach the court.

Accessorium sequitur suum principale.
Accessory matters follow the principal.

Accusare nemo se debet nisi coram Deo.
No man is bound to accuse himself except before God.

Ac etiam.
And also: (a plea of debt).

Acta exteriora indicant interiora secreta.
Outward acts indicate the inner secrets.

Actio personalis moritur cum persona.
A personal action dies with the person.

Actore non probante reus absolvitur.
When the plaintiff does not prove his case, the defendant is absolved.

Actor qui contra regulam quid adduxit, non est audiendus.
He ought not to be heard who advances a proposition contrary to the rules of law.

Actum ut supra.
Done on the above date (or date).

Actus Dei nemini facit injuriam.
The act of God injures no one.

Actus legis nulli facit injuriam.
The act of the law injures no one.

Actus me invito factus, non est meus actus.
An act done against my will is not my act.

Actus meræ facultatis.
A cause not lost by limitation.

Actus non facit reum nisi mens sit rea.
The act does not make a man guilty unless the mind condemns him.

Ademtio civitatis.
Deprivation of civil rights.

Ad quæstionem juris respondeant judices ad quæstionem facti respondeant juratores.
Let the judges answer to the question of law, and the jurors to the matter of fact.

Ad quod damnum?
To what damage?

Adventitia bona.
Additional (other than inherited) property.

Æquitas sequitur legem.
Equity follows the law.

Æquum et bonum est lex legum.
What is good and equal is the law of laws.

Æstimatio præteriti delicti ex postremo facto nunquam crescit.
The estimation of a crime committed never increases from a subsequent fact.

A facto ad jus non datur consequentia.
The inference from the fact to the law is not allowed.

Affirmanti, non neganti incumbit probatio.
The proof lies upon him who affirms, not on him who denies.

Aliquis non debet esse judex in propriâ causâ,
No man should be judge in his own case.

Aliud est celare, aliud tacere.
To conceal is one thing, to be silent another.

Ambitiosum decretum.
A partial decree.

A mensâ et toro.
From bed and board.

Aucupia verborum sunt judice indigna.
Quibbling is unworthy of a judge.

Animus furandi.
The intention of stealing.

Apices juris non sunt jura.
Points of law are not laws.

Aquâ et igne interdictus.
One forbidden the use of water and fire.

Argumentum ab aucoritate est fortissimum in lege.
An argument drawn from authority is the strongest in law.

As assis.
The whole of the whole.
(The whole undivided inheritance.)

Assumpsit.
He assumed the payment.

Audita querela.
The complaint being heard.

A verbis legis non est recedendum.
There is no departing from the words of the law.

B.

Boni judicis est causas litium deremere.
It is the duty of a good judge to remove the cause of litigation.

Bonum necessarium extra terminos necessitatis non est bonum.
Necessary good is not good beyond the bounds of necessity.

C.

Cadit quæstio.
The question falls: (there is no further discussion).

Capias ad respondendum.
Take to answer.

Causa proxima, non remota spectatur.
The immediate, and not the remote cause, is to be considered.

Caveat actor.
Let the doer beware.

Caveat emptor.
Let the buyer beware.

Certiorari.
To make more certain.

Citra consequentiam.
Without anything to follow.

Clausula quæ abrogationem excludit ab initio non valet.
A clause in a law which precludes its abrogation, is invalid from the beginning.

Cognovit actionem.
He has acknowledged the action.

Commodum ex injuriâ suâ non habere debet.
No man ought to derive any benefit from his own wrong.

Compos mentis.
Sound in mind.

Confessio facta in judicio omni probatione major est.
A confession made in court is of greater effect than any proof.

Consensus facit legem.
Consent makes law.

Consequentiæ non est consequentia.
A consequence ought not to be drawn from another consequence.

Consilii, non fraudulenti, nulla est obligatio.
Advice, unless fraudulent, does not create an obligation.

Constructio contra rationem introducta, potius usurpatio quam consuetudo appellari debet.
A custom introduced against reason ought rather to be called a usurpation than a custom.

Consuetudo est altera lex.
Custom is another law.

Consuetudo manerii et loci est observanda.
The custom of the manor and the place must be observed.

Consuetudo pro lege servatur.
Custom is held to be as law.

Consuetudo volentis ducit, lex nolentes trahit.
Custom leads the willing, law compels or draws the unwilling.

Conventio privatorum non potest publico juri derogare.
An agreement between individuals eannot set aside the public law.

Capias ad satisfaciendum.
Take to satisfy.

Corpus delicti.
The body (foundation) of the offense.

Cui licet, quod majus, non debet quod minus est non licere.
He to whom the greater thing is lawful has certainly a right to do the lesser thing.

Cujus est commodum, ejus debet esse incommodum.

He who receives the benefit should also bear the disadvantage.

Cujus est dare ejus est disponere.

He who has a right to give has the right to dispose of the gift.

Cujus est divisio, alterius est electio.

Whichever of two parties has the division, the other has the choice.

Cujus est solum, ejus est usque ad cœlum.

He who owns the soil, owns up to the sky.

Cujus per errorem dati repetitio est, ejus consulto dati donatio est.

He who gives by mistake what he does not owe may recover it, but he who gives knowing he owes nothing, is presumed to give.

Cujusque rei potissima pars principium est.

The principal part of everything is the beginning.

Culpa est immiscere se rei ad se non pertinenti.

It is a fault to meddle with what does not concern you.

Culpa lata æquiparatur dolo.

A concealed fault is equal to a deceit.

Culpa pœnâ par esto.

Let the punishment be proportioned to the crime.

Culpa tenet suos auctores.

A fault finds its own authors.

Cum adsunt testimonia rerum quid opus est verbis?

When the proofs are present, what need is there of words?

Cum confitente sponte mitius est agendum.

One making a voluntary confession is to be dealt with more mercifully.

Cum duo inter se pugnatia reperiuntur in testamento ultimum ratum est.

When two things repugnant to each other are found in a will, the last is to be confirmed.

D.

Debita sequuntur personam debitoris.

Debts follow the person of the debtor.

Debito justitiæ.

By debt of justice: (a claim justly established).

Deductis deducendis.

After proving what was to be proved.

De facto.

According to the fact.

De fide et officio judicis non recipitur quæstio.

No question can be entertained respecting the good intention and duty of the judge.

De jure.

According to the law.

De jure judices, de facto juratores, respondent.

The judges answer as to the law, the jury as to the facts.

Delegata potestas non potest delegari.

A delegated authority cannot be again delegated.

Delegatus non potest delegare.

A delegate (or deputy) cannot appoint another.

Deminutio capitis.

Civil death.

De morte hominis nulla est cunctatio longa.

When the death of a human being may be the consequence, no delay that is afforded is long.

De vitâ hominis nulla cunctatio longa est.

When the life of a man is at stake, no delay that is afforded can be too long.

Dies dominicus non est juridicus.

Sunday is not a day in law.

Dilatationes in lege sunt odiosæ.

Delays in law are odious.

Divinatio non interpretatio est, quæ omnino recedit a litera.

It is a guess not an interpretation which altogether departs from the letter.

Dominium a possessione cœpisse dicitur.

Dominion (the right of domain) is said to have its beginning in possession.

Domus sua cuique est tutissimum refugium.

Every man's house is his safest refuge.

Donatio perficitur possessione accipientis.

A gift is rendered complete by the posession of the receiver.

Donator nunquam desinit possidere antequam donatarius incipiat possidere.

The giver never ceases to possess until the receiver begins to possess.

Dormitur aliquando jus, moritur nunquam.

A right sometimes sleeps, but never dies.

Dormiunt aliquando leges, nunquam moriuntur.

The laws sometimes sleep, but never die.

Duo non possunt in solido unam rem possidere.

Two cannot possess one thing each in entirety.

E.

Ea est accipienda interpretatio, quæ vitio caret.

That interpretation is to be received, which will not intend a wrong.

Ei incumbit probatio qui dicit, non qui negat.

The burden of the proof lies upon him who affirms, not on him who denies.

Ei nihil turpe, cui nihil satis.

To whom nothing is sufficient nothing is base.

Ejus est periculum cujus est dominium aut commodum.

He who has the risk has the dominion or advantage.

Elegit.

He has chosen.

Error fucatus, nudâ veritate in multis est probabilior; et sæpenumero rationibus vincit veritatem error.

Error artfully colored is in many things more probable than naked truth; and frequently conquers truth by much reasoning.

Ex abusâ non arguitur ad usum.

From the abuse of a thing no argument can be drawn against its use.

Ex antecedentibus et consequentibus fit optima interpretatio.

The best interpretation is made from antecedents and consequents.

Exceptio falsi omnium ultima.

A false plea is the basest of all things.

Exceptio firmat regulam in casibus non exceptis.

The exception affirms the rule in cases not excepted.

Exceptio firmat regulam in contrarium.

The exception confirms the rule in contrary cases.

Exceptio probat regulam.

The exception proves the rule.

Exceptio semper ultima ponenda est.

An exception is always to be put last.

Ex facto jus oritur.

The law arises from the fact.

Expressio unius est exclusio alterius.

The naming of one man is the exclusion of the other.

Expressum facit cessare tacitum.

A matter expressed, causes that to cease which otherwise would have been implied.

Ex turpi causa non oritur actio.

No action arises out of an immoral consideration.

F.

Facta sunt potentiora verbis.

Facts are more powerful than words.

Factum a judice quod ad ejus officium non spectat, non ratum est.

An act of a judge which does not relate to his office, is of no force.

Factum negantis nulla probatio.

Negative facts are not proof.

Falsa orthographia, sive falsa grammatica, non vitiat concessionem.

False spelling or false grammar does not vitiate a grant.

Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus.

False in one thing, false in everything.

Fatetur facinus is qui judicium fugit.

He confesses his crime who flies from judgment.

Fiat justitia ruat cœlum.

Let justice be done, though the heavens should fall.

Fiat proüt fieri censuerit, nil temere novandum.

Let it be done as formerly, let nothing be done rashly.

Fieri facias.

Cause it to be done.

Finis finem litibus imponit.

The end puts an end to litigation.

Finis unius diei est principium alterius.

The end of one day is the beginning of another.

Firmior et potentior est operatio legis quam dispositio hominis.

The disposition of law is firmer and more powerful than the will of man.

Fortior et potentior est dispositio legis quam hominis.

The disposition of the law is of greater force and potency than the disposition of man.

Fraus est celare fraudem.

It is a fraud to conceal a fraud.

Frustrà feruntur legis nisi subditis et obedientibus.

Laws are made to no purpose unless for those who are subject and obedient.

Furiosus furore suo punitur.

A madman is punished by his own madness.

Furtum non est ubi initium habet detentionis per dominum rei.

It is not theft where the commencement of the detention arises through the owner of the thing.

G.

Generale nihil certum implicat.

A general expression implies nothing certain.

Generalia sunt præponenda singularibus.

General things are to be put before particular things.

H.

Habeas corpus ad prosequendum.

Bring the body for prosecution.

Habeas corpus ad respondendum.

Bring the body to answer.

Habeas corpus ad satisfaciendum.

Bring the body to satisfy.

Habere facias possessionem.

You shall cause to take possession.

Hæredem Deus facit, non homo.

God and not man, makes the heir.

Hæres hæredis mei est meus hæres.

The heir of my heir is my heir.

I.

Id certum est quod certum reddi potest.

That is certain which may be rendered certain.

Idem non esse et non apparere.

It is the same thing not to exist and not to appear.

Ignorantia excusatur, non juris sed facti.

Ignorance of fact may excuse, but not ignorance of law.

Incerta pro nullius habentur.

Things uncertain are held for nothing.

In civil est nisi tota sententia inspectu, de aliqua parte judicare.

It is improper to pass an opinion on any part of a sentence, without examining the whole.

Inclusio unius est exclusio alterius.

The name of one being included supposes an exclusion of the other.

In conventibus contrahentium voluntatem potius quam verba spectari placuit.

In the agreement of the contracting parties, the rule is to regard the intention rather than the words.

In criminalibus, probationes debent esse luce clariores.

In criminal cases, the proofs ought to be clearer than the light.

In criminalibus, probationes debent esse luce clariores.

In criminal cases, the proofs ought to be clearer than the light.

Index animi sermo.

Speech is the index of the mind.

In dubio, hæc legis constructio quam verba ostendunt.

In a doubtful case, that is the construction of the law which the words indicate.

Injuria fit ei cui convicium dictum est, vel de quo factum carmen famosum.

It is a slander of him of whom a reproachful thing is said, or concerning whom an infamous song is made.

Injuria non præsumitur.

A wrong is not presumed.

In maleficio ratihabitio mandato comparatur.

He who ratifies a bad action is considered as having ordered it.

In obscuris, quod minimum est, sequitur.

In obscure cases, the milder course ought to be pursued.

In omnibus fere minori ætati succurritur.

In all cases relief is afforded to persons under age.

In omnibus quidem, maxime tamen in jure, æquitas est.

In all things, but particularly in the law, there is equity.

In pari causa possessor potior haberi debet.

When two parties have equal rights, the advantage is always in favor of the possessor.

In propriâ causâ nemo judex.

No one can be judged in his own cause.

Intentio mea imponit nomen operi meo.

My intent gives a name to my act.

Invito beneficium non datur.

No one is obliged to accept a benefit against his consent.

Ipsæ legis cupiunt ut jure regantur.

The laws themselves require that they should be governed by right.

J.

Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur.

The judge is condemned when the guilty are acquitted.

Judex est lex loquens.

The judge is the speaking law.

Judex non potest esse testis in propriâ causâ.

A judge cannot be a witness in his own cause.

Judex non potest injuriam sibi datum punire.

A judge cannot punish a wrong done to himself.

Judicandum est legibus non exemplis.

The judgment must be pronounced from law, not from precedent.

Judici satis pœna est quod Deum habet ultorem.

It is punishment enough for a judge that he is responsible to God.

Jus ex injuria non oritur.

A right cannot arise from a wrong.

Jus publicum privatorum pactis mutari non potest.

A public right cannot be changed by private agreement.

Justitia est virtus excellens et Altissimo complacens.

Justice is an excellent virtue, and pleasing to the Most High.

Justitia non est neganda non differenda.

Justice is not to be denied nor delayed.

Justitia non novit patrem nec matrem, solum veritatem spectat justitia.

Justice knows neither father nor mother; justice looks to truth alone.

L.

Legis constructio non facit injuriam.

The interpretative construction of the law wrongs no person.

Lex citius tolerare vult privatum damnum quam publicum malum.

The law would rather tolerate a private wrong than a public evil.

Lex de futuro, judex de præterito.

The law provides for the future, the judge for the past.

Lex est ab æterno.

The law is from everlasting.

Lex est ratio summa, quæ jubet quæ sunt utilia et necessaria, et contraria prohibet.

Law is the perfection of reason, which commands what is useful and necessary and forbids the contrary.

Lex neminem cogit ad impossibilia.

The law compels no man (to perform) impossibilities.

Lex nemini operatur iniquum, nemini facit injuriam.

The law never works an injury to any one or does him a wrong.

Lex non cogit ad impossibilia.

The law forces not to impossibilities.

Lex non intendit aliquid impossibile.

The law intends not anything impossible.

Lex prospicit, non respicit.

The law looks forward, not backward.

Lex semper dabit remedium.

The law always gives a remedy.

Lex spectat naturæ ordinem.

The law regards the order of nature.

Lex succurit ignoranti.

The law succors the ignorant.

Luat in corpore, qui non habet in ære.

Who cannot pay with money, must pay with his body.

Lubricum linguæ non facile in pœnam est trahendum.

A slip of the tongue is not easily punishable.

M.

Magna negligentia culpa est, magna culpa dolus est.

Gross negligence is a fault, gross fault is a fraud.

Majus est delictum seipsum occidere quam alium.

It is a greater crime to kill one's self than another.

Mala grammatica non vitiat chartam.

Bad grammar does not vitiate the deed.

Malum quo communius eo pejus.

The more common the evil, the worse.

Manifesta probatione non indigent.

Manifest things require no proof.

Maxime ita dicta quia maxima ejus dignitas et certissima auctoritas, atque quod maximè omnibus probetur.

A maxim is so called because its dignity is chiefest, and its authority the most certain, and because universally approved by all.

Melior est justitia vere præveniens quam severe puniens.

That justice which justly prevents a crime, is better than that which severely punishes it.

Mercis appellatio ad res mobiles tantum pertinet.

The term merchandise belongs to movable things only.

Merx est quidquid vendi potest.

Merchandise is whatever can be sold.

Minor minorem custodire non debet, alios enim præsumitur male regere qui seipsum regere nescit.

A minor ought not to be guardian of a minor, for he is unfit to govern others who does not know how to govern himself.

Molliter manus imposuit.

He gently laid hands.

Mos pro lege.

Custom for law.

Multiplicatâ transgressione crescat pœnæ inflictio.

The increase of punishment should be in proportion to the increase of crime.

Multitudo errantium non parit errori patrocinium.

The multitude of those who err is no excuse for error.

Multitudo imperitorum perdit curiam.

A multitude of ignorant practitioners destroys a court.

Mutatâ formâ interimitur prope substantia rei.

The form being changed, the substance of the thing is destroyed.

Mutatis mutandis.

The necessary changes being made.

N.

Necessarium est quod non potest aliter se habere.

That is necessity which cannot be dispensed with.

Necessitas est lex temporis et loci.

Necessity is the law of a particular time and place.

Necessitas excusat aut extenuat delictum in capitalibus, quod non operatur idem in civilibus.

Necessity excuses or extenuates delinquency in capital cases, but not in civil.

Necessitas facit licitum quod alias non est licitum.

Necessity makes that lawful which otherwise is unlawful.

Necessitas non habet legem.

Necessity has no law.

Necessitas publica major est quam privata.

Public necessity is greater than private.

Necessitas vincit legem.

Necessity overcomes the law.

Negatio conclusionis est error in lege.

The negative of a conclusion is error in law.

Negatio destruit negationem, et ambæ faciunt affirmativum.

A negative destroys a negative, and both make an affirmative.

Nemo admittendus est inhabilitare seipsum.

No one is allowed to incapacitate himself.

Nemo allegans suam turpitudinem audiendus est.

No man alleging his own crime is to be heard.

Nemo bis punitur pro eodem delicto.

No one can be punished twice for the same crime or misdemeanor.

Nemo contra factum suum venire potest.

No man can contradict his own deed.

Nemo damnum facit, nisi qui id fecit quod facere jus non habet.

No one is considered as committing damages, unless he is doing what he has no right to do.

Nemo dat qui non habet.

No one can give who does not possess.

Nemo debet immiscere se rei alienæ ad se nihil pertenenti.

No one should interfere in what no way concerns him.

Nemo ex alterius facto prægravari debet.

No man ought to be burdened in consequence of another's act.

Nemo ex consilio obligatur.

No man is bound by the advice he gives.

Nemo inauditus condemnari debet, si non sit contumax.

No man ought to be condemned unheard, unless he be contumacious.

Nemo plus juris ad alienum transfere potest quam ipse habent.

One cannot transfer to another a greater right than he has himself.

Nemo potest sibi debere.

No one can owe to himself.

Nemo præsumitur ludere in extremis.

No one is presumed to trifle at the point of death.

Nemo præsumitur malus.
No one is presumed to be bad.

Nemo prohibetur plures negotiationes sive artes exercere.
No one is restrained from exercising several kinds of business or arts.

Nemo punitur pro alieno delicto.
No one is to be punished for the crime or wrong of another.

Nemo, qui condemnare potest, absolvere non potest.
He who may condemn may acquit.

Nemo tenetur armare adversarum contra se.
No one is bound to arm his adversary.

Nemo tenetur divinare.
No one is bound to foretell.

Nemo tenetur informare qui nescit, sed quisquis scire quod informat.
No one is bound to inform about a thing he knows not, but he who gives information is bound to know what he says.

Nemo tenetur seipsum infortunis et periculis exponere.
No one is bound to expose himself to misfortunes and dangers.

Nihil facit error nominis cum de corpore constat.
An error in the name is nothing when there is certainty as to the person.

Nihil habet forum ex scenâ.
The court has nothing to do with what is not before it.

Nihil in lege intolerabilius est, eandem rem diverso jure censeri.
Nothing in law is more intolerable than to apply the law differently to the same cases.

Nihil perfectum est dum aliquid restat agendum.
Nothing is perfect while something remains to be done.

Nihil possumus contra veritatem.
We can do nothing against truth.

Nihil potest rex quam quod de jure potest.
The king can do nothing but what he can do by law.

Nihil simul inventum est et perfectum.
Nothing is invented and perfected at the same moment.

Nihil tam naturale est, quàm eo genere quidque dissolvere, quo colligatum est.
It is very natural that an obligation should not be dissolved but by the same principles which were observed in contracting it.

Nil debet.
He owes nothing.

Nolle prosequi.
To be unwilling to proceed.

Non assumpsit.
He has not promised.

Non decipitur qui scit se decipi.
He is not deceived who knows himself to be deceived.

Non effecit affectus nisi sequatur effectus.
The intention amounts to nothing unless some effect follows.

Non est arctius vinculum inter homines quam jusjurandum.
There is no stronger link among men than an oath.

Non est regula quin fallat.
There is no rule but what may fail.

Non faciat malum, ut inde veniat bonum.
You are not to do evil that good may come of it.

Non in legendo sed in intelligendo leges consistunt.
The laws consist not in being read, but in being understood.

Non liquet.
It is not clear.

Non quod dictum est, sed quod factum est, inspicitur.
Not what is said, but what is done, is to be regarded.

Non refert an quis assensum suum præfert verbis, an rebus ipsis et factis.
It is immaterial whether a man gives his assent by words or by acts and deeds.

Non videntur qui errant consentire.
He who errs is not considered as consenting.

Novum judicium non dat novum jus, sed declarat antiquum.
A new judgment does not make a new law, but declares the old.

Nulla impossibilia aut inhonesta sunt præsumenda.
Impossibilities and dishonesty are not to be presumed.

Nullum iniquum præsumendum in jure.
Nothing unjust is presumed in law.

Nullum tempus occurrit regi.
Time matters not to the king.

Nullus commodum capere potest de injuriâ suâ propriâ.

No man can take advantage of his own wrong.

O.

Obiter dictum.

Said by the way (or in passing).

Obitus jurium.

Loss of claim by litigation.

Omne actum ab intentione agentis est judicandum.

Every act is to be estimated by the intention of the doer.

Omne crimen ebrietas et incendit et detegit.

Drunkenness inflames and produces every crime.

Omne sacramentum debet esse de certa scientiâ.

Every oath ought to be founded on certain knowledge.

Omnia delicta in aperto leviora sunt.

All crimes committed openly are considered lighter.

Omnia pœna corporalis, quamvis minima, major est omni pœna pecuniariâ quamvis maximâ.

The smallest corporal punishment falls with more weight than the largest pecuniary punishment.

Omnia præsumuntur contra spoliatorem.

All things are presumed against a wrong doer.

Omnia præsumuntur legitime facta donec probetur in contrarium.

All things are presumed to be done legitimately, until the contrary is proved.

Optimam esse legem, quæ minimum relinquit arbitrio judicis; id quod certitudo ejus præstat.

That law is the best which leaves the least discretion to the judge; and this is an advantage which results from certainty.

Optimus judex, qui minimum sibi.

He is the best judge who relies as little as possible on his own discretion.

Optimus legum interpres consuetudo.

Custom is the best interpreter of laws.

P.

Par in parem imperium non habet.

An equal has no power over an equal.

Parum proficit scire quid fieri debet si non cognoscas quomodo sit facturum.

It avails little to know what ought to be done, if you do not know how it is to be done.

Patria potestas in pietate debet, non in atrocitate consistere.

Paternal power should consist in affection, not atrocity.

Peccata contra naturam sunt gravissima.

Offences against nature are the heaviest.

Per rerum naturam factum negantis nulla probatio est.

It is in the nature of things that he who denies a fact is not bound to prove it.

Plures cohæredes sunt quasi unum corpus, propter unitatem juris quod habent.

Several co-heirs are as one body, by reason of the unity of right which they possess.

Plures participes sunt quasi unum corpus, in eo quod unum jus habent.

Several partners are as one body, by reason of the unity of their rights.

Plus peccat auctor quam actor.

The instigator of a crime is worse than he who perpetrates it.

Plus valet unus oculatus testis, quam aurili decem.

One eye witness is better than ten ear listeners.

Pœna ad paucos, metus ad omnes.

The punishment of a few causes fear to all.

Potior est conditio defendentis.

Better is the condition of the defendant than that of the plaintiff.

Præstat cautela quam medela.

Prevention is better than cure.

Prætextu liciti non debet admitti illicitum.

Under pretext of legality, what is illegal ought not to be admitted.

Principium est potissima pars cujusque rei.

The principle of a thing is its most powerful part.

Privatum commodum publico cedit.

Private yields to public good.

Privatum incommodum publica bono pensatur.

Private inconvenience is made up for by public benefit.

Prohibetur ne quis faciat in suo quod nocere possit in alieno.

It is forbidden a man to do in his own (property) that which may injure another's.

Protectio trahit subjectionem, et subjectio protectionem,

Protection implies allegiance, and allegiance protection.

Proximus sum egomet mihi.

I am always nearest to myself.

Q.

Quæ ad unum finem loquuta sunt; non debent ad alium detorqueri.

Words spoken to one end, ought not to be perverted to another.

Quæ mala sunt inchoata in principio vix bono peragrentur exitu.

Things bad in the commencement seldom end well.

Quæ non valeant singula, juncta juvant.

Things which do not avail single, when united have an effect.

Quærere dat sapere quæ sunt legitima vere.

To inquire into them, is the way to know what things are really true.

Quæstio fit de legibus non de personis.

The question refers to the laws, and not to persons.

Quando aliquid prohibetur, prohibetur et omne per quod devenitur ad illud.

When anything is forbidden, whatever tends to it is also forbidden.

Quando lex aliquid alicui concedit, concedere videtur id sine quo res ipsa esse non potest.

When the law concedes anything, it concedes that without which the thing itself could not exist.

Qui bene distinguit, bene docet.

He who distinguishes well, learns well.

Qui facit per alium, facit per se.

What a man does by another, he does as of himself.

Qui melius probat, melius habet.

He who proves most, recovers most.

Qui molitur insidias in patriam, id facit quod insanus nauta perforans navem in quâ vehitur.

He who betrays his country, is like the insane sailor who bores a hole in the ship which carries him.

Qui non libere veritatem pronunciat, proditor est veritatis.

He who does not willingly speak the truth, is a betrayer of the truth.

Qui non obstat quod obstare potest, facere videtur.

He who does not prevent what he can, seems to commit the act.

Qui non prohibet quod prohibere potest, assentire videtur.

He who does not forbid what he can forbid, seems to assent.

Qui non propulsat injuriam quando potest, infert.

He who does not repel a wrong when he can, induces it.

Qui parcit nocentibus, innocentibus punit.

He who spares the guilty, punishes the innocent.

Qui per alium facit per seipsum facere videtur.

He who does anything through another, is considered as doing it himself.

Qui prior est tempore, potior est jure.

Who is first in time is strongest in law.

Qui primum peccat ille facit rixam.

He who first offends causes the strife.

Qui rationem in omnibus quærunt, rationem subvertunt.

He who seeks a reason for everything, subverts reason.

Qui semel actionem renunciaverit, amplius repetere non potest.

He who renounces his action once, cannot any more repeat it.

Qui tam.

An action in the nature of an information on a penal statute.

Qui tardius solvit, minus solvit.

He who pays tardily, pays less than he ought.

Quod ab initio non valet, tractu temporis convalescere non potest.

What has no force in the beginning, can gain no strength from the lapse of time.

Quod ad jus naturale attinet, omnes homines æquales sunt.

All men are equal before the natural law.

Quod alias bonum et justum est, si per vim aut fraudem petatur, malum et injustum est.

What otherwise is good and just, if it be sought by fraud or violence, becomes evil and unjust.

Quod dubitas, ne feceris.

When you doubt, do not act.

Quod est inconveniens et contra rationem non est permissum in lege.

Whatever is improper and contrary to reason is not permitted in the law.

Quod meum est sine me auferri non potest.

What is mine cannot be taken without my consent.

Quod pro minore licitum est, et pro majore licitum est.

What is lawful in the less, is lawful in the greater.

Quo warranto?
By what warrant?

R.

Ratio est radius divini luminis.
Reason is a ray of divine light.

Ratio et auctoritas duo clarissima mundi lumina.
Reason and authority are the two brightest lights in the world.

Retraxit.
He has recalled or revoked.

Reus læsæ majestatis punitur, ut pereat unus ne pereant omnes.
A traitor is punished, that one may perish rather than all.

Rex datur propter regnum, non regnum propter regem.
The king is given for the kingdom, not the kingdom for the king.

S.

Sæpe viatorem nova non vetus orbita fallit.
Often it is the new road, not the old one, which deceives the traveller.

Salus ubi multi consiliarii.
In many counsellors there is safety.

Scandalum magnatum.
The name given to a statute of Richard II, by which punishment is to be inflicted for any scandal or wrong offered to, or uttered against a noble personage.

Scientia sciolorum est mixta ignorantia.
The knowledge of smatterers is mixed ignorance.

Scribere est agere.
To write is to act.

Secundum formam statuti.
According to the form of the statute.

Semel malus semper præsumitur esse malus.
He who is once bad is presumed always to be so.

Separatio quoad vinculum.
A total separation or divorce.

Sermo index animi.
Speech is an index of the mind.

Si a jure discedas vagus eris, et erunt omnia omnibus incerta.
If you depart from the law, you will wander without a guide, and everything will be in a state of uncertainty to everyone.

Sic utere tuo ut alienum non lædas.
Use your property so as not to injure another's.

Si judicas, cognosce.
If you judge, understand.

Si meliores sunt quos ducit amor, plures sunt quos corrigit timor.
If many are better led by love, more are corrected by fear.

Solo cedit quod solo implantatur.
What is planted in the soil belongs to the soil.

Solvit ad diem.
He paid it to the day.

Solvuntur tabulæ.
The bills are discharged.

Spoliatus debet ante omnia restitui.
Spoil ought to be restored before anything else.

Stare decisis et non quieta movere.
To stand by things decided, and not to disturb those which are tranquil.

Substantia prior et dignior est accidente.
The substance should be considered as prior to the accidental, and of more weight.

T.

Tacita quædam habentur pro expressis.
Things silent are sometimes considered as expressed.

Tantum bona valent, quantum vendi possunt.
Things are worth what they will sell for.

Terminus annorum certus debet esse et determinatus.
A term of years ought to be certain and determinate.

Testibus deponentibus in pari numero dignioribus est credendum.
When the number of witnesses is equal on both sides, the more worthy they are to be believed.

Testis de visu præponderat aliis.
An eye witness outweighs others.

U.

Ubi jus, ibi remedium.
Where there is a right, there is a remedy.

Ubi jus incertum, ibi jus nullum.
Where the law is uncertain, there is no law.

Ubi major pars est, ibi est totum.
Where the greater part is, there by law is the whole.

Ubi non est condendi auctoritas, ibi non est parendi necessitas.
Where there is no authority to enforce, there is no authority to obey.

Ultra posse nemo obligatur.

No one is obliged (to do anything) beyond his power.

V.

Venire facias.

You shall cause to come.

Verba dicta de personâ, intelligi debent de conditione personæ.

Words spoken of the person are to be understood of the condition of the person.

Verba ita sunt intelligenda. ut res magis valeat quam pereat.

Words are to be so understood that the subject matter may be preserved rather than destroyed.

Veritas nihil veretur nisi abscondi.

Truth is afraid of nothing but concealment.

Vetustas pro lege semper habetur.

Ancient custom is always held as a law.

Vigilantibus non dormientibus æquitas subvenit.

Equity aids the vigilant, not the slothful.

Volenti non fit injuria.

An injury cannot be done to a willing person.

Voluntas reputabatur, pro facto.

The will is to be taken for the deed.

Voluntas testatoris ambulatoria est usque ad mortem.

The will of a testator is ambulatory until his death, (that is, he may change it at any time).

ECCLESIASTICAL TERMS AND DEFINITIONS.

CHRISTIAN CHURCHES.

AGATHON. The mass as the only continuing good bestowed on mortals.

AGNUS DEI. "The Lamb of God." The name given to a cake of wax stamped with the figure of a lamb bearing the banner of the cross which is supposed to possess great virtue, being consecrated by the pope, with great solemnity. These cakes are distributed to the people who cover themselves with a piece of stuff the shape of a heart and carry them devoutly in their processions.

AISE. A linen napkin used for covering the chalice.

ALB. Lat. *Albus*. The second vestment worn by the priest; a large, loose garment of white linen entirely covering the body and secured at the neck by means of strings. It was formerly made of colored silk, and on festival occasions of cloth of gold.

ALLELUIA OR HALLELU-JAH. "Praise the Lord" or 'Praise to the Lord." This was sung by the Jews on solemn days of rejoicing, and is also used in the Roman Catholic church during Easter season, but never in times of mourning, except in masses for the dead.

ALL SAINTS' DAY. In 610 Pope Boniface III. ordered that the heathen temple Pantheon should be made a Christian church, which was done and it was dedicated to All Martyrs and so came to be called All Saints. The day then celebrated was May 1st, but in 834 was changed to November 1st. It was often called Allhallows day and Hallow E'en in Scotland, and Holy Eve in Ireland is the Eve of All Saints' Day.

ALL SOULS. A festival in the Roman Catholic church when special prayers are offered for *All Souls* departed. The day set apart is November 2nd.

ALMS-CHEST. A chest placed in the church for the reception of alms.

ALTAR. Lat. *Altus* and *Ara*. The sacred table on which the Mass is offered. It should be by rule, three and a half feet high, six and a half feet long and three feet wide. Properly it should be made of stone but variations are allowed.

ALTAR CLOTH. A covering for the table provided for the celebration of the Holy Communion. It is usually of silk, but at the time of ministration is of linen.

ALTAR PIECE. A picture placed over the altar.

ALTAR RAILS. By the order of Archbishop Laud the position of the holy table was changed from the middle to the east end of the chancel and was there protected by rails.

ALTAR SCREEN. A screen placed back of the altar bounding the presbytery on the east. In larger churches it separates it from the parts left free for processions between the presbytery and the Lady chapel when the latter is at the east end.

AMBO, THE. An elevated lectern or pulpit used in the early church for chanting the Epistle. Many churches possessed two, one for chanting the Epistle and one for chanting the Gospel; still one served for both purposes in most cases.

AMICE. Lat. *Amicire*. A rectangular piece of linen about three feet long and two feet wide, having a string at each of its two upper corners by which it is fastened on the shoulders of the wearer. There is a cross in the centre of the upper edge, which the priest kisses when vesting. It was used as a covering for the neck and head until about the tenth century when the ecclesiastical cap or berretta supplied its place.

ANABATA. The garment covering the back and shoulders of the priest.

ANAPHORA. The mass, so-called in ancient times because it raises the thoughts to Heaven, *anaphora* meaning a mounting or rising up.

ANGELUS DOMINE. Short prayers which Catholics are called upon to use three times each day at the ringing of the church bell. In some places the times are sunrise, noon and sunset, but the general custom is to ring the angelus at 6 o'clock morning and evening and at noon. It is thought by some that this custom originated during the Crusades, in order to establish uniformity in hours of prayer, but others credit it to Pope John XXII in 1327.

ANNATES. Called "*First Fruits.*" These were the profits of one year of every unoccupied bishopric in England. They were first claimed by the pope for defending Christians from infidels, and were paid by each bishop on his accession, and till that was done he could not receive his investiture from Rome. Now it is payable by the clergy in general.

ANTHEM. A hymn sung in parts, alternately. It is often applied to a short sentence sung before and after one of the Psalms of the day.

ANTIDORON. The name given to a large quantity of bread which is blessed before the Mass and placed on one of the side altars for distribution to those who for some valid reason, cannot approach the regular communion.

ANTIMENS. Also written ANTIMINS. Pieces of stuff, generally silk, about sixteen inches square and having a figure of the burial of our Lord by Joseph of Arimathea stamped upon them. They are held in great veneration and are consecrated with much ceremony, also having the Office of the Holy Eucharist celebrated on them for seven consecutive days.

ANTIPENDIUM. An appendage to be hung before the altar when it is made of any material but stone.

ANTIPHON. Alternate singing of a choir and congregation, the most ancient form of church music.

ANTIPHONAR. The book containing all that is sung by the choir, except the hymns devoted to the Communion service, which are contained in the Gradual or Grail.

ANTIPHONARY. A book composed of the Introit, Graduals, Offertories, Communions, etc.

APSE. Also called APIS. A semi-circular termination of the choir or any other part of the church.

ARCADE. A series of arches, supported by pillars either belonging to the building or used in relieving large surfaces of masonry.

ARCHBISHOP. The chief of the clergy in a whole province, and having the care of the bishops and inferior officers of that province and also the right to deprive them for flagrant offences.

ARCHDEACON. A priest who presides over an archdeaconry or a division of a diocese.

ARCHES, COURT OF. An ancient court of appeal belonging to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the judge of which was called the Dean of Arches, as the court was held in the church of St. Mary de Arcubus.

ASPERGILLUM. An implement resembling a brush used for sprinkling holy water over objects to be blessed.

AUDIENCE, COURT OF. A court belonging to the Archbishop of Canterbury where he disposed of those matters which he reserved for his own hearing.

AUMBRIE. A small closet.

BAND. A linen ornament worn about the neck by clergymen. It is also worn by the scholars at Winchester, etc., and was formerly worn with the surplice by singing men, lay vicars and occasionally by parish clerks.

BASIN. "Whilst the sentences for the Offertory are in reading, the deacons, churchwardens, and other fit persons appointed for that purpose, shall receive the alms for the poor and other devotions of the people, in a decent basin, to be provided by the parish for that purpose."

Rubric.

BELLS. The use of bells in religious services is very ancient, dating back to the time of the writing of the book of Exodus. They were used by the Jews to summon the priests to the service, the Levites to sing, and the men to bring the unclean to the gate called Micanor. Before bells came into general use in the church, sounding boards struck with a mallet of hard wood and called semantrous supplied their place, and these are still in use in some of the Oriental churches. Bells are not rung during the last days of Holy Week, and hence it is sometimes called Still Week. During this time small wooden clappers are used.

BENEDICITE. A canticle so named because it so commences in the Latin version. It is also called the Song of the Three Children as Hananiah, Mishæl and Abednego are said to have sung it in the fiery furnace. It is used at Morning Prayer, after the first lesson.

BERRETTA. A square cap with three corners rising from the crown and having a tassel hanging. It was worn as early as the ninth century, when it had no corners, but resembled an ordinary cap; but its pliability making it difficult to place properly on the head, the shape was changed to the present one, the three

corners being symbolical of the Blessed Trinity. It is of two colors, red and black: red being worn by cardinals and without a tassel, and black by all inferior officers, a bishop's having a green lining. The berretta beside daily use, can be worn in the sanctuary during the less solemn portions of the mass. As worn by the Greeks it is round and close fitting and is generally of a violet color. Fastened to the back is a triangular piece called περιστερχ or the dove, from its resemblance to the tail of that bird. The Greek bishops never wear a mitre, but use a low hat without a peak, over which is thrown a large veil.

Breviary. A compilation in an abbreviated form of the different books anciently used in the service of the Roman Catholic church.

Burse. The receptacle for the Corporal and Pall when not in use, corresponding in color and material with the vestments and having a cross worked in the centre.

Candles. On every altar for the celebration of Mass there are placed near the crucifix two candle-sticks containing candles of pure wax, which are kept burning during the service. At Solemn High Mass, six are required, at Low Mass, four. An ordinary priest uses only two.

Canon. A law of the church. The derivation of the word, which is Greek, signifies a rule or measure.

Cards, Altar. Three cards placed on the altar to assist the memory of the priest. The first contains the Gloria in Excelsis and Credo, the prayers said at the offertory, the Qui Pridie, the form of consecration and the Placeat. The others contain minor prayers used in the service.

Cassock. Lat. *Vestis talaris.* A long outer garment, the ordinary dress of priests, the color of which varies. Cardinals wear red, except in times of penance and mourning, when they wear violet. The bishop's Cassock is violet, except on the occasions mentioned, when it is black, but priests of no particular order wear black. The pope's cassock is always white silk.

Cathedral. Lat. *Cathedra,* a chair. The principal church in a diocese, and so called because there the bishop has his seat or throne.

Censer. The modern designation of the Thurible.

Chalice. The Eucharistic cup in which is placed the wine for consecration, and generally in shape resembling a lily. It is usually made of silver or gold ; wood, brass and glass being forbidden, except where the need is very great. The ornamentation is generally some scene taken from our Lord's life.

Chancel. Lat. *Cancelli.* That part of the church which contains the holy table and stalls for the clergy.

Chant. Ecclesiastical music. The most solemn chants in the Catholic church are attributed to St. Ambrose and St. Gregory.

Chasuble. This garment is the last in the catalogue of sacred vestments. It is open at both sides, reaching to the knees in front of the priest and extending a few inches longer at the back. It is composed of precious cloth, and the colors are the five mentioned in the rubrics, viz: white, red, violet, green and black.

Chimere. The outer garment worn by a bishop, to which the lawn sleeves are generally fastened.

Christe eleison. Christ have mercy on us.

Ciborium. A cup resembling the chalice, only more shallow and wide, and used when the number of communicants is great.

Cincture. A linen girdle sufficiently long to encircle, when doubled, the body of the priest, and worn to keep the Alb in place. Formerly it was made of costly materials, studded with gems and was broad like a sash. That worn by the Oriental priest is much broader and fastened around the waist by a gilt hook, shaped like an S.

Cœnobites. Gr. *Koivo Biov.* Monks having a fixed habitation and forming an association under a chief called Father or Abbot.

Collar. A strip of thin linen two inches in width and long enough to encircle the neck of the wearer. This is folded over a circular band of partially stiff material and to this is sewed a piece of cloth about large enough to cover the chest. It is kept in position by being buttoned in the back or fastened to the neck by strings. It is three colors: red for Cardinals, violet for bishops, and black for priests.

Collects. Short prayers found in all liturgies and public devotional offices.

Colobion. A garment worn by the Greek priests corresponding to the Dalmatic of the Catholic church, but different in being without sleeves and covered with small crosses.

Conclave. The cardinals' place of meeting for the choosing of a new pope. For some time the Vatican has been the place selected.

CONFESSIONAL. An enclosed recess where penitents make confession to the priest.

CONFITEOR. The confession which the priest recites with great humility, saying, "I confess to Almighty God, to blessed Mary ever Virgin, to blessed John the Baptist, to the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, and to all the Saints and to you brethren, that I have sinned exceedingly in thought, word and deed, through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault. Therefore I do beseech the blessed Mary, ever Virgin, the blessed Michael the archangel, the blessed John the Baptist, the holy Apostles Peter and Paul and all the Saints, and you, brethren, to pray to the Lord our God for me."

COPE. A cloak worn during service by Catholic priests. It reaches from the shoulders nearly to the feet and is open only in front, where it is fastened at the neck by a clasp.

CORPORAL. A square of linen the size of a handkerchief, folded in four parts, with a small black cross worked in the centre of its anterior edge. It is spread on the altar at the commencement of mass, the Chalice being placed upon it.

CREED. A summary of Christian belief. The Apostles' Creed is so called because each one is said to have contributed one of its twelve articles.

CROSS, SIGN OF THE. The Greek priest first crosses his thumb on the fourth finger, and bends his little finger so that it resembles the curve of a crescent; the index finger stands erect, and having bent the middle one in the same way as the little, lifts his hand and traces the sign of the Cross. The meaning of this is as follows: The outstretched finger stands for the Greek letter I, the bending of the middle finger for the letter C—an old way of writing Sigma or the English S—the letters I and C or S thus standing for Jesus. The thumb crossed upon the fourth finger is the Greek X, equivalent to our ch, and this with the little finger representing S or C, stands for Christ; so that the interpretation is Jesus Christ. The Roman Catholic sign of the cross is made by touching the forehead, breast, left and right shoulder, the priest saying: "In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancte, Amen"—in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, amen; the last invocation being uttered as the hand passes from the left to the right shoulder.

CROSS, DOUBLE. A cross having at the head two transverse beams differing in length. It is also called Archiepiscopal.

CROSS, JANSENISTIC. A cross in which the Lord's arms are not fully extended, this signifying that He died only for the good.

CROSS, TRIPLE. A cross having three transverse bars.

CRUCIFIX. There are six variations of the cross: 1. The Latin cross most commonly in use, the transverse beam being near the top, †. 2. The Greek cross, where two equal beams cut each other in the centre, +. 3. St. Andrew's, the form of cross on which that saint was crucified, ×. 4. The Egyptian, T. 5. The Maltese. 6. The Russian.

CRUETS. The glasses in which the wine and water for the Holy sacrifice are kept. They are generally of glass, but are sometimes gold or silver.

DALMATIC. The garment worn by the deacon in administering the Holy Eucharist, and also worn at stated times by the bishops. It reaches below the knees, and is open at each side for a distance varying at different periods.

DATOR. An officer in the pope's court commissioned by him to receive petitions respecting the provision of benefices. He is empowered, without conferring with the pope, to grant to all benefices that do not produce more than twenty-four ducats yearly, but for the others, he must have the signature of the pope. He can also, where there are several candidates for a benefice, decide on whom it shall be bestowed.

DEDICATION, FEAST OF. The wake or festival for the dedication of churches.

DEIPNON. The mass as being the means of giving to our souls the Bread of Life.

DEO GRATIÆ. "Thanks be to God." An exclamation used at the conclusion of the Epistle, or an expression of gratitude for the sacred words.

DIAPER. In church architecture a decoration of large surfaces with a constant recurring pattern either carved or painted.
Hook's Church Dictionary.

DRIPSTONE. The projecting moulding which crowns doors, windows and other arches in the exterior of a building.
Hook's Church Dictionary.

EAST, PRAYING TOWARDS THE. This is an ancient custom, and in early times most of the churches were built with a view to this practice. A number of reasons are given, of which the most important is this: At the Saviour's crucifixion His face was towards the west, hence by praying turned to the East, is signified looking in His face.

EMBER DAYS. The Wednesday, Friday and Saturday after the first Sunday in Lent,

the feast of Whitsunday, the fourteenth of September, and the thirteenth of December, all being fast days. The week in which these days fall is called Ember Week, and the Sunday in December which begins it is always the third Sunday in Advent.

ENTHRONISATION. The placing of a bishop in his stall or on the throne in his cathedral. *Hook's Church Dictionary.*

EPIGONATON. A lozenge-shaped appendage hung from the girdle and worn on the right side. It represents the napkin with which our Lord girded himself at the last supper and has either His head or a cross embroidered on it. In the Catholic church, none but the pope is allowed to use it, but in the Greek church permission is granted to all the bishops.

EXARCH. An officer in the Greek church whose business it is to visit the provinces in his charge to acquaint himself with lives and manners of the clergy, the manner of celebrating Divine service, and administering the sacraments, confession in particular; also monastic discipline, affairs of marriage, divorces, etc.

FALDISTORY. Lat. *Faldistorium.* The bishop's chair near the altar, which he occupies when addressing the candidates for orders. This name is also given to the episcopal chair within the chancel.

FLAGON. A vessel for holding the wine before and at the consecration in the Holy Eucharist. It differs from the chalice in being the vessel in which some of the wine is placed for consecration, if more than one vessel is used.

FONT. The baptismal vase or basin. It supplies the place of rivers, etc., where the rite of Baptism was formerly administered.

FORMULARY. A book containing the ceremonies, rites and forms of the Church. In the Church of England it is the Book of Common Prayer.

FRIDAY, GOOD. The Friday in Passion Week, and so called from the good effects on us of our Lord's sufferings. It was called Long Friday by the Saxons.

GIRDLE. A cincture fastening the alb around the waist. It was formerly broad and flat, but is now a cord with tassels at the ends.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS. "Glory to God in the highest." As this is a hymn of joy it is not sung during seasons of penance and mourning, consequently is never heard during Lent or Masses for the Dead. It is recited while the Dominicans and Carthusians stand at the centre of the altar, the initial words only being said from that place, the remainder being finished at the missal. At the conclusion thereof the priest stoops and kisses the altar, when he salutes the congregation with "Dominus vobiscum"—"The Lord be with you."

GLORIA PATRI. "Glory be to the Father." The doxology reads, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost, &c."

HOST. The altar bread, which is circular in shape and has been since the third century. It is differently stamped, some bearing the letters I. H. S., others a cross, &c. The Greek Host has a square projection rising from the surface which is called the Holy Lamb and cut off, is used for the sacrificial Host. The remainder of the loaf is divided and the particles grouped and dedicated to the Virgin, apostles, saints and martyrs. The Coptic Host has on one side "*Αγιος Αγιος, Αγιος, Κυριος Σαβέωε*" Holy, Holy, Holy Lord of Hosts, and on the other side *Αγιος Ιοχυρος* Holy, strong one.

HYMN, ANGELIC. The Doxology beginning, "Glory be to God on high." It is so named from having been sung by the angels when they appeared to the Bethlehem shepherds.

I. H. S. Formerly written I. H. C. The first three letters of the Lord's name in the Greek language *IHΣOΥΣ* which were often used, during the age of persecution, on the tombs of Christians. The interpretation, Jesus, the Saviour of men, originated with St. Bernardine in 443. He disapproved of devices on some cards which were being sold by a peddler and induced him to change them, substituting the letters I. H. S., which he said stood for Jesus Hominum Salvator.

INQUISITION. A court of justice in Roman Catholic countries for the trial and punishment of heretics.

INTERDICT. An ecclesiastical censure by which the Church of Rome forbids the performance of Divine service and the administration of the sacraments to a kingdom, town, etc.

INTROIT. The beginning of the Mass for the day, principally passages taken from the Psalms, followed by the minor doxology.

INVESTITURE. The act of conferring a bishopric by giving a pastoral staff or ring.

JUBILATE DEO. "O be joyful in God." One of the Psalms used after the second lesson in the morning service.

JUBILEE. A solemn season recurring every quarter of a century in the Church of Rome, marked chiefly by the indulgences granted by the pope to all of his communion.

JURE DIVINO. "By Divine right." An expression frequently found in controversial writings.

KEYS, POWER OF THE. The authority held by the priesthood of administering the discipline of the church and granting or withholding its privileges.

KYRIE ELEISON. 'Lord have mercy on us." The name given to the minor Litany which is recited after the Introits. The only Eastern Liturgy which enjoins its recital on the priest is that of St. James.

LANTERN. The middle tower of a cruciform church when it is open over the cross.

LAURA. A name given to a collection of cells in a wilderness inhabited by monks, each of whom provided for his own wants. Formerly the monasteries in Ireland were called Lauras.

LECTURN. The reading desk placed in the choir of churches. It was generally made of wood, but sometimes of brass, the shape being an eagle with extended wings.

LENT. A movable fast coming in the spring of the year, and lasting from Ash Wednesday to Easter Sunday. It commemorates the fasting of the Saviour for forty days and also his passion, death and resurrection. Lent is observed in the Catholic and some Protestant churches, and Good Friday is, in England and other countries observed by a general suspension of business. In the Greek church the fast of Lent is rigorously observed and there are several repetitions throughout the year.

LITURGIA. Formerly the name most frequently applied to the mass and now in use through the East.

LOGOS. The Word. One of the titles of our Lord. As men make known their sentiments to each other by speech, so God reveals His designs by His Son, the Word.

LYCHNOSCOPE. A narrow window near the ground, generally found at one end of the chancel, but sometimes in other parts of the church. There have been various opinions as to their use, but now they are supposed to have been confessionals.

MANIPLE. A small strip of precious cloth, of the same substance as the Stole and chasuble, on which are embroidered three crosses, one in the middle and one at each end. It is worn on the left wrist and is about two feet long and four inches wide, and when on, hangs equally on both sides. The Greeks wear two, one on each arm, and they are usually called *Epimanikia*, signifying something worn on the hand.

MASS, MISSA or MISSIO, dismissal. The origin of the word mass is disputed, but the general opinion of Roman Catholic writers is in favor of the above. They relate to the ancient custom of a two fold dismissal—the Catechumens before the Mass and the faithful at the end. The entire service was known by the plurals *missæ* or *missiones*.

MASS, BRIDAL OR NUPTIAL. In the Missal is found a Latin "Missa pro Sponso Et Sponsa," i. e., Mass for the Bridegroom and Bride.

MASS, CONVENTUAL. The mass which the rectors and canons attached to a cathedral are required to celebrate each day after the hour of Tierce, which is about nine o'clock.

MASS, DRY. So called when the consecration and consumption of the elements are omitted. Not now in use.

MASS, LOW. The mass repeated in a low tone of voice.

MASS, GOLDEN. MISSA AUREA. Out of use, but formerly celebrated on the Wednesdays of the quarter tenses of Advent in honor of the Mother of God; the bishops and all his canons assisting, at which time it was customary to distribute very costly gifts to those who took part. It was a splendid and Solemn High Mass, often lasting three or four hours. It is celebrated yearly in Brussels, at the Church of St. Gudule, on Dec. 23d.

MASS, MIGNIGHT. Also called Nocturnal. Was frequently celebrated during the persecution of Christians because they were forbidden to meet during the day. It is yet celebrated in many places at Christmas.

MASS OF JUDGMENT. An ancient custom used to prove or disprove the innocence of accused persons; unknown in the church at the present time, and condemned as early as A. D. 592.

MASS OF REQUIEM. A mass said in behalf of the dead.

MASS OF THE PRESANCTIFIED. The mass so called because celebrated with a previously consecrated Host, and without the consecration of either element.

MASS, PRIVATE. The mass when quietly celebrated in some oratory or chapel, not accessible to all.

MASS, SHOES WORN AT. While bishops are not limited as to color, for the lower order of the clergy black is always prescribed.

MASS, SIMPLE HIGH, OR MISSA CANTATA. The mass where there is neither deacon or sub-deacon ministering.

MASS, SOLEMN HIGH. So called when mass is solemnized with deacon and sub-deacon and a full corps of inferior ministers. It is sometimes called *grand*, because of its ritualistic display. Also *high*, on account of the greater part of it being chanted in a high tone of voice.

MASS, SOLITARY. Mass said by a priest alone, without the attendance of the people or even a server.

MASS, VOTIVE. Mass said by a priest, either to satisfy his own wishes or some member of his congregation.

MATINS. The ancient name for those prayers offered about day-break.

MISERERE. 1st. The psalm usually selected for penitential acts, being the 51st psalm. 2d. The seat of a stall made to turn up or down, so that it might be used for a seat or in long standing for a support. They are generally carved, and sometimes very handsomely.

MISSAL. Lat. LIBER MISSALES. Book of the mass. The Greeks use eighteen books in the service of the altar.

MONSTRANCE. The large appurtenance in which the Blessed Sacrament is exposed at Benediction; sometimes carried in solemn procession. It has a large stem, the upper part resembling the rays of the sun. In its centre there is a circular aperture in which the lunette with the Blessed Sacrament enclosed is placed during the exposition. The material is the same as that of other vessels. None but the clergy are allowed to touch the sacred vessels.

MYSTERION. The mass of mysteries.

MYSTAGOGIA. The mass, so called by St. Dyonysius from its being a participation of the sacred mysteries.

NAVE. The central portion of a church extending from the choir to the principal entrance.

NIPTER. Lat. PEDILUVIUM. The ceremony of washing the feet. It is performed by Greek Christians on Good Friday, in imitation of our Lord.

PALL. A stiff piece of linen, about five inches square, with a worked cross in the centre. It is used as a cover for the mouth of the chalice.

PARCLOSE. Screens which separate the chapel from the body of the church, especially those at the east end of the aisles.

PARVISE. The room over a church porch. It is used as a private room by some officer of the church, and sometimes as a temporary lodging for a priest.

PATEN. A small saucer-like dish, used to cover the mouth of the chalice, and made of the same material, on which is placed the large bread for consecration.

PATER NOSTER. "Our Father." The Lord's prayer, having this preface: "Being admonished by salutary precepts, and taught by divine institution, we presume to say."

PAX, PEACE. An elaborately ornamented metal tablet used in the mediæval church to receive the kiss of peace by priests and people.

PAX VOBISCUM. "Peace be with you." A form of greeting used in the offices of the ancient Christian church.

PORCH. A part of the church where formerly marriage and baptismal services were partly performed and then completed in the church.

POSTILS. The ancient name for sermons or homilies.

PRIORY. A house occupied by an order of monks or nuns, the chief of whom was called a prior or prioress.

PROSPHORA. The mass so called from the fact that through it we eventually obtain eternal happiness.

PROTHESIS. Also called CREDENCE. It is that place in a church on which the Eucharistic elements are put before being consecrated on the altar.

PULPIT. An elevated desk, generally placed in the nave of the church, from which the preacher addresses his congregation. Formerly sermons were delivered from the steps of the altar.

PURIFICATOR. Also called the Mundatory, is a piece of linen about twenty inches long, and when folded in three, four inches wide. In the centre there is a small cross, and it is kept wrapped in the Amice when not used.

PYX. A small box of gold or silver about the size and shape of a watch. It is used for carrying the Blessed Sacrament to the sick.

RELICS. It is the custom among Roman Catholics of placing some portion of the body of a saint or martyr in newly consecrated altars. The relics are enclosed in a metal box—silver is preferable—and this bears the name of the saint and the bishop who officiates at the ceremony.

REREDOS. A screen behind an altar. In large conventional churches, where there is a space behind the altar, this was the universal termination of the ritual presbytery.

Hook's Church Dictionary.

RITUAL. A book containing the order and forms to be observed in celebrating the Divine service and all matters connected with external order, in the performance of sacred offices.

ROCHET. The garment worn by the bishops under the chimire. It was made of linen, with narrow sleeves.

ROOD LOFT. A gallery extending along the top of the rood screen, which in parish churches generally crosses the chancel arch. On this was placed the rood or figure of our Lord on the Cross, and on either side the Blessed Virgin and St. John. The rood loft in large cross churches was usually of stone and occasionally contained a chapel and an altar.

ROOD SCREEN. That which separates the chancel from the nave and formerly supported the rood loft.

RUBRICS. Rules and orders formerly printed in red characters but now in Italics, directing the time, place and manner in which all things in the Divine service should be performed. The English clergy solemnly pledge themselves to observe these rubrics.

SACRISTAN. The person in whose care are the sacred vestments. The name is now changed to sexton.

SACRISTY. Now called vestry. The place where the sacred vestments are kept.

SANCTE BELL. A small bell which is rung when the "Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus, Deus Sabaoth" was said, to prepare the people for the elevation of the Host.

Hook's Church Dictionary.

SEDILIA. Seats near to and generally on the south side of the altar for the ministers officiating at the Holy Eucharist, of which there are generally three, the celebrant, epistoler and gospeller, although the number varies from one to five.

SEE. The seat of episcopal dignity and jurisdiction, where the bishop has his throne or cathedra.

Hook's Church Dictionary.

SEPTUM. The enclosure made by the altar rails for the holy table.

SEPULCHRE. A niche usually at the north side of the altar used in the representations of our Lord's burial, resurrection and tomb, on Good Friday, Easter and before the Reformation. It is sometimes quite plain, at others very elaborate. The general subjects are the Roman soldiers sleeping and the angels.

SHRINE. The place of deposit for relics or other sacred things.

SOLIDEO. Lat. *Solus* and *Deus*. A tight fitting white cap worn by the pope instead of the berretta. The pope takes this cap off to no earthly person, but to God only, during the more solemn part of the mass.

STOLE. A band of precious cloth four inches wide and six feet long, worn around the neck and crossed on the breast, being kept in place by the cincture. A deacon is privileged to wear the stole from the time of his ordination, but only over the left shoulder and fastened at the right side, the priest wearing it around both and crossed, while the bishop wears it pendant on both sides without crossing. In the Greek Church this is generally known as the Epitrachelion and differs from the others in being made in one piece with a seam worked along the middle, and having an opening at the top wide enough to allow the priest's head to pass through.

STOUP. A basin for holy water generally placed near the entrance of a church, and on the right hand of the one who enters.

SUNDAY, Low. Upon the octave of the first Sunday after Easter day, it was the custom of the ancients to repeat some part of the solemnity which was used upon Easter day whence this Sunday took the name of Low Sunday, being celebrated as a feast, though of a lower degree than Easter day itself.

Hook's Church Dictionary.

SURCINGLE. A belt used for fastening the cassock around the waist.

SURPLICE. A white linen garment worn by the clergy in celebrating the Divine services and on certain days by members of colleges, whether clerical or not

SYNAXIS. The mass so called by the Fathers as being the means of union with Christ.

TABERNACLE. A small structure resembling a church placed in the centre of the altar. It is generally made of wood but sometimes of marble and is then lined with wood, and in it is kept the Holy Eucharist under lock and key.

TARGUM. A book of hymns used by the Nestorians. It is derived from the Syriac word *turgmo*—interpretation.

TELEION. The mass signifying the perfect atonement made by the sacrifice of the Holy Lamb.

THURIBLE. The vessel in which the incense is burned. This is kept in a small boat-shaped vessel and conveyed to the thurible by means of a small spoon.

TIARA. The pope's triple crown. That and the keys are the badges of his dignity: the tiara of his civil rank, and the keys of his jurisdiction.

TONSURE. The clerical method of wearing the hair. Shaving the top of the head, leaving a rim of hair at the base, signifies wearing a crown of thorns.

TRAVERSE. A seat of state covered with a canopy for the use of the sovereign. It was formerly placed at the upper end of the choir in the royal chapels, and temporarily in cathedrals.

TRIFORIUM. The passage directly over the arches of the great arcade, but also applied to any passage in the walls of a church.

TUNICLE. A garment worn by the minister assisting at the Holy Communion. It has been the same as the dalmatic since the fourth century, before which time it had no sleeves.

VEIL. Made generally of silk, and used to cover the chalice.

VERGER. The one who carries the mace before the canons or dean in a cathedral or collegiate church. In some cathedrals the canons have their vergers, and the dean his, but frequently the verger goes before any member of the church.

VESTMENTS, COLORS OF THE. White, the symbol of purity, innocence and glory is used at the special feasts of our Lord and the Blessed Virgin, and at those of the angels, virgins and confessors. Red, symbolic of fortitude is used at Pentecost and the feasts of the apostles and martyrs and the Lord's Passion. Green, the symbol of hope is used from the octave of the Epiphany to Septuagesima and from the octave of Pentecost to Advent. Violet, the symbol of penitence is used in times of public sorrow, fasting and penance, and in those processions which do not immediately relate to the Blessed Sacrament. Also at the feast of the Holy Innocents, except when it comes on Sunday, when it is changed to red, as is also the color of the octave. Black is used in Masses and Offices of the dead and on Good Friday. In the Greek church there are but two colors, red and white, the latter being the general, while red is used in all masses for the dead and through Lent.

VIRGIN MARY, ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED. A festival appointed by the church for the 25th of March to commemorate the appearance of the angel to Mary with the announcement that she should be the Mother of the Messiah.

WAFERS. The name given to the bread used by the Catholics in the Eucharist, and by the Lutheran Protestants in the Lord's Supper. They are formed to represent a Denarius or penny, the coin for which our Lord was betrayed.

WEEK, HOLY. The last week in Lent in which the church commemorates the sufferings and death of our Lord. It is also called Passion Week and the Great Week.

WEEK, STILL. Also called Holy Week, at which time no bells are rung from Thursday until Saturday when they are rung in memory of our Lord's resurrection.

WHITSUN-DAY. Also called White Sunday. A festival in the church commemorating the descent of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost. It occurs ten days after Holy Thursday or Ascension Day.

ZUCCHETTO. A small, closely fitting skull cap, in shape like a saucer. It can be worn by permission from the pope during Mass from the beginning to the Preface, and from the end of communion to the completion of the service. It is of three colors, red, violet, and black. Red is worn by the cardinals, violet by the patriarchs, archbishops and bishops and black by all the other clergy.

JEWISH CHURCH.

AARON-HAKADISH. The holy ark used in the Synagogue as a depository of the scrolls of the law.

ATONEMENT, DAY OF. Celebrated on the ninth and tenth days of Tishri. It was instituted by Moses, as a general day of expiation and sacrifice for sins.

BENSHEN. A corruption of the Latin word *benedicto*. The prayer after meals recited by Israelites.

BROCHO. BLESSING. A grace recited before partaking of food.

CHANUKKAH. DEDICATION. A day of celebration on the ninth day of Kisley to rejoice in the victory of the Hasmoneans, or Maccabees over Antiochus, King of Syria.

EPHOD, from *Aphad*, to put on. An upper garment worn by Hebrew priests. There were two kinds; that worn by the priests, of plain linen, and that by the high priests, of embroidered linen. It was a sort of girdle, which brought from the back of the neck over the shoulders, hung down in front, and was crossed at the waist and carried back and used as a girdle to the tunic.

GEMARA. A commentary on the Mishna.

KADDISH. A prayer recited in the Synagogue for the souls of departed parents.

KELAI KADESH. HOLY VESSELS. Silver ornaments used in the Synagogue to adorn the scrolls of the law.

KETHUBIM. WRITINGS. Containing the Psalms, Proverbs and the remaining books of the Bible.

KIDDUSH and HABDALLA. Prayers recited in Jewish houses; the first at the beginning, the latter at the close of Sabbaths and festivals. They are recited by the chief of the house, holding a glass of wine in his hand, at the conclusion of which he drinks and passes it around the table.

MESUSA. DOORPOST. A little scroll of parchment containing this passage of Scripture: "Thou shalt write them on the doorposts of thy house, and upon thy gates." It is enclosed in a tin box, and fastened to the right doorpost of Jewish houses.

MISHNA. The oral law consisting of traditions handed down respecting the law of Moses.

MONTHS—JEWISH.

Nisan, March 20 to April 16.
Iyar, April 19 to May 17.
Sivan, May 18 to June 16.
Tamuz, June 17 to July 15.
Ab, July 16 to August 14.
Elul, August 16 to September 13.
Tishri, September 14 to October 13.
Marchesvan, October 14 to November 13
Kisley, November 14 to December 13.
Tebeth, December 14 to January 12.
Shebat, January 13 to February 12.
Adar, February 13 to March 15.

The Jewish months have 29 and 30 days, and Leap year has 13 months, the last being known as 2d Adar.

NEBIM. PROPHETS. Containing that portion of the Bible from the Book of Joshua to the end of the Prophets.

PAROCHES. The curtain before the holy shrine in the Synagogue.

PESACH. PASSOVER. The feast of Spring, beginning on the fourteenth day of the month Nisan and lasting seven days. It is the celebration of the Passover and commemorates the delivery of the Jews from Egyptian bondage, and the passing over of the last plague from the houses of the Israelites.

PHYLACTERY. In Hebrew, *tephelin*. Strips of parchment on which were inscribed passages from the Pentateuch. They were enclosed in a small box and worn on the forehead between the eyes, or on the arm near the heart, in accordance with the command in Exodus xiii, 16.

PURIM. LOT. A feast day, on the fourteenth of the month Adar, in remembrance of God's providence in saving the Israelites from the destruction, through Mordecai and Esther, planned by Haman, according to the book of Esther.

ROSH HASHANAH. NEW YEAR. Kept on the first day of the seventh month, Tishri, the Jewish civil New Year, Nisan being the religious. The biblical name of the feast is "Day of the Trumpet."

SEPTUAGINT. SEVENTY. The Old Testament, so called, from the number of translators engaged on the original Greek version. It was commenced by the Alexandrian

Jews, 280 B. C. There were many disputes as to its correctness, but it was the basis of all subsequent translations.

Shebuoth. Feast of Weeks. A celebration of the completion of the seven weeks of harvest, according to Deut. xvi, 9. At the present time the main object of the feast is to thank God for the giving of the commandments.

Sukkoth. Feast of Tabernacles. It lasts seven days, commencing on the fourteenth day of the seventh month, Tishri, the first day only being a holy day. This is also a harvest feast, and is in obedience to the command in Levit. xxiii, 40: "And ye shall take unto yourselves on the first day the fruit of the tree, hadar, branches of palm trees, and the boughs of the myrtle tree, and willows of the brook, and ye shall rejoice before the Eternal seven days."

Talith, and Arba-canforth. Vestments formerly worn during Divine service, to guard man against trespass and to remind him of his moral and religious obligations. They contained the thread of blue spoken of by Moses, a symbol to direct the eye and heart to God.

Talmud. This book contains the complete civil and canonical law of the Jewish people, embracing both the Mishna and the Gemara, the former being the earliest text. It is a book of doctrine, as the name implies, and this doctrine is elucidated and commented upon in a series of dialogues, in many cases of a fanciful character. The Mishna (doctrine) and the Gemara (teaching) contain, however, many curious and interesting statements regarding legal, medical, physical, ethical and astronomical subjects. They reveal much of the customs, practices, and decisions of the Jewish nation in the ages of antiquity. The word Talmud is from the Hebrew word *lamed*, and signifies, to learn.

Tefilla. A prayer known as *Sh'mona esreth*, on account of the eighteen benedictions that it originally contained.

Torah. Law. The five books of Moses, known as the Pentateuch.

QUOTED AUTHORS.

NATIVITY, DATES OF BIRTH AND DEATH.

NOTE.—The first line of figures gives year of birth, the second death. The letter L signifies living.

ABD-EL-KADER,
Algeria..... 1807– L.
ADAMS, JOHN QUINCY,
America..... 1767–1848
ADAMS, SARAH FLOWER,
England..... 1805–1848
ADDISON, JOSEPH,
England..... 1672–1719
ÆSCHINES,
Greece..... ....B. C. 389– 314
ÆSCHYLUS,
Greece.....B. C. 525– 456
AFRICANUS, SCIPIO,
Italy.....B. C. 235 or 4– 183
AKENSIDE, MARK,
England..... 1721–1770
AIRD, THOMAS,
Scotland..... 1802–1876
ALCOTT, AMOS BRONSON,
America..... 1799– L.
ALDRICH, JAMES,
America..... 1810–1856
ALDRICH, THOMAS BAILEY,
America..... 1836– L.
ALDRIDGE, IRA,
America..... 1810–1867
ALEXANDER, WILLIAM (Earl of Sterling),
Scotland..... 1590–1640
ALFIERI,
Italy..... 1749–1803
ALFONSO V., King of Aragon,
Spain..... 1385–1458
ALI (Ali Ben Abu Taleb),
Arabia..... Flourished 655– 661
ALLEN, ELIZABETH AKERS,
America..... 1832– L.
ALLINGHAM, WILLIAM,
Ireland..... 1828– L.
ALLISON, RICHARD.
ANDERSON, HANS CHRISTIAN,
Island of Fünen..... 1805–1875
ANGELO, MICHAEL,
Italy..... 1474–1564
ANTONIUS, MARCUS AURELIUS,
Italy..... 121– 180
APOLLODORUS,
Greece.....Flourished B. C. – 104
ARBITER, PETRONIUS,
Flourished 50– 66
ARCHIAS, AULUS LICINIUS,
Syria.....Circa B. C. 120–
ARCHILOCHUS,
Island of Paros...Circa B. C. 714– 676
ARETINO,
Italy.....
ARIOSTO, LUDOVICO,
Italy..... 1474–1533
ARISTOPHANES,
Greece.....Circa B. C. 450–
ARISTOTLE,
Greece.....B. C. 384– 322
ARMSTRONG, JOHN,
Scotland..... 1709–1779
ARNOLD, EDWIN,
England..... 1832– L.
ARNOLD, MATTHEW,
England..... 1822– L.
ARNOLD, SAMUEL J.,
England..... –1852
AUERBACH, BERTHOLD,
Germany..... 1812– L.
AUERSPUG, COUNT (Anastasius Grün).
AUFFENBERG, JOSEPH,
Germany..... 1798–1857
AUGUSTUS, CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR OCTAVIANUS,
Italy.....B. C. 63 A. D. 14
AUNGERVYLE, RICHARD (Richard de Bury),
England..... 1281–1345
ANSONIUS, DECIUS MAGNUS,
France..... 309– 392
AVELINE, E. L.
AYTOUN, WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE,
Scotland..... 1813–1865

BACON, LORD FRANCIS,
England..... 1561–1626
BAILEY, PHILIP JAMES,
England..... 1826– L.
BAILLIE, JOANNA,
Scotland..... 1762–1851
BALDUR, C. C.
BALLANTINE, JAMES,
Scotland..... 1808–1833
BALLOU, HOSEA,
America..... 1771–1852
BALLOU, MATURIN M.,
America..... 1820– L.
BALZAC, JOHN LOUIS GUEZ DE,
France..... 1594–1624
BANCROFT, GEORGE,
America..... 1800– L.
BARBAULD, ANNA LETITIA AIKIN,
England..... 1743–1825

BARKER, JAMES NELSON,
America..... 1784–1858
BARLOW, JOEL,
America..... 1754–1812
BARNES, BARNABE,
England..... 1569–1607
BARNES, KATE B. W.,
America..... 1836– L.
BARNFIELD, RICHARD,
England..... 1574–1627
BARON, MARIE L.
BARR, MARY A.,
Scotland..... 1852– L.
BARRETT, EATON STANNARD,
Ireland..... 1785–1820
BARRINGTON, GEORGE,
England..... 1755–1835
BARRY, MICHAEL JOSEPH.
BARTAS, GUILLAUME DE SALLUSTE DU,
France..... 1544–1590
BARTOL, CYRUS AUGUSTUS,
America..... 1813– L.
BARTON, BERNARD,
England..... 1784–1849
BASSE, WILLIAM,
England..... 1613–1648
BATES, LEWIS J.,
America..... 1832– L.
BAXTER, RICHARD,
England..... 1615–1691
BAYLY, THOMAS HAYNES,
England..... 1797–1839
BEACONSFIELD, LORD (Benjamin Disraeli),
England..... 1805–1881
BEARD, DR. THOMAS,
Circa 1560–
BEATTIE, JAMES,
Scotland..... 1735–1803
BEAUMONT, FRANCIS,
England..... 1586–1615 or 16
BEECHER, ESTHER CATHERINE,
America..... 1800–1878
BEECHER, HENRY WARD,
America..... 1813– L.
BEERS, ETHEL LYNN (Ethelinda Elliott),
America..... 1827–1879
BENJAMIN, PARK,
South America..... 1809–1864
BENSERADE, ISAAC DE,
France..... 1612–1691
BENTHAM.
BENTZEL-STERNAU, CHRISTIAN ERNEST,
Germany..... 1767–1850
BERKLEY, BISHOP GEORGE,
Ireland..... 1684–1753
BIAS, OF PRIENE,
Greece....Flourished B. C. – 750
BICKERSTAFF, ISAAC,
Ireland..... 1735–1787
BINNEY, HORACE,
America..... 1780–1847
BIRD, ROBERT MONTGOMERY,
America..... 1803–1854
BLACKIE, JOHN STUART,
Scotland..... 1809– L.
BLAIR, ROBERT,
Scotland..... 1699–1746
BLAKE, WILLIAM,
England..... 1757–1828
BLANCHARD, SAMUEL LAMAN,
England..... 1803–1845
BLAND.
BLEEKER, ANNE ELIZABETH,
America..... 1752–1783
BLOOMFIELD, ROBERT,
England..... 1766–1823
BLUMAUER, LEWIS..... 1755–1795
BOARDMAN, S. L.
BOBART, JACOB,
Germany.....Circa 1598–1679
BODENSTEDT, FRIEDERICH MARTIN VON,
Hanover..... 1819– L.
BOËTHIUS, ANCIUS MAN,
.....Circa 475– 525
BOHN, HENRY G.,
England..... 1795– L.
BOISTE, PIERRE CLAUDE VICTOIRE,
France..... 1765–1824
BOKER, GEORGE HENRY,
America..... 1823– L.
BOLINGBROKE, LORD (Henry St. John),
England..... 1678–1751
BONAR, HORATIUS,
Scotland..... 1808–1869
BONIFACE, JOSEPH XAVIER (J. X. B. Saintine),
France..... 1798–1865
BONSTETTEN, CHARLES VICTOR DE,
Switzerland..... 1745–1832
BOOTH, BARTON,
England..... 1681–1733
BOSWELL, JAMES,
Scotland..... 1740–1822
BOTTA, ANNA C. LYNCH,
America.....Circa 1820– L.
BOVEE, C. NESTELL,
America..... 1820– L.
BOWLES, WILLIAM LISLE,
England..... 1762–1850
BOYESEN, HJALMAR HJORTH,
Norway..... 1848– L.
BRADLEY, MARY E.,
America..... 1835– L.
BRADSTREET, ANNE,
England..... 1613–1672
BRADY, NICHOLAS,
Ireland..... 1659–1726
BRAINARD, JOHN G. C.,
America..... 1796–1828
BREBEUF, GUILLAUMEDE,
France..... 1618–1661
BRONTÉ, CHARLOTTE,
Ireland..... 1816–1855
BROOKE, LORD (Fulke Greville),
England..... 1544–1628
BROOKS, MARIA GOWEN,
America..... 1795–1845
BROWN, TOM,
England..... 1663–1704
BROWNE, SIR THOMAS,
England..... 1605–1682
BROWNE, WILLIAM,
England..... 1590–1645
BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT,
England..... 1809–1861
BROWNING, ROBERT,
England..... 1812– L.
BRUCE, MICHAEL,
Scotland..... 1746–1767

BRUYERE, JEAN DE LA,
France..... .Circa 1644–1696
BRYANT, JOHN HOWARD,
America..... 1807–
BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN,
America..... 1794–1878
BRYDGES, SIR SAMUEL EGERTON,
England..... 1762–1836
BUCHANAN, ROBERT,
Scotland..... 1841– L.
BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, JOHN SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF,
England..... 1649–1720
BUCKLEY, THEODORE WILLIAM ALOIS,
England..... 1825–1856
BUDDHA—Asia, 5th Century B.C.
BUNGAY, GEORGE W.,
America..... 1825– L.
BUNYAN, JOHN,
England..... 1628–1688
BURGUILLOS, TOMÉ.
BURKE, EDMUND,
Ireland..... 1728 or 9–1797
BURLEIGH, WILLIAM HENRY,
America..... 1812–1871
BURNS, JAMES DRUMMOND..... 1823–1864
BURNS, ROBERT,
Scotland..... 1759–1796
BURTON, ROBERT,
England..... 1576–1640
BURY, RICHARD DE (Richard Aungervyle),
England..... 1281–1345
BUSENBAUM, HERMAN,
Prussia..... 1600–1668
BUTLER, SAMUEL,
England..... 1612–1680
BYROM, JOHN,
England..... 1691–1763
BYRON, LORD GEORGE GORDON NOEL,
England..... 1788–1824

CÆSAR, JULIUS CAIUS,
Italy.....B. C. 100– 44
CALHOUN, JOHN CALDWELL,
America..... 1782–1850
CALLIMACHUS,
Greece..Flourished Circa B. C. – 250
CAMDEN, WILLIAM,
England..... 1551–1623
CAMPBELL, THOMAS,
Scotland..... 1777–1844
CANNING, GEORGE,
England..... 1770–1827
CAPILUSUS.
CAREW, THOMAS,
England..... 1589–1639
CAREY, HENRY,
England..... 1663–1743
CAREY, HENRY,
America.....Circa 1700–1743
CARLETON, WILL,
America..... 1845– L.
CARLYLE, THOMAS,
Scotland..... 1795–1881
CAROLINE MATILDA, Queen of Denmark,
England..... 1751-1775
CARY, ALICE,
America..... 1820–1871
CARY, PHOEBE,
America..... 1824–1871

CASE, LUELLA J. BARTLETT,
America..... 18–
CASTELAR, EMILO,
Spain..... 1832– L.
CATO, MARCUS PORCIUS,
B. C. 234– 149
CATULLUS, CAIUS VALERIUS,
Italy.....Circa B. C. 77– 45
CENTLIVRE, SUSANNAH,
England..... 1680–1723
CERVANTES, MIGUEL DE,
Spain..... 1547–1616
CHANDLER, ELIZABETH MARGARET,
America..... 1807–1834
CHANNING, WILLIAM ELLERY,
America..... 1780–1842
CHATEAUBRIAND.
CHATHAM, WILLIAM PITT, Earl of,
England..... 1708–1778
CHATTERTON, THOMAS,
England..... 1752–1770
CHAUCER, GEOFFREY,
England..... 1328–1400
CHESTERFIELD, (Philip Domer Stanhope)
Earl of, England..... 1694–1773
CHILD, LYDIA MARIA,
America..... 1802–1880
CHILO,
Greece....Flourished B. C. – 556
CHOATE, RUFUS,
America..... 1799–1859
CHORLEY, HENRY FOTHERGILL,
England..... 1808–1872
CHURCHILL, CHARLES,
England..... 1731–1764
CIBBER, COLLEY,
England..... 1671–1757
CICERO, MARCUS TULLIUS,
Italy.....B. C. 106– 43
CLARE, JOHN
England..... 1793–1864
CLARENDON, EDWARD HYDE,
England..... 1608–1674
CLARKE, CHARLES COWDEN,
England..... 1787–1877
CLARKE, JAMES FREEMAN,
America..... 1810– L.
CLARKE, JAMES GOWDREY,
America..... 1830–
CLARKE, M'DONALD,
America..... 1798–1842
CLARKE, SIMEON TUCKER,
America..... 1836– L.
CLAUDIANUS, CLAUDIUS,
Egypt.....Circa 365– 410
CLEMMER, MARY ANN,
America..... 1839– L.
CLEOBULUS,
Greece....Flourished B. C. – 560
CLEVELAND, JOHN,
England.....1613 Circa 1658
CLODIA.
CLOUGH, AUTHUR HUGH,
England..... 1819–1861
CODRINGTON, CHRISTOPHER,
Island of Barbadoes..... 1668–1710
COECILLIUS.
COKE, SIR EDWARD,
England..... 1551 or 2–1633

COLE, THOMAS.
England.. 1802–1848
COLEMAN, GEORGE, the Younger,
England..... 1762–1836
COLERIDGE, HARTLEY,
England..... 1796–1849
COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR,
England 1772–1834
COLES, ABRAHAM,
America ..... 1813– L.
COLLINS, WILLIAM,
England..... 1720–1759
COLTON, CALEB CHARLES,
England..... 1780–1832
COLUMELLA. LUCIUS JUNIUS MODERATUS GADES,
Flourished 1st Century.
CONFUCIUS,
China.....B. C. 551– 479
CONGREVE, WILLIAM,
England..... 1670–1729
CONSTABLE, HENRY,
England .....Circa 1560–1612
COOK, ELIZA,
England.....Circa 1817– L.
COOKE, JOHN ESTEN,
America ..... 1830– L.
COOKE, ROSE TERRY,
America ..... 1827– L.
COOLIDGE, SUSAN (Sarah Woolsey),
America..... 18 – L.
CORNWALL, BARRY (Bryan Waller Procter),
England..... 1787–1874
CORTEZ, FERNANDO,
Spain..... 1485–1554
COTTON, CHARLES 1630–1687
COTTON, NATHANIEL,
England..... 1707–1788
COWLEY, ABRAHAM,
England..... 1618–1667
COWPER, WILLIAM,
England..... 1731–1800
COXE, BISHOP ARTHUR CLEVELAND,
America..... 1818– L.
CRABBE, REV. GEORGE,
England..... 1754–1832
CRAIK, MRS. (Dinah Maria Mulock),
England..... 1826– L.
CRANCH, CHRISTOPHER PEARSE,
America..... 1813– L.
CRASHAW, RICHARD,
England.....Circa 1615–1650
CROLY, GEORGE,
Ireland 1780–1860
CROSS, MARIAN EVANS (George Eliot),
England..... 1820–1880
CUNNINGHAM, ALLAN,
Scotland..... 1785–1842
CURTIS, GEORGE WILLIAM,
America ..... 1824– L.
CUSHMAN, CHARLOTTE SAUNDERS,
America 1816–1876

DACH, SIMON,
Germany 1605–1659
DAMIANI, CARDINAL PIETRO,
Italy..... 1000–1072
DANA, RICHARD HENRY,
America 1787–1877
DANIEL, SAMUEL,
England..... 1562–1619
DANTE, ALGHIERI,
Italy..... 1265–1321
DARLEY, GEORGE,
Ireland..... 1785–1849
DARWIN, ERASMUS,
England..... 1731–1802
DAVENANT, SIR WILLIAM,
England.....1605 or 6–1668
DAVIE, ADAM.
DAVIES, SIR JOHN,
England..... 1570–1626
DAVIS, SIR JOHN FRANCIS,
England..... 1795– L.
DAVIS, SARAH FOSTER,
America..... 18 – L.
DAVY, SIR HUMPHREY,
England..... 1778–1829
DAWSON, REV. GEORGE..... 1821–1876
DAY, CAROLINE A.
DECATUR, STEPHEN,
America..... 1779–1820
DEEMS, CHARLES F.,
America..... 1820– L.
DEFOE, DANIEL,
England..... 1661–1731
DEKKER, THOMAS,
England..... –1638
DELAUNE, HENRY.....Wrote circa 1651–
DEMOPHILUS.
DEMOSTHENES,
Greece.....Circa B. C. 382– 322
DENHAM, SIR JOHN,
Ireland..... 1615–1668
DENMAN, LORD THOMAS,
England..... 1779–1854
DIBDIN, CHARLES,
England..... 1745–1814
DIBDIN, THOMAS,
England..... 1771–1841
DICKENS, CHARLES,
England..... 1812–1870
DICKINSON, CHARLES M.,
America..... 1842– L.
DICKINSON, JOHN,
America..... 1732–1808
DIDIER, GERARD (Erasmus),
Holland..... 1467–1536
DINNIES, ANNA PEYRE (Moina),
America.....Circa 1810– L.
DIONYSIUS,
Greece.....Flourished B. C. – 7
DISRAELI, BENJAMIN (Lord Beaconsfield),
England..... 1805–1881
DISRAELI, ISAAC,
England..... 1766–1848
DIXON, JAMES HENRY,
Scotland..... –1776
DOBELL, SYDNEY,
England..... 1824–1874
DOD, ALBERT BALDWIN,
America..... 1805–1845
DODDRIDGE, PHILIP,
England..... 1702–1751
DODDS, JAMES.
DODGE, MARY ABAGAIL (Gail Hamilton),
America.....Circa 1830– L

Dodge, Mary Mapes,
America.....Circa. 1838– L.
Dodsley, Robert,
England..... 1703–1764
Donne, Dr. John,
England..... 1573–1631
Dorr, Julia Caroline Ripley,
America..... 1825– L.
Doubleday, Thomas,
England..... 1790–1870
Doudney, Sarah.
Dow, Lorenzo,
America..... 1777–1834
Drake, Joseph Rodman,
America..... 1795–1820
Draper, John William,
England..... 1811– L.
Drayton, Michael,
England..... 1563–1631
Drennan, Dr. William,
Ireland..... 1754–1820
Drummond, William,
Scotland..... 1585–1649
Dryden, John,
England..... 1631–1700
Dschami.
Dufferin, Lady Helen Selina Sheridan,
England..... 1807–1867
Dunscomb, John,
England..... 1730–1786
Dupin–Dudevant, Amantine Lucille Aurore,
(Georges Sand), France.... 1804–1877
Dwight, John Sullivan,
America..... 1813– L.
Dwight, M. A. America..... 1844– L.
Dyer, Sir Edward,
England..... 1540 or 50–1607
Dyer, John,
Wales..... 1700–1758

Eastman, Charles Gamage,
America..... 1816–1860
Edgeworth, Maria,
England..... 1767–1849
Eliot, George (Marian Evans Cross),
England..... 1820–1880
Elizabeth, Queen,
England..... 1533–1603
Elliott, Ebenezer,
England..... 1781–1849
Elliott, Ethelinda (Ethel Lynn Beers),
America..... 1827–1879
Ellis, Mrs. Sarah Stickney,
England..... 1812–1872
Ellison, Henry.
Embury, Emma Catherine,
America..... 1806–1863
Emerson, Ralph Waldo,
America..... 1803– L.
English, Thomas Dunn,
America..... 1819– L.
Ennius Evenus,
Island of Paros. Flourished B. C.– 500
Epictetus,
Phrygia.....Flourished – 60
Erasmus (Gerard Didier),
Holland..... 1467–1536
E. R. M.

Erskine, Henry,
Scotland..... 1746–1817
Euripides,
Greece.....B. C. 480– 406
Evenus,
Flourished B. C. – 450
Everett, David,
America..... 1769–1813

Faber, Frederick William,
England..... 1815–1863
Falconer, William,
Scotland..... 1732–1769
Fane, Julian Charles Henry,
England..... 1827–1870
Fanshawe, Catherine M.,
England..... 1764–1834
Farquhar, George,
Ireland..... 1678–1707
Feltham, Owen,
England.....Circa 1610–1678
Fénélon,
France..... 1651–1715
Ferguson, Mrs. Elizabeth Graeme,
America..... 1739–1801
Fergusson, Robert,
Scotland..... 1751–1774
Fielding, Henry,
England..... 1707–1754
Fields, James Tichney,
America..... 1817–1881
Finch, Francis Miles,
America..... 1828–
Fisher, Mrs. (Caroline M. Sawyer),
America..... 1812–
Fletcher, Andrew of Saltoun,
Scotland..... 1653–1716
Fletcher, Giles,
England..... 1550–1610
Fletcher, John,
England..... 1576–1625
Fletcher, Mrs. (Maria Jane Jewesbury),
England..... 1800–1833
Ford, John,
England..... 1586–1639
Fordyce, James,
Scotland..... 1720–1796
Forster, John,
England..... 1812–1876
Fosdick, William Whitman,
America..... 1822–1862
Foster, Rev. John,
England..... 1770–1843
Francis, Rev. Philip,
Ireland.....Circa 1710–1773
Franklin, Benjamin (Richard Saunders),
America..... 1706–1790
Freneau, Philip,
America..... 1752–1832
Frere, John Hookham,
England..... 1769–1846
Froebel, Freidrich Wilhelm August,
Germany..... 1782–1852
Frothingham, Nathaniel Langdon,
America..... 1793–1870
Froude, James Anthony,
England..... 1818– L.
Fuller, Thomas,
England..... 1608–1661

GALLUS, CAIUS CORNELIUS,
Circa B. C. 66- 25
GARRICK, DAVID,
England 1716-1779
GARTH, Sir SAMUEL,
England 1670-1718
GASCOIGNE, GEORGE,
England 1537-1577
GATAKER, THOMAS,
England 1574-1654
GAUTIER, THÉOPHILE.
France ..... Circa 1810-1872
GAY, JOHN,
England 1688-1732
GEORGES, KARL EARNEST,
Germany 1806-
GETHIN, Lady GRACE,
England 1697-1766
GIBBON, EDWARD,
England 1737-1794
GIBBONS, THOMAS,
England 1720-1785
GIBSON, WILLIAM HAMILTON,
America ..... 1825- L.
GIFFORD, RICHARD,
England 1725-1807
GILDER. RICHARD WATSON,
America ..... 1844- L.
GILMAN, CAROLINE HOWARD,
America. ..... 1794- L.
GLADSTONE, Rt. Hon, WILLIAM EVART,
England ..... 1809- L.
GLAZIER, W. B.
GLOUCESTER (Josiah Tucker), Dean of,
Wales 1711-1799
GOETHE, JOHANN WOLFGANG VON,
Germany 1749-1832
GOLDSMITH, OLIVER,
Ireland 1728-1774
GOOD, JOHN MASON,
England 1764-1827
GOODALE, DORA READ,
America ..... 1866- L.
GOODALE, ELAINE,
America ..... 1863- L.
GOOG, BARNABY,
Circa 1538-
GOTTFRIED,
Germany ..... Flourished 1170-
GOULD, HANNAH FLAG,
America 1789-1865
GOWER, JOHN,
England 1325-1408
GRAFTON, RICHARD,
England ..... 16th Century.
GRAHAME, JAMES (Marquis of Montrose),
Scotland 1612-1650
GRAHAME, JAMES,
Scotland 1765-1811
GRAINGER, Dr. JAMES,
England 1721-1767
GRANBY, Marquis of (John Manners),
England 1721-1770
GRANVILLE, GEORGE (Lord Lansdowne),
England 1667-1735
GRAVES, RICHARD,
England 1715-1804
GRAY, DAVID,
Scotland 1838 1861
GRAY, THOMAS,
England 1716-1771
GREEN, ANNA KATHARINE,
America ..... 18 - L.
GREEN, MATTHEW,
England 1696-1737
GREENE, ROBERT,
England 1560-1592
GREENWELL, DORA,
England ..... 1821- L.
GREENWOOD, GRACE (Sarah Jane Lippincott),
America ..... 1823 L.
GREG, WILLIAM RATHBONE,
England ..... Circa 1810- L.
GREVILLE, FULKE (Lord Brooke),
England 1554-1628
GRIMOALD, NICHOLAS,
England ..... Circa 1520-1563
GRÜN, ANASTASIUS (Count Auersperg).

HABINGTON, WILLIAM,
England 1605-1654
HAFIZ,
Persia ..... Circa 1300-1389
HAGEMAN, SAMUEL MILLER,
America ..... 1848- L.
HALE, SARAH JOSEPHA.
America ..... 1795- L.
HALL, Bishop JOSEPH,
England 1574-1656
HALIBURTON, THOMAS CHANDLER, (Sam Slick)
Nova Scotia 1796-1865
HALL, LOUISA JANE PARK,
America ..... 1802- L.
HALL, Rev. ROBERT,
England 1764-1831
HALLAM, HENRY,
England 1777-1859
HALLECK, FITZ-GREENE,
America 1790-1867
HAMILTON, GAIL (Mary Abigail Dodge),
America ..... Circa 1830- L.
HAMLE, CHRISTIAN VON.
HARE, AUGUSTUS WILLIAM,
England 1792-1834
HARE, JULIUS CHARLES,
Italy 1795-1855
HARPEL, OSCAR H.
HARRINGTON, Sir JOHN
England 1561-1612
HARTE, FRANCIS BRET,
America ..... 1839- L.
HARVEY, STEPHEN.
HATHAWAY, BENJAMIN.
HAVERGAL, FRANCES RIDLEY,
England 1836-1879
HAWKER, ROBERT STEPHEN,
England 1753-1827
HAWTHORNE, JULIAN,
America ..... 1846- L.
HAYES, EDWARD.
HAYLEY, WILLIAM,
England 1745-1820
HAYNE, PAUL HAMILTON,
America ..... 1831- L.
HAZLITT, WILLIAM,
England 1778-1830
HEATH, JOHN,
England ..... Circa 1585

Heber, Bishop Reginald,
England..... 1783–1826
Hegge, Robert,
England..... 1599–1629
Heine, Henrich,
Germany..... 1799–1856
Hemans, Felicia,
England..... 1794–1835
Henry, Matthew,
England..... 1662–1714
Henry, Patrick,
America..... 1736–1799
Henshaw, Bishop John Prentiss Kewley,
America..... 1792–1852
Herbert, George,
Wales..... 1593–1632
Herder, Johann Gottfried von,
East Prussia..... 1741–1803
Hermes, J. H.,
Germany..... 1736–1821
Herrick, Robert,
England..... 1591–1674
Hervey, Thomas Kibble,
England..... 1799–1859
Hesiod..... B. C. 8th Century.
Heywood, Jasper,
England..... 1531–1588
Heywood, John,
England.....Circa 1500–1565
Heywood, Thomas,
England.....Circa 1570–1649
Hieron, Jr.
Hill, Aaron,
England..... 1685–1750
Hill, George,
Scotland..... 1750–1819
Hillard, George Stillman,
America..... 1808– L.
Hindley, Charles.
Hippocrates,
Island of Cos....Circa B. C. 460– 357
Hobbes, Thomas,
England..... 1588–1679
Hogg, James,
Scotland..... 1770–1835
Hokewell.
Holcroft, Thomas,
England..... 1745–1809
Holiday, Barten,
England..... 1593–1661
Holland, Josiah Gilbert,
America..... 1819–1881
Holland, Henry Richard,
England..... 1773–1840
Holmes, Oliver Wendell,
America..... 1809– L.
Holt, Sir John,
England..... 1642–1709
Home, John,
Scotland..... 1722–1808
Homer.....Circa B. C. –1000
Hood, Edwin Paxton,
England..... 1820– L.
Hood, Thomas,
England,..... 1798–1845
Hooker, Richard,
England.....Circa 1553–1600
Hoole, John,
England..... 1727–1803

Hooper, Ellen Sturgis,
America..... 1812–1848
Hooper, Lucy,
America..... 1816–1841
Hopkins, Albert A.,
America..... 1807–1872
Hopkinson, Joseph,
America..... 1770–1842
Horace (Quintus Horatius Flaccus),
Italy.....B. C. 65– 8
Horn, Bishop George,
England..... 1730–1792
Hoskyns, John..... 1566–1638
Houghton, Lord (Richard Monckton Milnes),
England..... 1809–
How, W. W.,
England.....Circa 1800–1861
Howard, Henry (Earl of Surrey),
England.....Circa 1515–1547
Howard, Samuel,
England..... –1783
Howarth, Mrs. Ellen C.,
Howe, Julia Ward,
America..... 1819– L.
Howitt, Mary Botham,
England..... 1804– L.
Howitt, William,
England..... 1795–1870
Hoyt, Ralph,
America..... 1808–1879
Hudson.
Hume, Alexander,
Scotland..... 1560–1609
Hunt, Freeman,
America..... 1804–1858
Hunt, James Henry Leigh,
England..... 1784–1859
Hunter, John,
Scotland..... 1728–1893
Hurdis, James..... 1763–1701
Hutchinson, Nellie M.
Hutchinson.

Ignoto.
Ingelow, Jean,
England.....Circa 1830– L.
Irving, Washington,
America..... 1783–1859

Jackson, Andrew,
America..... 1767–1845
Jackson, Helen Fiske Hunt,
America..... 1831– L.
Jacobi, Frederich Heinrich,
Germany..... 1743–1819
James, Henry, Jr.,
America..... 1843– L.
James I., King of Scotland,
Scotland..... 1394–1437
James, Maria,
Wales.....Circa 1800–
Jameson, Anna,
Ireland..... 1797–1860
Jeffrey, Francis,
Scotland..... 1773–1850
Jerrold, Douglas,
England..... 1803–1857
Jewsbury Maria Jane (Mrs. Fletcher),
England..... 1800–1833

JOHNSON, SAMUEL,
England..... 1709–1784
JONES, ERNEST,
England..... ...Circa 1819–1869
JONES, SIR WILLIAM,
England..... 1746–1794
JONSON, BEN,
England..... 1574–1637
JOSEPHINE, MARIE,
America..... 18 – L.
JOUBERT, BARTHÉLEMY CATHERINE,
France..... 1769–1799
JUNIUS.
JUVENAL, DECIMUS JUNIUS,
Italy,.....Flourished – 90

KAZINCZY, FRANCIS,
Hungary..... 1759–1831
KEATS, JOHN,
England..... 1796–1820
KEBLE, REV. JOHN,
England..... 1792–1866
KEËN, MING LUM PAOU.
KELLY, THOMAS,
Ireland..... 1769–1855
KEMBLE, FRANCES ANNE,
England.....Circa 1811– L.
KEMBLE, JOHN PHILIP,
England..... 1757–1823
KEMPIS, THOMAS À,
Germany..... 1380–1471
KENNEDY, CRAMMOND,
Scotland..... 1841– L.
KERR, ORPHEUS C. (Robert Henry Newell),
America..... 1836– L.
KEY, FRANCIS SCOTT,
America..... 1779–1843
KHAYYAM, OMAR.
KINGSLEY, CHARLES,
England..... 1819–1875
KINNEY, ELIZABETH CLEMENTINE DODGE,
America..... 1810– L.
KINWELMARSH, FRANCIS.
KISFALUDY, KÁROLY,
Hungary..... 1788–1833
KNOWLES, JAMES SHERIDAN,
Ireland..... 1784–1862
KOTZEBUE, AUGUST FRIEDRICH FERDINAND VON,
Germany..... 1761–1819
KOUMACHER.
–1824
KRUMMACHER, FRIEDRICH WILHELM,
Germany..... 1796–1868

LABERIUS,
Rome.....B. C. – 44
LAERTIUS, DIOGENES,
Asia Minor.....Circa – 222
LAMB, CHARLES,
England..... 1775–1834
LANDON, LETITIA ELIZABETH,
England..... 1802–1838
LANDOR, WALTER SAVAGE,
England 1775–1864
LANG, ANDREW,
England..... 1844– L.
LANGBRIDGE, FREDERICK.
LANGFORD, JOHN ALFRED,
England..... 1823– L.
LANGHORNE, JOHN,
England..... 1735–1772
LANSDOWNE, LORD (George Granville),
England..... 1667–1735
LARCOM, LUCY,
America..... 1826– L.
LATHROP, GEORGE PARSONS,
America..... 1851– L.
LEDESMA, ALONZO DE,
Spain..... 1552–1623
LEE, NATHANIEL,
England..... 1655–1692
LEIGHTON, ARCHBISHOP ROBERT,
England.....Circa 1612–1684
LELAND, CHARLES GODFREY,
America..... 1824– L.
LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM,
Spain.....Flourished B. C. – 325
LE SAGE, ALAIN RENE,
France..... 1668–1747
LESSING, GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM,
Germany..... 1729–1781
L'ESTRANGE, SIR ROGER,
England..... 1616–1704
LEWES, GEORGE HENRY,
England..... 1817–1878
LEWIS, MATTHEW GREGORY (Monk Lewis),
England..... 1775–1818
LEYDEN, DR. JOHN,
Scotland..... 1775–1811
LICHTENSTEIN, ULRICH VON,
Germany..... 1199–1275
LINCOLN, ABRAHAM,
America..... 1809–1865
LINLEY, GEORGE,
England..... 1798–1865
LINLEY, THOMAS,
England..... 1725–1795
LIPPINCOTT, SARAH JANE (Grace Greenwood)
America..... 1823– L.
LIVY (Titus Livius),
Italy.....B. C. 59–A. D. 17
LLOYD, DAVID,
Wales..... 1625–1691
LOCKE, JOHN,
England..... 1632–1704
LOCKER, FREDERICK,
England..... 1824– L.
LOCKHART, JOHN GIBSON,
Scotland..... 1794–1854
LODGE, THOMAS,
England .....Circa 1556–1625
LOGAN, JOHN,
Scotland..... 1748–1788
LOGAN, FRIEDRICH VON,
Austria..... 1604–1655
LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH,
America ..... 1807– L.
LONGFELLOW, SAMUEL,
America ..... 1819– L.
LOVELACE, RICHARD,
England 1618–1658
LOVER, SAMUEL,
Ireland 1798–1868
LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL,
America ..... 1819– L.
LOWELL, MARIA WHITE (Mrs. J. R. Lowell),
America 1821–1853

LUCAN (M. Annæus Lucanus),
Spain.....Circa. 39– 65
LUCRETIUS, TITUS CARUS,
Italy.....Circa B. C. 95– 55
LUDLOW, FITZ-HUGH,
America..... 1837–1870
LYDGATE, JOHN,
England..... 1373–1460
LYLY, JOHN,
England..... 1554–1601
LYTE, HENRY FRANCIS,
England..... 1793–1847
LYTTLETON, GEORGE, LORD,
England..... 1709–1773
LYTTON, Sir EDWARD GEORGE EARLE LYTTON BULWER, Bart., England.... 1805–1873
LYTTON, Lord EDWARD ROBERT BULWER (Owen Meredith), England..... 1831– L.

MACAULAY, THOMAS BABBINGTON,
England..... 1800–1859
MACCALLUM, Gen. D. C.
MACDONALD, GEORGE,
Scotland..... 1824– L.
MACKAY, CHARLES,
Scotland..... 1814– L.
MACKLIN, CHARLES,
Ireland..... 1690–1797
MACPHERSON, JAMES,
Scotland..... 1738–1796
MACWORTER, Dr. ALEXANDER,
America..... 1734–1807
MADDEN, Dr.,
Ireland..... 1687–1765
MAHONY, FRANCIS (Father Prout),
Ireland..... 1804–1866
MALHERBE,
France..... 1556–1628
MANN, HORACE,
America..... 1796–1859
MANNERS, JOHN (Marquis of Granby),
England..... 1721–1770
MANRIQUE, Don JORGE,
Spain.....Circa 1420–1485
MANUTIUS, ALDUS,
Italy..... 1449–1515
MARCELLINUS, AMMIANUS.
Flourished. – 350
MARCUS, AURELIUS,
Italy..... 121– 180
MARLOWE, CHRISTOPHER,
England..... 1564–1593
MARSHALL, JOHN,
America..... 1755–1835
MARTIAL,
Spain..... 43– 104
MARVEL, IK. (Donald Grant Mitchell),
America..... 1822– L.
MARVELL, ANDREW,
England..... 1620–1678
MASON, GEORGE C.,
America..... 1726–1792
MASSEY, GERALD,
England..... 1828– L.
MASSINGER, PHILIP,
England..... 1584–1640
MAY, CAROLINE.
America.....Circa 1820 L.
MAY, EDITH (Anne E. Drinker),
America..... 1850– L.
MAYNE, JOHN,
Scotland..... 1761–1836
MAZZINI, GUISEPPE,
Italy..... 1808–1872
MCINTOSH, Sir JAMES,
Scotland..... 1765–1832
MELCHIOR.
MENANDER,
Greece.....B. C. 342–293
MENCIUS,
China.....B. C. 400–314
MEREDITH, LOUISA A. TWAMLEY,
England..... 18 –
MEREDITH, OWEN, (Bulwer-Lytton)
England..... 1831– L.
MERMET, CLAUDE.....1550–1602
MERRICK, JAMES
England..... 1720–1769
METCALF, DR. FREDERICK,
England..... 1817– L.
MICHELET, JULES,
France..... 1798–1874
MICKLE, WILLIAM JULIUS,
Scotland..... 1734–1788
MIDDLETON, THOMAS,
England..... 1570–1627
MILLER, JOAQUIN,
America..... 1841– L.
MILMAN, HENRY HART,
England..... 1791–1868
MILNES, RICHARD MONCKTON, (Lord Houghton),
England..... 1809– L.
MILTON, JOHN,
England..... 1608–1674
MITCHELL, DONALD GRANT, (Ik Marvel) America..... 1822– L.
MOHAMMED,
Arabia.....Circa 570– 632
MOINA (Anna Peyre Dinnies),
America.....Circa 1810– L.
MOIR, DAVID MACBETH,
Scotland..... 1798–1851
MONK, JAMES HENRY,
England..... 1784–1856
MONK, HON. MRS. MARY MOLESWORTH,
England..... 1798–1835
MONTAGU, LADY MARY WORTLEY,
England.....Circa 1690–1766
MONTAIGNE, MICHAEL DE,
France..... 1533–1592
MONTESQUIEU, CHARLES DE SECONDAT, BARON DE, France..... 1689–1755
MONTGOMERY, JAMES,
Scotland..... 1771–1854
MONTGOMERY, REV. ROBERT
England..... 1808–1855
MONTROSE, (James Grahame) Marquis of,
Scotland..... 1612–1650
MOORE, CLEMENT C.,
America..... 1779–1863
MOORE, EDWARD,
England..... 1712–1757
MOORE, THOMAS,
Ireland..... 1779–1852
MORE, HANNAH,
England..... 1745–1833

Morris, George P.,
America..... 1802–1864
Morris, John (Bishop of Calcutta),
1816–1876
Morris, Lewis,
America..... 1671–1746
Morris, William,
England..... 1834– L.
Morton, Thomas,
England..... 1764–1838
Moschius.
Moss, Thomas,
England.....Circa 1740–1808
Motherwell, William,
Scotland..... 1797–1835
Moulton, Ellen Louise Chandler,
America..... 1835– L.
Mulatsagok, Haszuos.
Müller, Karl Ottfried,
Germany..... 1797–1840
Mulock, Dinah Maria (Mrs. Craik),
England..... 1826– L.
Murphy, Arthur,
Ireland..... 1727–1805
Murtagh.

Nagelis.
Nairne, Lady Caroline Oliphant,
Scotland..... 1766–1845
Napoleon Bonaparte,
Island of Corsica..... 1769–1821
Neal, Alice Bradley,
America..... 1828–1863
Necker, Charles Frederick,
Prussia..... 1732–1804
Necker, Mme. Susanna Curchod,
Switzerland..... 1738–1794
Nepos, Cornelius,
Italy.....B. C. 74– 24
Newell, Robert Henry (Orpheus C. Kerr),
America..... 1836– L.
Nichois, Mrs. Rebecca S.,
America..... 1840– L.
Nicoll, Robert,
Scotland..... 1814–1837
Nifen, Gottfried von,
Germany.....
Niles, Nathaniel,
America..... 1739–1828
Nithart.
Noel, Thomas,
England..... 18 –
Norris, John,
England..... 1657–1711
North, Christopher (John Wilson),
Scotland..... 1785–1854
Norton, Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Sheridan,
England..... 1808–1877
Norton, Delle Whitney,
America..... 1840– L.
Novalis (Hardenberg),
Germany..... 1772–1801

O'Hara, Kane,
Ireland..... 1722–1782
Opie, Mrs. Amelia,
England..... 1769–1853
O'Reilly, John Boyle,
Ireland..... 1844– L.

Orléans, Charles, Duke of,
France..... 1391–1465
Osgood, Frances Sargent,
America..... 1812–1850
Otway, Thomas,
England..... 1651–1685
Ouseley, Sir William,
Ireland..... 1771–1842
Ovid (Publius Ovidus Naso),
Italy.....B. C. 43–A. D. 18
Owen, Dr. John,
England..... 1616–1683

Paget, Catesby.
Paine, Robert Treat, Jr.,
America..... 1773–1811
Paine, Thomas,
England..... 1737–1809
Paley, William,
England..... 1743–1805
Palladas,
Greece.....Flourished circa A. D. 400
Parker, Edward Griffin,
America..... 1825–1868
Parker, Martin,
England..... 1504–1575
Parker, Theodore,
America..... 1810–1860
Parnell, Thomas,
Ireland..... 1679–1717 or 18
Parsons, Thomas William,
America..... 1819–18—
Paterculus, C. Velleius,
Italy.....Circa B. C. 20–A. D. 30
Patmore, Coventry Kearsey Dighton,
England..... 1823–
Payne, John Howard,
America..... 1792–1852
Peacock, Thomas Love,
England..... 1785–1866
Peele, George,
Engiand.....Circa 1558–1599
Peirson, Eliza O. Crosby,
America..... 1819– L.
Percival, James Gates,
America..... 1795–1856
Percey, Bishop Thomas,
England..... 1728–1811
Periander,
Greece.....B. C. 585– 427
Pericles,
Greece.....B. C. 500– 429
Perry, Nora,
America..... 18 – L.
Persius (Aulus Persius Flaccus),
Italy..... 34– 62
Pestalozzi, Johann Heinrich,
Switzerland..... 1745–1837
Petrarch,
Italy..... 1304–1374
Phædrus,
Greece....Flourished B. C. – 85
Phelps, Elizabeth Stuart,
America..... 1844– L.
Philips, Ambrose,
England..... 1671–1749
Philips, John,
England..... 1676–1708

PHILLIPS, WENDELL, America..... 1811– L.
PIERPONT, JOHN, America..... 1785–1866
PINCKNEY, CHARLES COLESWORTH, America..... 1746–1825
PINDAR, Greece.....B. C. 522– 435
PINDAR, PETER (Dr. John Wolcot), England..... 1738–1819
PIOZZI, Mrs. (Hester Lynch Thrale), Wales..... 1739–1821
PITT, WILLIAM (Earl of Chatham), England,..... 1708–1778
PITTACUS, Island of Lesbos.....B. C. 650– 570
PLATO, Greece.....B. C. 429– 348
PLAUTUS, Italy.....B. C. 227– 184
PLAYFORD, JOHN, England..... 1613–1693
PLINY, THE ELDER, Italy..... 23– 79
PLINY, THE YOUNGER, Italy..... 62–
PLUMPTRE, EDWARD HAYES, England..... 1821– L.
PLUTARCH, Greece.....Circa 45– 120
POE, EDGAR ALLEN, America..... 1811–1849
POLLOK, ROBERT, Scotland..... 1799–1827
POLWHELE. Rev. RICHARD, England..... 1759–1838
POLYBIUS, Greece.....B. C. 204– 122
POMFRET, England..... 1667–1703
POPE, ALEXANDER, England..... 1688–1744
POPE, WALTER, England.....Circa 1630–1714
PORTEUS, BISHOP BEILBY, England..... 1731–1808
POWELL, Sir JOHN, Wales..... Circa 1633–1696
PRAED, WINTHROP MACWORTH, England..... 1802–1839
PRENTICE, GEORGE DENISON, America..... 1802–1870
PRESTON, MARGARET JUNKIN, America..... 18 – L.
PRIESTLY, Dr. JOSEPH, England..... 1733–1804
PRIOR, MATTHEW, England..... 1664–1721
PROCTER, ADELAIDE ANNE, England..... 1825–1864
PROCTER, BRYAN WALLER (Barry Cornwall), England..... 1787–1874
PROPERTIUS, Italy.....B. C. 50 –15
PROUT, FATHER (Francis Mahony), Ireland..... 1804–1866
PSEUDO, SALLUST, Rome.....
PYPER, MARY .....

PYTHAGORAS, Greece.....B. C. Circa 570– 504

QUARLES, FRANCIS, England..... 1592–1644
QUINCY, JOSIAH, America..... 1772–1864
QUINCY, THOMAS DE, England..... 1786–1859
QUINTILIAN, Spain.....40 Circa 118
QUINTUS, CURTIUS RUFUS, Rome.....2d Century.

RABELAIS, FRANCIS, France .....Circa 1495–1553
RADCLIFFE, Mrs. ANN, England..... 1764–1823
RALEIGH, Sir WALTER, England..... 1552–1618
RANDOLPH, THOMAS, England..... 1605–1634
RANKE, HELENA CLARISSA VON, Germany 1808–1871
RAPEN DE THOYRAS, PAUL DE, France..... 1661–1725
RAUNCI, ABBÈ DE, France.....
RAUPACH, ERNST BENJAMIN SAL., Prussia 1784–1852
RAY, WILLIAM, America..... 1772–1827
READ, THOMAS BUCHANAN, America..... 1822–1872
REYNOLDS, Sir JOSHUA, England..... 1723–1792
REYNOLDS, J. H., England..... 1793–1852
RICHTER, JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH, Germany 1763–1825
RICORD, FREDERICK WILLIAM, Island of Guadaloupe..... 1819– L.
RILEY, HENRY THOMAS, England..... 18 –
LA ROCHEFOUCAULD, FRANCOIS, Duc de, France..... 1613–1680
ROCHESTER, JOHN WILMOT, Earl of, England..... 1648–1680
ROGERS, HENRY DARWIN, America..... 1809–1866
ROGERS, SAMUEL, England..... 1763–1855
ROLAND, MADAME, France..... 1754–1793
ROSCOE, ROBERT, England..... 1790–1850
ROSCOE, WILLIAM, England..... 1753–1831
ROSCOMMON, WENTWORTH DILLON, Earl of, Ireland..... 1634–1685
ROSETTI, CHRISTINA GEORGIANA, England..... 1830– L.
ROSETTI, DANTE GABRIEL, England..... 1828– L.
ROUGEMONT, H., Holland..... 1624–1676
ROWE, NICHOLAS, England..... 1673–1718

ROYDON, MATHEW.
RUSBY, HENRY H., America ..... 1855– L.
RUSKIN, JOHN, England ..... 1819– L.
RUSSELL, LORD JOHN, England ..... 1792– L.

SAADI, SHEIKH MUSLIH ADDIN, Persia ..... Circa. 1184–1263
SAINTINE, J. X. B. (Joseph Xavier Boniface), France 1798–1865
SAINT JUST, LOUIS ANTOINE DE, France 1767–1794
SALLUST, Italy ..... B. C. 85– 35
SAND, GEORGES (Amantine Lucille Aurore Dupin-Dudevant), France. 1804–1876
SANDYS, GEORGE, England 1577–1643
SANGSTER, MARGARET E., America ..... 1838– L.
SARGENT, EPES, America 1813–1881
SAUNDERS, RICHARD (Benjamin Franklin), America 1706–1790
SAVAGE, RICHARD, England 1696–1743
SAWYER, CAROLINE M. (Mrs. Fisher), America ..... 1812– L.
SAXE, JOHN GODFREY, America ..... 1816– L.
SCHAEFER, LUTHER MELANCTHON, America 1821–
SCHELLING, FRIEDRICH WILHELM JOSEPH VON, Germany 1775–1854
SCHILLER, JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON, Germany 1759–1805
SCHOEDLER, FREDERICK, Germany.
SCIPIO, PUBLIUS CORNELIUS, Italy ..... B. C. 235 or 4– 183
SCOTT, JULIA H. KINNEY, America 1809–1842
SCOTT, Sir WALTER, Scotland 1771–1832
SEDLEY, Sir CHARLES, England 1639–1701
SEELEY, JOHN ROBERT, England ..... Circa 1834– L.
SELDEN, JOHN, England 1584–1654
SENECA, L. ANNÆUS, Spain ..... Circa 1– 66
SEWALL, JONATHAN M., America 1749–1808
SEWARD, THOMAS, England 1708–1790
SEWARD, WILLIAM HENRY, America 1801–1872
SEWELL, Dr. GEORGE, England ..... –1726
SHAIRP, JOHN CAMPBELL, Scotland ..... 1819– L.
SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM, England 1564–1616
SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE, England 1792–1822
SHENSTONE, WILLIAM, England 1714–1763
SHEPHARD, ELIZABETH S., England 1830–1862
SHERIDAN, RICHARD BRINSLEY, Ireland 1751–1816
SHILLABER, BENJAMIN PENHALLOW (Mrs. Partington), America ..... 1814– L.
SHIRLEY, JAMES, England ..... Circa 1594–1666
SIDNEY, Sir PHILIP, England 1554–1586
SIDONIUS, APOLLINARIS, France 428– 488
SIGOURNEY, LYDIA HUNTLY, America 1791–1865
SILIUS, ITALICUS CAIUS, Rome 16– 100
SIMONIDES, Island of Ceos ..... B. C. 1554–
SISMONDI, JEAN CHARLES LEONARD DE, Switzerland 1773–1842
SMART, CHRISTOPHER, England 1722–1770
SMILES, SAMUEL, Scotland ..... 1816– L.
SMITH, ALEXANDER, Scotland 1830–1867
SMITH, CHARLOTTE TURNER, England 1749–1806
SMITH, EDMUND, America 1668–1710
SMITH, ELIZABETH OAKES PRINCE, America ..... 1813– L.
SMITH, HENRY BOYNTON, America 1815–1877
SMITH, HORACE, England 1779–1849
SMITH, JAMES, England 1775–1839
SMITH, Capt. JOHN, England 1579–1631
SMITH, MAY LOUISE REILLY, America 1842–
SMITH, SAMUEL F., England 1588–1660
SMITH, SYDNEY, England 1771–1845
SMOLLETT, TOBIAS GEORGE, Scotland 1721–1771
SMYTH, WILLIAM HENRY, England 1788–1865
SOCRATES, Greece ..... B. C. 468– 399
SOLON, Greece ..... B. C. 592– 559
SOMERVILLE, WILLIAM, England 1677–1742
SOPHOCLES, Greece ..... B. C. 495– 405
SOUTH, Dr. ROBERT, England 1633–1716
SOUTHERNE, THOMAS, Ireland 1659–1746
SOUTHEY, Mrs. CAROLINE ANNE BOWLES, 1787–1854
SOUTHEY, ROBERT, England 1774–1843
SOUTHWELL, ROBERT, England 1560–1595

SPENCER, HERBERT,
England ... 1820– L.
SPENCER, Hon. WILLIAM ROBERT,
1770–1834
SPENSER, EDMUND,
England ... 1553–1599
SPIEGEL, FRIEDRICH,
Germany ... 1820– L.
SPOFFORD, HARRIET E. PRESCOTT,
America ... 1835– L.
SPURGEON, Rev. CHARLES HADDON,
England ... 1834– L.
SPRAGUE, CHARLES,
America ... 1791–1875
SPROAT, ELIZA, L.
America ...
STAËL-HOLSTEIN, ANNA LOUISE GERMAINE
NECKER DE, France ... 1766–1817
STANIFORD ST. BERNARD,
France ... 1091–1153
STEDMAN, EDMUND CLARENCE,
America ... 1833– L.
STEELE, Sir RICHARD,
Ireland ... 1671–1729
STEPHENS, ANN SOPHIA WINTERBOTHAM,
America ... 1813– L.
STERLING, EDWARD,
1773–1847
STERNE, LAWRENCE,
Ireland ... 1713–1768
STEVENS, ABEL,
America ... 1815– L.
STILL, Bishop JOHN,
England ... 1543–1607
STIRLING, CAROLINE E.
STIRLING, Sir JOHN,
Island of Bute ... 1806–1844
STIRLING, WILLIAM ALEXANDER, Earl of,
Scotland ... 1590–1640
ST. JOHN, HENRY (Lord Bolingbroke),
England ... 1678–1751
STODDARD, RICHARD HENRY,
America ... 1825– L.
STORY, WILLIAM WETMORE,
America ... 1819– L.
STOWE, HARRIET ELIZABETH BEECHER,
America ... 1812– L.
STREET, ALFRED BILLINGS,
America ... 1811– L.
ST. SIMON. LOUIS DE ROUVROI, Duc de,
France ... 1675–1755
SUCKLING, Sir JOHN,
England ... 1609–1641
SUE, MARIE-JOSEPH-EUGENE,
France ... 1804–1857
SUETONIUS, CAIUS TRANQUILLUS,
Rome ... Circa 50–
SUMNER, CHARLES,
America ... 1811–1874
SURREY, HENRY HOWARD, Earl of,
England ... Circa 1515–1547
SWEDENBORG, EMANUEL,
Sweden ... 1688–1772
SWETCHINE, ANNE SOPHIE SOLMONOFF
Russia ... 1782–1857
SWIFT, ELIZABETH F.
SWIFT, JONATHAN,
Ireland ... 1667–1745
SWINBURNE, ALGERNON CHARLES,
England ... 1837– L.
SWING, Rev. DAVID,
America ... 1830– L.
SYRUS, PUBLIUS,
Syria ... Flourished B. C. 45–
S., L.

TACITUS, CAIUS CORNELIUS ... 54– 118
TAGGART, CYNTHIA,
America ... 1801–1849
TALFORD, Sir THOMAS NOON,
England ... 1795–1854
TALLEY, SUSAN A.,
America ... Circa 1845–
TANNAHILL, ROBERT,
Scotland ... 1774–1810
TATE, NAHUM,
Ireland ... 1652–1715
TAYLOR, BAYARD,
America ... 1825–1879
TAYLOR, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,
America ... 1825– L.
TAYLOR, Sir HENRY,
England ... Circa 1800–
TAYLOR, Dr. JEREMY,
England ... 1613–1667
TAYLOR, THOMAS,
England ... 1758–1835
TEGNÉR, ESAIAS,
Sweden ... 1782–1846
TEMPLE, Sir WILLIAM,
England ... 1628–1699
TENNYSON, ALFRED,
England ... 1809– L.
TENNYSON, FREDERICK,
England ... Circa 1806– L.
TERENCE, PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER,
Africa ... B. C. 193– 158
TEUFELSDRÖCKH.
Germany ...
THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE,
India ... 1811–1863
THALES,
Greece ... B. C. 639– 548
THAXTER, CELIA LAIGHTON,
America ... 1835– L.
THEOBALD, LEWIS,
England ... Circa 1690–1744
THEOGIUS,
Greece ... B. C. 583– 495
THOMSON, JAMES,
Scotland ... 1700–1748
THOREAU, HENRY DAVID,
America ... 1817–1862
THRALE, HESTER LYNCH (Mrs. Piozzi),
Wales ... 1739–1821
THROCKMORTON, ALLAN,
America ... 18 – L.
THÜMMEL, MORITZ AUGUST,
Germany ... 1738–1817
THURLOW, EDWARD, Lord,
England ... 1732–1826
TIBULLUS, ALBIUS,
Italy ... B. C. 54– 18
TICKELL, THOMAS,
England ... 1686–1740
TIEDGE, CHRISTOPHER AGUSTUS,
Germany ... 1752–1845

TIGHE, MARY,
Ireland 1773–1810
TIMROD, HENRY,
America 1829–1867
TOBIN, JOHN,
England 1770–1804
TODHUNTER, JOHN.
TOWNLEY, Rev. JAMES,
England 1715–1778
TRENCH, RICHARD CHENEVIX,
Ireland ..... 1807– L.
TROWBRIDGE, JOHN TOWNSEND,
America ..... 1827– L.
TRUMBULL, JOHN,
America 1750–1831
TUCKER, JOSIAH (Dean of Gloucester).
Wales 1711–1799
TUCKER, MARY F. TYLER,
America 1835–
TUCKERMAN, HENRY THEODORE,
America 1813–1871
TUKE, Sir SAMUEL ..... –1673
TUPPER, MARTIN FARQUHAR,
England ..... 1810– L.
TURNER, CHARLES (TENNYSON),
England 1808–1879
TUSSER, THOMAS,
England ..... Circa 1515–1580

UHLAND, JOHN LOUIS,
Germany 1787–1862

VAUGHAN, HENRY,
Wales 1621–1695
VAUVENARGUES, LUKE DE CLAPIERS,
France 1715–1747
VEGOR, LOPE DE,
Spain 1562–1635
VERE, Sir AUBREY DE,
Ireland 1788–1846
VERY, JONES,
America 1813–1880
VICENTE, GIL,
Portugal 1482–1537
VIRGIL,
Italy ..... B. C. 70– 19
VITKOVICS, MICHAEL,
Russia .....
VOGELWEIDE, WALTHER VON DER,
Switzerland ..... Circa 1190–1230
VOLTAIRE, FRANCOIS-MARIE AROUET,
France 1694–1778

WALCOTT, ROGER,
America 1679–1767
WALKER, WILLIAM,
England 1623–1684
WALLACE, HORACE BINNEY,
America 1817–1852
WALLACE, JOHN AIKMAN,
WALLER, EDMUND,
England 1605–1687
WALPOLE, HORACE,
England 1717–1797
WALTON, IZAAK,
England 1593–1683
WARD, NATHANIEL,
England ..... Circa 1570–1653
WARNER, CHARLES DUDLEY,
America ..... 1829– L.
WARNER, SUSAN,
America 1818–1875
WARTE, JACOB VON,
Germany .....
WARTON, THOMAS,
England 1728–1790
WASHINGTON, Gen. GEORGE,
America 1732–1799
WATTS, ISAAC,
England 1674–1748
WAYLAND, FRANCIS,
America 1796–1865
WEBSTER, DANIEL,
America 1782–1852
WEBSTER, JOHN
England ..... Circa 1570–1640
WEBSTER, NOAH,
America 1758–1843
WELBY, AMELIA B.,
America 1821–1852
WELLINGTON, ARTHUR WELLESLEY, Duke of,
Ireland 1769–1852
WELLS, ANNA MARIA FOSTER,
America 1797–
WESLEY, CHARLES,
England 1708–1788
WEST, BENJAMIN,
America 1738–1820
WHATELY, ARCHBISHOP RICHARD,
England 1787–1863
WHITE, HENRY KIRKE,
England 1785–1806
WHITE, JOSEPH BLANCO,
Spain 1775–1841
WHITELOCK, BOLSTRODE (Lord Chancellor),
England 1605–1676
WHITMAN, SARAH HELEN POWER,
America 1803–1878
WHITMAN, WALT,
America ..... 1819– L.
WHITNEY, ADELINE DUTTON TRAIN,
America ..... 1824– L.
WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF,
America ..... 1808– L.
WHYTE, JAMES,
Scotland 1794–1827
WILBYE, JOHN,
England ..... Circa 1575–
WILDE, GEORGE JAMES DE.
WILDE, RICHARD HENRY,
Ireland 1789–1847
WILLIAM OF ORANGE,
Holland 1533–1584
WILLIAMS, HELEN MARIA,
England 1762–1827
WILLIAMS, ISAAC,
England 1802–1865
WILLIS, NATHANIEL PARKER,
America 1807–1867
WILSON, ALEXANDER,
Scotland 1766–1813
WILSON, JOHN (Christopher North),
Scotland 1785–1854
WINCHELSEA, LADY,
England 1660–1720
WINSLOW, JAMES BENIGUS,
Island of Fünen 1769–1760

WINTER, WILLIAM,
America ..... 1836– L.
WINTHROP, ROBERT CHARLES,
America ..... 1809– L.
WITHER, GEORGE,
England 1588–1667
WOLCOT, Dr. JOHN (Peter Pindar),
England 1738–1819
WOLFE, Rev. CHARLES,
Ireland 1791–1823
WOODWORTH, SAMUEL,
America 1785–1842
WOOLSEY, THEODORE DWIGHT,
America ..... 1801– L.
WOOLSON, CONSTANCE FENIMORE,
America ..... 18 – L.
WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM,
England 1770–1850
WOTTON, Sir HENRY,
England 1568–1639
WYAT, Sir THOMAS, THE ELDER,
England 1503–1542
WYAT, Sir THOMAS, THE YOUNGER,
England 1520–1554
WYCHERLY, WILLIAM,
England 1640–1715

YALDEN, THOMAS,
England 1671–1736
YATES, JOHN H.,
America 1837–
YOUNG, CHARLES DUKE,
England ..... 1812– L.
YONG, EDWARD,
England 1684–1765

ZENOPHON,
Greece ..... Circa B. C. 444– 360
ZSCHOKKE, JOHANN HEINRICH DANIEL,
Germany 1771–1848

TOPICAL INDEXES.

ENGLISH SUBJECTS.

A.

	Page
Abhorrence	1
Ability	1
Absence	1
Accidents	1
Action	2
Admiration	3
Adversity	3
Advice	4
Affection	4
Affliction	4
Age (Old)	5
Agony	7
Albatross	21
Amaranth	132
Amarylis	132
Ambition	8
Anemone	132
Angels	10
Anger	10
Angling	11
Animals	12
Antiquity	13
Apparel	13
Appetite	13
Applause	14
Aquilegia	133
Arbutus	133
Arbutus (Trailing)	132
Argument	14
Acacia	434
Acting (The Stage)	293
Agriculture	295
Alchemy	296
Almond	434
Apple	435
April	270
Architecture	296
Art	15
Ash	435
Aspen	435
Asphodel	133
Aster	133
Astronomy	297
August	271
Aurora	16
Authority	16
Authorship	297
Avarice	16
Azalia	133

B.

	Page.
Baldursbra	134
Ballads	17
Barberry	435
Basil	134
Bat	22
Bean	134
Beauty	17
Bed	19
Beggars	19
Belief	19
Bells	20
Bind-Weed	134
Birds	21
Birthday	34
Blackbird	22
Blacksmithing	300
Blessings	34
Blindness	35
Bliss	33
Bloodroot	145
Blue-Bell	134
Bluebird	22
Blushes	35
Boating	36
Bobolink	22
Books	36
Borage	134
Borrowers	41
Bramble	134
Bramble	435
Bravery	41
Brier	435
Brooks	41
Broom	435
Butchering	301
Buttercup	134

C.

	Page.
Cabinet-Makers	301
Cactus	135
Calumny	42
Canary	22
Candor	42
Cardinal Flower	135
Care	42
Carnation	135
Carpentry	301
Cassia	135
Catalpa	135
Cause	43
Caution	43
Cedar	436
Celadine	135
Ceremony	44
Champac	135
Chance	44
Change	44
Chaos	47
Character	47
Charity	52
Chase, The	53
Chastity	53
Cheerfulness	54
Cherry	436
Chestnut	436
Children	54
Choice	55
Christ	56
Christian	56
Christmas	57
Chrysanthemum	135
Church, The	57
Circles	58
Circumstances	58
Cities	58
Citron	436
Cleanliness	59
Clematis	135
Clouds	59
Clover	135
Clock	23
Columbine	136
Columbine (Golden)	136
Comparisons	60
Compass-Plant	136
Compensation	60
Compliments	60
Confession	60
Conceit	60
Confidence	61
Conscience	61
Consideration	63
Consistency	63
Consolation	63
Conspiracy	63
Constancy	63
Contamination	64
Contemplation	64
Contempt	64

	Page.
Content	65
Contention	67
Contrast	68
Conversation	68
Convolvulus	136
Coquetry	68
Coral-Tree	136
Countries	169
Country Life	69
Country, Love of	70
Courage	71
Cowardice	73
Cowslip	136
Creation	74
Crime	74
Criticism	75
Crocus	137
Crow	23
Cruelty	77
Cuckoo	23
Culinary	302
Curiosity	77
Custom	77
Cygnet	23
D.	
Daffodil	137
Dahlia	138
Daisy	138
Daisy, Mountain	139
Daisy, Ox-Eye	139
Dancing	302
Dandelion	139
Darkness	78
Day	78
Death	79
Decay	66
Deceit	87
December	273
Decision	88
Deeds	88
Delight	89
Dentistry	303
Desire	89
Desolation	90
Despair	90
Destiny	91
Devil, The	92
Dew-Drop	93
Dignity	93
Disappointment	93
Discontent	94
Discretion	94
Disease	94
Disgrace	95
Dissension	95
Distrust	95
Dittany	140
Doctrine	95
Dodder	140
Doubt	96
Dove	23
Dreams	96
Drinking	98
Duty	98
E.	
Eagle	20
Eating	99
Echo	104
Economy	102
Education	106
Elcaya	431
Elder	431
Elm	436
Eloquence	106
Enemy	102
Enjoyment	103
Enthusiasm	103
Envy	103
Epitaph	104
Equality	104
Error	104
Estridge	24
Eternity	105
Evening	105
Evil	106
Example	106
Expectation	106
Experience	107
Expression	108
Extremes	108
Eyes	108
F.	
Face	111
Fairies	112
Faith	112
Falcon	24
Falsehood	113
Fame	113
Fancy	116
Farewell	116
Fashion	116
Fate	117
Faults	119
Favor	120
Fear	120
Feasting	121
February	269
Feeling	122
Fickleness	122
Fidelity	122
Fir	436
Fire	123
Fish	123
Flag	140
Flags	124
Flattery	124
Flower-De-Luce	140
Flowers	125
Pt. I. Unclassified Flora	125
Pt. II. Classified Flora	132
Folly	162
Foot	163
Footsteps	164
Forgetfulness	164
For-get-me-not	140
Forgiveness	164
Fortune	165
Fowl (Wild)	25
Foxglove	140
Frailty	166
Fraud	166
Freedom	167
Friends	167
Friendship	172
Furze	140
Futurity	175
G.	
Gain	176
Garden	176
Genius	177
Gentian	140
Gentlemen	178
Gentleness	178
Gilly-Flower	141
Gifts	178
Glory	178
God	179
Gold	181
Golden-Rod	141
Goldfinch	25
Goodness	181
Goose	25
Gorse	141
Gossip	182
Government	182
Grace	183
Gratitude	183
Grave, The	184
Greatness	185
Grief	186
Growth	188
Guests	188
Guilt	188
Gull, Sea	25
H.	
Habit	189
Hair	189
Hand	190
Happiness	190
Harebell	141
Haste	191
Hatred	191
Hatters	303
Hawk	25
Hawthorn	436
Health	192
Hearing	192
Heart	192
Heath	142
Heaven	193
Heliotrope	142
Hell	194
Help	195
Hemlock	437
Hepatica	142
Herbage	195
Heroes	195
Heroism	196
Hickory	437
History	196
Holidays	197
Holiness	197
Holly	437
Holly-Hock	142
Home	197
Honesty	198
Honeysuckle	142

	Page.
Honor	198
Hope	200
Hospitality	202
Humanity	202
Humility	202
Humor	203
Hunger	203
Husband	203
Hypocrisy	204
Hyacinth	142

I.

Idleness	205
Ignorance	205
Imagination	205
Immortality	207
Impatience	208
Impossibility	208
Inconstancy	208
Independence	208
Indexes	209
Indian Pipe	143
Indifference	209
Influence	209
Ingratitude	210
Inn-Keeping	303
Innocence	211
Insanity	211
Insects	211
Instinct	213
Instruction	303
Intellect	213
Intemperance	214
Invention	304
Iris	143
Islands	215
Ivy	143

J.

January	269
Jay	25
Jealousy	215
Jessamine	143
Jesting	215
Jewelry	304
Jews	216
Journalism	305
Joy	216
Judges	217
Judgment	217
July	272
June	272
Justice	218

K.

Kindness	220
Kingcup (Butter-Cup)	144
Kingfisher	25
Kisses	220
Knowledge	222

L.

Labor	225
Landscape	225
Language	226
Lapwing	25
Lark	26
Laughter	226
Laurel	144
Law	307
Learning	227
Leisure	228
Liberalty	228
Liberty	228
Libraries	229
Lichen	144
Life	230
Light	236
Lilac	437
Lily	144
Linguists	237
Linnet	27
Listening	237
Lily of the Valley	146
Linden	437
Literature	237
Livery	308
Loss	238
Lotus	146
Lotus	437
Love	238
Loyalty	250
Luck	251
Luxury	251

M.

Machinery	308
Magnolia	438
Magnolia-Grandiflora	146
Mahogany	438
Mallow	146
Mammon	252
Man	252
Manners	255
Maple	438
March	269
Marigold	145
Marsh-Marigold	147
Martlet	27
Martyrdom	255
Masons	309
Matrimony	256
May	271
Meadow-Rue	148
Medicine	309
Meditation	259
Meeting	259
Melancholy	260
Memory	260
Mercantile	370
Mercy	262
Merit	263
Mermaids	264
Merriment	264
Midnight	265
Mignonette	147
Military	311
Mind	265
Miracle	266
Mischief	266
Misery	266
Misfortune	267
Moccasin	147
Mocking-Bird	27
Moderation	267
Modesty	268
Money	268
Months	269
Monuments	274
Moon, The	274
Morality	276
Morning-Glory	147
Mortality	278
Morning	276
Mother	279
Motive	279
Mountains	279
Mulberry	438
Murder	280
Music	280
Musicians	312
Myrtle	147

N.

Name	284
Narrative	284
Nature	285
Navigation	312
Necessity	287
Neglect	287
Night	287
Nightingale	27
Nobility	299
November	273

O.

Oak	438
Oaths	291
Obedience	292
Oblivion	292
Obscurity	291
Occupations	293
Ocean	322
October	272
Olive	439
Opinion	324
Opportunity	324
Oracle	324
Orchid	147
Orange	439
Oratory	324
Order	325
Owl	29

P.

Pain	325
Painted Cup	148
Painting	313
Palm	439
Pansy	148
Paradise	325
Paradise (Bird of)	29
Parting	326
Partridge	29
Passion	326
Passion-Flower	148
Past, The	327
Patience	327
Patriotism	329
Paw-Paw	149
Peace	330
Peacock	29
Pear	440
Pea (Sweet)	413

	Page.
Pelican	30
Pen, The	331
Perception	331
Perfection	331
Perfumery	314
Perseverance	331
Persuasion	332
Pheasant	30
Philosophy	332
Pigeon	30
Pimpernel	149
Pine	440
Pink	149
Pity	332
Plagiarism	333
Pleasure	333
Poets	334
Poetry	338
Politics	340
Poplar	440
Poppy	149
Poppy, Corn	149
Popularity	340
Post	315
Pottery	316
Poverty	341
Power	342
Praise	342
Prayer	343
Preaching	317
Prejudice	346
Presumption	346
Pride	346
Primrose	150
Printing	318
Prison	347
Progression	347
Promises	347
Prophecy	347
Providence	348
Publishers	318
Punishment	349

Q.

Quackery	349
Quail	30
Quality	350
Quarrying	318
Quiet	350
Quotation	350

R.

Rain	351
Rainbow, The	352
Raven	30
Reading	352
Reason	354
Rebellion	355
Recklessness	355
Recompense	355
Recreation	355
Redemption	355
Reed	150
Reflection	356
Reformation	356
Regret	356
Religion	356
Remorse	358
Reparation	359
Repentance	359
Repose	359
Reproof	359
Reputation	359
Resignation	360
Resolution	360
Responsibility	361
Rest	361
Results	362
Resurrection	362
Retribution	363
Revelation	363
Revenge	363
Reverence	364
Rhodora	150
Rivers	364
Robin	30
Romance	366
Rook	32
Rose	150
Rose (Musk)	155
Rose (Sweet Brier)	155
Rose (Wild)	156
Rosemary	156
Royalty	366
Ruin	368
Rumor	368

S.

Sabbath	369
Sadness	369
Saffron	156
Satire	369
Science	370
Sculpture	318
Sea-Bird	32
Seasons, The	370
Spring	370
Summer	374
Autumn	375
Winter	377
Sea-Weed	156
Sedge-Bird	32
Secrecy	379
Self-Control	379
Self-Examination	379
Selfishness	379
Self-Love	279
Sense	379
Sensibility	380
Sensitive-Plant	156
September	272
Shadows	380
Shakespeare	380
Shame	381
Shamrock	156
Ships	381
Shipwreck	381
Shoemaking	318
Sickness	381
Sighs	382
Silence	382
Simplicity	384
Sin	384
Sincerity	385
Singers	385
Sky, The	386
Slander	386
Slavery	387
Sleep	388
Sloe	440
Smiles	392
Snow	393
Snowdrop	156
Society	393
Solitude	394
Song	396
Sorrow	396
Soul, The	398
Sound	399
Sparrow	32
Speech	400
Spirea	156
Spirits	401
Stars	401
Statesmen	319
Stoicism	403
Storm	404
Strawberry	157
Strength	405
Students	405
Study	406
Stupidity	406
Style	406
Submission	407
Success	407
Suffering	408
Suicide	408
Sun-Flower	157
Sun, The	409
Sun-Rise	410
Sun-Set	410
Superstition	412
Suspicion	412
Swallow	32
Swan	32
Sweet-Basil	157
Symbols	412
Sympathy	412
Sycamore	441

T.

Tailoring	319
Talk	414
Tea-Dealers	320
Tears	415
Temper	417
Temperance	417
Temptation	418
Thanks	418
Thieves	418
Thistle	157
Thorn	158
Thorn	441
Thought	419
Throstle	33
Thrush	33
Thunder	422
Thyme	158
Tides	422
Time	422
Toasts	428
Tobacconists	320
To-Day	428
To-Morrow	429

Page.

Tongues..... 429
Tonsorial..... 321
Travelling..... 430
Treason..... 431
Trees and Plants..... 432
Pt. I. Unclassified Arbora..... 432
Pt. II. Classified Arbora..... 434
Trials..... 441
Trifles..... 442
Trillium (Birth-Root)... 158
Trust..... 442
Truth..... 443
Tuberose..... 158
Tulip..... 158
Tulip-Tree..... 441
Twilight..... 446
Tyranny..... 447

U.

Umbrella-Makers..... 322
Unbelief..... 449
Undertakers..... 322
Unity..... 449
Unkindness..... 449

V.

Page.

Valentine's Day..... 450
Valor..... 450
Vanity..... 451
Variety..... 451
Verbena..... 158
Versatility..... 451
Vice..... 451
Victory..... 452
Villainy..... 452
Violet..... 158
Virtue..... 453
Voice..... 456

W.

Wall-Flower..... 161
War..... 456
Water..... 461
Water-Lily..... 161
Weakness..... 462
Wealth..... 462
Welcome..... 463
Whip-Poor-Will..... 33
White-Throat..... 34
Wickedness..... 464
Wife..... 464
Will..... 465

Page.

Willow..... 441
Wind..... 465
Wind-Flower..... 161
Wine (and Spirits)..... 467
Wisdom..... 468
Wit..... 471
Wolfsbane..... 161
Woman..... 472
Woodbine..... 161
Wooing..... 479
Words..... 480
Work..... 482
World, The..... 483
Worship..... 485
Worth..... 485
Wounds..... 485
Wren..... 34

Y.

Yellow-Bird..... 34
Yew..... 441
Youth..... 486

Z.

Zeal..... 487
Zephyrs..... 488

LATIN SUBJECTS.

A.

Page.

Absurdity..... 503
Acting..... 503
Action..... 503
Affinity..... 503
Affliction..... 503
Age..... 503
Agreement..... 504
Agriculture..... 504
Ambition..... 504
Amusement..... 504
Ancestry..... 504
Anger..... 504
Anxiety..... 505
Art..... 505
Avarice..... 505

B.

Beauty..... 505
Beginning..... 505
Belief..... 505
Benefits..... 505
Benevolence..... 505
Books..... 506
Business..... 506

C.

Calumny..... 507
Carefulness..... 507
Cause..... 507
Censure..... 507

Page.

Chance..... 507
Change..... 508
Character..... 508
Circumspection..... 510
Cities..... 510
Companions..... 510
Comparison..... 510
Compensation..... 510
Complete..... 511
Concealment..... 511
Conciseness..... 511
Condition..... 511
Confidence..... 511
Conquest..... 511
Conscience..... 511
Consolation..... 511
Contention..... 511
Contentment..... 511
Contrast..... 512
Corruption..... 512
Courage..... 512
Covetousness..... 513
Cowards..... 513
Crime..... 514
Cruelty..... 515

D.

Danger..... 515
Death..... 515
Debt..... 517
Deceit..... 517

Page.

Defence..... 517
Delay..... 517
Despair..... 517
Dignity..... 517
Disagreement..... 517
Disappointment..... 517
Discontent..... 517
Discord..... 517
Disgrace..... 517
Dissatisfaction..... 519
Doubt..... 519
Duty..... 519

E.

Economy..... 519
Eloquence..... 519
Enjoyment..... 519
Enmity..... 520
Envy..... 520
Error..... 520
Events..... 520
Evil..... 520
Example..... 521
Excess..... 522
Excitability..... 522
Excuse..... 522
Experience..... 522

F.

Failure..... 522
Faith..... 523

Page.

FALSITY..... 523
FAME..... 523
FATE..... 523
FAULTS..... 524
FEAR..... 524
FICTION..... 525
FIDELITY..... 525
FIRE..... 525
FLATTERY..... 525
FOLLY..... 526
FORGETFULNESS..... 526
FORGIVENESS..... 526
FORTITUDE..... 526
FORTUNE..... 527
FRIENDSHIP..... 529
FUTURITY..... 530

G.

GAMING..... 530
GENEROSITY..... 530
GENIUS..... 531
GENTLENESS..... 531
GIFTS..... 531
GLORY..... 531
GLUTTONY..... 531
GOD..... 531
GODS, THE..... 532
GOLD..... 532
GOODNESS..... 533
GOVERNMENT..... 533
GRATITUDE..... 533
GREATNESS..... 533
GRIEF..... 534
GUILT..... 534

H.

HABIT..... 534
HATRED..... 535
HEAVEN..... 535
HELP..... 535
HESITATION..... 535
HISTORY..... 535
HOME..... 535
HONESTY..... 535
HONOR..... 535
HOPE..... 536
HUMILITY..... 536
HUNGER..... 536
HYPOCRICY..... 536

I.

IDLENESS..... 536
IGNORANCE..... 536
IMAGINATION..... 537
IMITATION..... 537
IMMORTALITY..... 537
IMPOSSIBILITY..... 537
IMPRUDENCE..... 537
INDEPENDENCE..... 538
INDOLENCE..... 538
INDUSTRY..... 538
INGRATITUDE..... 538
INHERITANCE..... 538
INJUSTICE..... 539
INQUIRY..... 529
INQUISITIVENESS..... 539
INSANITY..... 539
INSTRUCTION..... 539

Page.

INSULT..... 539
INTEMPERANCE..... 539

J.

JESTING..... 540
JUSTICE..... 540

K.

KINDNESS..... 541
KNOWLEDGE..... 541

L.

LABOR..... 542
LANDSCAPE..... 542
LAUGHTER..... 543
LAW..... 543
LEARNING..... 543
LIBERTY..... 543
LICENSE..... 543
LIFE..... 543
LOSS..... 545
LOVE..... 545
LUCK..... 546

M.

MAN..... 547
MANNERS..... 547
MARRIAGE..... 547
MEDICINE..... 547
MEMORY..... 548
MERCY..... 548
MERIT..... 548
MIND..... 548
MISFORTUNE..... 549
MODESTY..... 550
MONEY..... 550
MONUMENT..... 550
MOURNING..... 550
MUSIC..... 550

N.

NATURE..... 550
NECESSITY..... 551

O.

OBEDIENCE..... 551
OPINION..... 551
ORATORY..... 551
OVERSIGHT..... 551

P.

PAIN..... 552
PARTIALITY..... 552
PATIENCE..... 552
PATRIOTISM..... 552
PEACE..... 553
PERCEPTION..... 553
PERSEVERANCE..... 553
PERSPICUITY..... 553
PHILOSOPHY..... 553
PLACE..... 553
PLEASURE..... 554
PLIABILITY..... 554
POETRY..... 554
POETS..... 554
POISON..... 554
POVERTY..... 554
POWER..... 555

Page.

PRAISE..... 555
PRAYER..... 555
PREFERENCE..... 556
PREJUDICE..... 556
PREPARATION..... 556
PRIDE..... 556
PROOF..... 556
PROPHECY..... 556
PROPRIETY..... 556
PROSPERITY..... 556
PROVERB..... 556
PROVIDENCE..... 557
PRUDENCE..... 557
PUNISHMENT..... 558

Q.

QUALITY..... 559

R.

RASHNESS..... 559
REASON..... 559
REBELLION..... 559
REGRET..... 559
RELIGION..... 569
REPENTANCE..... 560
REPETITION..... 560
REPUTATION..... 560
RESIGNATION..... 560
RESISTANCE..... 560
RESPONSIBILITY..... 560
REST..... 560
RETALIATION..... 560
REVENGE..... 561
REWARD..... 561
RICHES..... 561
RIDICULE..... 562
RISK..... 562
ROYALTY..... 562
RUMOR..... 562

S.

SATIETY..... 562
SATIRE..... 563
SATISFACTION..... 563
SEA, THE..... 563
SECRECY..... 563
SELF-ESTEEM..... 563
SELFISHNESS..... 563
SELF-LOVE..... 563
SERENITY..... 563
SHAME..... 564
SICKNESS..... 564
SILENCE..... 564
SIN..... 564
SKILL..... 564
SLANDER..... 564
SLAVERY..... 564
SLEEP..... 565
SORROW..... 565
SPEECH..... 565
SPENDING..... 565
SPIRITUALITY..... 565
STRENGTH..... 565
STUDY..... 565
STYLE..... 565
SUCCESS..... 565
SUFFERING..... 565
SUFFRAGE..... 565

	Page.
Superstition	566
Susceptibility	566
Suspicion	566
Swearing	566
T.	
Talents	567
Taste	567
Teaching	567
Tears	567
Temperance	567
Thought	567
Time	567
Training	568
Treachery	568
Trifles	568
Trouble	568
Truth	568
Tyranny	569
U.	
Ubiquity	569
Uncertainty	569
Unhappiness	570
Uniformity	570
Union	570
V.	
Vanity	570
Veneration	570
Vice	570
Virtue	571
W.	
Want	572
War	572
Weakness	573
Wealth	573
Wine	573
Wisdom	574
Wit	574
Woman	574
Words	575
Work	575
Writing	575
Y.	
Yielding	575
Youth	575

TOPICAL INDEX,

WITH CROSS-REFERENCES.

A.

Abhorrence, 1.
- Enemy, 102.
- Hatred, 191.

Ability, 1.
- Power, 342.
- Strength, 405.

Absence, 1.
- Meeting, 259.
- Parting, 326.

Accidents, 2.
- Chance, 44.

Acting (the stage), 293, 503.

Action, 2, 503.
- Deeds, 88, 517.
- Labor, 225.
- Work, 482, 575.

Admiration, 3.
- Applause, 14.
- Fame, 113.
- Praise, 342.
- Vanity, 451.

Adversity, 3.
- Affliction, 4.
- Agony 7.
- Grief, 186.
- Misery, 266.
- Misfortune, 267.
- Suffering, 408.
- Trials, 441.

Advice, 4.
- Caution, 43.
- Instruction, 303.

Affection, 4.
- Friends, 167.
- Friendship 172.
- Love, 238.

Affliction, 4, 503.
- Adversity, 3.
- Grief, 186.
- Misery, 266.
- Misfortune, 267.
- Sorrow, 396.
- Suffering, 408.
- Trials, 441.

Age (Old), 5, 503.
- Antiquity, 13.
- Decay, 86.

Agony, 7.
- Despair, 90.
- Pain, 325.
- Remorse, 358.
- Suffering, 408.

Agriculture, 295, 504.
- Country Life, 69.
- Garden, 176.
- Landscape, 225, 542.

Albatross, 21.
- Birds, 21.

Alchemy, 296.
- Science, 370.

Almond, 434.
- Trees and Plants, 432.

Amaranth, 132.
- Flowers, 125.

Amaryllis, 132.
- Flowers, 125.

Ambition, 8, 504.
- Applause, 14.
- Desire, 89,
- Fame, 113, 523.

Anemone, 132.
- Flowers, 125.

Angels, 10.
- Spirits, 401.

Anger, 10, 504.
- Revenge, 363.
- Temper, 417.

Angling, 11.
- Fish, 123.

Animals, 12.
- Butchering, 1z.

Antiquity, 13.
- Age (Old), 5.

Apparel, 13.
- Fashion, 116.
- Shoemaking, 318.
- Tailoring, 319.

Appetite, 13.
- Culinary, 302.
- Eating, 99.
- Feasting, 121.
- Hunger, 203.

Applause, 14.
- Admiration, 3.
- Fame, 113.
- Honor, 198.
- Praise, 342.

Apple, 435.
- Trees and Plants, 432.

April, 270.
- Months, 269.
- Spring, 370.

Aquilegia, 133.
- Flowers, 125.

Arbutus, 133.
- Flowers, 125.

Arbutus (Trailing), 132.
- Flowers, 125.

Architecture, 296.
- Art, 15.
- Carpentry, 301.
- Home, 197.
- Masons, 309.

Argument, 14.
- Instruction, 303.
- Oratory, 324.
- Reason, 354.

Art, 15, 505.
- Architecture, 296.
- Musicians, 312.
- Painting, 313.
- Sculpture, 318.

Ash, 435.
- Trees and Plants, 432.

Aspen, 435.
- Trees and Plants, 432.

Asphodel, 133.
- Flowers, 125.

Aster, 133.
- Flowers, 125.

Astronomy, 297.
Science, 370.
Moon, The, 274.
Sky, The, 386.
Stars, 401.
Sun, The, 409.
August, 272.
Months, 269.
Summer, 374.
Aurora, 16.
Morning, 276.
Sky, The, 386.
Sunrise, 410.
Twilight, 446.
Authority, 16.
Government, 182.
Influence, 209.
Power, 342.
Royalty, 366.
Authorship, 297.
Books, 36.
Criticism, 75.
Journalism, 305.
Plagiarism, 333.
Autumn, 375.
November, 273.
October, 272.
Seasons, The, 370.
September, 272.
Avarice, 16, 505.
Economy, 101, 519.
Money, 268, 550.
Azalea, 133.
Flowers, 125.

B.

Baldursbra, 134.
Flowers, 125.
Ballads, 17.
Music, 280.
Musicians, 312.
Poetry, 338.
Songs, 396.
Barberry, 435.
Trees and Plants, 432.
Basil, 134.
Flowers, 125.
Bat, 22.
Birds, 21.
Bean, 134.
Flowers, 125.
Beauty, 17, 505.
Bed, 19.
Rest, 361.
Sleep, 388.
Beggars, 19.
Poverty, 341.
Belief, 19, 506.
Confidence, 61, 511.
Faith, 112, 522.
Trust, 568.
Truth, 443.
Bells, 20.
Bind-weed, 134.
Flowers, 125.
Birds, 21.
April, 270.
Autumn, 375.
June, 272.
May, 271.
November, 273.
Spring, 370.
Summer, 374.
Winter, 377.
Birthday, 34.
Age (Old), 5.
Blackbird, 22.
Birds, 21.
Blacksmithing, 300.
Blessings, 34.
Blindness, 35.
Darkness, 78.
Night, 287.
Bliss, 35.
Content, 65.
Happiness, 190.
Joy, 216.
Pleasure, 333.
Bloodroot, 134.
Flowers, 125.
Bluebell, 134.
Flowers, 125.
Bluebird, 22.
Birds, 21.
Blushes, 35.
Innocence, 211.
Modesty, 268.
Boating, 36.
Navigation, 312.
Ships, 381.
Shipwreck, 381.
Bobolink, 22.
Birds, 21.
Books, 36, 506.
Authorship, 297.
Education, 101.
History, 196, 535.
Learning, 227, 543.
Libraries, 229.
Printing, 318.
Publishers, 318.
Borage, 134.
Flowers, 125.
Borrowers, 41.
Bramble, 134
Flowers, 125
Bravery, 41.
Courage, 71.
Heroes 196.
Heroism, 196.
Valor, 450.
Brier, 435
Trees, 432.
Brooks, 41.
December, 273.
June, 272.
November, 273.
Rivers, 364.
Water, 461.
Broom, 435.
Trees, 432.
Butchering, 301.
Animals, 12.
Buttercup, 134.
Flowers, 125.

C.

Cabinet-Makers, 301.
Carpentry, 301.
Cactus, 135.
Flowers, 125.
Calumny, 42, 507.
Slander, 381, 564.
Canary, 22.
Birds, 21.
Candor, 42.
Honesty, 198.
Sincerity, 385.
Truth, 443.
Cardinal Flower, 135.
Flowers, 125.
Care, 42, 507.
Caution, 43.
Carnation, 135.
Flowers, 125.
Carpentry, 301.
Architecture, 296.
Cabinet-Makers, 301.
Cassia, 135.
Flowers, 125.
Catalpa, 135.
Flowers, 125.
Cause, 43, 507.
Reason, 354, 559.
Caution, 43.
Care, 42.
Discretion, 94.
Cedar, 436.
Trees, 432.
Celandine, 135.
Flowers, 125.
Ceremony, 44.
Honor, 198.
Champac, 135.
Flowers, 125.
Chance, 44, 507.
Accidents, 2.
Fate, 117, 523.
Fortune, 165, 527.
Change, 44, 508.
Fickleness, 122.
Inconstancy, 208
Luck, 546.
Variety, 451.

Chaos, 47.
Character, 47, 508.
Consistency, 63.
Honor, 198, 535.
Reputation, 359, 560.
Charity, 52.
Friendship, 172.
Kindness, 220.
Liberality, 228.
Chase, The, 53.
Chastity, 53.
Innocence, 211.
Virtue, 452.
Cheerfulness, 54.
Happiness, 190.
Joy, 216.
Merriment, 264.
Pleasure, 333.
Cherry, 436.
Trees, 432.
Chestnut, 436.
Trees, 432.
Children, 54.
Mother, 279.
Youth, 486.
Choice, 55.
Christ, 56.
God, 179.
Redemption, 355.
Religion, 356.
Christian, 56.
Charity, 52.
Faith, 112.
Hope, 200.
Religion, 356.
Christmas, 57.
December, 273.
Holidays, 197.
Chrysanthemum, 135.
Flowers, 125.
Church, The, 57.
Worship, 485.
Circles, 58.
Circumstances, 58.
Cities, 58, 510.
Citron, 436.
Trees, 432.
Cleanliness, 59.
Clematis, 135.
Flowers, 125.
Clouds, 59.
Sky, The, 386.
Sunrise, 410.
Sunset, 410.
Twilight, 446.
Clover, 135.
Flowers, 125.
Cock, 23.
Birds, 21.
Columbine, 136.
Flowers, 125.
Columbine (Golden), 136.
Flowers, 125.
Comparisons, 60, 510.
Contrast, 68.
Compass Plant, 136.
Flowers, 125.
Compensation, 60, 510.
Recompense, 355.
Reward, 561.
Compliments, 60.
Flattery, 124.
Praise, 342.
Confession, 60.
Repentance, 359.
Conceit, 60.
Pride, 346.
Selfishness, 379.
Self-love, 379.
Vanity, 451.
Confidence, 61.
Belief, 19.
Faith, 112.
Trust, 442.
Conscience, 61, 511.
Character, 47, 508.
Guilt, 188, 535.
Self-examination, 379.
Consideration, 63.
Friendship, 172.
Love, 238.
Reason, 354.
Thought, 422.
Consistency, 63.
Character, 49.
Consolation, 63, 511.
Friendship, 172.
Kindness, 220.
Pity, 332.
Sorrow, 396.
Sympathy, 412.
Tears, 415.
Conspiracy, 63.
Deceit, 87.
Rebellion, 355.
Treason, 431.
Constancy, 63.
Fidelity, 122.
Honor, 198.
Truth, 443.
Contamination, 64.
Contemplation, 64.
Meditation, 259.
Reflection, 356.
Study, 406.
Contempt, 64.
Prejudice, 346.
Content, 65.
Bliss, 35.
Peace, 330.
Repose, 359.
Rest, 361.
Contention, 67, 511.
Dissension, 95.
War, 572.
Contrast, 68, 512.
Comparisons, 60, 510.
Conversation, 68.
Language, 226.
Linguists, 237.
Speech, 400.
Talk, 414.
Words, 480.
Convolvulus, 136.
Flowers, 125.
Coquetry, 68.
Deceit, 87.
Coral-Tree, 136.
Flowers, 125.
Countries, 69.
Travelling, 430.
Country Life, 69.
Nature, 285.
Country, Love of, 70.
Patriotism, 329.
Courage, 71, 512.
Bravery, 41.
Heroes, 196.
Heroism, 196.
Perseverance, 33, 553.
Resolution, 360.
Valor, 450.
Cowardice, 73, 514.
Fear, 120, 524
Weakness, 462, 573.
Cowslip, 136.
Flowers, 125.
Creation, 74.
World, The, 488.
Crime, 74, 514.
Evil, 106, 520.
Guilt, 188, 535.
Murder, 280.
Sin, 384, 564.
Treason, 431.
Vice, 451.
Wickedness, 464.
Criticism, 75.
Opinion, 324.
Crocus, 137.
Flowers, 125.
Crow, 23.
Birds, 21.
Cruelty, 77, 515.
Revenge, 363, 561.
Wounds, 485.
Cuckoo, 23.
Birds, 21.
Culinary, 302.
Eating, 99.
Feasting, 121.
Appetite, 13.
Curiosity, 77.
Secrecy, 376.

Custom, 77.
Fashion, 116.
Habit, 189.
Cygnet, 23.
Birds, 21.

D.

Daffodil, 137.
Flowers, 125.
Dahlia, 138.
Flowers, 125.
Daisy, 138.
Flowers, 125.
Daisy, Mountain, 139.
Flowers, 125.
Daisy, Ox-eye, 139.
Flowers, 125.
Dancing, 302.
Recreation, 355.
Dandelion, 139.
Flowers, 125.
Darkness, 78.
Blindness, 35.
Evil, 106.
Ignorance, 205.
Night, 287.
Obscurity, 292.
Day, 78.
Aurora, 16.
Light, 236.
Morning, 276.
Sunrise, 410.
Death, 79, 515.
Decay, 86.
Epitaph, 104.
Eternity, 106.
Grave, The, 184.
Murder, 280.
Oblivion, 292.
Suicide, 408.
Decay, 86.
Age (Old), 5.
Antiquity, 13.
Death, 79.
Disease, 94.
Deceit, 87, 514.
Conspiracy, 63.
Coquetry, 68.
Fraud, 166.
Treason, 431.
December, 273.
Christmas, 57.
Holidays, 197.
Months, 269.
Winter, 397.
Decision, 88.
Character, 47.
Judgment, 217.
Resolution, 360.
Deeds, 88, 517.
Action, 2, 502.
Labor, 225, 542.
Work, 482, 575.
Delight, 89.
Content, 65.
Enjoyment, 103.
Happiness, 190.
Joy, 216.
Paradise, 325.
Pleasure, 333.
Dentistry, 303.
Desire, 89.
Ambition, 8.
Hope, 200.
Desolation, 90.
Ruin, 368.
Solitude, 394.
Despair, 90, 518.
Agony, 7.
Fear, 120, 524.
Grief, 186, 534.
Regret, 356, 559.
Remorse, 358.
Destiny, 91.
Fate, 17.
Futurity, 175.
Devil, The, 92.
Hell, 194.
Punishment, 349.
Dew-drop, 93.
Water, 461.
Dignity, 93, 518.
Greatness, 185, 533.
Honor, 198, 535.
Nobility, 290.
Pride, 346, 556.
Disappointment, 93, 518.
Loss, 238, 545.
Regret, 356, 559.
Sorrow, 396, 565.
Discontent, 94, 518.
Misery, 266.
Discretion, 94.
Caution, 43.
Wisdom, 468.
Judgment, 217.
Reflection, 356.
Thought, 419.
Disease, 94.
Decay, 86.
Health, 192.
Sickness, 381.
Disgrace, 95, 518.
Shame, 381, 564.
Dissension, 95.
Contention, 67.
Rebellion, 355.
War, 456.
Distrust, 95.
Doubt, 96.
Suspicion, 412.
Unbelief, 449.
Dittany, 140.
Flowers, 125.
Doctrine, 95.
Belief, 19.
Faith, 112.
Religion, 356.
Dodder, 140.
Flowers, 125.
Doubt, 96, 519.
Distrust, 95.
Unbelief, 449.
Suspicion, 412, 566.
Dove, 23.
Birds, 21.
Dreams, 96.
Imagination, 206.
Drinking, 98.
Intemperance, 214.
Temperance, 417.
Water, 461.
Wine (and Spirits), 467.

E.

Eagle, 24.
Birds, 21.
Eating, 99.
Appetite, 13.
Culinary, 302.
Feasting, 121.
Hunger, 203.
Echo, 100.
Sound, 399.
Economy, 101, 519.
Avarice, 16, 505.
Money, 268, 550.
Education, 101.
Knowledge, 222.
Instruction, 303.
Learning, 227.
Students, 405.
Study, 406.
Elcaya, 436.
Trees and Plants, 432.
Elder, 436.
Trees and Plants, 432.
Elm, 436.
Trees and Plants, 432.
Eloquence, 102, 519.
Conversation, 68.
Oratory, 324, 551.
Speech, 400, 565.
Talk, 414.
Words, 480, 575.
Enemy, 102.
Abhorrence, 1.
Dissension, 94.
Hatred, 191.
Revenge, 363.
Enjoyment, 103, 519.
Content, 65, 511.
Delight, 89.
Happiness, 190.
Joy, 216.
Pleasure, 333, 554.

Enthusiasm, 103.
Ambition, 8.
Zeal, 488.
Envy, 103, 520.
Hatred, 191.
Jealousy, 215.
Suspicion, 412.
Epitaph, 104.
Death, 79.
Grave, The, 184.
Equality, 104.
Unity, 449.
Error, 104, 520.
Evil, 106, 520.
Faults, 119, 524.
Estridge, 24.
Birds, 21.
Eternity, 105.
Death, 79.
Futurity, 175.
Heaven, 193.
Hell, 194.
Immortality, 207.
Resurrection, 362.
Time, 422.
Evening, 105.
Night, 287.
Sunset, 410.
Twilight, 446.
Evil, 106, 520.
Crime, 74, 514.
Error, 104.
Mischief, 266.
Misfortune, 267, 549.
Sin, 384.
Wickedness, 464.
Example, 106, 521.
Expectation, 106, 522.
Confidence, 61, 511.
Desire, 89.
Hope, 200, 536.
Trust, 442.
Experience, 107, 522.
Trials, 441.
Expression, 108.
Extremes, 108.
Eyes, 108.
Face, 111.

F.

Face, 111.
Eyes, 108.
Fairies, 122.
Spirits, 401.
Faith, 112, 522.
Belief, 19, 506.
Confidence, 61, 511.
Doctrine, 95.
Fidelity, 122, 525.
Trust, 442.
Falcon, 24.
Birds, 21.
Falsehood, 113, 522.
Calumny, 42, 507.
Deceit, 87, 514.
Slander, 386, 564.
Fame, 113, 523.
Ambition, 113.
Glory, 178, 531.
Honor, 198, 535.
Reputation, 359, 560.
Rumor, 368, 562.
Fancy, 116.
Imagination, 206.
Farewell, 116.
Absence, 1.
Parting, 326.
Fashion, 116.
Apparel, 13.
Custom, 77.
Fate, 117, 523.
Chance, 44, 507.
Fortune, 165, 527.
Destiny, 91.
Luck, 251.
Providence, 348.
Faults, 119.
Error, 104.
Guilt, 188.
Mischief, 266.
Sin, 384.
Favor, 120.
Influence, 209.
Kindness, 220.
Recompense, 355.
Fear, 120, 524.
Cowardice, 73, 514.
Despair, 90, 518.
Doubt, 96, 519.
Feasting, 121.
Appetite, 13.
Culinary, 302.
Drinking, 98.
Eating, 99.
Hunger, 203.
February, 269.
Months, 269.
Winter, 377.
Feeling, 122.
Sensibility, 380.
Fickleness, 122.
Change, 44.
Doubt, 96.
Inconstancy, 208.
Fidelity, 122, 524.
Constancy, 63.
Faith, 112, 522.
Friendship, 172, 529.
Fir, 436.
Trees and Plants, 432.
Fire, 123, 525.
Fish, 123.
Angling, 11.
Flag, 140.
Flowers, 125.
Flags, 124.
Country, Love of, 70.
Patriotism, 329.
Flattery, 124, 525.
Compliments, 60.
Praise, 342, 555.
Flower-de-luce, 140.
Flowers, 125.
Flowers, 125.
Unclassified Flora, 125.
April, 270.
July, 272.
May, 271.
November, 273.
Classified Flora, 132.
Folly, 162, 526.
Foot, 163.
Footsteps, 164.
Shoemaking, 318.
Footsteps, 164.
Foot, 163.
Forgetfulness, 164, 526.
Memory, 260, 548.
Forget-me-not, 140.
Flowers, 125.
Forgiveness, 164, 526.
Charity, 52.
Fortune, 165, 527.
Chance, 44, 507.
Fate, 117, 523.
Luck, 251, 546.
Success, 407.
Fowl (Wild), 25.
Birds, 21.
Foxglove, 140.
Flowers, 125.
Frailty, 166.
Fraud, 166.
Deceit, 87.
Freedom, 167, 528.
Independence, 208, 538.
Liberty, 228, 543.
Slavery, 387, 564.
Friends, 167.
Affection, 4.
Friendship, 172, 529.
Love, 238, 545.
Friendship, 172.
Affection, 4.
Consolation, 63, 511.
Fidelity, 122, 525.
Friend, 167.
Love, 238, 545.
Furze, 140.
Flowers, 125.
Futurity, 175, 530.
Destiny, 91.
Eternity, 105.
Immortality, 207, 537.

G.

Gain, 176.
Garden, 176.
Agriculture, 295.
Flowers, 125.
Herbage, 195.
Trees and Plants, 432.
Genius, 177, 531.
Ability, 1.
Intellect, 213.
Gentian, 140.
Flowers, 125.
Gentlemen, 178.
Man, 252.
Manners, 255.
Youth, 486.
Gentleness, 178, 531.
Kindness, 220, 541.
Gillyflower, 141.
Flowers, 125.
Gifts, 178, 531.
Charity, 52.
Goodness, 181, 533.
Liberality, 228.
Glory, 178, 531.
Ambition, 8, 501.
Fame, 113, 523.
Honor, 198, 535.
Reputation, 359, 560.
Praise, 342, 555.
God, 179, 531.
Christ, 56.
Heaven, 193, 535.
Providence, 348, 557.
Religion, 356, 559.
Gold, 181, 535.
Mammon, 252.
Money, 268, 550.
Wealth, 462, 573.
Golden-rod, 141.
Flowers, 125.
Goldfinch, 25.
Birds, 21.
Goodness, 181, 533.
Charity, 52.
Gifts, 178.
Kindness, 220, 541.
Liberality, 228.
Goose, 25.
Birds, 21.
Gorse, 141.
Flowers, 125.
Gossip, 182.
Conversation, 68.
Slander, 386.
Talk, 414.
Words, 480.
Government, 182, 533.
Authority, 16.
Law, 307, 543.
Politics, 340.
Royalty, 366, 562.
Grace, 183.
Gratitude, 183, 533.
Thankfulness, 418.
Grave, The, 184.
Death, 79.
Epitaph, 104.
Eternity, 105.
Futurity, 175.
Oblivion, 292.
Greatness, 185, 533.
Dignity, 93, 518.
Honor, 198, 535.
Nobility, 290.
Power, 342, 554.
Grief, 186, 534.
Affliction, 4.
Despair, 90, 518.
Regret, 356, 559.
Sadness, 369.
Sorrow, 396.
Growth 188.
Guests, 188.
Friends, 167.
Welcome, 463.
Guilt, 188, 534.
Conscience, 61, 511.
Crime, 74, 514.
Error, 104, 520.
Evil, 106.
Faults, 119, 524.
Sin, 384, 564.

H.

Habit, 189, 535.
Custom, 77.
Fashion, 116.
Hair, 189.
Tonsorial, 321.
Hand, 190.
Happiness, 190.
Bliss, 35.
Cheerfulness, 54.
Delight, 89.
Enjoyment, 103.
Joy, 216.
Luck, 251.
Merriment, 264.
Pleasnre, 333.
Harebell, 141.
Flowers, 125.
Haste, 191.
Hatred, 191, 535.
Abhorrence, 1.
Enemy, 102.
Envy, 103, 520.
Wickedness, 464.
Hatters, 303.
Hawk, 25.
Birds, 21.
Hawthorn, 436.
Trees and Plants, 432.
Health, 192.
Life, 230.
Hearing, 192.
Listening, 237.
Sound, 399.
Heart, 192.
Content, 65.
Happiness, 190.
Home, 197.
Rest, 361.
Heath, 142.
Flowers, 125.
Heaven, 193, 535.
Eternity, 105.
Futurity, 175, 530.
God, 179, 531.
Happiness, 190.
Immortality, 207, 537.
Sky, The, 386.
Heliotrope, 142.
Flowers, 125.
Hell, 194.
Agony, 7.
Desolation, 90.
Despair, 90.
Devil, The, 92.
Misery, 266.
Pain, 325.
Help, 195, 535.
Friendship, 172, 529.
Hemlock, 437.
Trees and Plants, 432.
Hepatica, 142.
Flowers, 125.
Herbage, 195.
Garden, 176.
Heroes, 196.
Bravery, 41.
Courage 71.
Heroism, 196.
Valor, 450.
Heroism, 196.
Bravery, 41.
Courage, 71.
Heroes, 196.
Valor, 450.
Hickory, 437.
Trees and Plants, 432.
History, 196, 535.
Books, 36, 506.
Narrative, 284.
Holidays, 197.
Birthday, 34.
Christmas, 57.
Recreation, 355.
Valentine's Day, 450.
Holiness, 197.
Faith, 112.
Happiness, 190.
Religion, 356.
Virtue, 453.

Holly, 437.
Trees and Plants, 432.
Hollyhock, 142.
Flowers, 125.
Home, 197, 535.
Content, 65.
Happiness, 190.
Honesty, 198, 535.
Candor, 42.
Honor, 198, 535.
Sincerity, 385.
Honeysuckle, 142.
Flowers, 125.
Honor, 198, 535.
Character, 47, 508.
Dignity, 93, 518.
Fame, 113.
Glory, 178.
Greatness, 185.
Honesty, 198.
Reverence, 364.
Shame, 381.
Hope, 200, 536.
Belief, 19, 506.
Confidence, 61, 511.
Desire, 89.
Expectation, 106, 522.
Faith, 112, 522.
Trust, 442.
Hospitality, 202.
Friendship, 172.
Guests, 188.
Welcome, 463.
Humanity, 202.
Feeling, 122.
Goodness, 181.
Kindness, 220.
Sympathy, 412.
Humility, 202, 536.
Modesty, 268, 550.
Humor, 203.
Fancy, 116.
Satire, 369.
Wit, 471.
Hunger, 203, 536.
Appetite, 13.
Culinary, 302.
Eating, 99.
Feasting, 121.
Poverty, 341, 554.
Husband, 203.
Matrimony, 256.
Wife, 464.
Hypocrisy, 204, 536.
Deceit, 87, 517.
Hyacinth, 142.
Flowers, 125.

I.

Idleness, 205, 536.
Leisure, 228.
Time, 422, 567.
Ignorance, 205, 536.
Stupidity, 406.
Superstition, 412, 566.
Imagination, 206.
Dreams, 96.
Fancy, 116.
Thought, 419.
Immortality, 207, 537.
Eternity, 105.
Futurity, 175, 530.
Heaven, 193, 535.
Life, 230.
Impatience, 208.
Haste, 191.
Impossibility, 208, 537.
Inconstancy, 208.
Change, 44.
Fickleness, 122.
Independence, 208, 538.
Freedom, 167, 528.
Liberty, 228, 543.
Indexes, 209.
Books, 56.
Indian Pipe, 143.
Flowers, 125.
Indifference, 209.
Forgetfulness, 164.
Influence, 209.
Authority, 16.
Favor, 120.
Power, 342.
Ingratitude, 210, 538.
Deceit, 87, 517.
Falsehood, 113.
Inn-keeping, 303.
Drinking, 98.
Eating, 99.
Feasting, 121, 361.
Innocence, 211.
Character, 47.
Chastity, 53.
Children, 54.
Virtue, 453.
Insanity, 211.
Thought, 419.
Insects, 211.
Instinct, 213.
Perception, 335.
Instruction, 303.
Advice, 4.
Education, 101.
Knowledge, 222.
Learning, 227.
Students, 405.
Intellect, 213.
Genius, 177.
Mind, 265.
Thought, 419.
Intemperance, 214, 539.
Drinking, 98.
Temperance, 417, 567.
Wine (and Spirits), 467, 573.
Invention, 304.
Genius, 177.
Machinery, 308.
Science, 370.
Iris, 143.
Flowers, 125.
Islands, 215.
World, The, 483.
Ivy, 143.
Flowers, 125.

J.

January, 269.
Winter, 377.
Jay, 25.
Birds, 21.
Jealousy, 215.
Douht, 96.
Envy, 103.
Fear, 120.
Suspicion, 412.
Jessamine, 143.
Flowers, 125.
Jesting, 215, 540.
Fancy, 116.
Humor, 203.
Wit, 471, 574.
Jewelry, 304.
Gold, 181.
Jews, 216.
Journalism, 305.
Authorship, 297.
Printing, 318.
Joy, 216.
Bliss, 35.
Cheerfulness, 54.
Delight, 89.
Enjoyment, 103.
Happiness, 190.
Merriment, 264.
Pleasure, 333.
Judges, 217.
Judgment, 217.
Law, 307.
Opinion, 324, 551.
Judgment, 217, 540.
Decision, 88.
Discretion, 94.
Judges, 217.
Opinion, 324.
July, 272.
Summer, 374.
June, 272.
Summer, 374.
Justice, 218, 540.
Equality, 104.
Law, 307, 543.

K.

Kindness, 220, 541.
Affection, 4.
Charity, 52.

Favor, 120.
Gentleness, 178, 531.
Goodness, 181, 533.
Gratitude, 183, 533.
Humanity, 202.
Sympathy, 412.
Kingcup (Buttercup), 144.
Flowers, 125.
Kingfisher, 25.
Birds, 21.
Kisses, 220.
Love, 238.
Knowledge, 222, 541.
Education, 101.
Instruction, 303, 539.
Learning, 227, 543.
Power, 342.
Science, 370.
Students, 405.

L.

Labor, 225, 542.
Action, 2, 503.
Deeds, 88, 517.
Work, 482, 575.
Landscape, 225, 542.
Agriculture, 295, 504.
Flowers, 125.
Mountains, 279.
Nature, 285, 550.
Language, 226.
Conversation, 68.
Speech, 400.
Tongues, 429.
Words, 480.
Lapwing, 25.
Birds, 21.
Lark, 25.
Birds, 21.
Laughter, 226, 543.
Happiness, 190.
Merriment, 264.
Smiles, 392.
Laurel, 144.
Flowers, 125.
Law, 307, 543.
Equality, 104.
Government, 182, 533.
Judges, 217.
Judgment, 217, 540.
Justice, 218.
Politics, 340.
Learning, 227, 443.
Books, 36, 506.
Education, 106.
Knowledge, 222, 541.
Literature, 237.
Science, 370.
Students, 405.
Study, 406, 565.
Leisure, 228.
Idleness, 205
Time, 422.
Liberality, 228.
Charity, 52.
ifts, 178.
Goodness, 181.
Kindness, 220.
Liberty, 228, 543.
Freedom, 167, 528.
Independence, 208, 538.
Libraries, 229.
Books, 36.
Lichen, 144.
Flowers, 125.
Life, 230, 543.
Death, 79, 515.
Health, 192.
Immortality, 207, 537.
Soul, The, 398.
Light, 236.
Day, 78.
Morning, 276.
Sun, The, 409.
Sunrise, 410.
Sunset, 410.
Twilight, 446.
Lilac, 437.
Trees and Plants, 432.
Lily, 144.
Flowers, 125.
Linguists, 237.
Conversation, 68.
Language, 226.
Words, 480.
Linnet, 27.
Birds, 21.
Listening, 237.
Hearing, 192.
Sound, 399.
Lily of the Valley, 146.
Flowers, 125.
Linden, 437.
Trees and Plants, 432.
Literature, 237.
Books, 36.
History, 196.
Learning, 227.
Libraries, 229.
Livery, 308.
Loss, 238, 545.
Disappointment, 93, 518.
Regret, 356, 559.
Lotus, 146.
Flowers, 125.
Lotus (Tree), 437.
Trees and Plants, 432.
Love, 238, 545.
Affection, 4.
Constancy, 63.
Friends, 167.
Friendship, 172, 529.
Kisses, 220.
Loyalty, 250.
Patriotism, 329.
Luck, 251, 546.
Chance, 44, 507.
Fortune, 165, 527.
Happiness, 190.
Success, 407.
Luxury, 251, 546.
Eating, 99.
Fashion, 116.
Feasting, 121.

M.

Machinery, 308.
Invention, 304.
Magnolia, 438.
Trees and Plants, 432.
Magnolia-grandiflora, 146.
Flowers, 125.
Mahogany, 438.
Trees and Plants, 432.
Mallow, 146.
Flowers, 125.
Mammon, 252.
Gold, 181.
Wealth, 462.
Man, 252, 547.
Gentlemen, 178.
Husband, 203.
Manners, 255, 547.
Education, 101.
Gentlemen, 178.
Instruction, 303.
Maple, 438.
Trees and Plants, 432.
March, 269.
Spring, 370.
Marigold, 146.
Flowers, 125.
Marsh-marigold, 147.
Flowers, 125.
Martlet, 27.
Birds, 27.
Martyrdom, 255.
Faith, 112.
Heroes, 196.
Heroism, 196.
Religion, 356.
Masons, 309.
Architecture, 296.
Matrimony, 256, 547.
Husband, 203.
Unity, 449, 570.
Wife, 464.
May, 271.
Spring, 370.
Meadow-rue, 147.
Flowers, 125.
Medicine, 309, 547.
Disease, 94.
Health, 192.
Sickness, 381, 564.

Meditation, 259.
Contemplation, 64.
Reflection, 356.
Thought, 419.
Meeting, 259.
Absence, 1.
Parting, 326.
Melancholy, 260.
Sadness, 369.
Memory, 260, 548.
Forgetfulness, 164, 526.
Reflection, 356.
Thought, 419, 567.
Mercantile, 210.
Mercy, 262, 548.
Charity, 52.
Pity, 332.
Merit, 263, 548.
Character, 47, 508.
Goodness, 181, 533.
Worth, 485.
Mermaids, 264.
Fairies, 112.
Merriment, 264.
Cheerfulness, 54.
Happiness, 190.
Joy, 216.
Laughter, 226.
Smiles, 392.
Midnight, 265.
Darkness, 78.
Night, 287.
Sleep, 388.
Mignonette, 147.
Flowers, 125.
Military, 311.
War, 456.
Mind, 265, 548.
Intellect, 213.
Soul, The, 398.
Thought, 419, 567.
Miracle, 266.
Faith, 112.
Religion, 356.
Mischief, 266.
Evil, 106, 520.
Faults, 119.
Misfortune, 267, 549.
Misery, 266.
Adversity, 3.
Affliction, 4.
Despair, 90.
Discontent, 94.
Hell, 194.
Misfortune, 267.
Pain, 325.
Misfortune, 267.
Adversity, 3.
Affliction, 4.
Evil, 106.
Mischief, 266.
Misery, 266.
Moccasin, 147.
Flowers, 125.
Mocking-bird, 27.
Birds, 21.
Moderation, 267.
Content, 65.
Modesty, 268, 550.
Blushes, 35.
Character, 47, 508.
Humility, 202, 536.
Money, 268, 550.
Avarice, 16, 505.
Economy, 101, 519.
Gold, 181, 532.
Wealth, 462, 573.
Months, The, 269.
Seasons, The, 370.
Monuments, 274, 550.
Death, 79.
Grave, The, 184.
Moon, The, 274.
Astronomy, 297.
Clouds, 59.
Sky, The, 386.
Stars, 401.
Tides, 422.
Morality, 276.
Goodness, 181.
Virtue, 453.
Morning, 276.
Anrora, 16.
Day, 78.
Light, 236.
Sunrise, 410.
Twilight, 446.
Morning-glory, 147.
Flowers, 125.
Mortality, 278.
Death, 79.
Life, 230.
Mother, 279.
Children, 54.
Matrimony, 256.
Wife, 464.
Motive, 279.
Cause, 43.
Influence, 209.
Reason, 354.
Mountains, 279.
Landscape, 225.
Murder, 280.
Crime, 74.
Death, 79.
Suicide, 408.
Music, 280, 550.
Ballads, 17.
Musicians, 312.
Singers, 385.
Song, 396.
Musicians, 312.
Ballads, 17.
Music, 280.
Singers, 385.
Song, 396.
Myrtle, 147.
Flowers, 125.

N.

Name, 284.
Character, 47.
Fame, 113.
Praise, 342.
Reputation, 359.
Narrative, 284.
Authorship, 297.
History, 196.
Nature, 285, 550.
Country Life, 69.
Creation, 74.
Flowers, 125.
Landscape, 225, 542.
Trees and Plants, 432.
World, The, 483.
Navigation, 312.
Boating, 36.
Sea-weed, 156.
Ships, 381.
Shipwreck, 381.
Necessity, 287, 551.
Desire, 89.
Neglect, 287.
Indifference, 209.
Night, 287.
Darkness, 78.
Evening, 105.
Midnight, 265.
Oblivion, 292.
Nightingale, 27.
Birds, 21.
Nobility, 290.
Character, 47.
Greatness, 195.
Royalty, 366.
Worth, 485.
November, 273.
Autumn, 375.

O.

Oak, 438.
Trees and Plants, 432.
Oaths, 291.
Decision, 88.
Promises, 347.
Obedience, 292, 551.
Self-control, 379.
Submission, 407.
Oblivion, 292.
Death, 79.
Despair, 90.
Forgetfulness, 164.
Grave, The, 184.
Morning, 276.
Night, 287.
Obscurity, 291.
Darkness, 78.
Shadows, 380.

Occupations, 293.
Labor, 225.
Work, 482.
Ocean, 322.
Navigation, 312.
Ships, 381.
Shipwrecks, 381.
Tides, 422.
Water, 461.
October, 272.
Autumn, 375.
Olive, 439.
Trees and Plants, 432.
Opinion, 324, 551.
Belief, 19, 506.
Criticism, 75.
Faith, 112, 522.
Judgment, 217, 540.
Opportunity, 324.
Chance, 44.
Decision, 88.
Oracle, 324.
Futurity, 175.
Prophecy, 347.
Orchid, 147.
Flowers, 125.
Orange, 439.
Trees and Plants, 432.
Oratory, 324, 551.
Eloquence, 102, 519.
Persuasion, 332.
Speech, 400, 565.
Words, 480, 575.
Order, 325, 551.
Law, 307, 543.
Owl, 29.
Birds, 21.

P.

Pain, 325, 552.
Affliction, 4, 503.
Agony, 7.
Care, 42.
Grief, 186, 534.
Sorrow, 396, 565.
Suffering, 408, 566.
Painted Cup, 148.
Flowers, 125.
Painting, 313.
Art, 15.
Palm, 439.
Trees and Plants, 432.
Pansy, 148.
Flowers, 125.
Paradise, 325.
Delight, 89.
Glory, 178.
Happiness, 190.
Heaven, 193.
Paradise (Bird of), 29.
Birds, 21.
Parting, 326.
Absence, 1.
Farewell, 116.
Meeting, 259.
Partridge, 29.
Birds, 21.
Passion, 326.
Anger, 10.
Hatred, 191.
Revenge, 363.
Passion-flower, 148.
Flowers, 125.
Past, The, 327.
Memory, 260.
Reflection, 356.
Patience, 327, 552.
Humility, 202, 536.
Perseverance, 331, 553.
Resignation, 360, 560.
Self-control, 379.
Submission, 407.
Patriotism, 329, 552.
Country, Love of, 70.
Loyalty, 250.
Paw-paw, 149.
Flowers, 125.
Peace, 330, 553.
Consolation, 63, 511
Content, 65.
Quiet, 350.
Rest, 361, 560.
Peacock, 29.
Birds, 21.
Pear, 440.
Trees and Plants, 432.
Pea (Sweet), 149.
Flowers, 125.
Pelican, 30.
Birds, 21.
Pen, The, 331.
Authorship, 297.
Journalism, 305.
Perception, 331, 553.
Instinct, 213.
Mind, 265, 543.
Perfection, 331.
Character, 47.
Perfumery, 314.
Perseverance, 331, 553.
Courage, 71, 512.
Decision, 88.
Patience, 327, 552.
Persuasion, 332.
Argument, 14.
Influence, 209.
Oratory, 324.
Reason, 354.
Pheasant, 30.
Birds, 21.
Philosophy, 332, 553.
Argument, 14.
Mind, 265, 543.
Reason, 354, 559.
Science, 370.
Pigeon, 30.
Birds, 21.
Pimpernel, 149.
Flowers, 125.
Pine, 440.
Trees and Plants, 432.
Pink, 149.
Flowers, 125.
Pity, 332.
Charity, 52.
Consolation, 63.
Humanity, 202.
Kindness, 220.
Mercy, 262.
Sympathy, 412.
Plagiarism, 333.
Books, 36.
Quotation, 350.
Pleasure, 333, 554.
Bliss, 35.
Delight, 89.
Enjoyment, 103, 519.
Happiness, 190.
Joy, 216.
Poets, 334, 554.
Music, 280.
Poetry, 335, 554.
Song, 396.
Poetry, 338, 554.
Ballads, 17.
Music, 280.
Poets, 334, 554.
Songs, 396.
Politics, 340.
Government, 182.
Law, 307.
Statesmanship, 319.
Poplar, 440.
Trees and Plants, 432.
Poppy, 149.
Flowers, 125.
Poppy-corn, 149.
Flowers, 125.
Popularity, 340.
Fame, 113.
Reputation, 359.
Success, 407.
Post, 315.
Pen, The, 331.
Pottery, 316.
Poverty, 341.
Beggars, 19.
Economy, 101.
Hunger, 203.
Power, 342.
Authority, 16.
Government, 182.
Greatness, 185.
Influence, 209.

Knowledge, 222.
Law, 307.
Strength, 405.
Praise, 342.
Admiration, 3.
Applause, 14.
Flattery, 124.
Glory, 178.
Worship, 485.
Prayer, 343.
Praise, 342.
Reverence, 364.
Worship, 485.
Preaching, 317.
Instruction, 303.
Oratory, 324.
Religion, 356.
Prejudice, 346.
Opinion, 324.
Presumption, 346.
Confidence, 61.
Pride, 346.
Conceit, 60.
Dignity, 93.
Selfishness, 379.
Vanity, 451.
Primrose, 150.
Flowers, 125.
Primrose, Evening, 150.
Flowers, 125.
Printing, 318.
Books, 36.
Journalism, 305.
Publishers, 318.
Prison, 347, 554.
Crime, 74.
Progression, 347.
Ambition, 8.
Futurity, 175.
Promises, 347.
Hope, 200.
Oaths, 291.
Praise, 555.
Prophecy, 347, 556.
Futurity, 175.
Oracle, 324.
Providence, 348, 557.
Christ, 56.
Fate, 117, 523.
God, 179, 531.
Religion, 356, 559.
Publishers, 318.
Authorship, 297.
Books, 36.
Journalism, 305.
Printing, 318.
Punishment, 349, 558.
Justice, 218, 540.
Judgment, 217, 540.
Law, 307, 543.
Pain, 325, 552.

Q.

Quackery, 349.
Medicine, 309.
Quail, 30.
Birds, 21.
Quality, 350, 559.
Character, 47, 508.
Quarrying, 318.
Sculpture, 318.
Quiet, 350.
Peace, 330.
Rest, 361.
Silence, 382.
Quotation, 350.
Authorship, 297.
Books, 36.
Plagiarism, 333.

R.

Rain, 351.
November, 273.
Rainbow, The, 352.
Storm, 404.
Umbrella Makers, 322.
Rainbow, The, 352.
Clouds, 59.
Rain, 351.
Sky, The, 386.
Rashness, 559.
Raven, 30.
Birds, 21.
Reading, 352.
Books, 36.
Libraries, 229.
Students, 405.
Reason, 354, 559.
Argument, 14.
Cause, 43, 507.
Consideration, 63.
Mind, 265, 543.
Motive, 279.
Persuasion, 332.
Philosophy, 332.
Thought, 419. 567.
Rebellion, 355, 559.
Dissension, 95.
Treason, 431.
Recklessness, 355.
Inconstancy, 208.
Recompense, 355.
Compensation, 60.
Favor, 120.
Retribution, 363.
Recreation, 355.
Holidays, 197.
Redemption, 355.
Christ, 56.
Faith, 112.
Religion, 356.
Reed, 150.
Flowers, 125.
Reflection, 356.
Consideration, 63.
Contemplation, 64.
Discretion, 94.
Meditation, 259.
Memory, 260.
Past, The, 327.
Thought, 419.
Reformation, 356.
Character, 47.
Repentance, 359.
Regret, 356, 559.
Despair, 90, 518.
Disappointment, 93, 518.
Grief, 186, 534.
Remorse, 358.
Repentance, 359.
Sorrow, 396.
Religion, 356, 559.
Belief, 19, 506.
Christ, 56.
Doctrine, 95.
Duty, 98, 519.
Faith, 112, 522.
God, 179, 531.
Heaven, 193, 535.
Hell, 194.
Holiness, 197.
Martyrdom, 255.
Praise, 342.
Prayer, 343, 555.
Providence, 348, 557.
Redemption, 355.
Retribution, 363.
Sabbath, 369.
Virtue, 453, 571.
Worship, 485.
Remorse, 358.
Agony, 7.
Conscience, 61.
Despair, 90.
Humility, 202.
Regret, 356.
Repentance, 359.
Sorrow, 396.
Reparation, 359.
Retribution, 363.
Repentance, 359, 560.
Confession, 60.
Reformation, 356.
Regret, 356, 559.
Remorse, 358.
Sin, 384, 564.
Sorrow, 396, 565.
Repose, 359.
Content, 65.
Quiet, 350.
Rest, 361.
Sleep, 388.
Reproof, 359.
Example, 106.
Reputation, 359, 560.
Character, 47, 508.

Fame, 113, 523.
Honor, 198, 535.
Name, 284.
Resignation, 360, 560.
Patience, 327, 552.
Submission, 407.
Suffering, 408, 566.
Resolution, 360.
Character, 47.
Courage, 71.
Decision, 88.
Responsibility, 361, 560.
Character, 47, 508.
Honor, 198, 535.
Rest, 361, 560.
Content, 65.
Death, 79, 515.
Peace, 330, 553.
Quiet, 350.
Repose, 359.
Sleep, 388. 565.
Results, 362.
Resurrection, 362.
Eternity, 105.
Futurity, 175.
Immortality, 207.
Retribution, 363.
Compensation, 60.
Punishment, 349.
Recompense, 355.
Reparation, 359.
Revenge, 363.
Revelation, 363.
Doctrine, 95.
Religion, 356.
Revenge, 363, 561.
Anger, 10, 504.
Enemy, 102.
Passion, 326.
Punishment, 349.
Retribution, 363.
Reverence, 364.
Honor, 198.
Prayer, 343.
Religion, 356.
Sabbath, 369.
Worship, 485.
Rhodora, 150.
Flowers, 125.
Rivers, 364.
Brooks, 41.
Water, 461.
Robin, 30.
Birds, 21.
Romance, 366.
Narrative, 284.
Rook, 32.
Birds, 21.
Rose, 150.
Flowers, 125.
Rose (Musk), 155.
Flowers, 125.
Rose (Sweet Brier), 155.
Flowers, 125.
Rose (Wild), 156.
Flowers, 125.
Rosemary, 156.
Flowers, 125.
Royalty, 366.
Authority, 16.
Government, 182.
Nobility, 290.
Power, 342.
Ruin, 368.
Desolation, 90.
Loss, 238.
Misfortune, 267.
Rumor, 368, 562.
Fame, 113, 523.
Gossip, 182.

S.

Sabbath, 369.
Religion, 356.
Reverence, 364.
Sadness, 369.
Affliction, 4.
Desolation, 90.
Grief, 186.
Melancholy, 260.
Sorrow, 396.
Saffron, 156.
Flowers, 125.
Satire, 369, 563.
Humor, 203.
Wit, 471, 574.
Science, 370.
Alchemy, 296.
Astronomy, 297.
Knowledge, 222.
Invention, 304.
Learning, 227.
Philosophy, 332.
Sculpture, 318.
Architecture, 296.
Art, 15.
Quarrying, 318.
Sea-bird, 32, 563.
Birds, 21.
Seasons, The, 370.
Autumn, 375.
Spring, 370.
Summer, 374.
Winter, 377.
Sea-weed, 156.
Flowers, 125.
Ocean, 322.
Secrecy, 379.
Curiosity, 77.
Silence, 382.
Sedge-bird, 32.
Birds, 21.
Self-Control, 379.
Decision, 88.
Obedience, 292.
Pride, 346.
Self-examination, 379.
Conscience, 61.
Reflection, 356.
Selfishness, 379, 563.
Conceit, 60.
Self-love, 379, 563.
Self-love, 379, 563.
Selfishness, 379.
Sense, 379.
Judgment, 217.
Mind, 265.
Perception, 331.
Sensibility, 380.
Feeling, 122.
Sensitive-plant, 156.
Flowers, 125.
September, 272.
Autumn, 375.
Months, 269.
Shadows, 380.
Evening, 105.
Night, 287.
Obscurity, 291.
Shakespeare, 380.
Shame, 381, 564.
Blushes, 35.
Conscience, 61, 511.
Disgrace, 95, 518.
Honor, 198, 535.
Modesty, 263, 550.
Shamrock, 156.
Flowers, 125.
Ships, 381.
Boating, 36.
Navigation, 312.
Ocean, 322.
Shipwreck, 381.
Water, 461.
Shipwreck, 381.
Boating, 36.
Navigation, 312.
Ocean, 322.
Ships, 381.
Water, 461.
Shoemaking, 318.
Apparel, 13.
Foot, 163.
Sickness, 381, 564.
Disease, 94.
Medicine, 309, 547.
Sighs, 382.
Desolation, 90.
Grief, 186.
Heart, 192.
Sorrow, 396.
Silence, 382, 564.
Peace, 330, 553.

Quiet, 350.
Rest, 361, 560.
Simplicity, 384, 564.
Children, 54.
Innocence, 211.
Youth, 486.
Sin, 384, 564.
Crime, 74, 514.
Evil, 106, 520.
Faults, 119, 524.
Guilt, 188, 534.
Vice, 451, 570.
Sincerity, 385.
Candor, 42.
Honesty, 198.
Truth, 443.
Singers, 385.
Ballads, 17.
December, 273.
Music, 280.
Musicians, 312.
Song, 396.
Sky, The, 386.
Astronomy, 297.
Aurora, 16.
Clouds, 59.
Heaven, 193.
Moon, The, 274.
Stars, 410.
Sunrise, 410.
Sunset, 410.
Twilight, 446.
Slander, 386, 564.
Calumny, 42, 507.
Falsehood, 113.
Gossip, 182.
Slavery, 387, 564.
Freedom, 167, 528.
Liberty, 228, 543.
Sleep, 388, 565.
Midnight, 265.
Night, 287.
Quiet, 350.
Repose, 359.
Rest, 361, 560.
Sloe, 440.
Trees and Plants, 432.
Smiles, 392.
Happiness—Joy, 216.
Laughter, 226.
Merriment, 264.
Snow, 393.
December, 273.
February, 269.
January, 269.
March, 269.
November, 273.
Winter, 377.
Snowdrop, 156.
Flowers, 125.
Society, 393.
World, The, 483.
Solitude, 394.
Desolation, 90.
Silence, 382.
Song, 396.
Ballads, 17.
Music, 280.
Musicians, 312.
Poets, 334.
Poetry, 338.
Singers, 385.
Sorrow, 396, 565.
Affliction, 4, 503.
Disappointment, 93, 518.
Grief, 186, 534.
Melancholy, 260.
Pain, 325, 552.
Regret, 356, 559.
Remorse, 358.
Sadness, 369.
Sighs, 382.
Trials, 441.
Soul, The, 398.
Heart, 192.
Immortality, 207.
Intellect, 213.
Life, 230.
Mind, 265.
Sound, 399.
Echo, 100.
Hearing, 192.
Listening, 237.
Sparrow, 32.
Birds, 21.
Speech, 400, 565.
Conversation, 68.
Eloquence, 102, 519.
Gossip, 182.
Language, 226.
Oratory, 324, 551.
Talk, 414.
Tongues, 429.
Spirea, 156.
Flowers, 125.
Spirits, 401, 565.
Angels, 10.
Fairies, 112.
Stars, 401.
Astronomy, 297.
Moon, The, 274.
Night, 287.
Sky, The, 386.
Sunrise, 410.
Sunset, 410.
Twilight, 446.
Statesmanship, 319.
Ability, 1.
Government, 182.
Politics, 340.
Stoicism, 403.
Indifference, 209.
Resignation, 360.
Storm, 404.
Ocean, 322.
Rain, 351.
Snow, 393.
Water, 461.
Wind, 465.
Strawberry, 157.
Flowers, 125.
Strength, 405, 565.
Ability, 1.
Power, 342, 555.
Students, 405.
Books, 36.
Education, 101.
Instruction, 303, 539.
Learning, 227.
Study, 406.
Study, 406, 565.
Contemplation, 64.
Education, 101.
Instruction, 303, 539.
Learning, 227, 543.
Students, 405.
Stupidity, 406.
Ignorance, 406.
Style, 406, 565.
Authorship, 297.
Submission, 407.
Obedience, 292.
Patience, 327.
Resignation, 360.
Self-control, 379.
Success, 407, 565.
Fortune, 165, 527.
Luck, 251, 546.
Suffering, 408, 566.
Affliction, 4, 503.
Pain, 325, 552.
Sorrow, 396, 565.
Trials, 441.
Suicide, 408.
Crime, 74.
Death, 79.
Murder, 280.
Sunflower, 157.
Flowers, 125.
Sun, The, 409.
Astronomy, 297.
Clouds, 59.
Day, 78.
December, 273.
Light, 236.
October, 272.
Sky, The, 386.
Sunrise, 410.
Sunset, 410.
Twilight, 446.
Sunrise, 410.
Astronomy, 297.
Aurora, 16.
Clouds, 59.
Day, 78.
Light, 236.
Morning, 276.
Sky, The, 386.
Sun, The, 409.

Sunset, 410.
Clouds, 59.
Evening, 105.
Night, 287.
Sky, The, 409.
Stars, 401.
Twilight, 446.
Superstition, 412, 566.
Ignorance, 205, 536.
Suspicion, 412, 566.
Distrust, 95.
Doubt, 96, 519.
Envy, 103, 520.
Jealousy, 215.
Swallow, 32.
Birds, 21.
Swan, 33.
Birds, 21.
Sweet-Basil, 157.
Flowers, 125.
Symbols, 412.
Example, 106.
Sympathy, 412.
Consolation, 63.
Kindness, 220.
Pity, 332.
Sorrow, 396.
Tears, 415.
Sycamore, 441.
Trees and Plants, 432.

T.

Tailoring, 319.
Apparel, 13.
Fashion, 116.
Talk, 414.
Conversation, 68.
Eloquence, 102.
Gossip, 182.
Language, 226.
Speech, 400.
Words, 480.
Tea-dealers, 320.
Tears, 415.
Consolation, 63.
Grief, 186.
Pity, 332.
Sorrow, 396.
Sympathy, 412.
Temper, 417.
Anger, 10.
Hatred, 191.
Temperance, 417, 567.
Drinking, 98.
Feasting, 121.
Moderation, 267.
Self-control, 379.
Wine (and Spirits), 467.
Temptation, 418.
Crime, 74.
Example, 160.
Thankfulness, 418.
Gratitude, 183.
Thieves, 418.
Crime, 74.
Justice, 218.
Thistle, 157.
Flowers, 125.
Thorn, 158.
Flowers, 125.
Thorn (Tree), 441.
Trees and Plants, 432.
Thought, 419, 567.
Consideration, 63.
Contemplation, 64.
Discretion, 94.
Imagination, 206, 537.
Intellect, 213.
Meditation, 259.
Memory, 260, 548.
Mind, 265, 548.
Reason, 354, 559.
Reflection, 356.
Throstle, 33.
Birds, 21.
Thrush, 33.
Birds, 21.
Thunder, 422.
Clouds, 59.
Storm, 404.
Thyme, 158.
Flowers, 125.
Tides, 422.
Moon, The, 274.
Ocean, 322.
Water, 461.
Time, 422, 567.
Eternity, 105.
Futurity, 175, 530.
Idleness, 205.
Leisure, 228.
Past, The, 327.
To-day, 428.
To-morrow, 429.
Toasts, 428.
Feasting, 121.
Tobacconists, 320.
To-day, 428.
Past, The, 327.
Time, 422.
To-morrow, 429.
To-morrow, 429.
Futurity, 175.
Time, 422.
To-day, 428.
Tongues, 429.
Conversation, 68.
Eloquence, 102.
Language, 226.
Speech, 400.
Talk, 414.
Words, 480.
Tonsorial, 321.
Hair, 189.
Travelling, 430.
Countries, 69.
Navigation, 312.
Ocean, 322.
Ships, 381.
Shipwreck, 381.
Treachery, 568.
Deceit, 517.
Treason, 431.
Crime, 74.
Deceit, 87.
Rebellion, 355.
Trees and Plants, 432.
Unclassified Arbora, 432.
April, 270.
August, 272.
December, 273.
February, 269.
July, 272.
March, 269.
May, 271.
November, 273.
October, 272.
Classified Arbora, 434.
Trials, 441, 568.
Affliction, 4.
Experience, 107.
Misery, 266.
Misfortune, 267.
Sorrow, 396.
Suffering, 408.
Trifles, 442, 568.
Trillium (Birth-root), 158.
Flowers, 125.
Trust, 442.
Belief, 19.
Confidence, 61.
Expectation, 106.
Faith, 112.
Hope, 200.
Truth, 443, 568.
Belief, 19, 506.
Candor, 42.
Constancy, 63.
Honor, 198, 535.
Sincerity, 385.
Tuberose, 158.
Flowers, 125.
Tulip, 158.
Flowers, 125.
Tulip-tree, 441.
Trees and Plants, 432.
Twilight, 446.
Clouds, 59.
Evening, 105.
Light, 236.
Morning, 276.
Sky, The, 386.
Stars, 401.
Sunset, 410.

Tyranny, 447, 569.
Cruelty, 77, 515.

U.

Umbrella-makers, 322.
Rain, 351.
Unbelief, 449.
Distrust, 95.
Doubt, 96.
Suspicion, 412.
Undertakers, 322.
Death, 79.
Grave, The, 184.
Unity, 449.
Equality, 104.
Matrimony, 256.
Unkindness, 449.
Cruelty, 77.

V.

Valentine's Day, 450.
Holidays, 197.
Valor, 450.
Bravery, 41.
Courage, 71.
Heroes, 196.
Heroism, 196.
Vanity, 451, 570.
Conceit, 60.
Flattery, 124, 525.
Pride, 346, 556.
Self-love, 379, 563.
Variety, 451.
Change, 44.
Verbena, 158.
Flowers, 125.
Versatility, 451.
Change, 44.
Fickleness, 122.
Inconstancy, 208.
Vice, 451, 570.
Crime, 74.
Evil, 106, 520.
Ignorance, 205, 536.
Sin, 384.
Wickedness, 464.
Victory, 452.
Glory, 178.
Success, 407.
Villainy, 452.
Crime, 74.
Guilt, 188.
Sin, 384.
Vice, 451.
Wickedness, 464.
Violet, 158.
Flowers, 125.
Virtue, 453, 571.
Chastity, 53.
Goodness, 181, 533.
Holiness, 197.
Innocence, 211.
Morality, 276.
Worth, 485.
Voice, 456.
Ballads, 17.
Conscience, 61.
Conversation, 68.
Language, 226.
Music, 280.
Singers, 385.
Song, 396.
Speech, 400.
Talk, 414.
Tongues, 429.
Words, 480.

W.

Wall-flower, 161.
Flowers, 125.
War, 456, 572.
Contention, 67, 511.
Dissension, 95.
Military, 311.
Water, 461.
Brooks, 41.
Dew-drop, 93.
Navigation, 312.
Ocean, 322.
Rivers, 364.
Ships, 381.
Shipwreck, 381.
Tides, 422.
Water-lily, 161.
Flowers, 125.
Weakness, 462, 573.
Cowardice, 73, 514.
Frailty, 166.
Wealth, 462, 573.
Fortune, 165, 527.
Gold, 181, 532.
Mammon, 252.
Welcome, 463.
Guests, 188.
Whip-poor-will, 33.
Birds, 21.
White-throat, 34.
Birds, 21.
Wickedness, 464.
Crime, 74.
Evil, 106.
Guilt, 188.
Hatred, 191.
Sin, 384.
Vice, 451.
Villainy, 452.
Wife, 464.
Husband, 203.
Matrimony, 256.
Will, 465.
Decision, 88.
Power, 342.
Resolution, 360.
Willow, 441.
Trees and Plants, 432.
Wind, 465.
November, 273.
Storm, 404.
Zephyrs, 488.
Wind-flower, 161.
Flowers, 125.
Wine (and Spirits), 467, 573
Drinking, 98.
Intemperance, 214, 539.
Temperance, 417, 567.
Winter, 377.
December, 273.
February, 269.
January, 269.
Seasons, 370.
Wisdom, 468, 574.
Discretion, 94.
Knowledge, 222, 541.
Learning, 227, 543.
Wit, 471, 574.
Humor, 203.
Jesting, 215, 540.
Satire, 369, 563.
Wolfsbane, 161.
Flowers, 125.
Woman, 472.
Wife, 464.
Mother, 279.
Woodbine, 161.
Flowers, 125.
Wooing, 479.
Love, 238.
Matrimony, 256.
Words, 480, 575.
Conversation, 68.
Eloquence, 102, 519.
Gossip, 182.
Language, 226.
Linguists, 237.
Speech, 400, 565.
Talk, 414.
Work, 482, 575.
Action, 2.
Deeds, 88, 517.
Labor, 225, 542.
Occupations, 293.
World, The, 483.
Creation, 74.
Life, 230.
Nature, 285.
Society, 393.
Worship, 485.
Church, The, 57.
Faith, 112.
Praise, 342.
Prayer, 343.
Preaching, 317.
Religion, 356.
Reverence, 364

Worth, 485.
Merit, 263.
Nobility, 290.
Wounds, 485.
Affliction, 4.
Cruelty, 485.
Pain, 325.
Wren, 34.
Birds, 21.

Y.

Yellow-bird, 34.
Birds, 21.
Yew, 441.
Trees and Plants, 432.
Youth, 486, 575.
Children, 54.
Innocence, 211.
Simplicity, 384.

Z.

Zeal, 487.
Ambition, 8.
Enthusiasm, 203.
Labor, 225.
Resolution, 360.
Work, 482.
Zephyrs, 488.
Wind, 465.

CONCORDANCE TO ENGLISH QUOTATIONS.

An asterisk (*) denotes Shakespearean quotations. The italic letter refers to place on the page where the line may be found.

A.

PAGE.

Abandon-all hope a., ye who...r 90
abandon all remorse*.....b 359
Abashed-the easiest abashed...u 51
abashed the devil stood.....u 90
Abatement-falls into a.*.....b 248
Abbot-mad abbot of misrule....i 27
Abdiel-so spake the seraph A..a 123
Abhor-thing they will abhor....a 1
abhor, yea, from my soul*.....e 1
age, I do abhor thee*.....o 487
Abhorr'd-my abhorr'd society*..f 1
to the ensuing age a.*.....t 431
Abhorrent-he would a. turn ....g 1
Abhorrest-a. that son, who.....b 1
Abhorring-blow me into a.*.....d 1
Abide-O to abide in the desert..n 25
if Thou a'oide with me.....t 112
that men must needs a.*....p 119
where he a's, think there...bb 203
Abidest-there thou abidest.....d 9
Ability-ground to presume a....h 1
limits of our abiiities.....i 1
scope of his abilities.....j 1
if aught in my ability.....k 1
if we find outweighs a.*.....d 44
an ability that they never*...o 248
an ability to improve.....l 319
Abject-how a., how august....s 255
Abode-to what abode they go..q 175
abode among the pines.....v 41
the a's of happy millions.....c 30
some sacred safe abode.....p 58
where is thy wild abode.....m 65
aiming at the blest abodes...s 346
Abound-where they most a...p 481
Above-above the rest high.....i 367
Hsaven's above all*.....h 194
Abra-call'd another, A. came...e 64
Abreast-one but goes a.*.....a 200
Abridge-regularity a's all.....q 427
Abroach-might be set abroach*p324
Abroad-saint abroad.....k 204
abroad they purchase great..n 448
Absence-a. makes the heart.....n 1
make our absence sweet.....b 2
conspicuous by his absence*..f 2
a winter hath my absence.....h 2
dote on his very absence*.....i 2
thy absence more than.....x 169
a. of occupation is not rest..o 361
absence to remove .....e 316

PAGE.

Absent-ever absent, ever near...c 2
for them, the absent ones....m 71
the absent are the dead..... i 80
lovers absent hours*.....y 248
Absolute-declared a. rule.....h 367
mark his absolute shall*.....r 498
dominion absolute.....b 388
Absolve-no bad man a's himself.b 62
Absolved-begun, how soon a...q 74
Abstain-sustain and abstain ..j 332
Abstract-a., and record of*...hh 496
a's, and brief chronicles*....h 294
Absurdity-dominion of a.....c 206
Abundance-midst a. died.....x 16
poor in abundance .....k 94
a., and enjoy it not*.....i 166
Abuse-know whom they abuse..d 77
would he abuse the*.....p 324
Abused-a. among the worst....a 38
Abyss-they slept on the abyss..f 78
this wild abyss.....a 286
cares little into what abyss..m 355
Acacia-the rose a. blooms.....r 131
a. with its slender trunk....d 434
pluck the a's golden balls...f 434
light-leaved acacias.....g 434
a. waves her yellow hair....h 434
slender a. would not shake..i 434
Academe-the olive grove of A...i 439
Accelerate-a's my death.....q 82
Accent-a. tun'd in self-same*...r 72
Accept-by the love she a's....a 474
dost thou accept the gift.....p 88
Acceptation-worthy of a.....m 239
Accessary-I an a., needs*..... g 450
Accidents-chapter of accidents..j 2
accidents by flood and field*...m 2
accident of an accident.....n 2
certain accidents beside .....q 37
an a., not a property.....g 114
the unthought on a.*.....s 118
Accidental-with God can be a..k 2
sin's not accidental, but*...w 384
Acclaim-months with loud a..a 274
Acclamation-joy and a's.....aa 342
Accompanied-a. with noble...j 421
Accomplished-a good deed a...h 10
Accord-their notes in grand a..a 274
two souls in sweet accord...v 244
According-we judge others a..t 217
Account-a. of all the actions of..g 6
sent to my account with*.....s 83

PAGE.

read, and cast accompt.....e 102
I brought in my accounts*...q 198
make thy a's agree.....f 356
Accountable-a. if not to thee..d 419
Accumulate-head horrors a.*..b 353
Accursed-no one is so a. by...a 113
what a. hand hath made*....h 190
Accusation-false a. blush*.....j 211
Accuse-a's with more nicety..cc 61
Accusing-the a. spirit which...e 292
Ache-charm ache with air*...w 107
his heart doth ache.....a 490
Ached-brows have ached for it.a 445
Acheron-sooty flag of A.....l 124
Achieve-a. it before life be done..q 8
Achievment-my a's mock me...g 3
Achieving-still a., still.....h 328
Aching-lasting sadness of an a..h 202
round an aching breast.....a 289
with aching hands.....i 230
A-cold-all his feathers was a-c...e 29
Acorn-oaks from little acorns..o 362
Acquaint-a. thyself with God..o 179
Acquaintance-plenty of a's...m 168
acquaintance with the word..q 171
auld acquaintance be forgot..j 172
a. reveals weakness.....f 239
Acquit-a. yourselves like men..t 252
and steadfast truth acquit..m 413
Acre-over whose a's walked*....s 56
and acre of our God.....n 184
a few paternal acres bound..f 198
with spur we heat an acre*..k 222
Acrobat-climbs, like airy a....d 134
Act-our acts, our angels are.....v 2
act in the living present.....d 8
heavens upon this holy act*....j 8
the justness of each act*.....n 8
the men who will not act.....p 8
if my act be good, as I.....h 10
act a charity sometimes.....b 53
act that none may feel .....m 71
spring of all brave acts is....q 71
act with vigor in.....r 88
speak freely of our acts*.....g 104
when the expiatory a. divine.q 148
crown my thoughts with a's*d 361
idea that they act in trust...k 361
to act the part of a true.....c 163
unpropor'n'd thought his a*..t 170
feels the noblest, a's the best..n 230
when in act they cease, in..n 335

former act consisteth of.....g 232
no act of a man, no thing....s 209
cried up for our best act*....s 218
act of suicide renounces....u 408
nameless, unremembered a's.l 220
of Heaven we count the act*.t 194
act well your part.....o 199
from our a's we them derive*z 199
by this will the act.....r 465
each act, a course.....o 293
mind, not an outward act...r 384
worst acts of one energetic..b 448
four first acts already past..k 347
in responsible act and.....a 473
smiling extremity out of a*..t 328
Acted–well she a. all and every..s 451
acted on by what is nearest..s 451
lively acted with my tears*...l 416
Acting–him a. in the present..e 370
when he was off, he was a...p 293
Action–no noble action done....q 2
all actions are public.....r 2
action is best which procures..y 2
two kinds of right action.....q 3
actions, not words.....s 3
action is transitory.....t 3
actions of men the best.....b 3
the action to the word*.....k 3
not stint our necessary a's*...o 3
action is eloquence*.....i 3
the actions of the past .....g 6
reasons make strong a's*...aa 14
action, to any end, is art.....f 15
witness of its actions .....u 79
actions fair and good*.....c 78
no worthy action done.....g 79
but men's actions.....x 88
suit the action to the word*...r 94
fame is the echo of actions..m 114
expression is action.....l 108
actions left undone.....x 119
only the actions of the just..q 182
in a., how like an angel*.....e 255
to restless action spurs.....f 252
makes that and th' a. fine..m 279
self-love is a principle of a...p 379
motives of their a's are pure..m 361
when our actions do not*....h 121
no a., whether foul or fair...c 210
and mark our actions.....d 401
be just in all thy actions...bb 218
use of a's fair and good*....x 454
vice sometimes by action*...o 455
all the means of action.....r 177
the only cure for grief is a..y 186
in action faithful .....o 319
actions and words all of.....y 469
long-during action, tires*...p 483
virtuous a's are but born to..x 386
never be compared with a...q 421
our actions, depending.....v 421
actions are our epochs.....e 423
actions are their eloquence..n 491
action in the tented field*...v 400
Active–heavier than a. souls...r 205
Activity–spheres of pure a.....x 3
noble activity makes room....u 3
comes from the greatest a...n 190
happiness consists in a .....x 190
Actor–fault, and not the a. of*..d 120
let go by the actor*.....d 120
the a's were also the heroes..j 216
actor leaves the stage*.....l 294
like a dull actor now*.....o 294
a moment yet the a. stops...t 294
God and nature do with a's..b 484
Actress–that was an a. here....c 401
Adage–the old adage must be*..x 19
Adam–the offending A—out—*..f 63
Adam, the goodliest man....m 494
Adam, well may we labour..f 295
fools admire, but men.....t 495
Adamant–you hard-hearted a.*.c 123
pens of a., on plates of brass.t 179
a champion cased in a.....q 358
Adamantine–turn the a.....g 390
Add–coffin a's a nail no doubt..b 43
Adder–is the a. better than,*...g 60
than adders to the voice*.....s 88
Adieu–regretful sigh can say, a..i 374
so sweetly she bade me a....x 326
Ad infinitum–and so proceed a..f 213
Adjourn–power to adjourn.....v 61
we a. or decide the business.a 230
Adjunct–an a. to ourself *.....a 228
Adjust–a. our lives to loss.....u 396
Admiration–a. for one higher....v 3
admiration of a great man...e 196
a. did not whoop at,*.....y 431
Admire–who admires us, we.....y 3
who least admire.....g 103
admires his halves.....g 801
Admired–a. by their servants....x 3
to be seen to be admired....j 357
make them most admir'd *...s 477
Admiring–together a. works of.c 414
united to th' admiring eyes.m 296
admiring more the riches...n 462
Admit–but herself, admits no..i 494
Admittance–which buys a.*...p 131
Admonish–shall them a.....o 317
Adonis–Adonis is dead.....r 125
thy promises are like A.*....r 347
Adoption–their a. tried*.....t 170
melt in soft adoption.....p 415
Adoration–is thy soul of a.* ....i 44
in a. of the setting sun.....f 22
Adore–adore the hand that....m 41
ten thousand motives to a...e 370
instructs you how to a.....i 485
adore only among the crowd..a 485
dying live, and living do a..g 480
youth, I do adore thee*.....o 487
idolatry; and these we a.....f 463
more I'll adore you.....j 463
mortal looks a. his beauty*..v 402
Adored–adored through fear...a 491
Adorn–they might open to a.*.k 110
fashions to a. my body,*....u 116
Adorned–when unadorn'd a....k 19
ethereal, only not adorn'd..m 428
a. with what all earth or....o 475
Adorner–adorner of the ruin...c 423
adorner and refresher of....p 461
Advance–through which we a..u 104
who in triumph a's.....r 452
Advanced–full high a.....m 458
Advantage–a. on the bitter cross*s 56
silence has many a's.....e 383
hungry ocean gain a.*.....k 427
Advantageous–which are a's ..o 172
Adversary–bosom of our a.*...r 439
helmets of our adversaries*..f 460
Adversity–a is the first path....aa 3
adversity is sometimes.....a 4
the adversity of our best.....d 4
the uses of adversity*.....g 4
cross'd with adversity*.....h 4
bold adversity cries out*.....e 4
more sacred by adversity...r 172
men in the furnace of a.....g 442
love, supremest in adversity.g 475
bruis'd with adversity*.....u 328
safe from all adversity.....d 257
old companions in adversity.d 273
a's sweet milk, philosophy*.n 382
Advertisement–a's are of great..n 305
art in writing a's.....g 305
Advice–often give the best a.....j 4
a good opinion of advice.....k 4
niggards of advice on no.....n 4
advice hath often still'd*.....p 4
advice of a faithful friend..h 169
know them well, that's my a.b 224
this last advice, my son.....y 267
share the a. betwixt you*..q 176
pervert, with bad advice....u 473
Advised–be advised*.....y 45
I am a. to give her music*...m 288
Aëolian–on this a. breath.....b 281
Aërial–shadows wove on their a.j 379
o'er the shrouds a. whispers.v 488
Æson–that did renew old A*...j 310
Afar–from afar to view the....m 201
Affable–an a. and courteous...b 178
Affair–my a's go backward....n 267
tide in the affairs*.....q 324
Affect–study what you most a.*p 176
Affecting–a. wit beyond thier..n 471
Affection–conjugal affection.....k 1
affection is the broadest.....s4
talked not of wasted affection..u 4
affection never was wasted....u 4
affection is a coal that,*.....v 4
affection and unbroken.....x 4
ill-compos'd affection*.....d 17
with deep affection.....e 21
roving heart gathers no a....p 45
goes by letter, and a.*.....d 56
sustain the weight of our a's.o 58
sweet water from a's spring.u 114
affection to dye well.....m 233
affection, limb, nor beauty*.u 235
a. built before the throne...f 175
test of affections tear.....j 415
your affection's strong.....e 242
my fond a. thou hast.....e 256
entire a. hateth nicer hands.r 215
or thy a. cannot hold*..... w 246
manners gentle, of a's mild.aa 495
a. cannot hold the bent*....g 477
strong a, stirs her spirit.....f 478
words of a., howsoe'er.....k 480
Affirmance–till a. breeds a doubt t291
Afflict–how dost thou a. me*...y 62
Affliction–affliction, like the,...y 4
affliction is enamour'd*.....a 5
I'll bear affliction till it*.....b 5
affliction is the good.....f 5
a. is not sent in vain.....d 5
shadow of a great affliction...e 5
of all affliction taught.....n 244
the highlands of affliction...k 442

to try me with affliction*....o 328
Affright-the bad a., afflict.....c 4
affrighted with their bloody* u 365
affrighted preads her rosy...j 192
Afraid-many are a. of God.....f 49
not afraid to say his say.....v 71
thyself from being afraid....s 120
of which I am afraid.....y 120
is not afraid, it seems.....j 253
be not afraid to pray.....w 343
African-moon-mountains A...f 365
Affront-soon forget affronts.....j 47
give and soon forget affronts..j 47
will not affront me.....a 73
an old affront will stir.....j 95
safer to affront some people..f 387
fear is affront.....o 474
After-after life's fitful fever*....n 83
After-love-at first, makes a.*..h 477
Afternoon-no a. gentility.....h 273
that afternoon returns .....s 262
the a. of her best days*.....d 497
Again-ye shall be loved again..i 60
shall we three meet again*..a 260
those that fly may fight a....t 456
Against-complies a. his will...i 465
a. whom I know most faults*..u 359
Age-at a riper age, people are..aa 3
weak withering age.....h 5
men of age object too.....i 5
old age comes on apace.....j 5
frigidity of old age.....k 5
age shakes Athen's ages .....m 5
old age is creeping on.....n 5
the weak anxieties of age.....t 5
age a mature mellowness.....s 5
old age is courteous.....v 5
alike all ages: dames of.....w 5
labor with an age of ease.....x 5
slow-consuming age.....a 6
age is opportunity.....d 6
old age is still old age.....i 6
age is not all decay.....j 6
age still leaves us.....n 6
ages roll forward; and.....l 6
what makes old age so sad....r 6
middle age had slightly .....t 6
at your age the hey-day.....z 6
of honor for mine age*.....b 7
should accompany old age*...f 7
some smack of age in you*....j 7
age is in, the wit is out*.....p 7
age, too, shines out.....t 7
old age is beautiful.....v 7
old age serene and bright.....w 7
mourns less for what age.....x 7
in an age when men.....j 13
beauty doth varnish age*....r 18
greater honors to his age*....o 20
stamp and esteem of ages....r 40
did haggish age steal on*.....q 41
old age is slow in both .....j 47
wakens the slumbering ages..l 52
this age best pleaseth me.....i 66
expect one of my age.....g 76
beyond the promise of his a.*.l 72
worst of woes that wait on a..h 90
footprints of their age.....g 92
remnant of mine age*.....a 99
father of all! in ev'ry age...n 180
old age, begin sighing!.....p 375
old age when it waxeth dry..j 227
when age chills the blood...s 220
poets in three distant ages..n 335
not of an a., but for all time...d 336
the Golden Age is not behind..c 202
sun himself grow dim with a.j 207
men's works have an age....x 356
an age of poverty*.....u 341
age released from care.....y 465
whose age we void it up*....a 104
erect in this age*.....e 262
the love of the dark ages.....s 174
unborn a's, crowd not on my..a 179
to drooping a., who cross'd..t 243
middle age by no fond wile..j 493
nor a. eat up my invention*..d 498
my strength in a.; my rise in..d 181
crabbed a. and youth cannot*.o487
age is full of care*.....o 487
age is lame*.....o 487
youth is wild and a. is tame*..o 487
age, I do abhor thee*.....o 487
soul of the a.! the applause!..a 381
like a. at play with infancy..n 439
deep recesses, of the ages...a 383
life would not yield to age*..t 484
ages one increasing purpose..t 421
years like passing ages.....i 423
such age there is, and who..j 424
an age that melts with.....j 424
fetch the age of gold.....e 425
ages without winding up....h 460
truth should live from a to a.*p445
the great ages onward roll...c 392
labor with an age of ease....i 395
worst of woes that wait on a..s 394
age and want sit smiling....q 341
which are old age's alms....u 330
chas'd old age away.....d 303
creep deerepit with his age..l 428
in a polite age almost.....m 353
make the a. to come my own..j 114
worth an a. without a name..u 115
he would not in my age*.....f 251
in the flight of ages.....d 254
what the power of ages can..e 254
hush! for the ages call.....n 208
lasting link of ages.....m 480
the very age and body of *..n 286
ages cannot make it old.....v 154
for ages would its light.....v 402
like feeble age, he reeleth*...v 409
the longest age but sups....k 232
but age is heavy.....w 233
before a sprightlier age.....c 234
an old age of cards.....e 234
is worth an age without.....r 234
fading into age.....i 236
all ages past, and make.....x 237
from age to age unnumber'd.q 261
Aged-aged men, like aged trees..y 7
aged and yet young, as.....j 354
Agent-trust no agent*.....z 43
Aggregate-a. of little things...c 198
Ago-long, long ago.....m 260
Agony-a soul in agony* .....aa 7
waters of wide agony.....bb 7
agonies no word can.....f 31
agony with words*.....w 107
agony unmixed.....s 215
with air, and agony*.....o 187
let not those agonies be vain.d 539
Agree-thou and I shall never a..o 42
two of a trade can ne'er agree..i 95
and summer well agree.....c 156
glory and this grief agree....l 376
all things differ, all agree...p 451
we should agree as angles..n 250
where God is, all agree.....n 194
agree with our eternal parts*.v 477
Agriculture-blessed be a.....v 295
Ague-fear is an ague, that....q 120
Ahoy-eternal friend, ahoy....n 116
Aid-foreign aid of ornament...k 19
for aid must show how.....k 195
who wanted thy soft aid....p 389
can give no hollow aid.....r 394
saints will aid if men will...a 344
Aidance-barr'd the aidance of*.v 414
Aim-nor aim beyond our pow'r..s 65
miserable aims that end.....a 210
our being's end and aim....h 191
a. for the heart and the will..h 483
aim not to be great.....d 475
Air-faint, and melting into air..m 23
the azure deep of air.....f 24
the air is delicate*.....f 27
spread a city to the air.....e 30
wanderer of the wintry air...g 32
melted into air, into thin*...k 46
air blows it to me*.....e 51
deep air listen'd round her...h 54
with important air.....q 68
wither'd in the stagnant air..f 78
thin of substance as the air*..j 97
the air shall be perfumed*..q 154
in the open air our myrtles..q 147
the moveless air.....j 131
what airs outblown from....e 136
simplicity and unaffected a..d 138
eglantine embalm'd the air..f 130
dead in the air, and still....k 272
washes all the air*.....d 276
fresh gales and gentle airs..h 257
air is rife with wings.....b 372
come, O fresh spring airs....i 373
spring is in the air and.....q 373
through motionless air.....h 376
no sound along the air.....j 377
through the soft vapory air..e 273
mid the cool airs of evening..k 411
air is living with its spirit..r 339
air, a charter'd libertine*...x 340
air around them looks.....p 401
shining home in the air.....k 402
a single star lights the air...n 402
warms the mild air.....i 371
sweet is the air.....i 372
air with melodies vernal....l 372
air is cold—and drear.....a 378
through the hushed air.....j 378
foot, light as on air.....m 164
wild, and open to the air....d 226
air with fragrance and with..g 362
charm ache with air*.....q 211
nor air, nor leaf is lost.....c 231
imagination is the air of....u 206
to breathe his native air....f 198
from draughts of balmy air..l 436
the air was calm.....i 381
lungs receive our air.....v 387
hit the woundless air*,.....n 387

sweetness in the desert air..s 490
thoughts shut up want air..a 422
trifles, light as air*.....u 442
out of the bosom of the air..q 393
and in the golden air.....c 466
sweet as English air.....i 478
Air-castle–air-castles are.....o 482
Airy–airy nothing a local*....h 377
Aisle–aisle and fretted vault...t 281
Ajax–prayer of A. was for light.g 78
Akimbo–stands with arms a...j 324
Akin–pity's akin to love.....k 333
longing that is not a. to pain.l 369
world-wide apart, and yet a.o 413
Alabaster–as monumental a.*...z 18
grandsire cut in alabaster*.hh 499
Alacrity–not that a. of spirit*.m 468
Aladdin–money is A's lamp,..f 462
Alarm–dwell in the midst of a's.y 394
Alas–alas the day.....f 436
Albatross–I shot the albatross..p 21
albatross the meanest.....a 22
Albums–are a's written.....p 236
an album is a garden.....k 493
Alcalá–I have been in A.....e 2
Alchemist–th' empiric a.....b 296
plays the alchymist*.....d 296
you are an alchymist*.....e 296
Alchemy–with heavenly a.....j 447
like richest a. will change*...l 51
Alderman–forefinger of an a.*.g 112
Aldgate–temple bar to A. street.c 492
Ale–quaff the nut-brown ale....c 98
god send thee good ale.....i 93
the size of pots of ale.....q 30z
fame for a pot of ale, and*... 738
Alexandrine–a. ends the song.t 339
Alfred–immortal A. sat.....l 301
Alight–seems nowhere to a....f 377
Alike–'tis just a. to virtue.....s 454
a. as if we had them not*...k 455
beautiful, but none alike...m 158
they were a., their features..e 190
alike in what it gives.....q 348
Alive–the cruell'st she alive*...m 77
so many friends alive.....p 86
alive with sudden hope....g 142
alive so stout a gentleman*..q 484
grave for men alive.....i 347
All–all things must come to ....v 45
to the pure all things are.....g 54
cared not to be at all.....y 55
all are not taken.....j 63
certain to all; all shall die*..v 83
what is it all when all is.....q 96
father of all in every age....n 180
arm alone, ascribe we all*...b 349
for all we have is his.....f 349
is the bittcrest of all.....k 349
covenant between a. and One.r 352
og'ling, and all that.....a 360
take him for all in all*.....u 254
of a. the days that's in the..b 369
all is not lost... .....q 458
all that hath been majestical.l 420
all honourable men*.....v 199
all this is ours.....c 484
all's well that ends well*.....s 496
heaven mend all*.....q 497
my care—for this is all.....i 445
nothing brings me a. things*b 382
allot, and all to heaven.....l 424
the end crowns all*.....n 426
Allah–by Alla given.....i 240
thanks to A. who gives the..c 440
Allay–that allays an angry.....n 17
Allegiance–a. from men's*....n 431
All-ending–the general a-e.*...p 445
Alliance–purchase great a.*...n 448
Alligator–an a. stuffed*.....g 310
Allow–a. that you do not know.d 223
Allured–a. to brighter worlds..u 106
Almighty–recount a. works.....p 74
to its almighty source.....u 79
inspiration of the almighty.z 202
God Almighty's gentlemen..u 491
th' A's orders to perform....b 348
know more of the A's.....e 488
where the Almighty's form..a 323
Almond– from the a. bough...h 373
a. blossom, sent to teach....j 434
almond bloom, we greet thee..l 434
an a. tree unmounted hye...n 434
a. tree above its bald and...m 434
Alms–gifts and alms are the....r 52
puts alms for oblivion*.....v 426
Almshouse–a. neat but void...q 341
Aloe–like spiked aloe.....s 152
Aloft–raise a. the milk-white*. q 154
aloft himself doth throw....m 123
sits up aloft.....o 491
Alone–and the grief are mine a..o 5
a., and warming his five wits..k 29
alone, and summer's gone....e 31
alone in company.....h 50
alone by the wind-beaten.....j 70
triumphant, high, alone.....q 71
in which I moved alone.....t 91
alone on earth, as I am now..h 90
be dearly let, or let alone ...c 193
dread, fathomless, alone ....a 323
why do you keep alone*....d 421
they are never alone that....j 421
wandered alone 'mid yon....l 421
often when thou sitt'st a.*.. j 260
thou art here alone.....n 375
left blooming alone.....v 153
better, then, to be alone.....i 364
all alone went she.....g 365
present hour a. is man's.....v 232
February hath xxviii. alone..c 269
eight-and-twenty all alone..d 269
alone to watch and pray....a 411
being there alone* .....h 267
fools are mad if left alone*..h 477
alone, she will court you....i 479
who can enjoy alone.....c 103
ill fortune seldom comes a..m 165
till supper-time alone*.....e 394
solitude,when we are least a.o 394
I stood and stand alone .....p 394
alone; this, is solitude .....q 394
alone on earth, as I am.....s 394
alone on a wide, wide sea ...t 394
solitary, who is not alone ...e 395
enter the world alone .....g 395
never less alone than.....h 395
entertaining ourselves a.....o 395
until I truly loved, I was a...p 395
doubly feel ourselves alone..t 395
alone each heart must.....u 395
solitude to be alone.....a 396
faults we flatter when a.....c 396
one alone, however prompt..q 360
Along–drags its slow length a..t 339
Aloof–stand all a., and bark*..b 451
erewhile that stood aloof....e 184
Alpine–when on the A. rose....p 153
A. peasants, two and three..a 369
Alps–Alps on Alps arise.....u 279
the tow'ring Alps we try....u 336
Altar–burns upon its altars....t 114
refreshed where one pure a..d 259
confined to altars, nor to ....l 180
bow before thine altar, love..h 249
build me a's in their zeal...k 488
strike—for your altars .....h 329
Altar-stairs–great world's a's..i 176
Alter–doth not the appetite a..*..u 13
love a's not with his brief*...m 64
must alter for the better....a 201
love is not love which a's*..p 208
not a. in my faith of him...bb 442
Alternative–a strange a.....h 56
Am–not I am what I appear....h 87
I am what I am.....t 492
I cannot hide what I am* ..m 445
I am not what I am*.....j 385
being the thing I am*.....k 385
speak of me as I am*.....o 385
Amaranth–only a. flower.....p 453
Amaryllis–milky-bell'd a.....n 132
Amaze–extend scope of wild a..q 332
gods, it doth amaze*.....j 166
amaze th' learn'd.....g 407
Amazement–a. like witless*...ee 496
Amazon–an a. of broad bosom..i 238
Ambassador–a. an honest man.v 198
Amber–a transparent a. sea.....k 59
bedropping with amber.....e 34
liquid amber drop from....d 154
amber grain shrunk in the...v 351
upon the a. air unrolled.....t 446
a. wake of the long-set sun..e 447
in their amber sweets.....x 335
when tipp'd with amber....q 320
Ambition–wild a. loves to.....h 8
all ambitions, upward.....a 8
with great ambitions.....n 8
ambition has no rest.....p 8
what will not ambition.....s 8
ambition, though in hell.....t 8
such joy ambition finds..... v 8
ambition's aims are cross'd....z 8
ill-weav'd ambition*.....j 9
fling away ambition*.....l 9
yonng ambition's ladder*.....p 9
chok'd with fonl ambition*...q 9
the unreined ambition.....t 9
mad ambition trumpeteth....u 9
pours fierce ambition in.....c 9
ambition is no cure.....f 9
ambition's debt is paid*.....g 9
only vaulting ambition*.....i 9
ambition has but one.....b 10
in false ambition's hand .....c 10
us'd no a. to commend.....y 88
serve to wash a's hands.....w 74
wars that make a. virtue*...q 116
churchman better than a*....i 203
built with divine ambition..h 290
virtne chok'd with foul a*..n 455
wild ambitions wind.....t 455

the fever of ambition.....t 493
capable of this ambition*...s 324
who, like ambition lures....j 313
in Heaven a. cannot.....i 249
my soul's a., pleasure, wealth.d 811
the a. of a private man.....x 342
Ambitious-a. worldly desires....c 8
Cæsar was ambitious*.....m 9
ambitious is merely the*.....o 9
th' ambitious care of men.....l 5
as ever in a. strength*.....i 246
Amble-wit a's well; it goes*...h 472
Ambo-"arcades a." id est.....o 67
Ambrosia-gonc's the world's a..k 378
Ambrosial-a. curls upon the..p 366
shakes his a. curls.....l 367
a. fruitage bare, and vines..u 193
blooming ambrosial fruit..m 432
sweeter than the sweet a.....z 470
Amen-say amen betimes*.....e 93
"amen" stuck my throat*..u 496
Amend-that will make amends.a 204
lying make himself amends.q 443
a thousand make amends...g 475
Amended-cannot be now a*...q 199
America-from wild A. to spicy.r 262
A. half brother of.....c 69
American-I was born an A....h 71
Americans equally detest....j 69
Americans to market driven.q 388
Amethyst-calmed in isles of a..m 411
streaks and shafts of a.....l 410
purple-streaming a. is.....o 386
Amiss-for one who writes a....u 76
Amiable-good, a., or sweet...m 475
bestow, to make her a.....o 475
a. weakness of human nature a 462
Amiss-nothing comes amiss*..c 463
'tis not amiss.....g 309
Amity-amity, a world of lies..o 335
a. that wisdom knits not....m 174
Among-a. them, but not of....k 394
Amorous-the amorous odors...j 131
an amorous looking-glass*...x 255
as amorous of their strokes*.q 381
Amusement-of innocent a.....l 355
Analytic-skill'd in analytic.....n 75
Anarchy-hold eternal anarchy..g 47
Ancestor-wisdom of our a's....s 468
down from my ancestors*....d 54
ancestors of nature.....p 494
our rural ancestors.....k 295
a wild trick of his ancestors*.z 431
Anchor-a. and other tackle....d 313
wealth is a weak anchor.....q 462
Anchored-tho' a. to the bottomm 161
Ancient-in a. times all things..s 43
society is as a. as the world..g 394
ancients dreaded death.....e 81
that grew in ancient times..g 145
do love these ancient ruins..u 368
atlas, we read in ancient....e 405
heard in ancient days by.....a 28
Anemone-a. in snowy hood....q 126
flesh-hued anemone.....o 132
anemonies that spangled....p 374
Angel-angels could no more....m 1
angels are, or good or ill.....v 2
sin, fell the angels*.....l 9
men would be angels .....a 9
angels would be gods.....a 9
angels for the good man's....e 10
angel visits few.....f 10
angels with us unawares.....k 10
all God's angels come.....i 10
an angel stood and.....j 10
as far as angel's ken.....l 10
angel voices sung the.....p 10
a guardian angel o'er.....q 10
flights of angels sing*.....r 10
angels are bright still*.....s 10
angels come and go.....t 10
in angel whiteness bear*.....v 35
thousand hovered angels.....x 53
angels of God in disguise....w 54
shining angels climb.....m 57
two angels issued.....a 81
angels tremble while.....a 81
angels uncurtain'd that.....e 82
where angels tremble.....z 93
as angels in some brighter...w 97
a., girt with golden wings...v 112
as eloquent as angels... ....k 102
lives as angels do.....a 120
angels fear to tread.....t 162
angel of light.....f 123
a's have planted to remind..b 139
angels love good men*.....t 257
ascend, like a's beautiful....m 259
my angel—his name is.....i 167
passage of an angel's tear...r 415
tears such as angels weep....s 415
angel, who was keeping.....t 415
not stain an angel's cheek...a 416
a's and men their incense...a 274
bells do chime, 'tis angels'..d 369
like angel's visits, short and.u 216
the denouncing angel's pen..c 218
dropped from an a's wing..m 331
the angel says: "Write!"....h 336
angel on the outward side*..e 205
she drew an angel down.....v 209
forget-me-nots of the angels..o 402
sweet letters of the a. tongue.l 125
as the blessed angels turn..p 236
with angels shared.....i 240
virtue is an angel.....a 454
virtues will plead like a's*...c 455
as angels do above.....n 250
beyond the soar of a's wings.e 180
I heard the angels call.....e 270
the angel heart of man.....l 420
scepter'd a's held their.....v 193
O, the more angel she*.....j 498
though an a. should write...d 318
holy angels guard thy bed...i 392
immortal part with angels*..j 399
go with me, like good a's*...d 345
women are angels wooing*..f 480
as make the angels weep*..w 346
angels are painted fair.....v 475
angel appear to each lover...y 475
ministering angel thou.....k 476
are angels vailing clouds*...s 476
were our good angels.....l 327
men as a's, without femininen 475
angels draw near, and sing..n 352
little a's, holding hands....m 352
two angels guide the path..j 354
lamp our angel reason.....j 354
a. 'twixt my face and Thine.j 360
Angelic-mark'd the mild a. air..f 80
Angelical-a. to many a harp...k 468
Anger-pain to feel much anger.b 11
anger seeks its prey.....c 11
anger is one of the sinews....d 11
anger wishes that all.....e 11
anger is like a full-hot*.....g 11
anger's my meat*.....h 11
touch me with noble anger!*.o 11
convulsive anger storms.....q 11
anger can dismay.....m 52
pale in her anger*..... a 95
more in sorrow than in a.*..n 111
anger as the flint bears fire*.n 258
anger and jealousy can no..f 215
shrill notes of anger.....p 457
vent their anger, impotent..h 481
fear not the a. of the wise...r 359
Angered-being a., puffs away*.o 467
Angle-give me mine a., we'll*..u 11
a brother of the angle.....z 11
so angle we for Beatrice*....a 480
Angler-if he be an honest a.....a 12
Angling-a. is somewhat like....y 11
we may say of angling.....c 12
pleasantest a. is to see*.....a 480
Angry-nothing that allays an a..n 17
trembled at the angry wind..v 160
the angry night cloud.....k 273
as if thou e'er wert angry...b 320
angry at a slander, makes...a 387
Anguish-this anguish pierces..n 90
doubting and anguish.....p 241
a. of a torturing hour*.....w 355
drops of anguish falling fast.l 336
he groans in anguish.....h 417
crown of anguish crowned..d 390
pain and anguish wring....k 476
will close the eye of a.*.....p 935
Ankle-a's sunken in asphodel.j 133
against her a's as she trod..p 134
unhinge or ankle sprain....a 319
Animal-to frame the little a.....q 29
that souls of a. infuse*.....d 113
animals are such agreeable..x 168
Animate-fills every a. part....q 233
substance, though not a....m 352
Animated-want an a. "no"...m 68
Anna-while A. reigns, and sets .r 368
songs which A. loved to.....s 173
hear thou great Anna.....l 320
Annal-simple a's of the poor..j 341
Annexed-house is unto his a..a 392
Annihilate-the mind a's .....g 463
Anniversary-a. of a birthday..m 34
secret a's of the heart.....i 197
Announced-a. by all the.....f 377
Annoyance-to souse a. that*...e 368
Anoint-God did a. thee with..r 482
Anointed-bells have been....a. c 21
Another-then here goes a.....q 251
another and a better world..p 193
is quite another thing.....b 35
in his heart, utters another..f 87
Answer-ne'er a's till a husband.g 50
meet to hear and answer*....g 63
answer, ye evening tapers...b 336
find on a. in each heart.....i 336
wits have much to a. for*....l 361
sudden a. you may bear.....q 155
no other a. make, but*.....y 183
answers life's great end.....i 236

answer, shall I have it*.....n 218
made answer to my word...v 413
answer where any road.....k 449
Answered–my humor, is it a.*..a 364
Ant–school to an ant*.....i 304
Antagonist–a. is our helper....b 490
Antedate–a. the bliss above ...f 283
Anthem–thy plaintive anthem..t 27
pealing anthem swells.....t 281
and anthems clear.....q 282
roll back the sound of a's....e 432
a. for the queenliest dead....x 82
Anthropophagi–the a.*.....a 499
Antic–like witless antics*.. ..ee 496
nature, drawing of an a.*...d 477
antic sits, scoffing his*.....m 85
Anticipate–eager to a. their....s 381
Anticipation–an untimely a...h 318
Antidote–my bane and a.....a 117
his antidotes are poison*....p 310
sweet oblivious antidote*...d 310
Antiphon–mute the choral a..n 375
Antipodes–day with the a's*...i 427
Antiquaries–pale a's pore .....h 13
Antique–being true antique....i 13
desolate walls of a. palaces..w 382
Antiquity–a little skill in a....p 357
Antony–our courteous A*.....a 322
who lost Mark Antony the..w 475
Anvil–on its sounding anvil ..k 233
hammered to the anvil's....a 301
a's with a different note.....b 301
iron did on his anvil cool*..e 301
smites the shrill anvil .....z 300
tongue on the a. of truth....f 445
be anvil or hammer.....h 49
the anvil of my sword*.....i 246
Anxiety–a. of the thoughtful..w 101
the weak anxieties of age.....t 5
Anxious–from afar the a. mind..t 315
anxious or troubled, when..u 345
Anyone–whatever a. does or...r 181
Anything–we know not a.....e 202
anything but live for it.....g 357
Apace–old age comes on apace..j 5
old age is creeping on apace ..n 5
great weeds do grow apace*..t 498
and flies apace.....c 306
Apart–like a star, and dwelt a..h 338
man dwells a., though not ..v 253
world-wide a., and yet akin..o 413
both sisters, never seen a...x 468
apart sat on a hill retired.....t 64
Ape–sleep, thou ape of death*.f 391
sin is pride that apes.....m 346
Apollo–Apollo, a fancy piece..n 318
Apollo has peeped through..h 450
Apollo's summer look. .....b 274
hark, Apollo plays* .....b 284
musical as is Apollo's lute...t 332
A., he came forth to warm..d 336
as bright Apollo's lute*.....s 245
Apollo mounts his golden...h 410
Apoplexy–this apoplexy is*.....b 95
Apostasy–from man's a.....m 415
Apostle–a's would have done..y 255
she, while apostles shrank..w 472
Apostolic–by a. blows and.....t 95
Apothecary–modern a's taught.u 309
expires in the arms of an a..i 183
an a. in the same paper.....n 305
remember an apothecary*...g 310
Appal–appal the bravest soul..k 404
Appalled–semblance of a scar a.d 457
Apparel–wears out more a.*...v 116
the apparel oft proclaims*...f 320
as men their best apparel....d 471
with thy best apparel on*...t 301
Apparelled–a. like the spring*..d 19
Apparition–blushing a's start*.v 35
apparitions seen and gone...u 216
a lovely apparition.....u 478
Appeal–no court of a. against.r 217
Appear–not I am what I appear.h 87
am not love, what I appear..m 204
virtuons without seeking to.j 454
his lonely cot a's in view....t 197
must appear in other ways*.t 453
Appearance–appoint a. and ....v 61
Appease–and thee appease.....e 219
Appetite–prophetic ey of a....r 13
govern well thy appetite.....s 13
appetite comes with eating...t 13
the appetite alter*.....u 13
digestion wait on appetite.*..u 13
what appetite you have*.....z 1
hungry edge of appetite*....a 14
whose name was appetite....b 14
coquetry whets the ap. etite..o 69
with that keen appetite*. .h 122
a well-governed and wise a..i 182
greediness of the appetite... t 200
the appetite may sicken*....o 283
stirr'd in me sudden a.....g 295
with coyless sauce his a*....l 302
Applaud–a. thee to the very*...f 14
how crowds applaud.....t 318
contented to applaud myself.i 462
Applause–a. is the spur of.....c 14
world, is the highest applause.d 14
their loud applause*.....e 14
not pardon, but applanse.....s 76
glorious word of popular a..y 340
soul of the age, the applause.a 381
Apple–a. into blossom burst....q 27
apple rotten at the heart*...aa 87
blossoms fringe the apple...c 435
what plant we in this a. tree.a 435
like living coals, the apples.d 376
brown a's gay in a game of..j 376
tho' no golden a's glitter....d 177
stolen be your apples.....v 418
the apple from the pine.....w 295
Apple-bloom–white with a-b's. j 372
a-b. upon the breezes toss...i 270
Apple-tart–carv'd like an a-t.* j 320
Appliance–desperate a's are*...e 310
appliances and means to....r 390
Apply–for cure a. to them we...x 77
Appointed–body or mind a....i 483
Apprehension–in a., how like*.e 255
death is most in apprehension*t 83
Approach–a. thy grave, like...k 360
Approve–right, and I a. it too..x 49
approve it with a text*.....j 358
men of sense approve.....t 495
slander doth but approve*...o 387
if you approve it not.....u 294
April–an April night would....n 27
ushers in the showers of A...a 34
the heaven of April.....o 109
you must ask the A. weather.j 148
pansies in soft April rains...o 148
clonded smile of April's face.s 161
weeps–but, O ye hours.....n 370
April and May one moment.d 372
May and A. love each other...d 372
cheer, a little, A's sadness...e 372
glimpses to the April day....r 373
April flower of sun and dew..q 159
well apparell'd April*.....a 271
April day in the morning...b 271
when April steps aside.....j 271
April., June and November.d 269
when April winds grew soft.g 270
old April wanes, and her last.h 270
all poor April's charms.....h 270
April knows her own.....i 270
April's coming up the hill..j 270
the lovely fickleness of an A.l 270
for April sobs while these...n 270
April weeps while these.....n 270
when April stops at last.....o 270
sweeet April time–O cruel...q 270
when proud-pied April*.....r 270
day in April never came*...p 246
child of April weather.....p 127
April's gift to April's bees...k 434
A. shall with his showers*...i 352
Apron–where is thy leather a*..t 301
Arab–an Arab with a stranger..n 216
Arabs say, Satan could.....r 29
clime of A. deserts brought..n 424
Arabesque–this graceful a.....j 440
Arabia–all the perfumes of A.*..a 315
Araby–farewell to the Araby's..o 116
Arbiter–fashion, the a. and....t 116
a. chance governs all.....n 44
Arbitrate–does a. the event.....v 49
Arbitrator–common a. time*..n 426
Arbor–rustic a., which the....k 131
shape as of an arbor.....k 437
Arbutus–in the forest a. doth..g 374
sweet a. in the wood.....q 126
overflow of a. and laurel....e 434
Arcades–"arcades ambo" id est.o 67
Arch–o'er Prague's proud arch d 167
this gorgeous arch.....h 290
world-built arch of heaven..g 409
the blue arch will brighten m 449
arch beneath them is not ...j 440
mild arch of promise.....o 352
Arch-angel–thy summoning a's b218
fell as the mighty a.....d 431
that makes a's smile .....n 428
Arched–gates of monarchs a*. f 368
Archer–finds mark the a.....q 481
insatiate archer.....n 86
archers, draw your arrows*..h 459
Architect–a. built his great....j 296
merry architects so small....b 34
all are architects of fate....aa 117
a. of his own fortune.....u 165
and some the architect.....v 193
Architectural–holiness is the a.s 197
Architecture–a. is the work of n 29
a. considered as a snbject...r 296
valne of architectnre depends s29
architecture is frozen mnsic.b 297
Architrave–lay the a. and.....e 432
Arcturi–those pearled a. of the u 130
Ardent–prayers a. open heaven b 346
Are–we are what we must.....j 118

we know what we are*.....x 499
let us, then, be what we a...d 385
Argoan–Argoan ships brave...m 440
Argosy–a's with portly sail*..f 266
Argue–he could argue still.....l 14
I argue not against.....w 112
know me argues yourself...j 206
many laws a's so many sins.n 384
Argument–a knock-down a.....k 14
right with his argument.....m 14
found you an argument.....n 14
with an argument, he'll.....o 14
a. with men a woman .....p 14
in argumont similes are.....s 14
for lack of argument*.....t 14
ear-kissing argument*.....a 14
arguments use wagers.....i 15
the argument of tyrants....h 287
than the staple of his a.*....v 481
a's and question deep*.....e 430
height of this great a.....l 348
argument that makes a poem.s 338
Argumentation–in idle a.....b 15
Ariadne–to the minuet in A...i 500
Arise–lady sweet, arise; arise*..g 16
Aristocracy–are among a.....j 216
Ark–to the long laboring ark ...r 23
Arm–cross their a's and hang*.w 35
arms against a sea of*.....u 72
hug it in mine arms*.....m 84
arms gave shelter to*.....q 84
perfect in the uso of arms*...c 460
devotion with revengeful a's*.h460
the arms are fair when*.....l 460
arms round the parents.....d198
the nurse of arms.....m 492
take thou thy arms.....j 311
arms not the gown, priests..l 293
whose arms gave shelter*....b 436
arm it in rags, a pigmy's*...y384
and his fifty arms so strong.k 438
arms full strong and largely .h 439
his a's to the far-away lands.a 440
hundred arms the cypress...l 167
owe such straight a's, none*. p 167
fold thine a's, turn to thy rest.d 362
rear'd a. crusted the world*.v 367
gallant monarch is in arms*.e 368
spreads its fragrant arms....p 155
in night's arms is asleep.....l 402
tho' minoa's should conquer.l 452
triumph'd o'er our arms....q 452
arms like yours were fitter..o 456
in arms, the day battle's.... e 457
excites us to arms.....p 457
widow sits upon mine arm..e 450
arms on armor clashing.....g 458
arm us 'gainst the foe*.....u 459
arms ye forge another bears.u 119
fit arms against a war.....t 165
invincible in arms.....j 489
with his arms outstretch'd*.a 427
arm thyself for the truth....w 444
flowering lotos spreads its a's.c 438
arm alone ascribe we all*....b 349
stands with arms akimbo...j 324
arm the obdured breast.....i 328
nerves the feeble a. for fight..t 357
a. through every open pane.d 466
Armed–I armed her against.....i 38
a. without that's innocent,...l 62
thrice is he arm'd that hath*.v 219
arm'd so strong in honesty*.s 198
arm'd at all points*.....aa 496
arm'd or with truth or.....h 481
Armigoro–writes himself a.*...a 178
Armistice–short a. with truth*.q 443
Armor–arms on a. clashing.....g 458
no adamantino armor.....y 444
no armour against fate.....s 85
to put his armour off.....f 86
armor on armor shone.....m 457
Armory–from the a. of God....o 458
Army–retire of both your a's*.p 104
an army of good words*....m 163
a golden-shielded army.....s 277
hum of either army*.....k 459
tho army is a school .....k 311
Arno–to Arno's myrtle border.g 364
Aromatic–a rose in a. pain.....z 314
aromatic plants bestow no....b 4
Arose–when ye a. and went....o 173
Array–in its glory's full array.k 152
comes, in heaven's array...g 410
battles magnificently stern a.e 457
Arresting–no a. vast wheel of.m 423
Arrogance–O, monstrous a.*....o 258
supple knees feed arrogance* c 347
Arrow–shot mine a. o'er the*... l 2
scattered golden arrow's.....i 278
darts or poisoned a's were...r 453
quiver's choice, an arrow...d 456
archers, draw your arrows*..h 459
some Cupid kills with a's* ..g 248
swifter than a's from the*..hh 498
bow is bent, the arrow flies..c 117
carried me 'mid thick a's...r 117
shot their arrows round.....b 138
breath, like silver arrows....l 377
arrows fly of sad distrust....p 259
like arrow-heads of gold.....o 272
Art–art of a thing is, first.....c 15
art is the perfection.....d 15
art of reading, as well.....e 15
action, to any end, is art....f 15
perfection of an art consists..h 15
temple of art is built.....j 15
piety in art .....l 15
poetry in art.....l 15
puseyism in art.....l 15
art is power.....m 15
art is the child of nature.....n 15
nature reproduced in art.....o 15
art in fact is the effort.....p 15
decorative art is.....r 15
art is nature, made by man ..s 15
art is to conceal art .....t 15
marks the progress of art....u 15
art, O man, is thine.....v 15
his art with nature's.....w 15
nature is the art of God.....d 15
chiefs of elder art.....e 40
no chemic a. can counterfeit..j 67
with greatest art he spoke....l 68
was almost lost in art.....t 75
art and power will go on.....b 92
art a revelation of man.....i 363
princes learn no art truly...e 367
songs of that high art.....i 336
tempt the heights of arts....u 336
not a truth has to art or to..a 445
in the elder days of art.....q 301
import yet nobler arts.....e 103
howe'er coucealed by art ...n 343
thou art, art surely as in....d 348
nature is but art unknown..n 348
a. can wash her guilt away..k 474
only art her guilt to cover...e 359
all those arts in which.....p 300
war's glorious art.....i 461
weak, if art assist her not ...l 166
all arts are vain.....l 166
gather admiring works of a..c 414
arts of war and peace.....c 374
ornaments their want of a..w 336
poet in his a. must imitate..o 337
delight of sovereign a. and..r 337
all the arts, great music....d 282
art that nature makes*.....l 286
is the art of God.....a 287
stronger far than art.....b 287
not without art.....l 288
art with truth .....h 408
life is short, and art long....o 232
noble art from Cadmus ... .u 237
temperament, and not of a..s 451
these mix'd with art.....v 265
there's no art to find*.....b 266
arts victorious triumph'd...q 452
arts but soften us to feel ....o 244
curious art, the brain.....m 419
giveth grace unto every art..y 192
holiday for art's and..... ..m 197
art may err, but nature.....r 491
mother of a's and eloquence..o 494
grace beyond the reach of a..n 183
tender strokes of art.....d 294
last and greatest art.....c 300
arts, in most cruel wise....aa 300
contempt, for other arts.....n 312
silence, one of the great a's..g 383
not art, but nature.....j 440
a. so nearly touches nature. .f 481
charm the gloss of all art....c 384
art is long, and time is.....o 424
gift beyond the reach of art..i 382
his art with caution.....s 310
inspires new arts.....g 468
Artery–makes each petty a.*...h 119
spirits in the arteries* .....p 483
Artful–artful to no end.....e 234
Article–article at highest rate...k 4
Articulate–he should be a.....s 314
Artillery–the a. of words.....n 482
heaven's artillery thunder*...s 72
Artist–depth of the artist's.....g 15
two kinds of artist's in.....i 15
marks the true artist.....k 15
artists may produce.....q 15
who gave laws to the artist...b 16
which our artists call snap..k 123
the knowing artist may.....u 294
of all artists, musicians. ...n 312
the artist never dies.....f 314
more the artist charms.....k 314
essence of au artist is.....s 314
thought of the great artist..p 386
Artless–full of a. jealousy is*..p 215
Ascend–ascends with it to God..h 10
should ascend to heav'n....p 344
rounds by which we may a..m 188
Ascribe–which we a. to heav'n*.k 498
to thy arm alone, a. we all*.b 349

Ash-grained ash an hundred*.v 246
the ash for nothing ill.....j 433
the ash her purple drops....d 435
Ashamed-not asham'd to fail....l 8
shame is asham'd to sit*....x 199
act that none may feel a.....m 71
Ashes-over a few poor ashes.....k 6
the ashes of my chance*.....s 44
above their ashes pale.....w 85
the ashes of dead men.....t 114
lie lightly on my ashes.....c 184
from his ashes may be.....s 160
e'en in our ashes live.....o 285
to the ashes of the just.....h 220
itself to ashes burn.....z 192
Aside-not cast aside so soon*..e 324
shoves angrily aside.....j 324
last to lay the old aside.....r 76
Ask-ask me no questions.....q 77
ask what is darkness.....s 238
ask sin of what may be.....s 238
ask what is happiness.....s 238
ask what is folly..... s 238
ask what is fashion.....s 238
ask what is sweetness.....s 238
ask of thyself what beauty...s 238
never ask it you again*.....i 220
ask God for temperance*....x 417
to shine, it does not ask.....x 443
ask him what books he read.h 353
withhold in mercy what we.u 344
a. death-beds; they can tell.w 487
ask your heart*.....i 379
ask them what report.....k 379
ask till ye receive.....aa 331
she that asks her dear.....s 168
all I ask—all I wish—is a tear.e 415
a. not of me, love, what is...s 238
ask what is good of God... .s 238
ask of the great sun.....s 238
Asking-may be had for the a..g 180
never asking, giving.....v 244
Asleep-fast a.! it is no matter*.f 103
very houses seem asleep.....h 366
in night's arms is asleep....l 402
asleep, or, hearing, die*.....q 312
kiss the child asleep.....a 466
Aspect-with a. almost calm ..m 140
form and a. too magnificent.m 441
meet in her a. and her eyes..k 473
sweet aspect of princes*.....h 94
an aspect more favourable*..z 328
Aspen-bind the aspen ne'er to.t 220
the aspine good for staves...j 433
aspen leaves that wave.....f 435
aspen trees till they tremble.g 435
shivers the a. still dreaming.a 440
Asperse-unjustly poets we a..q 337
Asphodel-yellow meads of a...k 133
Aspiration-a's are my only....w 169
Aspire-a. only to those virtues.h 454
my mind, a. to higher things.p 224
Aspiring-let th' a. youth.....k 250
Ass-egregiously an ass* .....d 88
the devil is an ass*.....r 92
shall be found an ass*.....e 74
ass should like an ass.....m 162
I am an ass, indeed*.....c 163
make an ass of me*.....h 163
asses might upon thee feed..i 154
preposterous a.! that never*.x 283
your dull ass will not*.....n 328
Assail-hate is mask'd but to a..k 446
Assent-assent with civil leer...b 343
Assertion-every a. keeps a ....k 332
Asseveration-a. blustering ....i 291
Assiduous-with my a. cries...r 344
Assistance-on other for a. call.d 50
Assuage-magician can a.....o 103
Assume-vice simple, but a's.*..i 452
assume a virtue, if you*....x 454
do I assume these royalties..i 367
shape, or size assume. ..... f 401
we must never assume.....o 307
assume a pleasing shape*...q 342
Assurance-a. doubly sure*....v 118
plight me the full a.*.....m 258
assurance given by looks...a 263
Aster-a. grects us as we pass..n 133
withered tufts of a's nod....o 133
chilly blue of the asters.....n 273
the purple aster's nod.....b 376
Astonish-great things a. us....w 77
Astray-one that had been led a..k 275
turn'd astray, is sunshine...s 409
Astronomer-astir, like sage a...g 135
a. rapt in abstraction.....f 297
at night astronomers agree..h 297
Astronomy-I have astronomy*..x 251
Asunder-we too are a., let*...w 187
heart and I, so far asunder.m 369
Até-revenge, with Até by his*..g 459
Ate-ate into itself for lack.....a 457
he ate the ripe apple.....h 438
Atheist-the deist rave, and a..k 357
confound the a's sophistries.n 437
by night an atheist half.....c 396
Athenian-that Athenian grace..t 314
Athens-A. the eye of Greece...o 494
refin'd as ever A. heard.....h 63
Athirst-sore athirst for air....x 266
I am a. for God, the living...c 180
Atlantic-the steep A. stream..o 409
Atlas-A., we read in ancient...e 405
Atmosphere-a golden a.....a 33
grow in the cold atmosphere.k 393
atmosphere of dreams.....e 447
atmosphere breathes rest....k 463
Atom-single a's each to other..e 286
as easy to count atomies*...s 246
to every atom just.....k 321
atoms or systems into ruin..r 348
Attack-attack is the reaction....a 3
Attainder-all a. of suspects*...f 205
Attained-not a. by sudden....l 225
Attempt-by fearing to a.*.....j 96
attempt the end..... ....v 331
that dares love attempt*....j 248
attempt, and not the deed*..b 499
with his last a. he wiped*....t 431
Attend-another to attend him..t 253
a. my husband, be his nurse*.d 204
Attendant-brave a's near him*.d 252
Attended-thou a. gloriously...b 218
Attending-softest music to a.*..t 246
Attention-a. like harmony*...p 226
they fix attention, heedless..i 291
attention while I read.....a 306
Attentive-obey, and be a.*....p 292
Attic-attic warbler pours.....j 23
the attic bird thrills.....i 439
Attire-so wild in this attire*..o 401
in gay attire is seen.....l 245
oft concealed in mean attire.u 468
Attired-blush to see you so a.*.f 122
Attitude-thoughts in a's.. j 420
Attorney-no a. but myself*...a 465
attorneys are denied me*....f 308
attorneys now an useless....r 349
Attorneyship-dealt in by a.*..h 258
Attraction-sublime a. in him..e 169
Attractive-sweet a. kind of....a 263
Attribute-God's best attribute..h 165
wrought with a's divine!....h 290
a. to awe and majesty*.....j 263
attribute to God himself*...j 263
God a's to place no sanctity.o 197
courage, the mighty a.....q 71
Auburn-her hair is auburn*..v 189
changed the a. hair to white.p 189
Audience-a. for a word or two*.p 414
sitting audience looks.....o 293
audience into the bargain...a 294
second day of audience*.....t 308
Audit-how his audit stands*..i 280
Auger-hole-hid within an a-h*.s 119
Aught-what's a. but as 'tis*....n 485
Augment-seeming to a. it*.....y 43
Augur-a's because they were.cc 493
Augury-we defy augury*.....d 349
August-crown of all the A. day.a 146
A. days give the richness....l 135
in the parching August.....j 272
sickle meu, of A. weary*....s 295
Auriferous-stream a. plays....e 226
Aurora-rising with A's light...p 337
Aurora had but newly.....c 16
with Aurora playing.....d 16
shine Aurora's harbinger*....f 16
Aurora doth with gold.....j 16
Aurora drives away.....t 53
sprang Aurora to her car....a 274
Austerity-a. and self-denial...n 285
Author-old authors to read.....g 13
damn those authors.....s 75
spirit that its author writ....q 76
the rival of the author.....d 76
forever telling authors .....h 76
any author in the world*...s 110
author of his own disgrace..l 165
the mummied authors.....e 230
book-makers, not authors...s 333
if our author in the wife...a 204
man were author of himself*.c 209
author is but a labyrinth....i 209
a's whose subjects require..k 209
God is its a. and not man...a 281
authors we talk about.....t 237
great work for an author... b 407
gives authors an advantage..l 297
sympathy with the author. .j 318
once says an author.....s 307
outlive their authors.....x 356
a. remaining immortal.....m 297
happiness to the fireside a...q 297
genius of an a. consists.....u 297
wit requisite to make an a..v 297
authors suit your topics.....c 298
authors hear at length.....f 298
authors knows an a's cases..g 298
choose an a. as you choose..j 298
if your a. be profoundly.....l 298
authors stand between.....m 298

a, like an ancient magician. o 298
author is a solitary being...q 298
no author cver spared.....a 299
guides the author's pen.....b 299
evcry a. in some degree.....c 299
original modern authors....d 299
whatever an author puts....g 299
arises from its authors .....k 299
author's lives in general.....l 299
author ever drew.....u 299
author let us distinguish....u 300
an author ! 'tis a venerable..x 300
gives authors an advantage..l 297
a's who affect contempt.....d 298
not read an author till.....b 353
Pineda quotes more authors. l 350
quotations from profane a's n 350
entitles its author to be:....m 444
Authority-a. must be out.....k 16
said she had authority .....l 16
authority forgets a dying....m 16
some one with authority ....n 16
authority be a stubborn bear*o 16
no fettering of authority*....p 16
great image of authority*....r 16
the demi-god, authority*....s 16
robbery have authority*....z 106
gem of his authority.....k 137
assuming a., usurped.....b 388
a. and shew of truth*.....x 384
drest in a little brief a.*....w 346
authority from other's*.....p 406
Automaton-wound up the a...e 370
mechanized automaton.....r 342
Autumn-vote that a's gone....m 32
autumn 'twas that grew*....n 53
autumn blaze of golden rod..b 376
glory on the autumn woods.f 376
down upon the autumn sun g 376
autumn into earth's lap....j 376
grieve, O ye autumn winds..m 376
autumn is a weather-cock...o 376
a. nodding o'er the yellow ..q 376
a., in his leafless bowers ....a 377
in autumn beauty stood....d 127
'twas autumn eve.....k 234
thy sober autumn fading....i 236
summer, the chilling a.* ...m 370
no richer gift has autumn..w 295
bleak gusts of autumn .....j 466
breath of autumn's being...q 467
a. paints upon the sky.....j 386
mistake our a. for our prime h 428
fruit-laden autumn follows..a 371
on the lap of autumn bloom.n 156
when autumn days are here.l 135
the woods of autumn burn..l 135
autumn's vacant throne....m 273
autumn's fire burns slowly..e 375
led yellow autumn wreathed g 375
a. among her drooping.....k 375
trees in the a. wind rustle...l 375
autumn in the misty morn..o 375
the autumn is old.....p 375
Autumnal-soft light of an a...r 376
Avail-what avails it me.... .h 244
Avarice-take up with avarice..u 16
worst a. is that of sense.....a 17
avarice stauuchless avarice*..d 17
avarice strikes deeper*.....f 17
avarice of everything*.....g 17
avarice in the vaults of hell.i 249
avarice and rapine share....q 450
Ave-Maria-a-m's with our*....h 460
number a-m's on his beads*.p 197
Avenge-sting is mortal to a.....l 75
Avenger-time, the avcnger....c 423
death its own avengcr.....u 94
the avengers are advancing..l 409
Avenging-whom a. pow'rs.....v 164
Avenue-literature is an a. to...z 237
Avoid-man I should avoid*....l 412
die in order to avoid.....q 408
what he would most avoid..dd 494
avoid what is to come*.....s 60
Await-await, with impatience.o 446
Awake-a., arise, or be forever...f 3
a. endcavour for defence*.....i 72
clamour keep her still a.*....r 258
is soonest a. to the flowers..b 380
awake but one, and lo.....r 261
awake! the morning shines..g 436
Awaked-dreams was still a.*....k 97
Awaken-they cannot earth a...l 402
Awakened-a. the witty and*...h 450
Awave-place is all a. with trees.b 432
Away-a. with him, a. with*...i 237
counsel, putting one away*.d 379
he be many miles a.*.....dd 452
when ye arose and went a...o 173
those that run away and fly.u 456
take what thou wilt away....i 407
away to other skies.....j 109
hills and far away.....e 251
over the hills and far away..e 492
she doth not mean "away"*.s 479
Awe-creating awe and fear in*..i 44
keep the strong in awe*.....r 62
inspiring awe, till breath...e 285
lifted hand in awe.....i 461
in awe of such a thing*.....d 235
good and just in awe.....f 291
eye, whose bend doth awe*.a 382
with reverential awe.....r 307
Aweary-aweary of the sun*...u 409
Awful-love is somcthing a....p 147
an awful thing to die.....t 408
felt how awful goodness is...u 90
Awl-less pointed than an awl..t 318
I live by is with the awl*....f 319
Awoke-a. one morning and...d 114
Axe-strokes, though with a*..q 225
lay down the axe.....o 456
absolv'd him with an axe*..p 182
yields the cedar to the a's*..b 436
no ponderous axes rung.....n 74
Axle-glowing axle doth allay..o 409
Aye-shall live and last for aye.w 79
Azalia-wild a's fill the air.....p 133
the fair azalia bows.....q 133
Azure-gentianellas azure.....v 108
o lovely eyes of azure.....l 109
drinks beauteous azure.....n 159
eyes of spring, so azure.....v 159
through the azure fields.....f 289
let in azure night.....g 403
his azure shield the heavens.f 409
sinks down behind the a. hill.t 410
proudly rising o'er the azure.t 486
wrinkle on thy azure brow..f 423
Azured-the a. harebell, like*...c 142

B.

Babbled-b. of green fields*.....o 83
Babe-a babe in a house is.....n 55
where the Babe was born ....h 57
lovely b. unconscious lies...b 279
when judges have been b's.*.j 218
that do teach young babes*.k 178
that, like a testy babe*.....k 246
there the b that's unborn...o 184
b's and sucklings winged...x 443
sinews of the new born b.*..b 345
Babel-stir of the great Babel...u 65
Baby-the b. in his cradle.....m 81
baby sleep is pillowed.....r 391
sleep, baby sleep.....u 391
Bacchanal-have its b. verse....l 439
Bacchus-B. gross in taste*....o 247
B. ever fair and young.....d 468
Bachelor-I would die a b.*.....l 258
Back-b. to the same old lives...e 57
back from the village street..w 69
back to its mansion call.....x 80
beggary upon thy b.*.....c 267
die with harness on our b.*.f 459
huddled on his back*.....d 311
never grave gives b. what...s 184
b. own opinions by a wager..b 324
back with ingots bows*.....u 462
her wealth upon her back...k 464
bring them back to heaven..r 385
duke's revenues on her b.*..e 347
shall not drive me back*....w 360
our memories go back.....p 260
thumping on your back.... t 168
care not who sees your b.*..p 209
bore the skies upon his b....e 405
lumbering at his back.....y 305
Backing-plague upon such b.*.p 209
call you that b. of your*....d 171
Backward-backward, flow b.....g 5
Bacon-think how B. shin'd...p 115
Bad-for being a little bad*.....m 51
renders good for bad*.....m 53
first believe that you are b..c 182
I wish thy lot, now bad.....l 165
grant the b. what happiness.x 204
bad ending follows a bad....n 362
things bad begun make*....y 362
to make bad good*.....u 283
got had ever bad success*...d 408
make men's temper bad....m 417
from bad to worse.....w 267
bad are those men who.....k 496
Badge-black is the b. of hell*..b 195
badge of all our tribe*.....x 328
mercy is nobility's true b.*.n 203
glorious badge he wore.....c 356
Baffled-though b. oft is ever...s 228
Bag-he sat among his bags.....x 16
dream of money b's to-night*.n 97
see how plump my bags.....i 462
b's shall see their children*.j 497
Baggage-with bag and b.*....jj 497
Bagpiper-like parrots, at a b-p.*.i 51
Bait-the treacherous bait*.....w 11
sucks in the twining bait...n 123
a bait for ladies*.....j 258
Balance-take thy balance.....s 163
b's your fear and hope.....f 303
Balcony-nine-fold paintcd b's.x 316

Baldursbra-flower, gods call b..a 134
Bale-spoil like b's unopened...a 422
Bale-fire-bale-f. blaze no more.t 365
Ball-b. for them to play upon*.r 118
balls which the poppy.....t 149
who gave the ball.....a 360
Ballad-ballads from a cart.....h 17
to make all the ballads.....i 17
a passion for ballads.....j 17
I love a ballad, but even*....l 17
b. makers cannot be able*...g 337
Ballad-monger-meter b-m.....*k 17
Ballast-gravity the b. of soul..c 399
Ballot-box-'tis the ballot-box..q 329
Balm-rose distils a healing b..u 153
b. arc purple with violets...d 371
pours balm into the.....a 283
balm of hurt minds*.....c 391
the balm of woe.....t 391
balm for every bitter smart..i 149
pity hath been b. to heal*...e 333
b. and life blood of the soul.l 200
waft a b. to thy sick heart...c 432
lotos-flowers, distilling b....t 437
smile, our sorrow's only b...i 393
Balquhither-braes of B.....d 70
Balustrade-b's of leaves.....x 316
Bands-earthly b's that tie me..s 89
shadows in a shadowy band.r 171
flame with flaxen band.....j 245
Bane-there hath been thy b...w 61
Banish-b. what they, sue for*..y 35
thou art thence banish'd*...n 459
Banishing-effect is b.for hours.r 320
Bank-watch upon a bank.....k 142
violet loves a sunny bank...l 131
blossoms on the river banks.v 138
bank with ivy canopied....n 259
solid banks of flowers.....i 272
sleeps upon this bank*.....a 276
my banks,they are furnish'd.b 226
banks which bear the vine..k 364
upon thy flowery banks to..m 364
torn from thy b's,though far.o 365
bright were its flowery b's..p 365
he gaz'd on its flowery b's..p 365
crisp head in the hollow b.*.u 365
thrice from the b's of Wye*.c 366
on Leven's banks, while.....e 366
scarce-blown violet banks...b 130
a waft from the roadside b...e 156
I know a bank where the*...c 158
covers all the b. with blue...s 159
banks that slope to the.....x 160
here, upon this bank*.....o 235
the b's slope down to the....r 176
word is as good as the bank.h 199
old Time, in whose bank....f 424
Bankrupt-bankrupt of life....s 419
bankrout break at once*.....l 91
Banner-storm their b's fling...h 24
elements unfurled their b's..j 375
b. waves and trumpet.....j 366
wave Munich ! all thy b's...b 457
b. that o'er them was flying..i 457
standard and banner alike...i 457
that banner was proudest....i 457
hang out our banners*.....o 459
the royal banner*.....y 459
star-spangled banner.....h 124
b. with a strange device....n 493
that banner in the sky.....i 329
a song for our banner.....p 329
forest kings their banners...l 432
Banquet are music for his b....s 80
it is a banquet to me*.....g 343
reckoning when b's. o'er....p 365
banquet hall deserted.....j 261
Baptized-b. with holy water...c 21
Bar-nor iron bars a cage.. .....o 66
glowing coals and bars.....f 275
of these worldly bars*.....i 235
law bar no wrong*.....s 308
transfer'd from the bar.....j 102
Barbarous-the b. multitude*...c 56
Barber-in a barber's shop*...j 320
by the b's best razor best....p 321
barbers take a costly care...o 321
I must to the barber's*.....u 321
b's man hath been seen*.....b 322
Barbered-b. ten times o'er*...a 322
Barberry-the barberry bush...h 435
Bard-the b. cannot have two..k 185
b's who sung divine ideas...p 486
Bare-back and side go bare.....i 98
enters the church, be bare..d 364
offences, and strips others b..s 369
spare, and still be bare.....t 464
bare the mean heart that....n 495
b. long after the rest are.....i 438
her head was bare.....a 384
gaunt rocks all were bare...h 422
brown rocks left bare.....l 422
Bargain-we b. for the graves...j 60
bargain to engrossing*.....b 84
a world-without-end b.*....p 257
in the way of bargain*.....h 293
Barge-from the b. a strange*..b 315
the barge she sat in*.....q 381
Bark-b. o'er a tempestuous sea..g 6
dogs delight to b. and bite...d 68
b. merrily goes the bark....h 313
bark is worse than his bite..z 492
bark when their fellows do*..z 102
bark at eminent men.....r 103
kindles the gummy bark....n 436
stand all aloof, and bark*...b 451
bark bay deep-mouth'd.....i 463
b's across the pathless flood..p 381
fatal and perfidious bark....t 381
Barley-ball, and b. breaks.....e 264
Barleycorn-John B. was a....w 467
Barmecide-remember B.....j 407
Barn-crowd the old b. eaves ..o 261
bags are and my barns.....i 462
Barren-a northern b. height..m 436
b. clod the wild fields lie....f 372
cry, 'Tis all barren.....l 333
a barren, detested vale*.. .d 433
long time have been b.*.....v 306
Barrenness-to make his b.....x 336
Barrier-parted by b. strong...w 242
deep b. be of earth or sea.....i 80
Bartered-captive b. as a slave..e 388
b. as the brute for gold .....q 388
Base-knows nothing base.....q 49
from its firm base, as soon...h 72
b. of all things—law and.....p 79
a base, ignoble mind*.....c 266
to what base ends.....d 343
base is the slave that pays*..g 388
Based-b. upon her people's ...q 368
Bashaw-three-tailed bashaw..cc 490
Bashful-b. maiden's cheek ...e 345
Bashfulness-the blush of b....i 490
Basilisk-it is a b. unto*.....hh 497
Basis-broadest b. of a good.....s 4
tyranny, lay thou thy b.*...k 448
religion is the basis of.....d 357
Basket-he held a basket full...e 146
b's overheaped with myrtle..t 147
at hand, the basket stood....c 273
fill your baskets high.....v 128
Bass-piping a low b. on the...d 4 6
it did bass my trespass*.....e 422
Bastard-some call natur's b's..d 141
do not call them bastards*..d 141
Bastion-curves his white b's..n 393
a looming bastion fringed....v 59
Bat-the bat takes airy rounds..b 22
ere the bat hath flown*.....c 22
on the bat's back I do fly*...l 112
where you go with bats*...bb 499
startled bats flew out.....d 29
Bate-b. a jot of heart or hope..e 72
Bath-sore labour's bath*.....p 235
his balmy bath.....p 392
Bathe-b. in the beauty of her.l 275
bathe them in the blaze.....o 22
Bathed-eagles having lately b.*.s 24
Bathing-b. their beauties.....j 161
Battalion-in slow but firm b..n 124
single spics, but in b's*.....g 398
Battering-b. tho gates of.....s 345
Battery-sighs will make a b.*.x 476
incessant b. to her heart....g 480
Battle-danger is half the b.....g 72
he that is in battle slain.....p 73
I not in a pitched battle.*....v 476
freedom's battle once begun.s 228
battles, sieges, fortunes*....b 235
the batttle and the breeze..f 124
on the perilous edge of b....i 458
fall by doom of battle.....k 458
our battle is more full of*...c 460
die well that die in a battle*.s 460
the battle is the Lord's.....w 497
battles of wave and blast....g 242
to overcome in battle.....p 458
than battle ever knew.....q 196
in battle lopt away.....l 312
melancholy as a battle won.h 461
a fearful battle render'd*....e 325
even play of battle*.....b 349
battle ground of heaven....d 484
Battlement-shook our b's*....k 467
with battlements that on...p 501
Bauble-other b's in the tower.p 368
Bawl-that bawl for freedom..m 167
Bay-let us make a bay*.....e 278
madding b., the drunken...o 143
like the bay of Portugal*...w 247
be a dog, and b. at the moon*.g 65
Bayed-b. the whispering wind.d 288
Bayonet-column scattering b.d 457
a thousand bayonets.....g 306
chains are worse than b's..m 330
Bay-tree-b-t's in our country*.m 460
Be-not what we may be*.....x 493
to be or not to be*.....u 72
men should be what they*..m 385
let us, then, be what we are.d 385
Beach-bordering the b. of....d 149

here and there, on sandy b's.n 133
stroll upon the beach.....j 236
dote upon it—from the b....k 322
thirsty b. has listening lain.g 422
Beacon-call'd the b. of the*....h 96
Bead-hopes what are they-b's..j 202
seeing those b's of sorrow*.aa 416
ave-marias on his beads*...p 197
their b's in drops of rain....g 352
for a set of beads*.....e 305
Beak-to thy sable beak.....b 23
Be-all-might be the be-all*....o 235
Beam-keeps his golden b's in.c 147
it casts a brighter beam.....f 379
bright in morning's beam...k 157
b's the shrine of refuge.....p 234
gilt the ocean with his b's*.n 410
as thy eye beams, when*....h 248
beam that hastens on.....v 420
b. long nods from side to..dd 495
candle throws his beams*...k 182
may bless her beams.....l 276
potent thus b. not so fierce..a 375
within thy beams, O sun....f 290
b's of light some day, gild...l 366
whence are thy b's, O sun...n 409
kissed her with his beams...d 410
unpolluted in his beams....f 410
harm his hasty b's would...p 410
the hoist-up of beams.....a 302
Beaming-long, slant rays are b.d 143
Bean-I know the scent of b....c 134
Bear-b. affliction till it do cry*..b 5
let bears and lions growl.....d 68
monarch, warm'd a bear.....u 12
what happens let us bear.....y 65
bear me to sequester'd.....b 70
like the rugged Russian b...w 72
b's it out even to the end*...m 64
bear friends' infirmities*....q 170
flesh and blood can't b. it...q 203
sudden answer you may b..q 155
from thee I learn to bear....h 288
this life ye bear.....c 233
it is to bear the miseries....j 367
as a bear, encompassed*.....b 451
doubly arm'd to bear.....bb 231
he that boldly b's calamity..y 408
they b. one another about...i 241
love enough to b. with me*..g 246
but bears it out even*.....a 247
bear to live, and dare to die..h 191
earth, that bears thee dead*.q 484
to learn to bear is easier.....r 483
sword of heaven will bear*..q 197
he doth bear two loads.....i 199
let her bear no merchandise..v 313
makes us rather bear*.....m 328
b. reproof, who merit praise.r 359
seeming to bear it lightly*..p 463
sing savageness out of a b.*.b 386
b. man from earth to heaven.c 489
b. up and steer right onward.w 112
arms ye forge another bears.u 119
to b. is to conquer our fate..n 117
Bearable-hell is more b. than.q 194
Beard-the beards of Hercules*..v 73
priest, beware your beard*..v 363
what a beard hast thou got*..d 322
at suit of his gray beard*....c 322
whose b they have sing'd*.e 322
shook his beard of snow....m 377
b. his breath did freeze.....g 378
and a forky beard.....q 321
the springing beard began..r 321
hath a beard is more*.....t 321
hath no beard is less than....t 321
Bearded-b. like the pard*.....d 312
Bearing-the b. and training...x 279
Beast-wild beasts came forth..p 288
transform ourselves into b's*.r 214
little better than a beast*...cc 499
man and bird and beast....aa 343
somewhat of the savage b....t 393
a wild beast or a god.....r 395
each savage furious beast....c 485
learn from the beast.....t 309
of all wild beasts on earth...i 475
Beat-felt it beat under my.....r 36
fellow beats all conquerors..l 452
beat of the alarming drum..b 457
heart b's on for ever as of...o 413
two hearts that beat as one..n 449
beat the ground.....b 303
b. your pate, and fancy wit.bb 471
Beaten-he that is b. may be...d 199
Beating-he heats me with b.*...c 163
beatings at the heart.....f 279
Beatrice-so angle we for B.*...a 480
Beau-punctual beaux reward..s 319
Beauteous-b. pansies rise.....l 148
of her b. race the last .....q 140
traveller to the b. west.....a 412
lovely in death the b.....m 333
how beauteous art thou.....h 409
prostrate the b. ruin lies.....t 368
how beauteous are rouleaus..f 462
Beautifier-time! the b. of dead.c 423
Beautiful-old age is b. and free..v 7
the beautiful rests on.....t 17
beautiful in form and.....d 18
I may be beautiful within....g 19
darkness beautiful with thee.y 85
his feathers are more b.*.....h 25
for she was beautiful.....c 125
O thou beautiful rose.....c 152
to the flowers so beautiful...i 140
the beautiful in song .....o 167
beautiful as some fair saint..f 275
Oh beautiful, how soon.....l 276
God's prophets of the b.....y 334
I want to help you grow as b..e 210
roses, beautiful fresh roses..h 154
what it has not, the b.....l 156
all beautiful, but none alike m 158
how beautiful this night....b 290
night, and make it beautiful t 403
is beautiful indeed.....m 239
O God! how beautiful.....u 262
death-bed of a day, how b...q 410
wert a beautiful thought....i 419
how beautiful comes on.....r 330
how beautiful is the rain....d 352
b. girl in the company.....v 469
beautiful it was, falling.....p 393
beautiful than beauty's self.c 397
and one was beautiful.....e 486
how beautiful is youth.....c 487
the beautiful seems right....q 489
b. which like the planets....k 109
how beautiful it blooms.....e 161
violet is less beautiful than.g 148
our serious beauty show....k 149
meek, yet beautiful.....a 150
how beautiful they are.....a 131
Amaranthus, all his beauty..k 132
amid all beauty, beautiful...l 134
she's b. and therefore*.....o 477
beautiful as sweet!.....w 478
is a beautiful woman.....f 475
Beautifully-by degrees and b. e 496
darkly, deeply, beautifully*.x 333
Beautify-thy presence b's the.c 150
Beauty-excellence true beauty..w 8
beauty thus decay.....u 6
beauty soon grows.....m 17
soon as a sweet beauty.....n 17
the fatal gift of beauty.....o 17
we do love beauty at first....q 17
the power of beauty I.....s 17
in beauty, faults.....u 17
beauty should be kind as....v 17
beauty was lent to nature...w 17
a thing of beauty is a joy....a 18
beauty is truth, truth.....b 18
'tis beauty calls, and.....c 18
beauty, like wit, to judge....f 18
beauty of a thousand stars...g 18
beauty stands in the.....h 18
or eye, we beauty call.....l 18
beauty we can virtue join...m 18
beauty, which, neither.....i 18
beauty that addresses.....o 18
as beauty here is won, we....p 18
beauty comes, we scarce.....q 18
beauty doth varnish age*....r 18
beauty is a witch*. .....s 18
beauty is bought by*.....t 18
beauty is but a vain* .....u 18
beauty blemish'd once's*....u 18
beauty provoketh thieves*....v18
beauty's ensign yet*.....w 18
beauty makes this vault*.....y 18
her beauty hangs upon* .....b 19
'tis beauty truly blent*.....f 19
she was beauty's self.....l 19
beauty with a bloodless .....m 19
beauty born of murmuring..n 19
what's female beauty but ....o 19
b. hangs upon the cheek*....b 19
beauty, and salt of truth.....s 36
love of moral beauty.....v 48
it blots thy beauty*.....p 51
daily beauty in his life*.....s 50
with him is beauty slain.....f 91
beauty immortal awakes.....r 79
beauty's transient flower.....t 94
dreamed that life was b. .....s 98
b's languish half concealed...e 35
no power yet upon thy b.*...a 84
mortals all his beauties.....k 45
sport an hour with beauties..g 94
beauty, thinks it excellent*..cc 87
the beauty o thy mind*.....h 89
beauty is repose.....l 108
beauty as a woman's eye*...s 110
in matchless beauty.....a 141
bathing their beauties,.....j 161
urns of blinding beauty.....a 145
beauty, free as air.....m 147
type of beauty, or of power..q 148
to copy beauty's forfeits....r 350
will lose his beauty .....i 305

b. draws us with a single....r 189
to draw true beauty.....t 313
holyday time of my beauty*.p 316
her match in beautie was...c 436
leaves of b. his fruit of balm. r 439
fires are quenched, her b.... i 446
guard their beauties.....f 322
beauty of the lilies.....j 329
beauty of the good old cause f 463
much more doth beauty*...n 385
bright the tear in b's eye....i 490
dissolves the beauty of the..q 423
parallels in beauty's brow*..t 426
b. is its own excuse for.....p 150
beauty's brow with lustre ..u 151
amid all beauty, beautiful...l 134
beauty passeth praise.....i 136
winds of March with b.*....r 137
beauty and her chivalry ...cc 121
hasten to her task of beauty..a 373
smile and girlhood's b.....m 378
rose, with beauty fraught...l 152
from partial beauty won....a 253
for beauty being poor.....e 257
mid beauty and decay, to...a 411
his beauties are best.....q 411
beauty's tears are lovelier...l 415
dream of b. glides away.....r 376
rail against her beauty.....w 224
whose b. did astonish*.....u 331
thou art all beauty.....p 331
truest truth, the fairest b...a 335
poetry is the breath of b....g 339
the soul of her beauty.....t 154
in autumn beauty stood.....e 157
its beauty's secret nearer,...g 158
their brilliant beauty glows..j 158
strewed its beauties.....o 159
eyes, in lambent beauty.....e 403
mortal looks adore his b,*...v 409
music in the beauty, and...h 239
b., should be like in fame...p 451
strength and b. of the soul..c 453
spring up into beauty like..q 177
all the beauty of the sun*...x 247
land where b. cannot fade..n 193
b. and sadness always go....f 494
beauty that shocks you.....o 495
one b. mortifies another.....z 495
beauty no pencil *.....u 499
'tis b. that doth oft make*...s 477
thick bereft of beauty*.....r 476
b. and virtue shine forever..s 472
walks in b., like the night...k 473
b. of a lovely woman.....c 474
Beaver-reputations, like b's...x 359
Because-b. it was he; b. it was..q 243
Beck-when gold and silver b's..d 418
nods and becks and.....w 494
Beckon-which b's me away....c 86
silently beckons afar.....r 279
but time did beckon.....l 232
Beckoning-b. his skill with...a 418
Bed-in bed we laugh, in bed...p 19
approach a bed may show....p 19
bed has become a place.....q 19
early to bed and early.....r 19
with the lark to bed.....o 25
its pendent bed, and*.....f 27
couched in a curious bed* ...c 67
thrice driven bed of down* ..d 78
marigold, that goes to bed*..d 741
from thy dark and lowly b...u 145
cool, deep beds of grass .....i 131
gushing down a rocky bed..l 135
make your bed, or make....x 137
bed of sacred dittany .....b 140
boquet by his bed*.....d 252
bed shall seem a school*.....r 414
will make thee b's of roses..w 15_
bed by night, a chest of.....v 206
make our beds of roses*.....s 154
buried in beds of moss.....y 160
our own delightful bed.....a 289
he will to bed go sober.....q 417
in the bed of honor lain.....r 199
in his bed, walks up and*...g 187
without the bed her other*..i 190
out of his wholesome bed*..c 382
my grave as now my bed ...t 388
to bed and doth not pray...m 344
in his bed did I enjoy*.....b 391
angels guard thy bed.....i 392
thy lamp and gone to bed...p 329
Beddowe-O fair gazelle, O B...r 439
Bedeck-b. the green glade.....q 136
Bed-fellow-strange bed-fellows*e 267
Bedlam-bedlam, or the mint..h 300
Bee-yellow bee, with fairy .....q 23
a bee-hive's hum shall.....c 70
so bees with smoke*..... ....b 74
bee had stung it newly.....b 112
where the bee sucks*.....l 112
bees, humming praises .....b 138
harvest for the honey bee ...d 156
bee with cowslip bells.....aa 159
bees about her hover.....a 136
O bees, sweet bees.....j 212
hum the golden bees.....m 212
they rob the Hybla bees*....d 213
solitary bee, whose buzzing..e 213
the little bee returns.....h 213
how doth the little busy bee.i 213
a hunting with the bee.....g 272
of innumerable bees.....p 286
bee hath ceased its winging..k 376
are furnished with bees.....b 226
smothered b's, as fair cedar..x 335
bees hum about globes.....e 336
sun-shine to the bee.....m 244
the bee sits on the bloom...g 129
lips when bees have stung..a 129
bees around a rose.....a 401
broom's betrothed to the b..m 435
bee sits on the bloom.....g 436
with a bee in every bell.....l 434
bee's swinging chime ... ...l 449
bee from the fox glove bell...l 395
bees made honey.....f 348
bee with honeyed thigh.....i 390
Beech-and silver beech.....m 277
the warlike beech .....j 433
Beef-piece of b. and mustard*.n 100
Been-b. as you, and you as he*.c 119
ends of being, to have been.m 454
it might have been.....v 356
what has been and is not...m 466
that which I have been.....e 45
Beer-there was beer which.....k 98
felony to drink small beer*..k 499
Beersheba-Dan to Beersheba...l 333
Beetle-sharded b. in a safer*,..r 212
scarce so gross as beetles*...a 213
poor b., that we tread upon*..k 213
Befall-the worst that may b.*..q 354
Before-grown old b. my time....s 6
who never loved before.....d 244
not one before another*.....d 171
b. you say Jack Robinson..dd 492
if money go before*.....t 462
time wears all his locks b....o 427
Befriend-fortune b's the bold..p 166
b. thee more with rain*.....i 352
b. us, as our cause is just*....e 43
Beg-and doth beg the alms*...u 235
taught me first to beg*.....v 19
beggar b's that never begg'd*.w 19
of vice must pardon beg*....b 455
beg often our own harms*..m 345
Begem-b. the blue fields of sky. d 403
Beget-the father that b's them*.v 113
to have b. before I ccase.....l 6
love alone begets love.....n 239
gold begets in brethren hate..f 181
or begets him hate*.....d 186
Beggar-b's should (must) be....s 19
a beggar that is dumb.....t 19
beggar that I am, I am*.... ..u 19
teach me how a beggar*.....v 19
beggars mounted, run their*.x 19
whilst I am a beggar, I will*..y 19
such bliss beggars enjoy.....h 66
when beggars die*.....j 85
worse in kings than b's*....y 113
farmer's dog bark at a b.*.....c 13
would not the b. then forget*.d 252
prince what b. pities not*...i 333
deserves to die a beggar.....a 216
holiday, the beggar's shop*..j 197
beggars' feet and heads.....w 316
whilst I am a beggar*.....b 463
Beggarly-b. acct. empty boxes*.e 294
Beggary-no vice but beggary*..y 19
beggary and poor looks*.. ...f 89
there's beggary in the love*.m 248
no vice, but beggary*.....b 463
Begin-together these we can b.q 207
themselves b., as at the.....d 367
where I did b. there shall*...s 235
Beginning-ending and b. still..i 45
our ends by our b's know...n 486
book of beginnings.....c 487
evil beginning hours may...l 489
back on hope's beginning...h 133
bad ending follows a bad b..n 362
true beginning of our end*..l 499
Begone-b. without our grace*..k 55
Begotten-of earth and sky b....n 93
Beguile-so beguile thy sorrow*.e 230
b. the thing I am by*.....r 397
beguile my tedious hours....e 40
thou wert fashioned to b....p 474
Beguiled-enemy hath b. thee..a 167
Behavior-b's from the great*..x 360
Behind-'tis always left behind.r 120
live in hearts we leave b.....o 260
golden age is not behind....c 202
and drew b. the cloudy vale.e 289
onward, and my joy b.*.....g 187
b. a frowning providence...e 348
ling'ring look behind.....f 66
Behold-b. once more thy face...k 1
lilies say: behold how we...m 145

I shall behold your face.....u 259
behold thy friend.....l 169
power to say, "behold!"....i 289
behold me! I am worthy.....i 239
we shall behold them raised.p 175
you behold in me only.....o 309
out of hope, behold her.....o 475
that may behold you never..j 249
and be what they behold....d 294
Beholding-b. heaven and.....z 7
Being-is there a rarer being...h 176
wondrous beings these.....o 21
hath a part of being.. .....c 231
our b. is made up of light...k 231
thns the frail bcings.....a 240
none but he whose b. I do*..t 177
ends of b., to have been....m 454
our being's end and aim....h 191
Beleaguer'd-against b. heaven.u 457
Belfry-devil climbs into the b.m 317
Belgium-B's capital had.....cc 121
Belial-forth the sons of B....j 214
Belie-b. thee daily, hourly....d 348
b. all corners of the world*..q 387
Belied-our fears our hopes b...j 81
Belief-belief consists in.....a 20
belief is the real test.....b 20
if a man's belief is bad.....j 20
within the prospect of belief.*n 20
belief and practice tend.....h 48
constant in their belief.....a 57
mine is the old belief.....l 125
hope, he called, b. in God...r 343
Believe-oft repeating, they b..c 113
we promise, hope believes...m 116
b's 'tis always left behind...r 120
we wish, we soon believe*...p 20
it is better to b. that a man.k 228
western world b. and sleep..j 369
some b. they've none at all..c 473
do you believe in dreams....w 96
well believe this*.....l 263
all men that b. in truth.....t 443
b., because they love the lie.v 443
atheist half believes a God..c 396
hard to believe may seem...p 344
I do believe and take it.....k 56
Believed-never half b. where...b 96
Believer-every b. is God's....l 266
the great believer makes....w 236
b., Christ Jesus presents.....i 442
Believest-when in God thou b..c 20
Believing-the victory's in b....d 20
that to believing souls*....m 195
b. hear, what you deserve.....l 34
one's life with true believing.a443
Bell-bell's responsive peal.....q 20
kirk-hammer strak the bell...r 20
village bells, falling.....t 20
the church-going bell.....u 20
cheerful Sabbath bells.....x 20
convent bell, suddenly.....y 20
the bells of the convent.....a 21
loud, vociferous bells.....b 21
bells have been annointed....c 21
those evening bells.....d 21
those Shandon bells.....e 21
bells jangled, out of time*....f 21
bid the merry bells ring*.....g 21
loud voiced bells stream.....j 21
that lonely bell set in the.....l 21
wild bells to the wild sky.....i 21
under the Old South bell.....g 30
melancholy bells*.....h 46
we ring the bells and we.....e 57
heard the bells on Christmas.g 57
Christmas bells from hill.....g 57
sleeps sound till the bell.....m 81
the merry merry bells.....m 81
music, but our passing bell..r 85
bells do chime, 'tis angels...d 369
foxglove, with its stately b's..i 129
heavy tolling funeral bell...b 339
merry as a marriage bell....d 281
blows out its great red bell..i 158
ever been where b's have*...i 178
bell struck in the night.....n 313
hang porcelain bells.....x 316
with a bee in every bell.....l 434
rung the passing b. for Deity.e 435
b's held in the fairy hands..d 466
our quick souls like bells....g 400
mock the hyacinthine bell..b 110
bells a sweet peal anew.....b 143
light of its tremulous bells..f 146
fringed, and streaky bells...e 133
which is the bell*.....a 255
ever after as a sullen bell*...y 306
the bell strikes one.....j 428
silence that dreadful bell*...s 383
bells in your parlors*.....b 478
Belle-boarding-school belles..h 450
Beloved-she b. knows nought*.f 480
left behind living beloveds.. j 63
He giveth His beloved, sleep.c 415
knew she was by him b.....d 240
Bellow-flattery is the b's*.....g 125
cease now to bellow.....h 404
Bellowed-so strutted and b.*..p 294
Below-and men b., and saints.l 245
wants but little here below...p 89
Belt-drawn for b. about the...b 138
Ben Adhem-lo ! B. A's name...q 284
Bench-b. of heedless bishops.u 308
Bend-though she bends him..c 257
or bends with the remover*.p 208
blue sky bends over all.....a 344
Bending-b. with our fulness..p 152
so bending tries to veil.....r 318
and bending like a bow....m 123
bending above thee.....n 352
Beneath-b. closed lids and....q 389
Benediction-b., God's angels....e 5
silence only as their b..... e 5
the benediction of these*....d 35
had a face like a benediction.a 111
come like the benediction...h 396
benediction o'er their sod...g 441
Benefit-born to do benefits*....q 53
as benefits forgot*.....q 210
can do greatest b. to each...t 174
her b. mightily misplaced*..t 178
Bengala-close sailing from B...e 313
Benighted-b. walks under.....u 49
Benison-our love, our benison*.k 55
like a celestial benison.....aa 54
love the traveller's benison..c 403
Benumbed-we feel benumbed.s 292
Bent-to the top of my bent*....i 88
branches downward b.....r 466
affection cannot hold the b.*.q 477
Bequeath-what can we b.*....a 185
Bequeathed-b. from ancestors*.d 74
Bereft-though thus of all b....z 442
thick, bereft of beauty*.....r 476
Berkeley-when Bishop B. said. l 490
Berry-two lovely b's moulded*.c 171
holly with its berries red....l 437
wholesome berries thrive*...r 295
hedge the frosted b's glow...q 440
gorgeously large luscious b's.i 438
Beseech-I do beseech you*....u 284
Bess-image of good Queen B....o 45
Best-man's best things are.....t 34
content is our best having*..a 67
he prov'd the best man*.....h 72
must be for the best.....v 98
the best remains to learn....t 169
no worse a husband than b.*.f 204
best which God sends.....l 407
best administered is best....b 234
best things are the truest!...q 241
to stay at home is best.....aa 192
afternoon of her best days*..d 497
past, and to come, seem b.*.n 498
b. is b., if never intermix'd*.u 499
best, he is little worse*.....cc 499
b. thoughts came from others.i 351
the best grows highest.....i 438
Heaven's last best gift.....q 464
best is a good wife.....g 465
last and best of all God's....m 475
the last, best work.....a 476
best of dark and bright .....k 473
last, the b. reserved of God..d 476
royal rose sometimes the b...l 155
let each man do his best*....o 414
friendship, which is the b...b 175
our cause the best*.....c 460
then 'tis our best.....d 287
honesty is the best policy...u 198
'tis best, praiseworthy to...m 343
prayeth best, who loveth best.z 343
they say, best men are*.....k 120
b. in me comes from within.a 144
b. married dies married*.....s 258
life's b. joys consist in peace.d 380
reasons b. known to himself.i 465
disputed which the best.....q 385
thy best of rest is sleep*.....o 391
'tis the best you get at all...q 482
doing is our best enjoyment.c 483
shows its best face at first..n 489
Bestow-b., to make her amiable.o475
Bestrid-legs b. the ocean*... .v 367
Bestride-doth b. narrow world*.f 186
Beteem-b. the winds of heaven*.w 4
Bethink-b. yourself of crime*.f 345
Bethlehem-to the King of B....k 137
Bethumped-b. with words*....i 482
Betide-said what shall b.....j 407
Betray-resolve will b. itself...a 109
b. us in deepest consequence*.l445
silence never betrays you...i 383
to betray us in deepest*.....f 88
finds too late that men b....k 474
Betrayed-Briton not betray'd..n 319
b. my credulous innocence..j 431
trusting bosom, when b.....k 431
b. do feel the treason sharply*.v431
b. the Capitol? a woman....w 475
Betrothed-I was b. that day...o 220
Better-still betters what*.....z 3

better than our thoughts.....j 4
to find that better way!.....h 20
better than all treasures.....k 26
better to sink beneath.....g 41
become much more the b.*..m 51
better to be lowly born*.....d 67
to better, oft we mar*.....b 105
better for being a little bad*.k 120
better late than never*.....p 491
better day the better deed..cc 492
be better at thy leisure*....nn 497
striving to b., oft we mar*..cc 498
my dear, my better half....m 500
should be b. than he seems..k 186
better not to be at all.....c 291
did I say a better*.....b 312
return me much a better....f 316
force, give place to better*..b 355
be spared a better man*.....t 356
by you the wiser and the b..f 469
fit it, with some better time*.s 400
good words are better*.....u 481
b. to wear out than to rust..b 483
all the better part of me*....m 485
so much the better.....a 227
men might be better if we...i 228
'tis better to be left.....u 240
friendship is infinitely b....l 172
another and a better world..p 193
I have seen better.....j 277
lightning, 'tis better than...r 458
ever you have look'd on b.*..i 178
better as my strength wears.d 327
less is said the better.....y 326
b. had they ne'er been born.i 449
Betterment–b. their succeeding d419
Between–comes something b...l 117
Bevy–a bevy of fair woman....j 475
Bewail–sit and b. their loss*..f 470
Bewailed–the birds, 'tis said b..n 32
Beware–b., my lord of jealousy* o215
beware of her fair hair, for..n 189
beware the ides of March*..ff 496
beware of desperate steps....m 43
Bezonian–B.? speak or die*....x 400
Bias–weak head with b. rules..u 364
Bible–puffs, powders, Bibles..w 495
Bickering–our ancient b's*....t 111
Bid–who bids me hope.....h 201
what thou bidst.....j 257
because we bid it*.....o 292
what I bid them do*.....s 448
Bidder–withstand highest b...x 455
Biddest–b. unargued I obey...s 464
Bide–b. thou when the poppy p 161
longer summer b. so late....g 208
Biding–b. light that moves not.g 397
Bier–round my bier ye come..c 415
bore him barefac'd on the b.* d 185
bier is vacant in the west...i 386
Big–far too big for words.....v 415
Bigness–the b. which you see.w 297
Bigot–bigots to Greece.....q 75
Bigotry–b. may swell the sail..h 488
Bill–blood-extracting bill.....b 212
I have bills for money*.....c 311
what does he but write a b..x 309
longer than their bill.....s 319
his bill was so yellow.....g 22
Billet-doux–art of writing b...n 315
Billow–sounds the far billow..o 245
winds, that o'er the billows.k 404
blow, wind: swell, billow*..u 404
count the billows past.....a 408
leaves fall into billows of fire.k 410
the billows foam.....v 312
no turbulent billows roar...b 362
billows never break.....v 80
distinct as the billows.....o 323
Bind–fast bind, fast find*.....i 497
bind and loose to Truth.....x 443
b. all our shattered hopes ...u 396
safe bind, safe find.....g 44
ties that bind our souls.....v 63
Bind-weed–slender b-w. springs d134
Biography–subjects for b's.....u 48
of innumerable biographies.a 197
biography the life of a man.c 335
Birch–b. has dropped its tassels j 373
stems of delicate birch trees.n 128
the birch, for shafts.....j 433
the birch-tree swang her....n 433
Bird–b's, on every blooming ...m 21
bird, thou dweller by the sea.d 22
birds have ceased their.....f 22
such a beautiful bird.....g 22
poor bird! how fettered.....p 22
bird always gayest.....a 23
the bird, although.....m 23
cuckoo! shall I call thee bird.n 23
for pity's sake, sweet bird...k 25
bird of the wilderness.....m 25
the birds that sing on.....r 25
unseen, night-wandering b..f 25
O care charming bird.....b 26
bird of dawning singeth*....i 26
sweet bird that sing'st.....o 27
sweet bird that shun'st.....e 28
those golden birds.....m 29
bird of the forest e'er mates..c 29
imagine how the b. was dead* o 29
bird, whose tail's a diadem..p 29
the song-birds leave us.....i 30
'tis a bird I love..... h 30
little bird took from that.....c 31
Britannia's isle, bright bird..f 31
the bird whom man loves....l 31
bird did what she could.....c 31
all sacred deem the bird.....c 31
b. that comes about our doors.l 31
so comes the b. to harm.....h 32
the birds, 'tis said, bewailed.n 32
of all the b's upon that day..n 32
the bird race quicken.....p 32
most diminutive of birds*...c 34
little bird, this boon .....e 34
suppose the singing birds*..f 51
that waken the sweet b's*....u 59
birds' tunes are no tunes....n 78
birds would sing and think*.j 110
birds choose their mates....d 450
singing birds take wing.....t 424
like some sweet bird.....d 259
music of a summer bird.....e 456
thou to b's dost shelter give.c 434
birds in leafy galleries.....j 440
joying to heare the birdes...j 433
ye birds that singing .....a 343
birds were twittering above.w 325
man and bird and beast....aa 343
O comfortable bird.....s 389
birds of brighter bowers are.c 371
breezes tell, and birds repeat.d 372
birds and all its blossoms...h 372
birds are in their song.....q 372
wintry birds are dreaming..b 373
thousand birds had built....g 373
small birds peer and dart....q 373
b's they sing upon the wing.f 374
b. race quicken and wheel..m 374
hear the birds' song.....s 153
the early birds made glad...m 155
when all the birds are faint..l 212
to some new bird each hour.j 271
little b's have almost sung..f 273
birds sing madrigals.....n 365
rod, and bird of peace*.....a 368
like a summer bird.....m 277
b's have left the shivering...n 375
sing, little b.! the rest have.n 375
b's that were summer guests..c 376
b's have ceased their singing.k 376
songs of b's have vanished..p 377
birds were past away.....b 378
b's warbled their sweet opera k 378
parent b. to form a pen.....k 331
the birds were singing.....c 221
joyous the birds.....h 257
birds too full of song.....j 270
Birdlet–b's singing warble....o 372
the birdlets in their best....a 272
b's' warblings have vanished q 377
Birth–our Saviour's birth is*...i 26
I do not remember my birth..f 34
death ye bid us hail our b....j 39
near the birth of Christ.....q 57
sordid birth from fear.....q 71
borders upon our birth.....c 81
no lack before our birth.....l 81
for at thy birth.....p 251
of birth, of fortune.....e 257
have a different birth .....e 276
ignorant of his birth and*...c 309
tender blue bells at whose b..s 130
our birth is nothing.....r 236
the sunshine is a glorious b..e 208
our birth is but a sleep.....q 236
for, since the birth of Cain*.c 176
borrow thy auspicious birth..d 284
noble by birth, yet noble....p 290
jovial star reigned at his b.*..l 403
burden was thy birth to me* f 442
birth. is nothing but our....q 428
as also in birth and death...a 473
Birthday–on all my b's, for....l 151
laburnum on his birthday..d 128
my birthday! how many ....f 34
this is my birthday, and.....k 34
b. is the dispelling of a dream.m 34
a birthday: and now a day..g 34
my birthday lessons are done.h 34
your birthday, as my own....l 34
anniversary of a birthday....m 34
Biscay–Biscay's sleepless bay..j 364
Bishop–bench of heedless b's..u 308
a bishop, what you will.....i 50
hypocrisy of a bishop.....j 69
Bit–had its head bit off by*....j 32
Bite–dogs delight to bark and b.d 68
have smaller still to bite 'em..f 213
shall b. upon my necessity*..f 361
b's and blows upon my body*d 378
dare bite the best*.....bb 254

lest it should b. its master*..h 262
that dost not bite so nigh*..q 210
bark is worse than bite.....z 492
flavours if we b. it through .g 444
Bitter-how b. a thing it is to*. j 191
some bitter o'er the flowers..d 45
world's cruelty is b. bane...v 483
bitter to sweet end*.....c 77
eating the bitter bread of*..e 363
bitter ere long back on.....l 363
bitter is a scornful jest... ..d 216
more bitter far than all.....n 208
bitter to taste .....l 236
make my own less bitter....i 267
Bitterest-that is the b. of all..k 349
Bitterness-b. of death, is hope..a 202
life's worst bitterness.....x 4
leaves that give it bitterness.c 118
Black-b., fearful, comfortless*..q 306
black's not so black.....n 331
are the b. vespers pageants*.p 412
black as the damning drops.c 218
white will have its black....i 495
will make black, white*.....j 88
black and burning as a coal.w 108
now black to the very heart..e 143
O bosom, black as death*...cc 384
Blackberry-as plenty as b.*....v 14
blackberries juicy and fresh.h 438
Black-bird-b-b. and thrush.....e 22
young black-bird built.....g 22
O black-bird! sing me.....h 22
black-bird sings along.....i 22
listen fondly while the b-b...i 22
Black-browed-loving, b-b.*....j 289
Blacker-and you the b. devil*. j 498
Blackness-b. in mountain glen.i 377
b. of that noonday night.....g 78
up the blackness streaking..i 113
to sooty blackness from.....j 30
Blacksmith-beside the b's door.b 301
Bladder-with a slit and a b...k 123
boys that swim on bladders* e 179
bladders and musty seeds*..g 310
Blade-give our shining blades..o 329
not bend a blade of grass....f 164
shook the fragment of his b.s 452
between two b's, which bears*f 217
blade, Toledo trusty.....a 457
heart-stain away on its blade.s 471
Blame-how to order without b.b 14
justly praise, or justly b.....d 77
joyful and free from blame .u 160
neither the praise nor the b.d 491
the other mickle blame*....p 499
she is to b. that has been try'd f 454
we ought to b. the culture..m 295
Blameful-b. as executioners*...j 280
Blameless-pure relics of b. life.g 213
Blandishment-all the b's.....r 73
b's of life are gone.....x 408
Blanc-Mont B. is the monarch.o 279
Blanched-blanch'd with fear*.y 121
Blank-universal b. of nature's..c 91
Blasphemy-shrink not from b..o 75
soldier is flat blasphemy*....n 11
Blast-blot the day and b. the...aa 93
through his heart, fury blast .c 375
blast wails in the key-hole ..e 375
b. of war blows in our ears*.t 459
the rushing of the blast.....l 269
a fuller blast ne'er shook*...h 467
blower of which blast is she..o 466
with contrary b. proclaims..i 115
by wintry blasts unmoved..k 135
many blasts to shake them*.f 408
Blasted-b. with excess of light..a 81
Blaze-bathe them in the blaze..o 22
dark, amid the blaze of noon..f 35
b. forth the death of princes*. j 85
the sapphire blaze.....z 93
scattering wide the b. of day .g 410
creeps the skirting blaze....d 435
greatest can but blaze.....o 115
burst out into sudden blaze.k 115
in each a blaze of scarlet....a 145
into fragrance at his blaze..n 159
wrapping ether in a blaze...a 405
Blazed-as it blaz'd, they threw* e 322
Blazon-do give the five-fold b.* c 178
Bleach-leave them to bleach...l 261
Bleak-bleak in the cold wind*..c 51
in b. and barren places, fresh.a 142
Bleared-b. his eyes with books.q 405
b. sights are spectacled*.....f 343
Bleat-b. the one at the other*..l 211
the b. of flocks; the breath of.b 142
Bled-my heart has bled.....n 442
Bleed-others b. for, b. for me..t 240
they have torn me, and I b..c 441
bleed, bleed, poor country*..k 448
in vain doth valour bleed...q 450
the hearts bleed longest.....o 485
Bleeding-bequeath'd by b. sire.s 228
love lies bleeding.....k 240
Blemish-nature there's no b.*. v 449
Blend-their lighter glories b..p 433
Bless-God bless the King.....b 35
God bless you! I have.....q 34
Jove bless thee, master*.....c 35
God bless us all.....b 35
whose visions bless.....b 70
b. the hand that gave the blow.r 80
when pain can't b. heaven...w 91
with Thee at hand to bless..t 112
to bless the thing it loves...g 243
make her thanks bless thee*.u 418
to bless him, if he can.....c 181
Blessed-b. by Thee in being ....e 60
most bless'd upon earth.....k 99
blessed are peace-makers*...b 331
b. influence of one true.....w 209
and he alone is blessed.. ...i 234
it is twice bless'd*.....j 263
blessed is he who has found..v 482
ah, blessed they who.....c 244
blessed through love.....f 245
all we know of what the b. do..o 194
believed had b. one's life....a 443
Blessedness-found the b. of*....f 4
dies in single blessedness*...d 94
Blesseth-it b. him that gives*. j 263
Blessing-b's brighten as they..e 35
blessings ever wait on.....r 34
blessings star forth forever...o 34
blessings for curses*.....m 53
b's they enjoy to guard.....i 361
steal immortal blessing*....b 222
with this kiss take my b.*.. j 222
a blessing on the Rhine.....k 365
until thou hast a blessing...v 345
b's are plentiful and rife....e 369
expectation makes a b. dear..d 202
is a blessing or a curse.....c 219
such b's nature pours.....w 286
like ev'ry other blessing....u 232
amid my list of blessings...n 442
blessings may appear under..r 327
takes one blessing from us..s 355
Blest-O blest retirement! friend..x 5
blest is thy dwelling-place...m 25
blest and distinguish'd.....l 34
mortals always to be blest...n 34
mortals always to be blest...n 34
blest is he whose heart.....p 34
the blest to-day is as.....a 35
blest with health, and peace..f 70
smiled, and he was blest.....u 472
the islands of the blest.....b 362
I have been blest.....o 260
glowing and blest.....c 221
never is, but always to be b..k 201
ancestors, with little blest..k 295
Blew-milky-bell'd amaryllis b..n 132
trumpet; whence he blew...b 338
blew a loud universal blast..d 466
blew soul-animating strains..h 35
Blind-he that is stricken blind*g 35
perceive that thou wast b...o 179
the bountiful blind woman*..t 178
love is blind, and lovers*....c 247
Cupid painted blind*.....h 247
eyes to the blind.....d 443
unbelief is blind.....h 449
the blind to hear him speak*.c 341
zeal is very blind.....i 488
therefore represented blind...i 218
blind to former.....o 118
blind his soul with clay....j 279
the learned are blind.....x 227
why love must needs be b..q 240
be to her faults a little blind.g 476
Blindness-beauty, or all b.....p 331
only in our blindness.....f 220
oh, blind to the future.....v 175
Bliss-thou art a soul in bliss*...c 5
perfection makes sum of b. .w 17
bliss which only centres in...i 35
bliss more brightly glow.....j 35
sober certainty of waking b..h 35
simplest bliss the millions...l 35
starres lights to eternal blisse m 38
there is such real bliss.....a 79
never-fading bliss .....c 90
bliss was it in that dawn....m 35
falls from all he knows of b.m 355
Thou source of all my bliss..h 341
highest bliss of human-kind.m 395
woe we every b. must gain..e 397
youth dreams a bliss.....a 436
scenes of accomplished bliss .j 193
from that realm of bliss.....o 193
throned on highest bliss....b 103
have but a shadow's bliss*..q 380
the contrary bringeth b.*...h 258
my second bliss in joy.....i 170
should come a time of bliss.j 221
some place the b. in action..x 227
bliss in possession will not..s 216
where ignorance is bliss....e 206
excels all other bliss.....m 265
exceeds all earthly bliss.....v 265
virtue makes the bliss.....53

every bliss in store.....o 241
their bliss to ourselves.....f 245
is the vital principle of b...p 192
it was the bliss within.....u 472
Blissful–b. certainty, a vision.s 242
Blister–name b's our tongues*.a 449
b's on the tongue would....f 321
Blithe–no lark so blithe as he..o 65
O blithe new-comer.....n 23
Block–chip of the old block....r 47
head stoop to the block*.....f 364
Blockhead–a blockhead rubs...s 162
the bookful blockhead.....u 406
when a blockhead's insult..d 216
blockhead with melodious..k 304
Blood–blood more stirs to rouse* l 3
conduits of my blood froze*...n 7
descended of a gentler b.*....c 17
I'll not shed her blood*.....z 18
his blood 'tis said down.....c 31
blood only serves to wash...w 74
blood is the base of all.....p 79
thy king's blood, stain'd*....d 84
drink my blood as.....g 86
blood of tyrants is not.....d 448
one raised in blood*.....l 448
precious blood the cross....d 359
blood inclined to mirth*....t 359
man whose blood is warm*.hh 499
if you do but taste his b....w 467
blood of the wronged and...p 388
b. speaks to you in my*.....z 481
bathed with blood and tears.u 484
blood of all the Howards....l 485
mystic spell written in b...k 488
is in the air and in the b....q 373
beats with his blood.. .....y 279
b. hath been shed ere now*.g 280
shed this costly blood*.....m 280
all the while ran blood*.....d 211
nearness to our sacred b.*...k 219
just raised to shed his b....m 334
flesh and blood can't bear it.q 203
cold in clime are cold in b..f 240
ride in blood*.....h 459
with man's blood paint*....i 459
summon up the blood*.....t 459
in his smoking blood*.....i 460
all the blood within me.....o 242
drop my b. by drachmas*...t 199
simple faith than Norman b.s 182
napkins in his sacred b.*...a 142
guiltless of his country's b..q 114
hath bought blood*.....p 104
that curdled the blood.....e 143
red drops fell like blood.....e 134
freeze thy young blood.....y 121
his blood to the rose.....r 125
blood will follow where.....z 362
to th' fire i' th' blood*.....y 251
the fresh b. in thy cheeks*..y 260
there is no caste in blood...r 412
few drops of human blood....d 448
hot blood hath stepp'd*.....i 308
Blood-stone–its stone, b's.....y 269
Bloody–b. noses and cracked*.n 209
pale-fac'd moon looks b.*...m 460
worse than a b. hand is a*..f 193
we must have b. noses*.....a 461
must often wipe a b. nose....q 67
Bloom–the tender b. of heart...p 35
or sight of vernal bloom.....c 91
generous in its bloom.....n 147
pansies b. not in the snows.f 148
primrose and the daisy b...h 150
leafless b's in a damp nook..p 150
blooms without a peer.....f 149
picture frames of bloom....k 131
the rose-acacia blooms.....r 131
the purple asters bloom....m 133
touched with soft peculiar b.f 134
wealth of tangled blooms....l 135
fire in her dusky blooms...g 136
another rose may bloom ....q 125
myrtle, in their perfect b...j 127
the bee sits on the bloom....g 129
with the crocus's golden b.m 372
O flower, of song, bloom on..g 140
b's the pale forget-me-not...l 140
with cherry b., and moved.m 140
b's nowhere but in Paradise.t 415
in thee, will b. for ever more.v 152
whose bloom is brief.....r 278
if only one could b. for me..l 155
closely clustered bloom.....q 156
the roses were all in bloom..l 159
fresh and upright, blooms..r 159
with'ring in my bloom.....a 316
burst into such breadth of b. d 440
perpetual bloom of roses....u 325
hopes and bid them b. again..u 396
holders like your thorny b's.k 141
blooms modest and tender..p 141
bloom red roses, dewy wet..l 147
winds sink in billowy bloom.k 147
Bloomed–green b. oak and....k 378
the May-flowers bloomed....g 132
there b. the strawberry.....d 132
gardens, that one day b.*... r 347
Blooming–left blooming alone.v 153
the flowers richly blooming..d 70
in summer's green blooming.p 422
Blossom–on cherry blossoms..m 42
new blossom of humanity...b 55
snow of the blossoms dressed.k 31
cut off even in the blossoms*.s 83
to-morrow blossoms*.....n 46
the lonely gentian blossoms.c 141
simplest of b's! to mine eye..b 142
b. that I took was thinn'd...l 142
trees, their blossoms don....g 271
apple into blossom burst....q 371
b., though it be 'mid snows.o 377
blossom flaunting in the eye.d 129
blossom shall breathe down.i 129
rose, that blossoms for a day.d 130
poetry is the blossom and...n 338
red morn began to blossom..a 153
blossoms in the trees.....b 286
rose, the sweetest blossom..b 154
stars will b. in the darkness.k 159
blossoms blue still wet.....k 159
blossom of returning light..q 159
blossom enchantingly shy...i 160
drops each blossom.....b 404
to-morrow blossoms*.....t 235
under the blossom*.....t 264
thus are my b's blasted*....q 267
in star or blossom.....f 270
new blooming blossoms.....k 270
answered by a blossom.....i 270
my blossoms sleep.....k 270
blossom of the almond trees.k 434
white as the b's which.....m 434
b's brave bedecked daintily.n 434
world of blossoms for the bee.a 435
b's and leaves in plenty.....b 435
b's fringe the apple bonghs.c 435
as bullion unalloy'd her b's.k 435
lovely blossoms falter down.f 436
b's in meadow and wood....h 438
dew from leaves and b.. ....e 440
blossom in purple and red..f 250
gratitude is the fairest b....u 183
its yellow blossoms hang...h 435
thou the b. blooming there.p 439
the blossom, nay, the pollen.k 445
magic on blossom and spray.k 450
blossom of the garden dies..c 348
blossoms in the trees.....p 348
starry blossoms, pure and...k 393
bear blossoms of the dead...o 429
b. of the summer hours.....a 144
b's all around me sighing...k 144
when their b's open white..r 145
sweet red blossoms .....d 149
blossoms sweet and red.....p 133
fragrant blossom over graves b 134
cassias b. in the zone of.... e 135
the catalpa's blossoms flew. f 135
crimson b's of the coral tree.l 136
each blossom that blooms.. s 129
rose, that blossoms for a day d 130
still sweet with blossoms...a 371
spring hangs her infant b's.e 371
birds and all its blossoms...h 372
spring with a rush of b's....l 372
trees are in the blossom.....q 372
under the snow-drift the b's h 378
daisy blossoms on the rocks.v 138
blossoms everywhere.....a 139
meadow b. of sunlit spaces..l 139
Blossomed–lilies b. in our path.c 97
primroses that blossomed....o 126
b'd furze, unprofitably gay.p 140
blossomed the lovely stars..o 402
full-b'd trees filled all the air g 369
blossomed and faded.....a 279
Blossoming–morning glories b.o 147
white with b. cherry-trees..i 372
blue violets were b.....m 159
the east is blossoming!.....k 410
Blot–text that looks a little b...s 40
to blot out order.....k 47
blot the day and blast the...aa 93
what they discreetly blot....v 337
creation's b., creation's blank.o 210
dying he could wish to blot.n 336
blot out, correct, insert.....p 337
one universal blot.....e 290
the art to blot.....c 300
names were to blot out the..s 473
Blotch–crimson b's deeply....k 433
Blotted–half-b'd ont with gold a 145
blotted out forever.....e 292
loved one blotted from.....h 90
Blow–hand that gives the b....m 41
perhaps may turn his blow..n 42
chop this hand off at a blow*.h 65
Triton b's his wreathed horn.g 56
hand that gave the blow.. ..r 80
blow wind, come wrack !*....z 98
blow, bugle, blow .....d 101

blows have answered blows* p 104
when most she offers blows* z 165
themselves must strike the b. c 167
perhaps may turn his blow.. l 168
blow, blow, thou winter*... q 210
I wait the sharpest blow*... q 407
blows dust in others' eyes*. j 452
it with a hundred blows*.... o 181
b's and bnffets of the world* n 355
ill blows the wind that*.... j 467
blows no man to good*..... p 467
weed-flower that simply b's. a 155
where the wild thyme b's*.. c 158
sweetly, softly b's the gale.. n 371
bites and b's upon my body*. d 378
of eve that chanced to blow. a 412
blow, winds, and crack*.... m 404
blow, wind! swell, billow*.. n 404
that but this blow*..... o 235
however it blow..... t 122
afraid to blow too much..... l 466
Blower-b'r of which blast is.. o 466
Bloweth-b. no man good..... o 466
knowledge bloweth up..... f 489
Blowing-blowing from the sea f 467
Blown-showers arise, blown*.. s 416
b. with restless violence*..... c 85
Blue-melted in her depth of b. g 159
covers all the bank with b... s 159
the borage gleams more blue j 134
violets, heavenly blue..... j 140
blue heavens above us..... g 271
climbs up the desolate blue. n 275
tender blue of wistful skies. s 374
changed Loch Katrine blue.. n 374
violet's beautiful blue ..... j 126
darkly, deeply, beautifully b. x 323
blue ocean—roll..... s 322
from the unfathomed blue.. n 446
a sea of blue thoughts..... e 109
blue! 'tis the life of heaven.. i 109
blue! 'tis the life of waters.. i 109
blue! gentle cousin..... i 109
blue, boundless heaven..... u 110
blue eyes are pale..... y 110
blue as the spring heaven..., q 161
the b. arch will brighten ... m 449
the blue fields of the sky.... d 403
first the blue..... j 270
under heavens of happy b... e 440
b., the fresh, the ever free!.. d 323
Bluebell-hang-head bluebell... h 134
ring, bluebells, ring..... h 371
Bluebird-b's have contracted... j 22
piped the bluebird..... k 22
woods the b's warble know.. e 159
bluebird with its jocund.... l 271
b. prophesying spring..... k 372
Blue-eyed-came a little b-e.... i 140
Blunder-in men this b. still.... a 61
b's round about a meaning.. v 336
Blundered-she b. on some..... b 452
Blunt-partaken b's the sabre's. g 330
Blunted-fear it should get b... e 471
Blush-blush to give it in..... e 10
friendship's well-feigned b... o 35
blush alone which fades..... p 35
a blush is no language..... q 35
blnsh in the midst of brown.. r 35
cheek be ready with a b.*.... t 35
quench your blushes* ..... u 35
no one to blush with me*.... w 35
perceive whether I b. or no*.. x 35
prolixious b's that banish*... y 35
yet will she blush*..... a 36
the man that blushes is not.. c 36
if you can blush, and*..... x 62
blush the queen of every ... u 151
the blush of even..... d 132
cheek is tipp'd with a b.... m 138
still blush, as thinking*..... b 222
blush, happy maiden..... m 220
a mantling blush..... j 152
to reflect back her blushes.. k 153
blush to see you so attired*. f 122
cheek yet warm with b's.... r 410
should b. as much to stoop.. n 293
born to blush unseen..... x 292
sweet the b. of bashfulness.. i 490
b's all her face o'erspread.... i 446
shame! where is thy blush*. e 381
weep to record, and blush... h 384
blush to find it fame..... q 115
suffused with blushes..... r 161
Blushed-b. like the waves of... n 35
she thought he blush'd*..... z 35
ne'er blushed. unless in..... b 452
we never blushed before .... v 266
water saw its God and b..... f 268
seen its God and blushed.... h 268
with the oath blushed..... e 292
blushed to its core ..... t 127
Blushing-b. apparitions start*. v 35
how pretty her blushing..... b 36
blushing honors thick*..... n 46
blushing like the morn..... h 257
look upon us with a b. face.. c 411
we are blnshing roses..... p 152
blushing, kiss the beam*.... f 278
skies yet blushing with..... f 447
religion, blushing, veils..... g 358
not a full blushing goblet... v 461
Blustering-a b. band..... m 311
tempest and a b. day*..... m 467
Board-all the b's did shrink... k 461
Boarding school-in b-s may.. k 304
Boast-boast itself the fairest.. h 130
boast through time..... d 181
God thanks, and make no b*. r 206
Boasting-where b. ends, there.. w 501
Boat-little boats should keep.. q 43
leaky boat on a sea of..... o 38
b's that are not steered*.... w 165
one boat hard rescued..... q 234
drive the b. with my sighs*. f 417
Boatman-take, O b. thrice..... e 86
Bobolink-b's from silence..... o 22
Body-man's b. and his mind... a 52
patch up thine old body*... aa 61
little body with a*..... l 69
body to that pleasant*..... q 83
yield my body to the earth*.. q 84
why are our bodies soft*..... v 477
b. filled, and mind vacant*.. a 362
the body's delicate*..... q 167
to suffer with the body*..... v 211
make less thy body, hence*. x 417
make the charmed body..... f 265
that body where against*... v 246
bear from hence his body*.. t 184
deposed b's to the ground*.. a 185
fashions to adorn my body*. g 320
soul, the body's guest..... i 399
of the soul the body form... p 399
joint and motion of her b*... t 476
husband commits his body*. b 259
seeming b's but one heart*.. c 171
ask not bodies doomed to die. q 175
winna let a poor body..... f 242
about that b. where against*. v 246
mind that makes the body*.. i 200
supports the body too..... l 200
Bold-be bold, be bold..... u 71
be b. and evermore be bold.. u 71
be not too bold..... ....a 72
bold to leap a height..... h 143
fortune befriends the bold.. p 166
fortune favors the bold..... q 166
b, for life to come is false... u 122
bold John Barleycorn!..... c 214
my satire seems too bold.... c 370
bold of your worthiness*.... u 307
Boldest-b. held his breath.... j 382
Bolt-sharp and sulphurous b.*. p 404
Bolting-you must tarry the b.* n 302
Bond-I'll have my bond*..... g 361
within the b. of marriage*.. f 379
in all the bonds we ever..... v 206
mystic b. of brotherhood.... a 413
sacred b. of blissful peace.... i 173
his words are bonds*..... u 50
take a bond of fate*..... v 118
cancel his bond of life*..... w 363
bond which keeps me pale*. k 289
merely justice, and his b*.. g 219
this bond is forfeit*..... p 219
prosperity's the very b. of*. p 498
Bondage-disguise our b..... p 475
its ark of bondage leaves.... f 396
Bondman-bondman in his*.... b 229
Bondsmen-hereditary b..... c 167
Bone-lay his weary bones*..... g 7
when virtue's steely bones ... c 51
of his bones are coral made*.. i 46
paste and cover to our b's*... r 84
sing'st to her bones*..... f 102
interred with their bones*... s 106
my flesh and sit in my b's... g 374
bone and skin, two millers.. g 203
within my tent his bones*.. w 454
bare-pick'd b. of majesty*... x 459
their bones with industry*.. l 181
as curs mouth a bone..... x 324
grind the bones out of their. e 341
rattle his bones over the..... n 341
Book-I spread my books, my.... a 2
treasures that in books..... k 26
books are the legacies..... f 36
cannot celebrate books..... g 36
books are life-long friends... p 36
books are embalmed minds... q 36
books, books, books..... r 36
ungenerous, even to a book.. s 36
that is a good book which is. h 36
b's that charmed us in youth. i 36
books are delightful..... j 36
you, O b's, are the golden.... k 36
some books are to be tasted... l 36
knowledges remain in books. m 36
worthy books are not..... o 36
farwel my boke, and my..... h 37
out of old bookes, in good.... i 37
books should, not business... k 37

books cannot always please..*l* 37
books should to one of these..*o* 37
great collections of books....*q* 37
living more with books.....*r* 37
a book's a book, although....*a* 37
book come from the heart....*c* 37
time is precious, no book....*d* 37
poorest cottage are books.....*e* 37
God be thanked for books....*f* 37
it is chiefly through books...*g* 37
a book's a book, although....*a* 37
books are the true levellers...*f* 37
that an excellent book.....*j* 37
nations whose books we.....*n* 37
of bokes and of alle good.....*k* 38
choice of friends and books..*s* 38
b's, and thy book's friends...*s* 38
books which are no books....*t* 38
books are the best things....*a* 38
associated certain books.....*b* 38
are many virtues in books...*c* 38
we prize books, and they....*d* 38
gained most by those books..*e* 38
some b's are only cursorily..*f* 38
a taste for books, which is...*g* 38
b's are necessary to correct..*h* 38
showed her that books were..*i* 38
books must ever become.....*j* 38
books which have made me..*l* 38
books which have struck.....*l* 38
starres are poore books.....*m* 38
this book of starres lights...*m* 38
foolishest book is a kind.....*o* 38
books have always a secret...*q* 38
take care, that tak'st my b...*r* 38
choice of friends and books..*s* 38
books which are no books....*t* 38
books think for me.....*u* 38
a book is a friend whose.....*v* 38
books are without rivals.....*a* 39
books are always with us....*b* 39
wise man will select his b's..*c* 39
books are also among man's..*d* 39
books are friends, and.....*e* 39
gentlemen use books as.....*g* 39
b's grow homilies by time...*h* 39
laws die, books never.....*k* 39
no Past, so long as books.....*l* 39
in their books, as from.....*m* 39
in b's, the veriest wicked....*n* 39
needful for you in a book....*o* 39
a good book is the precious..*p* 39
kill a man as a good book....*q* 39
who destroys a good book....*q* 39
books are friends which.....*f* 39
books are not absolutely.....*a* 40
books are as meats.....*b* 40
o'er his books his eyes.....*d* 40
no book can be so good.. ....*g* 40
I'll drown my book*.....*h* 40
I had my book*.....*i* 40
pen from lender's books*.....*j* 40
knowing I lov'd my books*..*k* 40
b's be then the eloquence*...*l* 40
books for good manners*....*m* 40
dainties that are bred in a b.*.*n* 40
that book, in many's eyes*...*o* 40
o'er many books together*...*p* 40
books like proverbs.....*r* 40
choice books are sufficient...*t* 40
it is with books as with men..*v* 40
you despise books ; you.....*w* 40
books, we know, are a.....*y* 40
is governed by books.....*w* 40
books are made from books..*u* 40
tenets with books.....*d* 46
hearts of men are their b's...*n* 49
rural quiet, friendship, b's...*i* 67
an American book.....*p* 69
for the b. of knowledge fair...*c* 91
we may live without books...*l* 99
the hearers like my books....*i* 76
they are books in which....*d* 111
your face, my thane, is a b.*.*x* 111
hides the book of fate.....*p* 118
of the book of books.....*r* 241
may live without books.....*i* 302
when a book is published...*v* 305
some books are to be tasted..*t* 352
man who is fond of books...*e* 353
not read a book, because....*f* 353
ask him what books he read..*h* 353
reader that makes the good b..*k* 353
lover of books is the richest..*r* 353
love of books is a love.....*s* 353
power of a b. by the shock..*u* 353
deep versed in books.....*c* 354
dainties that are bred in a b.*.*e* 354
be all the books you need...*g* 354
within the b. and volume*..*n* 292
b. made, renders succession..*m* 297
he will write a book.....*t* 297
than the books they write...*s* 298
books as affected are.....*b* 299
away at the body of the book..*e* 299
book is public property.....*g* 299
the book is a living voice...*r* 300
this book will live while....*s* 300
b. which hath been culled..*b* 351
infinite book of secrecy*....*a* 348
would shut the book*.....*w* 397
book of beginnings.....*c* 487
no good book, or good thing..*n* 490
read the book of fate*.....*i* 119
that which is in books.....*a* 150
living pages of God's book..*o* 139
needful for you in a book...*c* 170
my b's, the best companions..*i* 229
look at his books.....*t* 229
nature was his book.....*g* 405
bleared his eyes with books..*q* 405
quit your books.....*e* 406
hath thy toil o'er books.....*i* 406
have more minde on thy b's..*m* 233
b's in the running brooks*..*u* 234
b's only partially represent..*s* 237
we prefer books to pounds..*q* 237
me in sour misfortune's b.*..*t* 267
authority from others b's*..*p* 406
bell, book and candle*.....*d* 418
a friend than a beautiful b..*m* 178
books were woman's looks..*q* 475
Book-binder–b-b's, done up in..*o* 184
Bookful–the b. blockhead.....*u* 406
Book-maker–b-m's not authors..*s* 333
Bookseller–if the b. happens..*k* 318
yon second-hand bookseller..*i* 318
Book-shelves–round his b-s's..*t* 229
Boon–with the boon a task.....*n* 98
magical boon, a writer.....*a* 354
they who take the boon.....*l* 276
yea, a boon to all.....*h* 230
peculiar boon of heaven....*n* 173
double boon to such as we..*q* 389
Boot–b. upon the summer's*..*s* 212
appliances and means to b.*.*ii* 499
when bootes and shoes.....*j* 319
with spatter'd boots.....*y* 305
Bootless–with b. labour*.....*i* 33
a bootless grief*.....*aa* 418
Bo-peep–b-p. under her.....*y* 163
Borage–b. gleams more blue...*j* 134
Bore–bore, the steward.....*c* 41
the bore is usually.....*b* 41
report they bore to heaven.. 259
b. the skies upon his back...*e* 405
b. him in the thickest troop*.*b* 451
because they were bores....*cc* 493
thus I bore my point*.....*q* 499
b. at the point of his sword..*u* 152
the bores and bored.....*u* 393
bore too long the smart.....*n* 474
Boreas–sharp Boreas blows....*c* 378
Born–I was born to other things..*s* 9
born in bed, in bed we die...*p* 19
I know the fortune to be b...*l* 35
where the Babe was born ....*h* 57
better to be lowly born*.....*d* 67
I was born an American.....*h* 71
to the manner born*.....*y* 77
to die as to be born.....*n* 79
b. under a rhyming planet*..*o* 479
river, b. of sun and shower..*l* 365
pleasure that is b. of pain....*i* 334
b. with golden stars above..*u* 337
b. for the universe, narrowed..*t* 340
all my loveliness is born.....*l* 154
who ne'er was born.....*i* 234
when we are born we cry*..*w* 235
born and forgot.....*s* 236
born of your hope.....*w* 240
the house where I was born..*a* 261
I was born in a cellar.....*v* 407
those who are well born.....*i* 172
genius must be born, and...*l* 177
well is he b. that may behold..*j* 249
was not born to shame*.....*x* 199
some are b. great, some* ....*c* 186
better had they ne'er been b..*i* 449
b. than the poor planter ....*q* 469
virtuous actions are b. to...*x* 386
in silent darkness born.....*m* 389
'tis better to be lowly b.*....*e* 398
that were not born to die....*s* 114
born in the garret.....*i* 117
b. in the purple, b. to joy..*f* 140
born in my father's.....*s* 169
b, and now hastening to.....*c* 373
Borne–he hath b. himself*.....*l* 72
all things can be borne.....*e* 107
borne more welcome news..*q* 259
often b. inward upon me....*g* 201
life without love can be b...*g* 199
should have borne men*... *e* 477
Borrow–genius b's nobly.....*f* 351
eyes that borrow their*.....*x* 360
who borrow much, then.....*f* 41
b. thy auspicious birth.....*d* 284
days that need borrow.....*i* 491
Borrowed–it in a b. name.....*u* 310
Borrower–a b. nor a lender*....*d* 41
Borrowing–b. dulls the edge*..*d* 41
b.. goeth a sorrowing.....*e* 41

Bosom-dyed her tender b. red..c 31
her bosom white as .....e 18
points thy bosom pressed....f 31
my b's lord sits lightly*.....h 97
quiet to quick b's is a hell...w 61
thatmutinies in a man's b.*..q 62
that slumber in its bosom....v 79
go to your b.; knock there*.h 120
slips into the b. of the lake..l 161
slip into my bosom.....l 161
fade upon that b. warm.....r 144
spring upon the bosom of...q 372
the bosom of that sea.....d 257
fills my b. when I sigh.....g 260
friend of my bosom .....s 169
pure b. of its nursing take..i 364
I follow with my b. bare.....e 209
a pastime to harder b's*.....i 286
within the b. of the rose?...a 155
b., that never devotion.....b 155
on the bosom of the year....n 156
points her enamoured b.....s 157
into the bosom of the sea*...v 289
bosom of old night on fire...y 403
reasons turn into your b's*..o 263
arms and bosoms prest.....c 264
bosom of our adversaries*...r 459
b. of the ocean buried*.....e 408
transparent b. of the deep*..h 248
hang and brush their b's....k 189
in their accursed bosoms ...a 448
her seat is the b. of God.....r 357
wring his bosom is to die...e 359
O bosom, black as death*...cc 384
clouds their chilly b's.....l 393
out of the bosom of the air..q 393
men's business and bosoms..e 489
O bosom, black as death !*...cc 384
Both-enjoy'd, if b. remain*....f 56
Bottle-his leathern bottle*.....c 67
great desire to a b. of hay*..o 295
a little for the bottle .....n 491
Bottom-hath an unknown b*.w 247
stand upon its own b.....r 360
tho' anchor'd to the b.....m 161
yet could sound thy b.*.....i 260
draw the huge bottoms*.....k 313
Bough-high amid the b's*.....c 32
shnns on lofty b's to build...p 26
on the swaying bough.....a 34
sappy boughs attire.....a 433
flowery chaplets on thy b's..c 434
bonghes were beaten with..h 439
'mongst boughs pavilion'd..l 395
birchen b's with hazels.....h 130
breathless boughs hung.....i 409
hangs on the bough*.....t 264
sunshine steeps your b's*...p 269
that bearing b's may live...o 295
touch not a single bough....o 432
Bought-for which is bought..c 236
never to be b., but always...f 191
b. it with an hundred blows*o 181
I have bought golden*.....e 324
because you bought them*..h 388
God's own image bought....q 388
Bound-on, with reckless bound.d 32
flaming bounds of space.....z 93
bound to serve, love and*...y 476
bnt hath his bound*.....d 229
he fills, he bounds .....b 286
leaps with delirious bound.q 322
Boundary-b. between the.....g 389
Bounded-b. o'er the swelling..i 313
Boundless-blue b. heaven....u 110
as boundless as the sea*.....t 247
dark-heaving; boundless...a 323
bonndless ocean space .....z 323
whole b. continent is.....p 342
b. contiguity of shade.....x 394
boundless continent.....g 484
Bounty-for his b. there was*..n 53
kindest, bounty of the skies..l 34
largest b. may extend* .....m 120
pensioner on the bounties..r 105
b., there was no winter in't*v 367
those his former b. fed.....m 210
large was his bounty.....i 413
my bounty is as boundless*.t 247
Bouquet-a most delicious b.* d 252
Bow-b. that guards the Tartar i 276
bow themselves, when*.....r 312
b. to that whose course is...b 492
dew drop paints a bow.....s 93
bow is bent, the arrow flies..c 117
unto the bow the cord is....c 257
than these knees b. to any* .j 345
throne, bid kings come b.* .g 397
two strings unto your bow...x 68
knees to your Creator bow..c 485
Bowed-how b'd the woods....d 295
Bowels-out of the b's*.....y 73
Bower-keep a b. quiet for us...a 18
into the pleached bower*....n 142
woven its wavy bowers.....o 142
a jasmine b., all bestrown...v 143
all the fragrant bowers.....l 134
make your bower.....x 137
birds of brighter bowers are c 371
from fair Valclusa's bowers.g 364
sings within thy bow'r ....m 221
laurestini shall weave b's...o 377
autumn, in his leafless b's...a 377
holly bower and myrtle tree j 240
wreathed thy bowers.....a 240
perfumes th' Olympian b's..l 153
there's a bower of roses.....s 153
rose sat in her bower.....w 154
b's of never-fading thought.q 420
into the bowers a flood.....g 269
amidst these humble bowers x 200
'mid bowers and brooks.... c 466
crouching 'midst rosy b's .. t 358
winds that stir the bowers.. d 467
its high, luxuriant bowers. .j 439
Bowl-in a bowl to sea.....r 162
bowl between me and those .h 376
give me a bowl of wine*.....n 468
Box-box where sweets.....a 372
account of empty b's*..... e 294
Boy-boys must not have th'.....t 5
wanton boy disturbs her nest c 31
my boy, my Arthur.....j 55
boys are we to the gods*.....j 77
boy has done his duty.....l 98
I shall see my boy again* ...g 194
boy's will is the wind's will p 465
claret is the liquor for boys h 468
boys that swim on bladders* a 347
who would not be a boy.... d 486
back again, a second boy....i 487
a school boy's tale.....e 490
than when I was a boy.....f 20
b. have not a woman's gift*.s 178
Boyhood-b's prime hath fallen.o 169
the boyhood of the year.....l 373
Bracelet-string, make b's.....e 369
here the b. of the truest*....l 305
bracelets of thy hair*.....b 480
Brag-is left this vault to b. of*.c 94
brags of his impudence.....k 298
Braggart-b's, jacks, milksops*.m 387
knows himself a braggart*...e 74
prince of braggarts is he.....l 22
Bragging-the brow of b.*.....x 360
Brain-when the b's were out*..h 75
visions of a busy brain.....l 96
mere productions of the b....s 97
busy brain creates it own....d 97
work like madness in the b.o 240
very poor and unhappy b's*.m 214
chambers of the brain.....r 261
knock'd out his brains*.....a 265
the brains of my Cupid's*...l 248
curious art the brains.....m 419
whatever comes from the b.bb 492
forced into the brain.....i 291
when our brain it enters....b 321
bounded in a shallower b...e 462
schoolmasters puzzle their b.e 468
of phrases in his brain*....m 414
the heat-oppressed brain*...d 121
brain of this foolish*. .....e 227
his brains could not move...s 227
my brain, my brain.....p 211
from hard-bound brains....t 336
the very coinage of your b.*.g 207
Brake-run from b's of vice*..n 235
Bramble-as is the b. flour.....k 134
the b. cast her berry.....n 433
Branch-branches spread a city.d 30
a green branch swinging....o 372
b's hide a sad, lost spirit.....i 441
dark-waving branches.....j 438
topmost b's can discern.....g 439
your trembling b's played..h 440
their giant b's toss'd.....g 323
faithful are thy branches....h 437
branches downward bent....r 466
with close uncrowded b's...r 147
thy b's ne'er remember.....b 274
amid the branches high.....b 281
superfluous b's we lop away*.p 295
Branchless-yours so b.*.....b 200
Brand-off with b's of fire*....e 322
Brandy-a hero must drink b..h 468
glass of brandy and water...f 468
Brasier-a brasier by his face*.u 111
Brass-evil manners in brass*..e 360
a stronger guard than b.....s 455
walls of beaten brass*.....i 235
clods of iron and brass.....c 301
Brassy-from brassy bosoms*..d 311
Brave-the brave live on.....r 73
whoever is brave should be...s 41
truly brave, when they.....h 41
toll for the brave.....i 41
so that my life be brave.....j 41
the brave love mercy.....l 41
brave deserves the fair.....o 71
there's a brave fellow.....v 71
spring of all b. acts is seated.q 71
'tis more brave to live.....d 72

coward, and the brave.....o 81
of woman born, coward or b.x 91
art the torturer of the b.....a 359
O brave poets, keep back....a 335
fears of the brave.....t 232
the home of the brave.....h 124
the brave lives on.....x 408
what's brave, what's noble*.d 451
on ye brave, who rush.....h 457
souls were full as brave.....u 196
intimidates the b., degrades.y 188
even with the brave.....j 311
in the brave days of old.....o 449
how sleep the brave.....f 329
stood still the brave.....s 381
makes the coward spirit b...t 357
Braved-b. a thousand years...x 312
Bravely-a great man quotes b.c 351
press bravely onward.....n 488
Bravery-upon malicious b.*..p 214
true bravery is shown by....n 41
double change of bravery*...p 13
Bravest-appal the b. soul.....k 404
bravest at the last* .....b 409
the b. questant shrinks*....f 200
bravest are the tenderest....i 312
was discipled of the b.*.....o 174
Braving-loves b. the same....n 413
Brawl-I'll rail and brawl*.....r 258
Brayed-b. horrible discord....g 458
and b. with minstrelsy*.....o 264
Brazen-wheels of b. chariots..g 458
Breach-more honor'd in the b.*.y 77
once more unto the breach*.b 460
Bread-he took the b. and brake k 56
crust of bread and liberty....n 99
met with home-made bread .a 198
unsavory bread, and herbs..b 198
always smell of bread.....b 302
here is bread, which.....g 302
bread is the staff of life.....t 302
not give the bread of life....i 317
cutting bread and butter....c 501
when you pine for bread....f 341
grossly, full of bread*.....i 280
the touch of holy bread*....o 221
with distressful bread*.....a 362
bitter fare is others' bread..w 266
beg bitter bread.....l 312
Breadth-ever widening, b.....e 9
Break-a dream, a trifle breaks..t 97
breaks a thread in the loom..m 98
you may break, you may....j 153
setting sun b's out again....f 411
this heart shall break into*.o 416
no time to break jests when.c 216
will b., yet brokenly live....g 231
but some heart did break....i 188
man breaks not the medal..m 449
such partings b. the heart...i 326
weave a chain I cannot b....e 421
but break, my heart*.....o 383
not break her to the lute*...w 477
I'd break her spirit, or I'd...i 256
that break his law*.....n 280
Breaker-along the b's fly.....d 22
I wanton'd with thy b's.....p 322
Breakfast-to b., with what*....x 13
Breaking-sad b. of that.....w 368
now hearts are b. in this..aa 186
while my heart is breaking.r 326
heart is b. for a little love...n 369
b. waves dashed high.....g 323
b. heart and tearful eyes....u 474
Breast-look in its swelling b....h 30
pious bird with the scarlet b..l 31
bird of ruddy breast.....c 31
b. to-night shall haunt in....d 32
with your golden breast.....e 34
in her b. the wave of life.....j 81
let the shaft pass by my b...r 117
much troubled breast*.....p 110
on the lake's calm breast....g 161
I take the land to my breast.n 138
moles in their scarlet breast.v 127
fold thy palms across thy b..d 362
place me on that b. of snow.a 152
that trembles in the breast..t 344
purpose in the glowing b....l 304
on her white breast.....u 304
may tosse him to my breast.r 253
that is kind in woman's b...i 259
shame on those b's of stone..p 415
the sunshine of the breast...o 415
round its breast the rolling..s 279
breast and burning brain...m 222
it drains the breast.....n 216
in the human breast.....k 201
depth of her glowing breast..t 154
once it lay upon her breast..v 154
in my b. spring wakens.....t 160
within his own clear breast..c 237
and place them on their b...a 240
tear his helpless breast.....t 358
it lays the b. of nature bare..e 370
inhabit in my breast*.....j 262
descended deep into the b...l 417
as that within my breast*...p 248
strong for one lone human b.e 421
his brest a bloodie crosse.....c 356
b. its long forgotten peace..q 357
which heaved her breast.....u 472
Breastplate-b. made of daisies.b 138
what stronger breastplate*..v 219
Breath-'tis breath thou lack'st*.o 4
for breath to reinspire him...e 32
his breath like caller air.....r 49
the word had breath.....t 56
every b. of eve that chanced.a 60
call the fleeting breath.....x 80
for the dying breath.....w 80
this life of mortal breath.....a 82
without a b. to break repose..p 82
breath which frames.....q 82
honey of thy breath*... .....a 84
you, the doors of breath*.....b 84
life that breathes with.....a 86
a breath can make them.....v 86
be discharged of breath*.....k 91
while you have it use your b.d 98
breath and strength of every.e 410
the moment of his breath...x 233
borne my breath away.....a 261
weary of breath.....o 267
a b. revives him or a breath.c 179
by summer's ripening b*...p 248
at everie little breath that...n 434
melted, by the windy b*....s 324
to the latest breath..... ....a 327
so fair, she take the breath of.y 472
breath of an unfee'd lawyer*.o 308
out of breath with joy.....l 466
boldest held his breath for...j 382
b. rides on posting winds*..q 387
have breath and tears.....g 389
such is the breath of kings*.w 481
before thou giv'st them b*..x 481
bubble with his prophet b..u 144
pure b. sanctifies the air....s 144
created by his breath.....l 253
b. like silver arrows pierced.l 377
sweet as the b. that opening.t 271
scarce a breath disturbs.....n 376
b. was mixed with fresh odor.v 130
good man yields his breath..s 207
I have not flatter'd its rank b.s 208
although thy b. be rude*....q 210
eglantine exhaled a breath..o 155
summer's ardent b. perfume.n 156
b. of eve that chanced to .....a 412
departing b. was sweeter....d 160
take my breath from me*...e 409
breath and words that burn..z 419
breath of autumn's being...q 467
Breathe-b's there a man with..c 71
worse than a man can b.*....m 72
breathes a little longer.....r 82
breathe gently as they go....i 136
thou can't breathe her soul..t 282
breathes in our soul.....b 286
breathe soft, ye winds.....k 330
breathes from the blue sky..f 466
they breathe truth, that b.*..c 482
who breathes must suffer....i 234
b's upon a bank of violets*..o 283
Breathed-this day I b. first*...s 235
Breathing-b. soft and low.....j 81
rose be as sweet in its b.....v 151
fresh b. of to-morrow creep..l 277
breathing of the north*.....p 221
breathing of the sea.....aa 323
without b., man as well. ...r 358
breathing grows more deep..a 466
she sleeps, her breathings...b 392
Bred-where is fancy bred*....j 116
in the kitchen bred.....i 117
not bred so dull*.....y 464
dainties that are b. in a*....e 354
Breed-where he b's life to feed..s 80
how use doth b. a habit*.....a 78
where the wood-pigeons b....f 30
unnatural deeds do breed* ..c 359
long demurs b. new delays..o 427
Breeder-nurse and b. of all*...b 427
Breeze-chance sends the breeze.q 44
on every passing breeze.....f 81
dew-drops in the breeze.....q 93
sweet as the breeze.....t 271
cradle of the western b.....e 371
b's tell, and birds repeat....d 372
breeze just kiss'd the lake...n 374
ever-fanning b's on his.....b 375
wandering b's touch them..b 281
when the breeze was gone...u 281
can flowery breeze.....r 153
breath of autumn's breeze..a 158
refreshes in the breeze.....b 286
the battle and the breeze....f 124
far as the breeze can bear...v 312
breeze from the northward..h 313
with the ruffling breeze.....l 313
that balmy breeze is ours...d 467
in b., or gale, or storm..... a 323

b. that makes the green.....c 432
leaflets, that nod in the b...d 144
mild b. unfettered wave.....u 145
from the breeze her sweets..j 146
stole a breeze most softly...m 149
wing of vernal b's shed.....d 133
the March breezes blew.....t 137
dancing in the breeze.....u 137
flower, that, in the breeze...q 140
softest b's o'er thee pass.....g 159
the breeze is softly sighing..l 374
soft b. that wanders far .....e 130
honors to the passing b.....a 411
the merry b's approach .....b 435
b's stir the spiry cones.....f 435
b. at its frolicsome play.....h 438
tender b's greet us as of.....c 439
in the b. were wantoning...n 439
refreshes in the breeze.....p 348
wafted by a gentle breeze ...v 399
Breezy-b. call of incense .....f 277
shaken from breezy wafts...m 411
steal the breezy lyre along...e 467
Brethren-b. to the sight.....g 330
Brevity-b. is the soul of wit*..g 472
Brewed-well b., long kept it..r 468
Brewing-b. towards my rest*.k 412
Bribe-to poor for a bribe.....p 165
small discredit of a bribe...q 307
our fingers with base b's*....p 64
Brick-b's one after another...d 309
b's are alive at this day*....b 309
Brick-layer-became a b-l.*.....c 309
Bridal-flower whose early b...h 133
our bridal flowers serve*.....h 46
b. of the earth and sky.....o 78
Bride-darkness as a bride.*....m 84
so like a bride, scented.....f 158
who'll be my bride..... .a 140
the bride about the neck*...c 222
gain a soft and gentle bride.u 239
wife is dearer than the b....n 464
is a b. superbly dressed....aa 483
fashioned for himself a b...o 478
Bridegroom-dreaming b's*....o 257
to want the bridegroom*....c 259
Bridge-Horatius kept the b....c 72
arch of London Bridge.....c 58
the Bridge of Sighs.....x 58
faith builds a bridge.....j 113
onward to the far off bridge.d 365
cross the b. till you come...d 201
no bridge can love to love...i 245
golden b. is for a flying.....b 355
Brief-as b. as I have known*..f 294
with his brief hours*.....a 247
the meek suns grow brief...y 465
Brier-from off this b. pluck*.n 154
red rose on triumphant b.*..r 154
leaves herself upon the b...r 128
grieve a bragging brere.....i 435
Brig-pool and wooden brig.....f 32
Bright-b. thing with dreary ...n 80
all that's bright must fade...c 87
making b. the night .....t 280
the b. and glorious sky.....x 225
bright with yellow glow.....j 157
bright in morning's beam...k 157
how bright was the sun.....q 411
dark with excessive bright..a 237
and enjoy bright day.....c 237
how bright and fair.....s 262
calmly clear, more mildly b.v 454
bright or young or fair.....v 244
little room so warm and b...l 198
b. and jovial among your*...s 188
bright, radiant, blest.....o 311
stars unutterably bright....n 386
stream so bright*.....j 110
in b. or cloudy weather.....d 148
for those roses bright.....s 151
yonder flower so strangely b.c 135
all men love, they be so b....t 138
best of dark and bright.....k 473
Brighten-b. Autumn's sob'rer.i 376
b's ! how the style refines...d 340
the blue arch will brighten..m 449
joy brightens his crest.....u 92
b. as they take their flight....e 35
Brightening-b. to his bridal...v 97
Brighter-b. fields on high.....b 139
brighter it reaches through..k 410
emits a brighter ray.....w 200
look b. when we come.....i 463
Brightest-though the b. fell*...s 10
hope is b. when it dawns...p 201
brightest still the sweetest...b 45
its hues are brightest.....d 81
the b. still the fleetest.....c 87
Bright-eyed-buttercups, b-e..n 134
Brightness-the b. of our life..j 201
flushing b. on the dewy steep a 153
no sun to call her b. forth...x 153
hath the violet less b.....e 160
some b., or some goodness..v 240
Brilliant-b. flower the painted c 148
so soon to fade, so b. now....l 152
Brimmed-b. with sweetness..g 127
Brine-eye-offending brine*....e 416
'tis the best brine*.....a 417
and on the level brine.....t 381
Bring-much money as 'twill b.j 485
b. the tulip and the rose....j 158
Bringer-b. of unwelcome*....y 306
Bringing-in good b. up*.....h 304
Brink-a spring upon whose b.c 133
we stand upon its brink....m 427
Briny-b. riv'lets to their.....l 417
Brisk-when some b. youth....t 318
to brisk notes in cadence...w 302
Britain-Britain is a world by*.k 69
if not on martial Britain's...s 311
Britain in winter only knows f 322
Britannia-B. rules the waves...q 69
Britannia's isle, bright bird. f 31
British-glory of the B. queen. a 360
Briton-B's never shall be slaves. q 69
a Briton, even in love.....c 330
Broach-your broaches, pearls*.g 305
Broad-by broad spreading, it*.d 179
b. as the world, for freedom..l 49
Brocade-one flutters in b.....s 165
Brocaded-b. o'er with names..u 423
Broidery-b. of the purple.....g 144
Broil-take delight in broils*..a 318
Broke-as easy b. as they make* g 477
at length broke under me*...e 179
broke the die, in moulding. q 356
Broken-or my poor heart is b..k 25
b. with the storms of state*...l 53
him that hath once b. faith*.s 61
zephyrs thro' the b. pane....r 488
tongue had broken its chain.t 429
restrained, a heart is broken. l 480
may heedfully be broken*...b 292
or wound a heart that's b...q 481
round broken columns .....p 143
Broken-hearted-ne'er been b-h.r 239
half broken-hearted to sever.j 326
Brooch-none who wear such b's e148
Brood-broods in the grass.....n 22
puts forth another brood.....a 45
she broods above the happy.h 144
brood thy call obey.....q 261
devour her own sweet b.*...f 426
Brooding-over all things b....n 238
Brook-I better brook than*.....a 78
little brooks that run.....u 41
sweet are the little brooks....u 41
music of the brook.....a 42
brook ! whose society.....c 42
a willowy brook, that.....c 70
b's set free with tinkling....j 270
where the brook is deep*....v 498
b's send up a cheerful tune..g 184
b's make rivers, rivers run..g 189
'mid bowers and brooks.....c 466
only from the liquid brook ..t 417
where the b. and river meet..e 487
the brook its music hushes..h 371
like a sunflower by a brook..c 380
dimpled b. and fountain....u 138
flowret of the brook.....k 140
when b's send up a cheerful..c 272
of oozy brooks.....f 273
too happy, happy brook.....b 274
b. into the main of waters*..p 367
yellow sunflower by the b..d 126
near the running brooks....d 338
brooks are running over....a 157
sunflowers by the sides of b's. n 157
o'er wandering brooks and..c 159
brook cries like a child.....e 404
brawling brook and cave....q 404
the monarch of the brook...d 124
books in the running b's*...v 234
sparkling with a brook.....l 330
beside the brook and.....b 141
many a babbling brook.....m 133
Brooked-b. the eternal devil*..j 368
Broom-hang yellow broom.....g 70
sent, with broom, before*...j 325
Broom-flower-swees is the b-f..d 131
to me, yon humble b-f.....j 435
b-f. contends in beauty.....l 435
b-f's betrothed to the bee...m 435
O the b-f., the yellow b-f....n 435
season, when the b-f.....o 435
Broomstick-mortal man is a b..j 255
Brother-house and hurt my b.*.. l 2
all can say my brother here ..e 53
all the brothers, too*.....i 55
half brother of the world.....c 69
death, and his brother sleep..p 85
and his brother, sleep .....p 85
with brother spake no word..k 95
like brother andbrother* ...d 171
unless a brother should*.....l 268
were he my brother, nay*...k 219
brother to death.....m 389
that's like my b's fault*.....h 120
scan your brother man .....j 228
my brother man, beware....q 280

more than a brother.....s 169
b's and sisters lawfully may.n 120
b. should not war with b....k 457
forty thousand brothers*....c 246
a smoker and a brother?....n 320
Romans were like brothers..o 449
call'd my b's father, dad*....i 482
if he wrong'd our brother...h 479
Brotherhood-mystic band of b.a 413
most tender brotherhood....r 345
common b. in pain.....v 396
Brow-round the church of B..a 369
Brought-she had not b. forth*..a 249
Brow-threatening, unkind b.*.p 51
brows have ached for it.....a 445
furrows on another's brow..p 428
that binds his brows.....d 304
b. shame is asham'd to sit*..x 199
wrinkle on thy azure brow..f 423
black brows they say*.....p 111
arched bent of the brow*....n 110
Brow-bound-b-b. with the oak*p 72
Brown-midst of b. was born ...r 35
b. eyes running over with ..y 110
b. apples gay in a game.....j 376
Brownness-b. of thy breast.....f 31
Bruce-Scots whom Bruce has..g 456
Bruised-b. with adversity*.....i 4
bruis'd heart was pierced*..s 481
Bruitish-into some b. form....i 214
Brush-farmer burns his b.....d 435
to brush the surface.....m 68
Brute-not quite a brute.....c 36
b's soon their zenith reach..g 355
silent b's to singing men....u 227
et tu Brute*.....l 431
brutes have no wisdom .....c 469
that brutes have reason.....d 355
lord of the fowl and the b...w 394
been brutes without you....v 475
Brutus-Cæsar had his B.....w 106
B. makes mine greater*.....q 170
woman that Lord B. took*...c 477
what, is Brutus sick* .....c 382
there was a Brutus once*...j 368
B. is an honorable man*....v 199
Bubble-like the bubble on the..l 83
bubbles we buy with..... j 60
the earth hath bubbles.....o 484
the world's a bubble, and....s 483
b. with his prophet breath.n 144
thin clear bubble of blood...i 158
whose life is a bubble.....v 230
honour, but an empty b.....t 332
seeking the b. reputation*..d 312
borne, like thy bubbles.....p 322
b's on the sea of matter*....y 495
Bubbling-b's ne'r remember..b 274
Buckets-of dropping buckets..y 93
Buckler-a better buckler I can.h 43
Bud-b's and withers in a day..k 45
in the sweetest bud*.....d 87
bursts its green bud..... ..g 154
a brier rose, whose buds....d 156
when beechen buds begin...e 159
buds and blossoms like the..t 160
b's that open only to decay.d 129
the bud to the bee.....q 262
bursting bud, and smiling..j 270
the green buds are long....j 128
read what those b's disclose,k 152
every brilliant b. that blows.n 156
in every bud that blows ....e 286
swelling buds are crowned..q 370
as the most forward bud*...c 249
in buds, and odors.....n 315
swelling buds their od'rous.s 469
grew like two buds that kiss.l 449
groves put forth their buds.g 437
leap of b's into ripe flowers.o 150
of all the bonny buds that..d 148
buds in Camadera's quiver..b 133
tender buds have blown.....f 133
some random b. will meet...l 138
humble buds unheeded rise.a 139
slow buds the pink dawn...b 277
I'll worship each bud thou..i 153
shakes all our buds*.....p 221
b's the promise of celestial..t 347
Budded-b. from the bud of....e 374
Budding-among the b. broom.f 144
budding at the prime.....b 274
brought a budding world...h 128
rose is fairest when 'tis b...g 130
Buffet-b. round the hills from.c 101
blows and b's of the world* n 355
Buffoon-a hired buffoon.....x 305
Bug-with a bug in your ear...q 250
Bugbear-to the world no b....o 341
Bugle-blow, bugle, blow.....d 101
bugles sound the truce.....f 331
Build-b. a new life on a ruined..o 8
too low thep build.....d 10
b. your homes amidst green..n 21
b's on the ground her lowly..r 25
shuns on lofty boughs to b...p 26
to b. his hanging house.....b 33
when we mean to build*.....d 44
so late to build in Chaos.....q 74
the man who builds.....x 163
the lowest bnilds the safest..v 202
b. it up as chance will have.h 207
when we build, let us think.t 296
give them truth to b. upon..e 444
is he, that b's stronger*....m 322
build me straight.....l 381
help to b. the wooden wall..m 381
I hate the man who b's his.w 386
earth b's on the earth castles.c 484
Builded-their lives were b....j 296
builders wrought with.....q 301
the house-builder at work...a 302
he can only be a builder....q 296
true ship is the ship-builder.h 381
Buildeth-charity buildeth up.f 489
Building-the building fall*...j 262
b's are but monuments.....r 85
Built-castles are cunningly b.o 482
all we have built do we.....i 230
Bullet-the bullet comes.....s 329
Bullion-and bright, as b.....k 435
Bullock-b's personals, as if...g 301
so they sell bullocks*.....i 301
Bulrush-and the b. nods.....a 226
Bulwark-her b's who can .....p 358
the surest b. against evil....j 175
to scale their flinty b's*.....u 180
Bunch-b's a peuny, primroses..g 150
Bungler-every bungler can....t 313
Bunting-took the lark for a b*j 26
Buoyant-youth! how buoyant b 487
Burden-this the b. of his song..o 55
the burden of the song.....h 138
bear the burden and the heat i 239
rolls its awful burden.....a 405
a sacred burden is this life..c 233
to friendship every b's light e 173
honours are great burdens...i 199
b. was thy birth to me*.....f 442
to bear her burden*.....w 328
ev'n wit's a burthen .....j 471
Burial-let the burial rite be....x 82
nor burials few.....w 85
to kiss her burial*.....g 262
respect and rites of burial*.w 454
Buried-b. was the bloody.....n 330
b. in the rubbish of a throng a 48
Burn-and in friendship burn.b 172
O snn, b. the great sphere*..t 409
may chance to b. your lips*.n 302
burn by day and night*.....i 297
that still burn.....p 326
kisses till they burn.....s 391
lest it should burn above*..m 246
how it burns on the edge....e 214
bnrn to be great .....k 185
closest kept burns*.....i 213
Burned-burned each other....y 255
burned on the water*.....q 381
heart hath ne'er within him b. c 71
Burning-love still burning ...h 465
Burnt-'tis b. ; and so is all*..o 302
burnt child dreads the fire..p 107
Burst-spark may b. a mighty k 362
bubble b., and now a world r 348
Bury-let the dead past, b. its..r 175
Bush-spreading hawthorn b....n 33
fixed in a white-thorn bush..f 32
gay gorse bushes in their...m 141
easy is a b. supposed a bear..m 121
b's low as when on clondy..d 435
fear each bnsh an officer*....j 412
the poor man's bush.....h 435
Business-books should, not b..k 37
b. some to pleasure take.....f 50
by particular business ..... s 51
gang abont his business.....f 242
business of a scholar.....p 405
despatch is the sonl of b.,...b 293
business with an income....c 293
dispatched is bnsiness.....g 293
to business that we love*....j 293
that which is everybody's b. k 293
find b. for great numbers ...r 305
men's business and bosoms.e 439
confined of business, care or.v 467
servants of business .....x 252
totter on in b. to the last....u 340
no further in this business..e 324
prayer all his business.....c 358
Buss-whose wanton tops do b.*.t 59
Bust-each breaking bust.....t 314
on the pallid bnst of Pallas...b 30
urn, or animated bust .....x 80
Busy-busy man ne'er wanted..j 66
quitting the busy carreer...p 361
how doth the little busy bee i 213
like ours, perchance busy...i 408
b. and insinnating rogue*..k 387
a fearful spirit busy now....j 375
busie they be, us to keepe....q 473
busy have no time for tears.t 396
Butcher-b. gazing at his meat g 301

butcher with an axe* .....h 301
b. in his killing clothes* ...j 301
are butcher's meat.....o 293
hutchers and villians*.....k 280
butchers ! if you had*.....h 280
gentle with these hutchers*..m 280
Butt-here is my hut*.....h 84
Butter-smell of hread and b....b 302
cutting hread and butter....c 501
Buttercup-h's are coming.....o 131
stoop for huttercups.....m 134
a golden haze of h's.....k 371
golden buttercups, the grass l 271
Butterfly-spread for the h's...m 135
I'd he a b., horn in a.....x 211
the hutterflies deep in love..i 212
the gold harr'd hutterflies...o 212
no hutterflies, no bees.....h 273
men, like hutterflies*.....aa 254
with butterflies for crowns..h 142
Butternut-the new-leaved b...d 432
Button-a soul ahove huttons....f 8
Buy-are too poor to huy.....g 260
gold which b's admittance*.p 181
Buzzed-quickly h. into his*...k 251

C.

Cahin-window-c-w. hright,...n 313
Cable-never a c. that holds....g 242
Cackling-every goose is c.*....n 28
Cactus-c's, a queen might don.b 135
Cadence-golden c. of poesy*...g 340
notes in cadence heating...w 302
in cadence sweet.....t 20
with its passionate cadence.e 456
Cæsar-Cæsar was ambitious*...m 9
amhition in a Cæsar's mind...c 9
kiss dead Cæsar's wounds*..a 184
there is no more such C's*..p 167
the nohle C. saw him stah*..d 211
great Cæsar fell*.....d 211
in envy of great Cæsar*.....a 291
soldier fit to stand by C.*...y 311
like C., now thou writest....s 300
Et tu Brute?—then fall, C.*...l 431
ay, Cæsar; but not gone*...o 426
you sweet Cæsar's wounds*..t 485
not that I loved C. less*.....i 251
C's wife should be above....g 412
Cæsar's spirit, ranging*.....g 459
yesterday, the word of C.*..u 118
O C., thou may'st live*.....d 119
imperial Cæsar, dead*.....e 119
O mighty Cæsar*.....j 119
Cæsar had his Brutus.....w 106
Cage-passes in a narrow cage..a 23
nets, not in making cages...e 259
content to sing in its small c.d 259
nor iron hars a cage.....o 66
Cain-like that of Cain.....h 228
since the hirth of Cain*.....g 194
the first city Cain.....ee 490
with Cain go wander*.....t 62
Cake-eat thy cake and have it..g 99
my cake is dough*.....e 122
a cake out of the wheat*....p 328
hear, land o'cakes.....w 305
he that will have a cake*....n 302
Calamity-art wedded to c.*.....a 5
his cup of calamity.....a 201
he that holdly hears c.....y 408
calamity is man's true.....j 267
if there be a greater c.....l 457
Calculation-c's of the counting.t 310
Calendar-all, c's with love's...e 450
mitred father in the c.....g 450
Calf-and hang a c's skin*.....u 73
Call-c. unanswered search the.d 32
cuckoo ! shall I c. the bird...n 23
nothing can we c. our own*..r 84
I can call spirits*.....l 401
call things hy their names..f 468
let us call thee devil*.....p 468
I'll call him Peter*.....p 199
he who can c. to-day his own.t 190
solitude, and c's it peace...m 394
to choose and c. thee mine..e 450
my God, to thee I call.....v 343
hear the pow'rful call.....v 385
I dare now call mine own*..h 455
Called-I c. another, Ahra. came.e 64
when he called the flowers..e 129
none can he c. deform'd*....v 449
happy that have c. thee so..v 391
c. my hrother's father, dad*.i 482
till his death he c. unhappy.s 482
ye have called me long.....u 371
Caller-who calleth be the c....x 308
Calling-the hours are softly c..a 373
calling to me, and I come...e 282
in his c. let him nothing....x 308
calling 'mong the rocks.....t 100
Callous-he callous as ye will..u 444
Calm-overtake her perfect calm.h 83
calm, that knows no storm...t 455
a calm for those who weep..p 184
calm or convulsed.....a 323
sea hungering for calm.....w 323
calm are we when passions..i 327
powers hy deepest c's are...l 342
deep sea calm—and chill.....t 410
how calm, and beautiful.....r 330
all things grow calm.....p 466
the air was calm.....t 381
treacherous in calm.....l 427
all was harmony and calm..j 473
while all is still and calm...f 485
calms not life's crown.....a 486
hlest with calm.....q 167
never felt a calm so deep.....l 366
calm, diffusive, tremhles....d 375
Calmly-we hear it calmly.....m 41
Calopogon-the c. hlushes.....h 318
Calumniating-envi'us and c.*.d 426
Calumnious-not c. strokes*....k 42
Calumny-calumnies to defame.d 42
calumny is only the noise....e 42
a system of calumny.....f 42
there are calumnies.....g 42
shalt not escape calumny*...h 42
calumny will sear virtue*....i 42
calumny and reproach.....u 61
thou shalt not escape c.*....g 387
Calvary-toiled up Mount C.....f 31
Calves-and his calves, as if....g 301
Calyx-whose calyx holds the...h 256
time will reveal the calyxes..e 349
Cam-cam his winding vales...r 365
Camhyses-hear a new Camhyses e 69
Came-I c., saw, and overc'me*.u 452
what good came of it at last...y 452
until at last it came to he...u 297
know she came and went....j 10
Camel-even the camel feels....c 375
as hard to come as for a c.*..l 208
death is a hlack camel.....k 79
desert heard the camel's hell..g 461
Camomile-wreaths of c.....q 309
Camp-make we here our c....m 378
from camp to camp*.....k 459
Campaspe-Cupid and my c....d 243
did my campaspe win.....d 243
Can-and no other can.....v 255
you can and you can't.....bb 19
Cancel-c. his bond of life*.....w 363
cancel and tear to pieces*...k 289
Candid-save me from the c....l 168
laugh where we must, be c..p 180
Candle-hurns my candle out...l 92
farthing candle to the sun....e 77
candle throws his beams*...k 182
night's candles are hurnt*...x 277
out, out, hrief candle*.....l 235
heaven's pale candles sto'd..e 288
candles of the night*.....m 403
hell, book and candle*.....d 418
candle, to thy merit.....i 268
their candles are all out*....y 194
with a candle within. .....a 296
sport that is not worth a c..w 355
Candor-candor is the seal of....l 42
candor in power.....s 500
Cane-conduct of a clouded c...l 321
Canker-deadly as the c. worm..j 444
the eating canker dwells*....d 87
tithe purloin'd c's the whole.b 180
is eaten hy the canker*... ..c 249
Cankered-c. not the whole year k 141
c. heaps of strange-achieved*.l 181
Cannihal-hloody cannibals*...h 280
c's that each other eat*.....u 430
Cannon-from the fatal c's*.....k 91
lightning, 'tis hetter than c.r 458
roar of red-hreathed cannon.w 458
even in the cannon's mouth*d 312
cannon to right of them....f 461
cannon to left of them.....f 461
'tis like a demi-cannon*....j 320
the devilish c. touches*.... q 460
the cannons to the heavens*.s 428
thunder of my cannon*.....e 459
cannons have their howels*.n 460
Cannonier-trumpet to the c.*.l 459
Cannot-what c. be avoided*....x 72
ye cannot enter now.....u 91
expression, that which c. be.z 383
Canopied-c. hy the hlue sky..f 386
Canopy-hung a c. of state....m 352
seems like a canopy.....b 290
this glorious canopy of light f 290
under the canopies of costly* c 213
heneath a shivering canopy..f 435
seems like a canopy which..n 386
Cant-supplicd with c. the lack.m 52
Can't-you can and you can't..bb 19
Cap-c. plays in the right hand* u 268
they threw their caps as*....g 14
flash the white c's of the sea.u 446
Capahle-c. till the trial comes.b 442
Capacity-speak most, to my c.* q 247
notwithstanding thy c.*....b 248
Caper-he capers nimhly*.....b 163
he capers, he dances*.....r 163

run into strange capers*....x 248
Capitol-where stood her c's...x 395
guardian of the capitol .....j 30
betrayed the capitol.....w 475
Caprice-knows no law but his c.d 449
Capricious-gentle,sometimes c.l 386
Captain-honourable c. there*....e 4
soul unto his captain*.....q 83
Captivate-c., yet not surprise.e 478
and, while they captivate...x 303
Captive-weak minds led c.....h 18
felt our captive charms.....q 452
the captive bird that sings.m 321
captive bartered, as a slave..e 388
Captivity-to cancel his c.*....b 229
Capture-till, swoll'n with c's ..b 30
Capulet-in the tombs of the C's h 184
Car-the gilded car of day.....o 409
pitch, with weary car*.....v 409
and yet He stays His car....e 180
bright track of his fiery car*,m 447
Card-at cards for kisses.....d 243
patience and shuffle the c-s.v 327
Cardinal-c. I have heard you*.c 176
c., I have heard you say*....g 194
Card-player- there c-p's wait..o 184
Care-his cares dividing.....q 10
void of care.....o 27
a cheerful life devoid of care.g 32
take c., that takest my book..r 38
where care lodges, sleep*.....q 42
begone, dull care.....o 42
care is no' care, but*.....p 42
care keeps his watch*.....q 42
inoessant care and labour*...r 42
care's an enemy to life*.....s 42
golden care*.....t 42
weep away the life of care....v 42
care will kill a cat.....a 43
care to our coffin adds.....b 43
take no care who chafes*.....t 63
I care for nobody, no not I...o 65
things beyond our care.....y 65
care, but seeming easiness...n 68
if nae-body cares for me.....q 65
I'll care for nae-body.....q 65
sigh'd from all her cares.....m 82
he cares for nothing.....g 86
crosses and with cares.....e 94
looks my c. beguiling.....s 371
silken rest, tie all thy c's ...n 361
a load of splendid care.....j 367
their c. and must be yours..a 219
one that cares for thee*.....e 204
half my care, and duty*....g 204
chief and constant care.....r 204
if no one cares for me.....l 209
c's not a pin what they said.m 209
I care not for thee, Kate*....n 209
ends our cares at once.....p 252
finger on the lips of care....h 288
truce to earthly care.....f 369
your sex's earliest, latest c..h 451
c. could not withhold thy*..a 460
ev'ry care resign.....s 241
full of trouble and full of c.aa 192
grief and avenging cares....e 195
small cares of daughter.....c 198
c's mnst still be double to...i 199
nor doth the general care*...s 187
care, and grief of heart*.....q 312
who made it his care.....a 314
care forgets to sigh.....t 437
my cares for this is all.....i 445
age released from care.....y 465
soule doth most abonnd in c.y 383
with c., sinks down to rest..r 388
toil, with too much care....d 390
c. draws in the brains of*...s 390
a prison is a house of care...i 347
golden care I that keep'st*..d 391
restless pulse of care.....h 396
hang sorrow, c'll kill a cat..b 397
dore sat self-consuming c...a 392
retreat from care..... .....i 395
incessant c. and labour of*..b 421
age is full of care*.....o 487
busy care draws in the*....f 103
God's ever-watchful care....h 145
done well and with a care*..r 121
fear lest carelessness take c.q 361
subdued, by mortal cares....l 253
beneath the level of all care..h 259
ever overborne with care...u 345
for light cares speak.....q 382
make pale my cheeks with c.q 478
what c. I how faire shee be..q 478
man is depress'd with c's...j 474
Careful-c. I am, lest I should.q 361
and c. hours, with time's*...t 187
Careless-am, lest I should c....q 361
careless in the mossy shades.y 159
careless of the damning sin.j 291
Caress-some to no c. invited..d 132
to young zephyr's warm c's.u 151
wooing the caress.....q 320
Caressed-with feeble hands c...s 446
Caressingly-into the leaves, c.g 316
Cargo-groaning c. of despair..o 313
Caring-not c.—if less bright..v 244
Carking-no c. cares are there.p 303
Carnage-strife, and c. drear...a 459
his c. and his conquests.....f 330
Carnation-c., purple, azure....d 135
carnation, heliotrope, and...j 131
c's, and streak'd gillyflowers*p 130
where no carnation fades... f 326
Carnival-a carnival of words...o 335
Carol-carols right joyously.....a 34
carols as he goes.....l 54
familiar carols play.....g 57
Christmas c's until morn....h 57
games and c's closed the.....i 447
Caroling-c. thy Maker's praise..p 22
Carousing-c. to his mates*....o 468
Carpenter-the c. puts forth...p 301
it is some carpenter*.....s 301
why, sir, a carpenter*.....t 301
carpenter dresses his plank..u 301
Carpet-of palm was the c. spnn.c 440
Carpeted-pavements c. with...j 440
Carriage-many c's he hath*...z 308
Carrier-c's not commission'd..h 315
Carrier-pigeon-the c-p. of.....o 344
Carrion-a weight of c. flesh*..a 364
Carry-should c. all he knew...r 227
carry beyond the grave is...i 469
whose image yet I carry.....x 89
Cart-sung ballads from a cart..h 17
Carve-c. on every tree the*....l 477
Carved-carved this graceful...j 440
Carver-the carvers we.....o 293
Case-your c. can be no worse..g 309
gaunt jaws, works at his c...g 318
when a lady's in the case....h 474
piled high with c's in my....r 36
Casement-you up to the c's*..aa 43
Cask-casks forever dribbling..c 468
full casques are ever found..x 186
Casket-the rich c. shown in....g 55
Cassius-soon as that spare C.*..l 412
C. has a lean and hungry*...s 203
no terror, C., in your*.....s 198
help me, C., or I sink*.....l 195
Cast-the shadow that it c's....h 139
cast none away*.....i 203
set my life upon a cast*.....o 72
nor cast one longing .....f 66
Caste-nor caste in tears.....r 412
Castle-the air-built castle.....f 97
a man's house is his castle..u 197
hung in the castle hall.....d 57
earth builds on the earth c's..c 484
Castled-c. crag of Drachenfels..k 364
Casualty-force and road of c*...e 27
Casuist-soundest c's doubts...v 309
Cat-if 'twere not for my cat....g 12
ne'er shunn'd the cat*.....b 13
when cats run home.....k 29
care will kill a cat.....a 43
like the poor cat*.....f 74
the cat will mew*.....f 119
let a c. on the Sabbath say...i 369
endow a college, or a cat....q 495
hang sorrow; care'll kill a c..b 397
Catalogue-in the c. ye go for*..d 255
to figure in the catalogue....b 314
Catalpa-the c's blossoms flew..f 135
Cataplasm-no c. so rare* .....m 310
Cataract-makes an high c....m 123
the roaring cataract.....e 285
cataracts and hurricanes*...m 404
Catch-c. his last smile ere he.k 411
c. him once upon the hip*..g 363
greyhound's mouth—it c's*.k 472
Catching-are grown so c.*....o 310
catching, as through some..r 430
Catechising-what kind of c.*..r 306
Cates-cates for the sparrow*..v 348
Caterpillar-c's eat my leaves*.q 267
Cathay-cycle of Cathay.....ff 500
Cathedral-span of some c. roof.i 296
like two c. towers these.....j 440
into her silent dark c.....g 350
living rock, like some c.....r 382
Cato-reputed C's daughter*...c 477
of Cato and of Rome.....b 117
a vulgar Cato has compelled...r 9
Cats-eye-glow of the wild c-e's.n 128
Cattle-Mary, go and call the c.g 365
like mortal cattle.....f 291
Cause-hear me for my cause*..y 14
effect has its cause.... .....c 43
cause of this effect*.....d 43
cause of this defect*.....d 43
our cause is just*.....e 43
mine's not an idle cause*...f 43
your cause doth strike my*..g 43
I mount to the cause.....c 43
exist without a canse.....v 44
ourselves the cause of ill....w 47
spring from no petty cause..s 67
what c. moved the Creator...q 74

how light a cause may move. *l* 95
events from evil c's spring.. *i* 106
cause and not the death..... *b* 256
offence from am'rous causes. *s* 362
c. to prick us to redress*.... *n* 379
real and the only cause..... *e* 370
not ever jealous for the c.*.. *n* 215
not one had c. for shame.... *c* 339
ne'er knows the second c... *y* 340
to know the c. why music*. *x* 283
great First Cause, least.. ... *q* 180
full cause of weeping*..... *o* 416
our cause the best*..... *c* 460
who die in a great cause.... *u* 407
meek that have no other c.*. *u* 328
defective, comes by cause*.. *r* 354
beauty of the good old c..... *f* 463
cause I's wicked,—I is..... *c* 464
whatever is is in its c's just. *g* 348
grace my c. in speaking*.... *v* 400
c. that wit is in other men. *d* 472
would win the cause..... *s* 307
c. of a long ten year's war.. *w* 475
Causer–c. of these timeless*.. *j* 280
Cautious–cautious seldom err.. *l* 43
Cave–unfathom'd caves..... *s* 304
a dragon keep so fair a c.*... *d* 205
cave his humble cell..... *q* 395
Cavil–c. on the ninth part of*. *h* 293
Caw–the building rook 'ill c... *b* 32
and ceaseless c's amusive.... *c* 32
Cease–to have been, before I c... *l* 6
ceases now to bellow..... *h* 404
cease to write and learn to.. *w* 420
would not c. to weary their. *r* 344
we cease from its possession. *j* 425
Ceased–never hast thou c..... *u* 484
Ceasing–c. of exquisite music. *a* 475
poetry of earth is c. never.. *j* 339
Cedar–bees,—as the fair cedar. *x* 335
the cedar proud and tall..... *j* 433
the pointed cedar shadows.. *a* 436
on a hill a goodly c. grewe.. *c* 436
yields the c. to the axes*.... *b* 436
Cedar-berry–seek c.-b's blue.... *d* 31
Celadine–'tis the little c..... *h* 135
Celebrate–cannot c. books..... *g* 36
Celestial–on that c. harmony*. *w* 283
celestial influence round me *c* 201
buds the promise of celestial *t* 347
contemplation of celestial... *d* 356
playing celestial symphonies *r* 466
smile that glow'd celestial.. *u* 392
c. voices to the midnight... *g* 485
c. balsam on the heart..... *a* 476
Cell–in thine eternal cell*..... *u* 84
in his cell, so lone and cold . *l* 143
cave his humble cell..... *q* 395
Cellar–I was born in a cellar... *v* 407
Cement–mysterious cement... *e* 172
Censer–thine eye was on the c. *g* 109
like to a c. in a barber's*.... *j* 320
Censure–ten c. wrong for one.. *u* 76
conspire to censure and..... *b* 76
inventions to his censure... *h* 169
take each man's censure.*... *i* 218
it censures too..... *o* 266
in mouths of wisest c.*..... *g* 186
c. is the tax a man pays..... *i* 186
religion does not censure ... *i* 357
Censured–eyes cannot be c.*.. *p* 104
when works are censured .... *s* 76
Censurer—cope malicious c.*.... *o* 3
Cent–not one cent for tribute . *r* 329
Centrality–character is the c... *f* 48
Centre–the planets and this c.* *k* 325
centre, and enjoy bright day. *u* 49
centre of the potter's trade... *d* 59
self-balanced, on her c. hung *j* 485
dark of the unfathomed c.... *x* 398
only centres in the mind..... *i* 35
Century–in long c's continuous *e* 254
wandered, century on c..... *f* 366
dusk of c. and of song..... *j* 366
three centuries he grows.... *b* 439
Cerberus–you are not like C... *f* 178
Ceremony–c was but devised... *h* 44
O ceremony show me*..... *i* 44
sauce to meat is ceremony.... *j* 44
thou idle ceremony*..... *k* 44
save general ceremony*. ..... *l* 44
an enforced ceremony*..... *m* 44
no ceremony that to great*.. *l* 263
c. was but devised at first*.. *e* 174
Ceres–Ceres gift in waving.... *j* 295
their thanks to C. yield..... *l* 295
Certain–nothing c. in man's.... *h* 82
c. to all ; all shall die*..... *v* 83
Certainty–science is c., is.... *f* 370
sober c. of waking bliss..... *k* 35
Chaeronea–victory at C..... *w* 368
Chafe–who c's, who frets, or*.. *b* 209
Chaff–in two bushels of chaff*.. *u* 14
or corn in chaff..... *p* 75
as light as chaff*..... *o* 92
chaff, and take the wheat... *f* 212
Chain–faith is the subtle chain *e* 113
a lengthening chain..... *v* 260
I will not compare to a c.... *d* 172
grows the earthly chain.... *m* 173
chain has bound me..... *h* 261
many a hidden chain..... *r* 261
place in the chain of being.. *n* 318
fellow countrymen in chains *o* 388
gold c's about the feet of God *t* 345
I feel in every smile a chain *b* 393
weave a chain I cannot break. *e* 421
time with everlasting chain. *u* 425
hanging in a golden chain... *k* 484
tongue had broken its c's... *t* 429
the chain you promis'd*.... *c* 305
our chains and our jewels*.. *g* 305
fast-bound in c's of silence.. *a* 306
Chained–c. fast to the spot.... *c* 380
Chainest–constant and thou c. *a* 426
Chair–foil of England's c.*..... *l* 448
has one vacant chair..... *b* 82
on the rack of a too easy c... *o* 205
Chalice–each chalice holds the *b* 144
their chalices of gold..... *n* 134
within the poison chalice... *a* 212
our poison'd chalice*..... *q* 219
multitude of golden chalices. *e* 441
Chalked–chalk'd her face..... *z* 121
Challenge–matter I c. this for* *w* 113
challenge double pity..... *t* 19
a c. urg'd more modestly*.. *l* 268
Chamber–c's purple with the.. *l* 365
chamber of the kings..... *q* 79
thick as dust in vacant c's.. *c* 175
above my chamber door..... *l* 30
Chamberry–to church from C. *a* 369
Champac–C's leave of gold.... *j* 135
Champion–a c. cased in..... *q* 358
champions are the prophets* *p* 197
Chance–chance governs all..... *n* 44
chance, though blind..... *o* 44
chance will not do the work. *q* 44
against ill chances, men*.... *r* 44
chance is a word void..... *v* 44
most disastr'us chances*.... *u* 430
grasps the skirts of happy c.. *t* 44
set my life on any chance*... *o* 91
inspired by the new chances. *p* 92
necessity or c. approach.... *k* 118
lives are chains of chances.. *x* 119
now and then be right by c. *h* 162
c. and change can never harm *q* 168
build it up as chance..... *h* 207
c. has fixed thy lowly lot.... *j* 137
before this chance*..... *s* 278
chance that starts i' the way* *a* 361
if by chance it be shaken.... *i* 122
the chance of war is equal. *p* 456
the ashes of my chance*..... *s* 44
no chance may shake it*.... *e* 470
nor think it chance..... *k* 328
all chance, direction, which. *n* 348
yield to fickle chance..... *f* 47
world is full of chances..... *r* 483
Chanced–when I c. on you.... *o* 254
Chancellor–a c. in embryo.... *u* 308
a chanc'llor juster still..... *i* 50
Chancery–up to heaven's c.... *e* 292
Change–we ourselves change... *g* 45
change doth unknit..... *w* 44
change, indeed, is painful.... *g* 45
all things must change..... *r* 45
nothing but change..... *w* 45
change old love for new..... *x* 45
life only changes its form ... *l* 45
world is full of change..... *w* 45
gods, they change for worse... *x* 45
hymns to sullen dirges c.*... *h* 46
for this "would" changes*... *l* 46
when change itself can..... *g* 46
c. them to the contrary*..... *h* 46
change true rules for odd*.... *j* 46
with our fortunes change*... *o* 46
no change, no pause..... *s* 91
constancy to c. the mind..... *b* 64
reason cannot change..... *r* 46
not one will change his..... *q* 66
c. which never changes..... *m* 79
c. the place, but keep the pain. *d* 95
but O! the heavy c., now... *bb* 186
use almost can c. the stamp*. *i* 189
each c. of many-colored life. *j* 299
c's with his restless tide.... *n* 422
on change duration founds.. *o* 348
every change shall cease.... *m* 105
not change it to a heliotrope.. *e* 149
affected by a change of time.. *a* 380
so we change ; motion so.... *l* 370
fortune cannot change her... *t* 165
chance and change can ..... *q* 168
never change thy mind.... *bb* 218
changes in her circled orb*.. *q* 208
c. their wonted liveries*.... *m* 370
change the expiring flame.. *m* 451
these as they c., Almighty... *y* 180
whisper fearful changes*... *m* 468
changes of study, a dull..... *k* 406

new friend, you began to c..o 171
Changed–was c. in the cradle....h 45
chang'd his mind.....a 46
are changed and cheerless....i 80
O! grief hath chang'd me*...t 187
Changing–life is arched with c.u 46
so rolls the changing year...l 370
ever changing, like a joyous..e 276
constant; but are c. still*....r 208
changing to the c. light.....t 304
Channel–in separate c's.....w 242
weep your tears into the c.*..a 366
to stony c's in the sun.....o 173
Chant–c's forth his evening....f 22
your chant will meet the....o 440
the silent organ loudest c's..t 382
in chants of love and praise..h 144
a forty-parson power to c....n 204
summer's throbbing chant..n 375
Chantress–c., oft, the woods....e 28
Chantry–man into the c.*.....m 258
Chaos–chaos of ruin.....b 47
the chaos of events.....c 47
a chaos of hard clay.....d 47
chaos that reigns.....e 47
chaos judge the strife.....f 47
night and chaos.....g 47
rose the seed of chaos.....h 47
chaos is come again*.....c 248
into chaos, since the fiend...z 194
eldest night and chaos.....p 494
not chaos-like together.....h 325
reign of chaos and old night..x 399
black chaos comes again*....f 91
to build in chaos.....q 74
the clouds of chaos slowly...v 282
nor second chaos bonnd.....r 401
and disinherit chaos.....c 403
chaos-like together.....p 451
chaos and wild heap of wit..x 471
Chapel–devil will have a chapel..t 57
builds a chapel there.....u 57
the devil a chapel hath.....a 58
builds a chapel hard by.....b 58
looks are nice in chapels....v 418
Chaplet–flowery chaplets on...c 434
fragrant chaplets spread.....b 438
fragrant chaplets blow.....d 274
Chapter–chapter of accidents....j 2
a little chapter.....r 241
Character–characters written..w 86
character is higher than.....e 48
character is the centrality....f 48
defect of character.....g 48
character before we can.....u 48
character is likely to be.....b 49
to judge human character...m 49
life high c's are drawn.....i 50
most reasoning characters...u 51
I leave my character.....s 51
character's what you give....c 52
all titles, the character.....j 52
a character, makes foes.....p 52
essential of high character...r 71
the formation of character..k 101
characters of hell to trace...x 117
when a man puts on a c.....j 204
the truest c's of ignorance..v 205
when character is lost, all...k 238
mutual sharpening is c .....e 177
express each man's c.....p 296
Charge–c., Chester, charge ....s 452
c. with all thy chivalry .....h 457
Chariot–our c. and our *.....bb 308
sat in the c. of its leaves.....e 133
her silver chariot came.....h 276
wheels of brazen c's rage....g 458
high in his chariot.....k 409
c., borne on bnoyant pinions..x 2
takes off our c. wheels.....h 228
Charity–c. and personal force..k 52
charity is a virtue.....q 52
in c. there is no excess.....s 52
voice of Christian charity....l 52
of Christian charity under...w 52
soft-handed charity.....x 52
is great in charity .....a 53
act a charity sometimes.....b 53
charity for all.....d 53
sweet Saint Charity.....e 53
concern is charity.....j 53
a little earth for charity*.....l 53
charity which renders*.....m 53
pity gave ere charity began..v 332
concern is charity .....b 234
open as day for melting c*..y 413
charity itself consists in ...u 500
your zeal outrun your c.....b 488
zeal then, not charity .....l 488
charity buildeth up.....f 489
Charlotte–had a love for C.....c 501
Charm–shall I c. the interval....d 2
kind as well as charm.....v 17
witch hath power to charm*..i 26
charm o'er all the valleys.....y 28
will half your c's impair.. ..j 34
who can own a sister's c's....g 50
charms strike the sight.....c 50
charm of the best courage....p 71
charm dissolves space*.....y 78
a charm for pain and woe ...i 149
why, this charm is wasted..p 150
unveil thy charms.....u 145
thy subtle c. is strangely....r 132
thy charms improved.....k 135
half their charms we owe...n 122
can charm but for a day.....f 152
charms by accepting.....l 257
charm in melancholy.....f 260
a thousand charms so show..e 167
with c. of earliest birds.....p 277
charm ache with air*.....q 211
it gave its simple charms...p 155
the violet's charms I prize..p 159
spreads her charms in vain..x 407
a charm that has bound me..l 125
the charms her downcast...n 268
a charm that lulls to sleep ..g 173
c., the certainty to please...g 198
a charm for every woe.....g 200
c., than all the gloss of art...c 384
solitude! where are the c's...y 394
the charms of sound.....w 399
in sleep can c. the wise.....f 392
as strong to charm.....r 475
c. his pained steps over.....m 472
what charm can soothe.....k 474
c. that in her manner lies...e 478
by what resistless c's or....k 479
Charmed–books that c. ns.....i 36
charm'd with the foolish...dd 490
a charmed cup, O fame.....u 114
I bear a charmed life*.....c 235
Charmer–like other c's.....q 320
t'other dear charmer away...i 474
Charming–ever c., ever new...e 225
c. is divine philosophy.....l 332
he saw her c., bnt he saw...n 268
are half so c. as they.....m 244
Charnel–the stone-cover'd c's.bb 362
Charybdis–I fall into C.*.....dd 499
Chase–seek the c., rifle in hand.u 52
evening roused them to the c.b 30
chase the ignorant fumes*....j 78
in fame's glorious chase.....c 116
shall not c. my gloom away.f 260
Nimrod first the bloody c....l 458
chase the glowing hours....g 423
chase the clonds of life's....a 476
Chaste–c. as ice, as pure as*....h 24
chaste as unsnnn'd snow*....b 54
a chaste and lncid style is..w 406
c., and nnexpressive she*....l 477
hnntress chaste and fair....c 275
chaste as the icicle*.....c 276
Chasten–c's whom he loves....d 5
Chastened–c. from evil to good.a 256
Chastised–c. by sabler tints of..j 35
Chastity–is saintly chastity....x 53
'tis chastity, my brother.....a 54
my chastity's the jewel*.....d 54
clothed on with chastity.....h 54
very ice of c. is in them*.....e 54
c. of honour which felt.....b 199
Chatham–C's language was his.x 342
Chattel–declared to be a mere c.i 388
she is my goods, my c's*....b 465
Chatter–I chatter, chatter as I..b 42
Chattering–c. his teeth for cold.g 378
Chatterton–C., the marvellous.e 338
Chaucer–C., well of English...l 337
Cheap–happiness is c. enough.k 190
I hold yonr dainties cheap*.r 463
Cheat–being cheated, as to c...t 233
frailties c. us in the wise....r 166
worst of all frauds is to c...w 166
Check–c. of such another day*.p 431
goodness dares not c. thee*..k 448
Checked–be c. for silence but*.m 383
Checkered–checker'd shadow*.n 380
strangely c. by vicissitudes.l 299
life is c. shade and sunshine.o 493
Cheek–stain my man's cheeks*..o 11
his changing cheek.....p 17
c. like the mountain-pink....x 17
cheeks like the dawn of day..e 18
on yonth's smooth cheek....p 35
on the maiden's cheek.....s 35
bid the cheek be ready*.....t 35
cold cheek of death.....r 79
villain, with a smiling c.*...aa 87
the fresh blood in thy c's*...y 260
ah, no! that smiling cheek..e 256
with cheek all bloom.....t 276
the daisy's cheek is tipp'd..m 138
cheeks of the meadow.....m 139
c's I drag thee np and down*.v 363
the whiteness in thy c.*.....t 121
natural ruby of your c's*...y 121
crack your c's! rage! blow!*.m 404
npon thy cheek lay I this*...f 222
c. yet warm with blnshes...r 410
not stain an angel's cheek..a 416

tear down childhood's c.....b 416
tears stood on her cheeks*..w 416
see, how she leans her c.*...e 248
old ornament of his cheek*..b 322
feed on her damask cheek*..v 328
bashful maiden's cheek.....e 343
one cheek, pushed out.....e 389
his cheek the map of days*..r 111
cheek flushing white.....j 111
her cheeks so rare a white ..a 112
saucy milk-maid's cheek....r 104
make pale my c-s with care.q 478
Cheer-play, and make good c...s 57
his fresh array he cheer's*..l 110
that part cheers each part*..g 134
c., a little, April's sadness...e 372
rich man in his jovial cheer.h 377
firmest cheer, and bird-like..i 272
cups that c., but not inebriate p417
rainbow shines to cheer us..e 404
cheer my mind in sorrow....t 262
small c., and great welcome*.u 463
listen, and it cheers me.....q 466
nor cheer of mind, that*....m 468
cheer up, hold out.....q 112
Cheered-c. up the heavy time*.i 220
Cheerful-a c. temper joined....i 54
to-morrow cheerful as to-day.g 59
cheerful ways of men cut off..c 91
a cheerful life devoid of care.g 32
cheerful at noon he wakes....l 54
what then so cheerful as....m 437
Cheerfully-look c. upon me*...p 54
Cheerfulness-c. is an offshoot..j 54
wisdom is a continual c.....r 469
health and cheerfulness.....a 489
Cheerless-changed and c.....i 80
arose cheerless over hills....e 274
cheerless we take our way...i 375
Cheerly-but c. seek how to*...l 238
Cheese-not made of green c...c 162
moon was made of green c..o 275
Chemist-the chemist of love..x 241
the starving chemist in his.c 296
Cherish-we would fondly c....a 240
life let us cherish.....v 233
c. those hearts that hate*....r 247
cherish such high deeds*...r 459
the heart must have to c....z 192
Cherished-better c. still the*...r 83
Cherry-blossoming c-trees.....i 372
May, and cherry blossoms ..d 436
c. hung the crimson leaf....l 437
like to a double cherry*.....q 449
those c's fairly do enclose....i 303
Cherry-creeper-c-c. greets in..h 432
Cherub-musical cherub, soar..n 25
a cherub who had lost.....a 55
the cherub Contemplation...s 64
sweet little cherub that sits.o 491
Cherubim-the helmed C.....o 10
Chest-the c. contriv'd a double.v 206
charming chests containing f 462
Chester-charge, C., charge.....s 452
Chestnut-c. in a farmer's fire*..s 72
the chestnuts lavish of.....e 436
I see the chestnut letting...f 436
c. was ever the only color*..a 190
Chew-chew upon this*.....s 328
politicians chew on wisdom.u 340
Chewed-to be c. and digested..t 352
Chewing-c. the food of sweet*.h 116
Chicken-c's 'ere they're hatch'd d162
eat chickens in the shell*....c 500
Chide-chide him for faults*...t 359
I will chide no breather in*.u 359
at fifty, chides his.....t 278
if she do chide, 'tis not*....h 477
Chiding-better a little c. than*.s 359
I am a child to chiding*....k 178
returns to chiding fortune*..r 72
Chief-king, or conqu'ring c..w 339
we had the chief of all love's.g 241
hail to the c. who in triumph.r 452
one must be chief in war....o 336
Child-man is twice a child*.....x 6
art is the child of nature....n 15
as yet a child, nor yet a fool. j 30
sacred eye, like a child.....e 31
O child! O new born.....aa 54
behold, the child by nature's.f 55
child is father of the man....r 55
a simple child that.....p 55
a curious child, who dwelt...v 77
when my child's laugh rang.m 81
where is my child .....p 90
mid-May's eldest child.....j 155
burnt child dreads the fire..p 107
I laugh like a child.....d 150
mother may forget the c....n 260
fair disclosed c. of the sun..b 375
a child is woman's wisdom.k 279
it is to have a thankless c.*.b 211
a child the moment when...n 216
thou art the fondest child...o 153
brook cries like a child.....e 404
spare the rod and spoil the c.t 239
winter's blooming child.....q 370
bidding her earliest child....d 270
I am a child to chiding*.....k 178
it is a dream, sweet child....s 242
does not lose his c's heart...w 185
the c. of trial, to mortality..p 441
what the c. is to the man...k 381
kiss the child asleep.....a 466
whilest that the c. is young.e 304
sleep, silence child, sweet...u 389
c. of suffering, thou may'st.k 341
child of our grandmother*..m 476
Childhood-give me my c. again.g 5
piece of childhood thrown....s 54
c. has no forebodings.....x 54
childhood shows the man....e 55
truthful page is childhood's.m 55
from childhood's hour.....a 94
bring childhood's flower....j 138
time of my c. 'twas like.....s 153
round about a holy c.....a 401
how my childhood fleeted by.n 261
day to c. seems a year.....i 423
weary c's mandragore.....c 389
childhood waits with weary.j 429
womanhood and childhood..e 487
childhood's lisping tone....m 378
which c. wafts above.....l 473
Childish-childish treble pipes*.w 6
sweet childish days .....q 55
it was a childish ignorance..f 206
Childless-c. and crownless....v 266
Childness-with his varying c.*..o 54
Children-c. through the .....w 5
children we of smiles ....u 46
children are what the.....y 54
if the c. were no more.....z 54
children know instinctive...h 55
your c. were vexation*.....l 55
hear the children weeping....t 54
than to be disliked of c.....v 54
God rest ye, little children....l 57
were all thy children*.....l 69
think each one of his c.....m 71
one by one her loving c. go.m 376
rooms where children sleep..e 275
children of the sun.....b 364
with all his little children..h 377
holdeth the c. from play....m 366
God to his untaught c. sent.c 339
children love to stretch.....g 158
children with their play....w 231
c. with the streamlets.....o 270
lost in the c. of the present..t 244
surveys his children's looks.w 197
c's arms round the parents..d 198
c. with something to do....ee 493
rags do make their c. blind*.j 497
puts his c. in the furnace...g 442
c. are we of the restless.....z 323
as c. gathering pebbles.....c 354
c. mingled among them.....a 303
to mine own children*.....h 304
mothers from their c.....q 388
fear death as children.....o 79
'tis not good that children*..o 94
children of an idle brain*....j 97
dreams, children of night....r 96
stately c. of the wood.....i 142
children of summer.....a 132
which children pluck.....n 139
children of a larger growth.m 253
hath a wife and children....d 256
Chill-and chill the winter.....i 375
chill airs and wintry winds..q 466
St. Agnes' Eve—ah bitter c...e 29
Chime-let your silver chime...i 57
every day the chimes.....c 274
do c., 'tis angel's musick....d 369
a soft melodious chime.....x 316
bee's swinging chime.....l 449
to Venus chime their annual.c 450
chime of restless motion....l 323
hammered to the anvil's c...a 301
Chimera-and chimera's dire...s 494
Chimney-sir, he made a c.*...b 309
Chin-touched Queen Bess's c.b 116
up to their chins in water..d 140
thy c. the springing beard..r 331
and his chin, new reaped*..s 321
close-buttoned to the chin..h 253
China-human race from C. to.t 334
Chinese-heathen C. is peculiar.n 87
Chink-in c's and holes ten....d 377
chinks that time has made..f 428
Chip-a chip of the old block...r 47
Chirp-one weak c. is her only..l 22
Chivalry-charge with all thy c.h 457
her beauty and her c.....cc 121
have a truant been to c.*.....x 73
the age of chivalry is gone..d 490
Choice-c. of friends and books..s 38
most choice, forsaken*.....n 51
choice of evils, rather.....u 55
be ignorance thy choice.....s 55
growth lies in human c.....v 55

choice between truth and...w 55
there's a small choice*.....e 56
offer choice and occasion....p 88
choice to cry or laugh.....c 104
on the choice of friends.....i 169
while he doth make his c.*..q 283
a sympathy in choice*.....x 413
choice words and fancies...o 315
c. and master spirits of*....c 499
for choice matters, worth a.c 354
orbs his choice to dwell.....i 484
may have his choice.....k 304
Choir-the choir with all*.....z 283
may I join the c. invisible..a 210
the choir is singing.....j 440
Choke-feeding, food doth c.*..s 191
Choked-c. with foul ambition*.q 9
Choler-put him to choler*.....m 11
what, drunk with choler*.....p 11
it engenders choler*.....x 43
Choleric-c. word, which in*..n 11
Choose-c. always the way.....b 56
I will not choose what*. ..c 56
c. not alone a proper mate..n 256
c. but live, because I die....q 361
why I rather c. to have*....a 364
choose for your friend him.m 171
when I choose my friend...n 171
virtue may choose the.....s 454
choose but think he lives...l 323
birds choose their matcs....d 450
to choose and call thee minc.e 450
choose their place of rest....l 484
Chop-rather c. this hand off*..h 65
Choral-mute the c. antiphon.n 375
Chorus-in c. on Valentine's...h 450
Chosen-less is always to be c..o 106
the number of the chosen...aa 19
soonest to be chosen.....l 171
Chough-russett-pated c's*.....d 25
c's, that wing the midway*.a 213
Christ-in the C. that is to be...h 21
Christ toiled up Mount.....f 31
Christ passed forth forlorn...c 31
glory and beauty of Christ...o 56
see Christ's chosen Saint....w 56
Christ—the one great word...i 56
Christ, that gives us light....l 56
oh, Christ! it is a.....i 70
soul unto his captain Christ*.q 83
gave to earth our C. the Lord.a 274
C. is whispering "Peace"...i 331
when Christ, at Cana's feast.h 268
ah, C., that it were possible.d 208
C. went agin war an' pillage.c 458
Christendom-have worn out c.*y 116
king's son in christendom*.bb 497
Christian-a Christian is God's..v 56
made good Christians.....a 57
a sad, good Christian at.....b 57
Christian is the highest.....c 57
Christians care only for dying.e 81
as I am a Christian*.....e 97
'twas the garment of the C..l 184
Christians have burn'd each..y 255
yield to C. intercessors*.....h 361
if a Jew wrong a Christian*..p 363
winter and sum'r, as a C. is*..l 216
makes men good Christians..k 210
especially a Christian's duty.b 414
I hate him, for he is a C.*....g 192
the accent of Christians*....e 294
yield to C. intercessors*.....u 384
goodness as the C. religion..w 356
Christ-like-C-l. is it for sin to..l 384
Christmas-the bells on C. day..g 57
Christmas carols until morn..h 57
'twas night before Christmas.k 57
born on Christmas day.....l 57
it is the Christmas time.....m 57
old Christmas brought.....n 57
at Christmas I no more*.....o 57
welcome merry Christmas...p 57
C. bells from hill to hill.....q 57
sadly fell our Christmas eve..r 57
Christmas comes but once....s 57
Christmas rose shall blossom.o 377
C. is here; winds whistle...g 438
Chronicle-the chronicles of*..d 455
sexton, hoary headed c.....g 322
abstracts, and brief c's* ....h 294
Chronicled-should not be c.*..e 247
this deed is c. in hell*.....f 74
Chrononhotonthologos-c. must! 293
Chrysanthemum-sweet c's....w 126
Chrysolite-and perfect c.*.... n 246
Chuckle-make one's fancy c...a 490
Church-and go to c. on Sunday.f 49
church, with hypocritic.....m 52
God never had a church .....a 58
the Roman Catholic church..c 58
builds a church to God.....f 58
once I went to church.....k 62
the true church militant.....t 95
we press too close in church..g 117
see a church by daylight*...m 110
as some to church repair...w 282
ride out to church from.....a 369
into his c. lewd hirelings...u 204
foot enters the c., be bare...d 364
at church, with meek.....j 317
church nor state escaped....l 293
there was a church without..z 182
true to church and state.....i 431
see the gospel c. secure.....p 358
the church can never fail...p 358
the inside of a church*.....l 359
nor wide as a church door*..f 498
Churchman-become a c*.....i 203
Churchmen-if holy c. take*...a 318
between two churchmen*...h 485
Church-way-the c-w. paths*..m 401
to be of no church-way is....s 357
Churchyard-troop home to c's...f 16
when churchyards yawn*...a 290
a little country churchyard..h 184
baby in his cradle in the c...m 81
verge of the churchyard.....g 424
Churlish-my master is of c.*..o 202
the reply churlish*.....w 67
Cicero-Demosthenes or C.....g 76
Cigar-to smoke a c. through...j 320
give me a cigar q320
Cinder-cinders of my spirits*..s 44
doth burn the heart to c's*..a 398
Cinnamon-nests of budding c..m 29
Cinque foil-the lowly c., too...o 132
the many-fingered c.....g 133
Cipher-written in alternate c's a 276
cipher key, wherewith we...t 226
Circe-who knows not Circe. ..o 12
Circle-in ceaseless c's wheeling.o 24
conversation is a game of c's o 58
circles and right lines.....g 58
like circles widening.....f 57
mortal right-lined circle.....g 58
the circle mov'd, a circle.....i 58
the little circles die.....k 58
eye is the first circle.....h 58
circle rounded under.....l 58
circles are praised.....m 58
contracted to two circles....u 110
gay circles of anemones.....p 132
within that c. none durst...m 335
poesy, drawing within its c.p 339
form the circles of our years i 410
whose c. graces the confines e 239
the glad c. round them.....b 265
that each may fill the circle.v 175
glory is like a c. in the*.... d 179
in airy circles o'er us flow...v 399
Circling-c. round the southern.l 378
in the torch-dance circling..g 212
once c. in its placid round..t 444
circling all nature hush'd...t 410
Circuit-great c., and is still...e 116
Circumference-of vaste c. and..m 441
Circumstance-best his c. allows..m 1
the blows of circumstance....t 44
no circumstances can repair.g 48
circumstances lead me*.....s 58
leave frivolous circumstance*t 58
neglect no circumstance.....e 44
my c. being so near*,..... u 58
with such circumstance*....v 58
the lie with circumstance*..w 67
by potent circumstances*..w 102
the sport of circumstances..k 117
depends on circumstances..k 166
full of life and circumstance i 403
c. of glorious war*.....y 459
by c. the name of valor*....d 460
myself and not my c's.....u 171
nor c. can change it.....f 175
the c. which gives..... l 297
if circumstances lead me*...n 445
Cirque-glittering c. confines..f 462
Cistus-c. and woodbines are..o 364
Citadel-town and citadel of... e 265
winged sea-girt citadel.....u 312
Cite-Devil can cite Scripture* q 351
Citizen-throng'd the citizens.b 457
doth pour out her citizens*.a 421
Citron-Pomona! to thy citron p 433
blows the citron grove.....g 436
City-towered cities please us...e 59
cities have their graves .....c 59
in early spring his airy city..c 32
branches spread a c. to the air e 30
been long in c. pent.....u 69
far from the gay cities.....a 70
seven c's warr'd for Homer...a 115
scatter'd c's crowning these k 364
hum of human cities torture u 412
sparks from populous cities y 403
the people are the city*.... g 499
at my feet the c. slumbered.b 390
the vacant city slept.....m 392
fair city's clamorous jars...n 446
the first city Cain.....ee 490
Civet-talk with c. in the room w 314
Civic-put upon great civic....o 296
Civil-dire effects from civil...f 362

kingdom, sick with c. blows* a 460
too civil by half..... j 500
civil habit oft covers a good. e 189
Civility–c. not seen from*..... s 367
I see a wild civility..... d 319
show of smooth civility..... f 73
civilitie playes the rest ..... v 114
Civilized–c. man cannot live.. i 302
Civilizer–steam, that great c.. h 370
Clad–night followed, c. witb.. o 447
tbat is c. in complete steel... a 54
Claiming–c. truth and trutb.. g 370
Clamber–c. not you up to*.... aa 43
Clamor–big in clamour, come... f 1
c. of the crowded streets..... i 49
and clamor moisten'd*..... x 416
quail c's for bis running.... t 467
an bour in clamor*..... e 262
clamour keep her still awake* s 258
Clamorous–far from the c..... e 395
Clang–c. of wings and scream.. o 24
Clap–clap thyself, my love*... b 249
Clapper–his tongue is tbe c.*.. q 264
toll me the purple clapper.. h 136
Claret–is the liquor for boys .. h 468
Clarion–sound, sound the c.... r 234
pen, became a clarion..... l 331
sound the clarion, fill the fife. u 115
Clashing–sabres were clashing. i 457
arms on armonr c. brayed... g 458
Clasp–to c. the boughs above.. j 143
then c. me round the neck.. h 221
Clasped–a hand tbat can be c.. j 188
Clasping–c. ivy wbere to climb m 143
clasping ivy twin'd..... p 143
Classic–I seem to tread on c... v 334
the c. literature is always... v 353
Classical–c. quotation is tbe... l 351
classical reading is great.... b 354
Clattering–the clattering car.. b 457
Claw–c. no man in his humour* m 445
Clay–deatb, a chaos of hard c... d 47
clay and clay differs*..... v 93
this clay, well mixed..... e 317
creature formed of common c.. d 18
compounded am with clay*. y 247
though all are made of clay.. n 104
blind bis soul witb clay..... j 279
and I—the clay at thy feet... c 152
of such quicksilver clay.... m 208
porcelain c. of human kind. k 290
clay is pliant to command.. v 316
clay for the earthern things w 316
gilded loam or painted clay*. h 360
Clean–c. as a glass the shining. c 438
Cleanliness–c. of body was..... h 59
cleanliness is indeed..... i 59
Cleanse–c. the stuff'd bosom*. d 310
that is poetry which c..... t 338
Clear–as clear as morning roses*. c 19
c. and simple, in wbite and. l 139
clear, more mildly bright... v 454
clear your looks..... e 406
shall shine divinely clear.... y 443
Clematis–c. and the wild white. k 131
then tbe wild clematis comes. l 135
Clergymen–'tween two c.*..... v 317
Clever–might be a very c. man. s 227
let who will be clever..... n 290
no good in being clever..... t 406
Click–c. of tbe towels striking. d 309
Cliff–on the cragged cliffs..... b 30
clinging to the higb cliffs... i 141
in each cliff a narrow bower. f 130
could ken thy chalky cliffs*. l 404
loose disjointed cliffs..... q 404
Climate–in the c. of Heaven... h 282
Climax–c., and tben dying.... k 339
Climb–be that c's the tall tree.. p 41
tbe sbining angels climb.... m 57
climb soonest unto crowns*. k 72
climbs, like airy acrobat.... d 134
zealous step he climbs..... h 157
fain would I climb..... a 121
climbs the grammar-tree.... i 405
to c. steep hills requires*... g 408
to follow rule and climb.... m 199
climb the heavens, and go... e 402
bow hard it is to c. the steep. a 114
till he knows how to climb.. u 107
ivy c's the crumbling hall.. g 143
'twas strong to climb..... h 143
clasping ivy where to climb. m 143
of morning to climb..... o 446
else climb upward*..... m 499
Climbed–c. tbe steep up..... v 409
Climbing–liken it to c. up..... f 114
c. for the prize, was torn.... l 142
of climbing Heaven..... e 276
Clime–to ravage all tbe clime.... j 5
bumours turn with climes... d 46
after that sweet golden c.... c 157
wbere thou art is clime..... e 212
cold in c. are cold in blood.. f 240
deeds tbat are done in tbeir c. a 223
but in some brighter clime. q 230
poet in a golden c. was born. u 337
tbese happy c's, that lie.... n 323
c. of Arab deserts brougbt.. n 424
soft as ber c., and sunny.... g 473
Cling–c. to thine own integrity. i 52
clings close to her moving... a 34
feeling and fancy fondly c... j 137
closest cling to earth..... a 129
man c's because the being .. k 241
cling to thy home ..... b 198
Clinging–little lichen, fondly c. j 144
Clink–tinsel c. of compliment.. q 60
no man beard tbe clink..... s 74
Clip–here I clip tbe anvil*..... i 246
Cloak–his martial cloak around. h 86
like a wet cloak ill laid up*.. d 227
better than a cloak..... v 242
in his sad-colored cloak..... n 273
Clock–like clocks, they must be. p 2
what is't o'clock ?*..... k 305
the clock upbraids me*..... h 305
long hour by Shrewsbury c.*. t 113
fancy, like the finger of a c.. e 116
made me bis numbering c.*. a 255
tbe fairy clocks strike..... a 127
tbe varnish'd c. tbat click'd. v 206
c. worn out with eating time. t 423
clock of time, giving its.... q 424
Clock-work–clock-work, man.. k 254
Clod–barren c., tbe wild fields. f 372
clods of iron and brass..... c 301
Cloddy–meagre cloddy earth*.. d 296
Clog–and c. the last sad sands.. h 326
sickness clogs our wheels... p 392
Cloister–chanted from bis c.... b 26
Cloistered–c. cheek as pale as.. d 146
Close–c. as oak and ivy stand.. q 118
at every close she would.... h 138
or close tbe wall up*..... b 460
noiseless doors close..... i 92
flower like, closes thus its.... q 79
close to tbe sun in lonely.... p 24
notes that close the eye of... f 28
Closed–no marigolds yet c. are. q 146
closed without a scar..... o 485
Closet–bear to my closet*..... r 130
Cloth–according to her clotb... o 43
broad clotb witbout, and.... h 253
Clotbe–like dead friends' c's... l 261
tby clothes are all the soul.. r 319
know'st me not by my c's*... r 499
clotbes herself witb leaves... i 438
coarse cloathes are best..... i 63
clothes ought to be our..... l 13
this man is his clothes*..... o 13
clotbes but winding sbeets... r 85
clothes are after sucb a*..... y 116
clothe my naked villany*.. aa 452
Clotbing–c. tbe palpable and.. v 490
Cloud–c's come o'er the sunset.. n 5
looks in tbe clouds*..... p 9
the flying cloud, tbe frosty... i 21
thro' tbe clouds he drives.... a 24
no more through rolling c's... e 24
tempest clouds are driven.... h 24
like a cloud—it passes..... o 34
cloud will turn to rain..... t 45
the rain to mist and cloud.... t 45
there does a sable cloud..... p 59
clouds on clouds, in..... q 59
edges eastern clouds witb.... t 53
a rainy cloud possessed ..... r 57
colored clouds—large..... l 59
see yonder little cloud..... n 59
tinged those clouds..... s 59
clouds on the western..... r 59
praise the evening clouds.... s 59
tops do buss the clouds*..... t 59
yonder cloud tbat rises..... v 59
a cloud lay cradled near..... a 60
make tbe shifting clouds..... j 59
rolling, fleecy clouds..... k 59
and tbe clouds perisb'd..... f 78
c. instead, and ever-during... c 91
a cloud in my heart..... m 90
when clouds are seen*..... d 107
clouds, gold, grey, and dun.. i 109
in clouds brings on the day.. b 117
of the wise sit in the clouds*. q 163
c. that wears a golden hem.. o 138
sappbire cloud stealing in... z 206
visage tbrough an amber c.. c 403
clouds the colour of dom'stic. c 198
hangs in tbe clouds..... e 313
thou in sucb a cloud dost... g 321
smiles the clouds away..... d 464
clouds may drop down..... x 470
clouds that will not pass.... i 377
vapors, and clouds, and..... i 378
pity sitting in the clouds*.. d 333
some cloud that near us..... g 261
many foldcd clouds foretell.. p 270
a cloud takes all away*..... x 247
draperies of golden clouds.. a 411
dipt in western clouds his.. b 411
royal clouds are they..... d 411
gaudy clouds, like courtiers.. k 411

a cloud, and a rainbow's....b 271
very clouds move on.....g 271
wounded the thick cloud....f 274
music and the flying cloud...a 236
spher'd in a radiant cloud...d 237
racking o'er her face, the c...t 275
clouds in airy tumult fly....t 277
chequering the eastern c's*...d 278
rolling clouds are spread....s 279
nor c., nor speck, nor stain..c 290
silver habit of the clouds....g 376
warm light the pillared c's...f 376
sighs unto the clouds*.....r 485
a woman to be like a cloud..p 478
so chase the clouds of life's..a 476
are angels vailing clouds*...s 476
see a c. tha'ts dragonish*....p 412
c's that seem approaching..c 404
reverberation of cloud.....f 404
as a wave that from the c's..i 404
clouds, that lower'd*.....e 408
the strips of c. began to vary.l 410
first gilds the clouds.....p 410
beyond the c's, and beyond.m 193
between the gathering c's...j 432
us like a summer's cloud*..a 497
cloud of ashen gray gold.....t 446
black c's are driven away...b 447
hooded clouds, like friars...g 352
c's consign their treasures..j 352
thy c's all other c's dispel...n 321
sees God in clouds.....f 358
that laughs away the c's....d 393
clouds hang over it, heavy..j 393
fleecy clouds their chilly....l 393
thou in such a c. dost bind.g 321
dropping from the clouds...r 381
clouds and thunder.....b 422
Cloud-built-cry amid thy c-b..i 386
Cloud-capped-the c-c. towers*..k 46
Clonded-rising in c. majesty..j 411
Cloudless-clear and c. sky....a 374
night is calm and cloudless.p 402
cloudless, clear, and purely.f 386
Cloudlet-silv'ry c's hover.....e 271
cloudlets are lazily sailing...m 59,
Cloudy-low as when on c.....d 435
falling from the c. skies.....a 373
through cloudy weather....q 230
twilight is sad and cloudy..u 446
cloudy region, black.....r 430
Cloven-though c. with steel..m 449
Clover-in c. green and soft....r 371
clover-bloom falleth around.m 135
crimson clover I discover...a 136
bees hum about globes of c..e 336
broidery of the purple c....g 144
Clown-art mated with a clown.f 259
Cloy-meats the soonest cloy..q 451
cloy the hungry edge of*....a 14
Cloying-ever eating, never c..r 427
Club-with bats and clubs*...bb 499
Clnng-there clung one hope..p 200
Cluster-each rounded c. grows.h 144
the cluster from the vine...w 295
c's load the lilac-bushes.....q 437
a single frosted cluster.....g 273
Clustering-hung c., but not...h 367
Clntch-c. the golden keys.....q 319
Coach-my c., which stays*..aa 308
in a pumpkin-shell coach...a 296
in his glistering coach*.....c 278
go call a coach.....x 308
O for a coach, ye gods.....x 308
come my coach*.....y 308
Coal-black and burning as a c.w 108
affection is a coal that must*..v 4
like living coals the apples..d 376
on the glowing c's and bars.f 275
with a pan of coals.....k 319
dead coals of war*.....c 461
the whole world turn to c....s 48
Coal-pit-c-p. to put the devil..f 348
Coarsest-to the lives of c. men l 339
Coast-marks this stern coast..j 313
stern and rock-bound coast.g 323
stranger in these false coasts h 399
Coat-silken coats and cap*.....p 13
thoughts adore that painted c.b 116
dares not don his c. of gold..c 144
in their gold coats spots* ...f 137
in her coat with daisies.....n 138
to her cloth she cut her coat.o 43
throw away our c's of steel* h 460
when they pay for coats.....s 319
like coats in heraldry* .....q 449
glittering in golden coats*...k 24
Cobalt-cobalt blue of summer.b 317
Cobble-cobbles for the muse...t 318
Cobbled-c. and hammered.....b 319
Cobbler-a cobbler produced...s 318
ye tuneful cobblers.....t 318
as you would say, a cobbler*g 319
c's must thrust their awles..j 319
upon his cobbler's form.....k 319
from kings to cobbler 'tis...o 114
the cobbler apron'd.....s 165
Cobham-and yon brave C.....a 327
Cobweb-c. fashion of the times h 204
break one c. thro'.....i 300
Cock-c. of the heath, so wildly.b 23
cock, that is the trumpet* ...c 23
early village cock hath*.....d 23
morning cock crew loud*.....e 23
Cock-sparrow-linnet and c.....e 22
Coeval-were man to live c. with f 228
Coffee-c. which makes the.....v 417
Coffer-all out of an empty c...* c 342
Coffer-lids-the c'ls that close*.u 187
Coffin-midst skull's and c's..j 441
c. adds a nail no doubt.....b 43
Coil-not worth this c- that's*..j 19
Coin-rather coin my heart*...t 199
current among men like coin.q 60
Coinages-the very c's of your.*g 207
Cold-'tis bitter cold and dreary.o 53
foot and hand go cold.....i 98
night is humid and cold.....l 375
c. and frost make all things.p 377
c. and grim snow coverings q 377
I shrink with cold*..... ..d 378
chattering his teeth for cold.g 378
he was faint with cold.....g 378
the cold light of stars.....q 402
dark and cold and dreary... f 352
days of snow and cold are...f 371
came up in the cold.....t 137
straight is cold again*.....n 258
c. in clime are cold in blood f 240
love keeps the cold out .....v 242
world's use is cold.....v 483
Cold-blooded-c-b., though with o 123
Colder-Oh, colder than the....k 431
Coliseum-when falls the C.....a 59
Collected-c., light, compact ..m 305
Collecting-c. toys and trifles...c 354
Collection-great c. of books....q 37
College-endow a c. or a cat....q 495
Collied-in the collied night*.. i 289
Cologne-wash your city of C...l 364
Color-oppositions of colours...j 68
under whose colours he had*.q 83
colours of the flushing year.n 373
folded eyes see brighter c's..j 132
c. of the king doth come*...d 368
gave colour, and a body.....u 237
colors which the risen day..n 278
centres of deep color.....m 127
nature paints her colours...g 129
our bloody colours wave*...j 460
glowing c's fancy spreads...t 420
clouds the c. of domestic....c 198
emerald and keep my color..a 199
his hair is of a good colour*.a 190
how nature paints her c's...g 436
their colors apeak.....r 304
new colour as it gasps away.j 446
than under gospel c's hid...e 357
now with glorious c's.... ..o 372
that of one c. boasts,and thon g 148
rebuking the lingering c....n 273
great mass of color.....x 316
actions and words all of a c..y 469
Colossus-like a C.; and we*..f 186
Columbia-hail,C.! happy land. o 196
sons of Columbia be slaves..c 388
Columbine-and scarlet c.....o 131
the wild columbines grow..q 131
pink and purple columbine.e 141
Column-c-s, and many a stone.s 368
with its gray colnmn to you.z 206
Comb-when twisted round a c.h 143
with a comb of pearl.....d 264
c. down his hair; look! look.* u 189
Combat-and we can c. even...j 311
the combat deepens.....h 457
hard to combat, learns to fly.i 395
those within the combat....s 471
Combating-and fortune c.*....e 470
Combination-a c., and a form*p 254
planned all perfect c's ....a 281
Combine-c. your hearts in*...r 257
wherein all nses of man c...c 440
Combing-singing alone, c. her.d 264
Come-come one, come all.....h 72
truths whose life is the to c..j 39
c's again ere the year is o'er..q 81
will come when it will come*.u 83
nothing shall be to come...m 105
she comes unlooked for.....r 115
'twill never come.....i 118
what will c., and must c.....s 181
nothing comes to ns too soon.s 396
nothing is there to come....o 423
that it should come to this*.jj 498
how far he's come, how far..l 234
calling to me, and I come....e 282
the foe! they come! they c....b 457
cry is still, "They come"*..o 459
cut and come again.....k 491
past, and to c., seem best*..n 498
come gentle spring.....o 373
c. like shadows, so depart*..o 380

come what may, I have.....o 260
the melancholy days are c..f 375
cross the bridge till you c..d 201
hope never c's, that c's to all.j 201
will they c., when you do*..l 401
too near,that c's to be deny'd f 454
come back ; ye friends.....o 173
what will come, and must c.m 175
nothing comes amiss*.....c 463
come in the evening.....j 463
once past, thou never wilt c. i 487
I c.! ye have called me long..u 371
not now, yet it will come*..d 349
Comedy—to those that think..y 484
farce follow'd comedy.....l 293
exact, and serious comedy..b 294
Comely-more c. than before...i 214
Comer-the comer o'er the sea...l 32
Comet-man's life are as c's....d 118
comets,importing change*..n 289
there are no comets seen*...j 85
Cometh—c.all of this new corne.i 38
Comfort—a man of c., whose*,..p 4
cool and comfort Him.....n 32
my widow—comfort*.....j 55
a comfort to your age*.....l 55
not another comfort like*....u 66
carry their comfort about....u 60
death betimes is comfort.....v 82
of comfort no man speak*...m 91
counsel, and speak c.*.....m 107
the comfort she doth bring..h 133
the slightest tone of c.....v 169
sendeth good c. to such.....o 422
society is no comfort*.....d 394
warn, to comfort, and.....s 478
c. are downward gazing-....o 371
all our comfort is the sky...j 372
continual c. in a face.....a 263
light in darkness, c. in*... h 343
be comfort to mine age*....v 348
past a c. here, but prayers..i 345
best comfort of my life.....q 229
corrode our comfort.....s 380
often, to our comfort*.....r 212
from ignorance our c. flows..l 206
the soul can c., elevate.....f 208
c., dear mother ; God is*....r 210
a thing of comfort.....g 237
that c. comes too late*.....o 195
past all comforts here*.....o 195
words of c. availed not.....k 481
head for c. should be laid....l 67
Comfortable-no c. feel.....h 273
Comforter-O thou true C.....r 85
my counsellor, my c's.....i 170
comforter and only healer...c 423
sole comforter of minds....n 389
Comforting-angel c's can hear.j 176
Comic-comic heart must be...e 322
Coming-their c. hither*.....g 119
c. events cast their shadows.h 380
joy late c., late departs.....m 216
in the good time coming....d 458
coming, my life, my fate....h 250
an eye will mark our c.....n 463
Command-move only in c.*....q 16
you command everybody....t 16
must follow, and some c....n 104
like Mars, to threaten or c*..e 110
he loves command and due..r 256
he c's us in his word.....q 179
not to command our will...o 268
being allowed to command..g 292
warn, to comfort, and c.....s 478
c's the laws, and lords it....f 448
by thy c. I rise or fall.....v 343
Commanded-c. always by the*.e 54
Commanding-c. one another's*.q 53
c. on the pulse of life.....n 92
Commandment-two great c's..d 494
thy commandment all alone*.n292
the new c. given to men....n 317
Commend-deeds did they c....l 50
who lavishly commends....v 124
c. me to your master*.....u 268
I'll c. her volubility*.....p 383
commend my watch soul*...i 443
Commendation-c's I am fed...g 343
Comment-should bear its c.*..b 77
Commentator-how c's each....z 40
Commerce-c. has set the mark.q 181
Commiseration-c.of his state*.d 311
Commit-suffer, as e'er I did c.*o 397
Commodity-c. of good names*.d 360
Common-in the roll of c. men*.f 61
dear c. flower, that grow'st..n 139
c. friendships will admit....r 173
'tis ever common*.....u 264
sweets grown common*....dd 493
Commonwealth-for the c.....v 198
Commune-c. with thoughts of.m259
Communicated-the more c....h 182
Conmunion-in sweet c. grew..h 153
in communion sweet quaff..b 122
c. with her visible.....j 285
Compact-of imagination all c.*.e207
the highest c. we can make..z 172
Companion-faces of my young c..e 6
books are not companions...o 96
unreproaching companions..i 38
silent companions of.....c 40
his best companions.....b 66
c's in their danger.....t 120
dear lost companions.....k 169
c's of my young desires.....i 170
c's that do converse*.....s 170
autumn's companion too...g 148
thoughts are my c's.....g 420
musing on companions gone.t395
Companionless-c, among the..e 276
Company-in good company,....n 5
dog shall bear him compauy.q 12
for company the best.....x 40
alone, in company.....h 50
good company and good....v 455
parting with good company.m 326
from mine own company*...l 391
a crowd is not company.....h 394
in such a company.....h 151
no company—no nobility...h 273
in company a very pleasant.y 340
would entreat thy company*p 205
c., hath been the spoil of me*.l 359
beautiful girl in the c.....v 469
Compare-in snugness may c...d 34
compare her face with*.....q 111
Comparison-c's are odd.....b 60
comparisons are odious.....c 60
comparisans are offensive....d 60
comparisons are odorous*...f 60
comparisons are cruele.....i 60
daisy makes comparison....a 112
Compass-a narrow c.! and yet.m 250
with his c., measures.....b 313
Compassed-c. by the inviolate.q 368
Compass-flower-this is the c.f..j 126
Compassion-c. breathes along..h 41
show compassion on the.....e 60
still leaves compassion as..j 333
relent, or not c. him*.....f 333
Compensation-c. for great evils.j106
compensation is just'.....m 108
man's c. in doing it.....n 279
Competencc-peace, and c.....o 354
Competency-o. lives longer*....k 7
Competition-the only c.....x 253
Compile-quote till one c's....u 350
Compiler-c's who do nothing.r 333
Complain-they c no more.....h 283
should ourselves complain*.u 328
Complaining-soothing, fond c..k 25
Complete-he is c. in feature..k 218
Completed-who leave c. tasks..c 244
Completness-quotation gives c a351
Completion-c. usually its.....u 15
Complexion-mixture of c's dew.h 19
Compliment-c's are lies.....m 60
a compliment is usually.....n 60
many hollow compliments...o 60
was called compliment*.....p 60
clink of compliment.....q 60
c. than to be loved.....c 443
Complimented-c. by love.....h 480
Comply-c. with our weak....p 410
complys against his will....i 465
Composed-been c. in heaven...o 230
Compound-c's that thou*.....n 181
c. of putty and lead.....a 198
Comprehend-God alone can c..b 181
man suffice to comprchend...p 74
Comprehensive-his c. head...n 319
Compulsion-reason upon c*....v 14
Compute-we partly may c.....y 222
Comrade-unfledged comrade*..t 188
Con-take great pains to see it*..t 400
Concave-that tore hell's c.....x 399
Conceal-perfection of art is to c..t 15
love it would conceal.....r 240
men talk only to c. their....z 400
Concealed-have hitherto c.*...c 379
howe'er conceal'd by art....n 343
Concealment-c. like a worm*..v 328
Conceit-c. may puff a man.....d 61
conceit is weakest*.....e 61
so to his whole canceit.....m 294
c's have wings, fleeter*.....d 370
conceit in pompous words..e 407
c. alone their taste confine...x 471
Conceited-are the most c.....i 206
wondctfully conceited.....r 48
any pity for conceited.....u 60
Concentration-c. is one of the.o 420
Concentrated-c. in a life.....c 231
Conception-the strong c*.....r 60
Concern-c's of an eternal.....i 428
mild c's of ordinary life.....l 210
a matter they had no c. in..v 192
depends our main concern..a 444
Concert-hums with a louder c.r 437
play all the c. o'er again....r 108
Conclusion-and impotent c.*.w 362
denoted a foregone c.*.....n 499

Concord–milk of c. into hell*...*i* 47
not moved with concord*..*aa* 283
some c. with humanity.....*g* 139
c's born of contraries.....*e* 493
mar the concord with too*..*a* 386
Concost–such a c. as they.....*i* 390
Concurrence–sweet c. of the...*n* 344
Condemn– c. the fault, and....*d* 120
the world is to condemn it..*i* 228
condemns itself in youth...*x* 266
condemn the wrong.....*x* 49
Condemned–c. upon surmises*.*l* 215
are much condemn'd.....*y* 418
wretch c. with life to part...*y* 200
c. into everlasting*.....*b* 497
some c. for a fault alone*....*n* 235
Condensed–c. knowledge.....*w* 300
Condition–c., circumstance is...*r* 58
shame from no condition....*o* 199
stars above govern our c.*...*o* 403
the c. which high friendship..*x* 172
at the top of his condition..*v* 298
soft c's, and our hearts*.....*v* 477
Condolement–in obstinate c.*..*y* 187
Conduct–and our c. are our own.*k* 48
his conduct still right with..*m* 14
wish, to have my whole c...*q* 263
let men so c. themselves.....*o* 52
Cone–summits tipp'd with c's..*j* 440
Confection–me oft for my c's*..*c* 315
Confer–by you we do confer...*x* 237
Conference–c. a ready man....*k* 227
Confess–c. yourself to heaven*..*s* 60
c. thee freely of thy sin*.....*r* 60
I knew, but now confess.....*e* 224
as, I c., it is my nature's*..*m* 215
quotation c's inferiority.....*j* 351
Confession–impulse to c.....*c* 413
Confessor–oil, Edward c's*....*a* 368
no confessor like unto death..*v* 81
Confide–then c. till death.....*a* 172
in thy protection I confide..*v* 343
Confidence–rash, ill grounded c.*i* 298
in the confidence of pray'r..*q* 343
who prays without c.....*f* 344
does not respect confidence...*g* 61
who has lost confidence.....*h* 61
confidence is a plant of.....*i* 61
confidence is that feeling.....*j* 61
I renounce all confidence*...*q* 61
have some confidence*.....*r* 61
consum'd in confidence*.....*t* 61
Confident–against the world*..*d* 499
Confine–spirit hies to his c.*..*m* 399
very verge of her confine*.....*q* 7
spring, on summer's c's.....*r* 129
to c. the bad and sinful.....*f* 291
Confirmation–the jealous c's*..*q* 215
Confirmed–friendship long c...*b* 174
Conflict–dire was the noise of c..*g* 458
conflict, which rouses.....*a* 49
conflicts bring experience...*f* 108
c's with unholy powers.....*f* 405
c. the wildest was roaring...*i* 457
Confound–c's thy fame, as*....*p* 51
not the deed, confounds us*.*b* 499
Confusion–sought the shade..*d* 288
confusion heard his voice....*f* 325
wars, and by c. stand.....*g* 47
Congratulate–c. each other...*m* 272
Conjecture–weary of c's.....*p* 408
Conjugal–conjugal affection.....*k* 1
conjugial love is celestial....*v* 500
Conjure–I conjure thee by all*..*i* 78
Conquer–used ever to c., and*..*m* 11
to bear is to c. our fate.....*n* 117
daily conquers them anew...*j* 167
though mine arms should c...*l* 452
strong enough to c. without..*a* 183
c. love, that run away.....*l* 240
to conquer is its life.....*g* 342
fit, who conquer'd nature...*z* 471
their country conquers.....*h* 347
bear is to c. our fate.....*u* 327
and conquers to forgive.....*k* 53
time conquers all.....*o* 325
Conquered–by death are c.....*f* 335
thou art not conquer'd*.....*a* 84
great let me call him, for he c.*p* 186
Conquering–dazzled by his c..*h* 410
Conqueror–fellow beats all c's..*l* 452
like a c., from the East.....*b* 275
Conquest–are all thy c's*.....*j* 119
self-conquest is the greatest..*p* 452
his carnage and his c's.....*f* 330
from the conquest but one..*o* 327
my fall, the c. to my foe*....*q* 84
Conscience–voice of c. silenced.*l* 349
we may live without c.....*l* 99
cheering the hounds of c.....*l* 75
a good conscience.....*u* 61
not c. have vacations.....*v* 61
man's conscience is.....*z* 61
for virtue is conscience.....*aa* 61
conscience is harder.....*cc* 61
conscience is a coward.....*a* 62
his tormentor conscience.....*c* 62
conscience wakes despair.....*d* 62
O conscience! into what.....*e* 62
the gay conscience of.....*i* 62
conscience, ne'er asleep.....*g* 62
despotic conscience rules....*h* 62
what conscience dictates....*m* 62
conscience is a blushing*....*q* 62
conscience is a word that*....*r* 62
the guilt of conscience*.....*t* 62
and quiet conscience*.....*u* 62
called conscience*.....*v* 62
conscience had a thousand*.*w* 62
O coward, conscience*.....*y* 62
conscience does make*.....*b* 63
the worm of conscience*.....*a* 63
conscience in everything.....*c* 63
fire called conscience.....*d* 63
conscience to their prey.....*l* 75
conscience in questions.....*t* 98
night congratulating c.....*j* 424
free from c. is a slave.....*k* 114
God, and peace of conscience *u* 112
our outward conscience*....*y* 102
policy sits above conscience* *b* 333
where in conscience they're *r* 209
conscience, uninfluenced....*t* 408
theatre for virtue is c.....*j* 453
purpose and his conscience**d* 368
conscience wide as hell*....*p* 460
whose c. with injustice*....*v* 219
I may use with a safe c*....*h* 319
catch the c. of the king* ....*r* 294
Conscious–c. of thine own....*o* 228
guilt once harbored in the c. *y* 183
Consciousness–lies in the c....*i* 291
the consciousness of faith...*q* 357
Consecrated–that c. roof*.....*m* 258
Consecration–c. and the poets. *q* 333
a mount of consecration.....*j* 242
Consent–all with one consent* *m* 286
parts, doth keep in one c.*..*g* 183
not my will consents*.....*y* 341
silence gives consent.....*v* 382
silence gives consent.....*x* 382
Consented–unto Henry's death *n* 289
Consequence–c's are unpitying *m* 362
by consequence, liberty....*aa* 445
betray us in deepest c.*.....*b* 445
Consider–consider the end.... *k* 43
Consideration–c. like an angel**f* 63
Consistency–c. is a jewel.....*i* 63
Consolate–to c. thine ear*.....*o* 63
Consolation–crowned with c.*..*n* 63
some consolation or other...*b* 121
it is the consolation of life..*u* 316
the softest consolation.....*i* 321
Console–commanded time to c..*l* 63
empty heads console with...*m* 63
virtue consoles us, even.....*c* 452
Consoler–man's truest c.....*d* 39
death, the consoler.....*p* 81
Conspicuous–c. by his absence..*f* 2
Conspiracy–c's no sooner.....*p* 63
forgot that foul conspiracy*..*q* 63
O conspiracy! shams't thou* *r* 63
open-eye conspiracy*.....*s* 63
Conspirator–all the c's*.....291
Conspire–c. against thy friend**u* 63
c. to censure and expose.....*b* 76
Conspirer–where c's are*.....*t* 63
Constable–c. of the watch*....*a* 500
Constancy–c. to change the.....*b* 64
constancy put to sea*.....*i* 64
O, constancy be strong*.....*k* 64
constancy in wind.....*p* 75
the hyacinths for constancy.*p* 142
no object worth its c.....*e* 276
Constant–I am constant as the**g* 64
save in the constant image*..*k* 64
I am marble—constant*.....*j* 64
were man but constant*.....*l* 64
a most constant heart*.....*e* 222
friendship is constant in all**f* 174
to one thing constant never**o* 122
but c., he were perfect*.....*b* 255
c. at church and change....*w* 204
not c.; but are changing*...*r* 208
c. in all other things*.....*d* 246
c.—and thou chainest time.*a* 426
Constellated–flower that never *u* 130
Constellation–her c's come....*e* 402
vulgar constellations thick..*q* 409
happy c's on that hour .....*k* 257
his constellations set.....*o* 282
constellation of virtues.....*f* 464
Constitution–law than the c...*n* 62
man is more than c's.....*i* 431
Consult–fools c. interpreters in.*s* 97
Consultation–of wisdom is c...*z* 468
Consulting–the great c. room.*o* 229
Consummation–'tis a c.*..... .*d* 85
Consume–they do c. the thing**r* 108
as they kiss, consume*.....*k* 89
Consumed–c. the midnight oil.*i* 406
Consuming–c. means, soon*...*y* 451
dore sat self-consuming care.*z* 38

Contagion–c. to this world*...a 290
contagion of the night?*.....c 982
Contain–and all the world c's..m 45
Contaminate–c. our fingers*...p 64
Contemplate–the thing it c's..w 201
hours must I contemplate*.m 426
Contemplation–act of c. then...r 64
cherub contemplation.....s 64
contemplation makes a rare*.u 64
sweet is zealous c.*.....v 64
for c. he and valor formed...r 494
contemplation of celestial ..d 356
best nurse, contemplation ..o 469
mixture of contemplations..s 393
c. and devout desires*.....h 530
Contempt–c. and anger of*.....i 65
Contemptible–to shun c.....a 65
Contend–c. against thy valour* i 246
chiefs c. 'till all the prize.....z 8
Content–c., where dost thou....k 65
ah, sweet content, where.....l 65
content with poverty.....w 65
well content to entertain*....r 66
content with my harm*.....t 66
hath her content so absolute* u 66
my crown is called content*.w 66
his painted skin c's the eye.* g 60
with humble livers in c.*....d 67
head, that lies in calm c.....h 67
elegant sufficiency, content..i 67
all in naught—content.....j 67
content to spend the time*...d 89
our content is our best*.....a 67
in measureless content*.....b 67
I rest content.....p 66
rich in poverty enjoys c.....a 66
a mind content both.....g 66
such sweet content.....h 66
savour of content.....h 66
and cry, content to that*.....k 88
sing to lap me in content....o 89
if we be made content.....r 112
c. to sing in its small cage..d 259
thus liveth she content.....d 259
c. to know and be unknown.y 185
content to dwell in decencies.t 454
c. to breathe his native air..f 198
c. thyself to be obscurely...w 292
but travellers must be c.*...b 431
poor, and content, is rich*..x 341
Contented–to applaud myself..i 462
one contented with.....p 65
I should be contented.....r 65
c. with the poets' song.....j 151
pry'thee, nuncle, be c.*.....t 289
to the contented, even.....m 66
Contention–aloof from sharp c's.v 10
contention is a hydra's.....m 67
contentions fierce, ardent....s 67
Contentment–the best c. has...g 67
contentment, peace of.....l 66
c. furnishes constant.....m 66
contentment opes the sauce..n 65
enjoying, what c. find.....o 103
pleasure, and c. these.....x 227
Contest–c's rise from trivial...s 362
c. follows, and much learned.g 370
if preserved in so great a c..p 196
Contiguity–c. of the shade....x 394
Continent–boundless c. is.....p 342
that orbed continent*.....x 409
a boundless continent.....g 484
Continuance–c. of enduring..f 389
Continue–long c. love to him*.j 387
Continuity–no c. of leisure...m 298
Contract–Utica c's your powersp 342
Contradict–read not to c. and..t 352
Contradiction–at best a c.....f 476
she as well likes c.....r 255
makes contradiction such a..i 291
Contrary–them to the c.*.....h 46
they are ever contrary.....a 97
concord's born of c's.....e 493
Contrast–no successive c.....z 111
Contrition–my sins, and my c.q 345
Control–who can c. his fate*...t 118
friendship, equal-poised c...e 175
words he disdains to c.....o 481
Controversy–decide all c's by...t 95
Convenience–that for c. takes it.e 291
c. next suggested.....m 301
Convent–bells of the c. ringing.a 21
a c's solitary gloom.....a 316
Conversation–silenced all c.....a 42
c. is a game of circles.....o 68
c. is the laboratory.....p 68
c. and all kinds of writings..i 102
c. of a well-chosen friend....t 167
conversation you never get..p 353
best society and c.....t 412
conversation is allowed by..g 383
wit is the salt of c.....m 471
Converse–form'd by thy c.....u 68
converse of an innocent....m 395
converse with natur.....p 447
with one whose converse...m 327
c. with men makes sharp....i 394
c. with that eternal love.....e 395
companions that do c.*.....s 170
talking is not always to c....f 414
converse,—so short, so sweet.h 171
c. with the mighty dead.....h 354
Conversing—with thee c. I.....r 68
Conversion–c. so sweetly*.....k 385
Convert–the proudest love c...g 480
Conveyed–suddenly c. from*..w 363
Convict–c. by course of law*..v 307
Convolution–c's of a smooth...v 77
Convolvulus–turned out a c...k 136
Convulsing–c. heaven and.....a 405
Cooing–calling, c., wooing....f 272
Cook–epicurean c's sharpen*...v 13
should praise it, not the c's...i 76
tailor, and the c. forsake.....p 77
cook's in motion with their ..d 302
the devil sends us cooks....f 302
get me twenty cunning c's*..m 302
man cannot live without c's..i 302
where is the rascal cook ?*..o 302
where's the cook ?*.....q 302
would the cook were of my*..s 302
Cookery–Egyptian c. shall*....c 122
Cool–keep c. and you command..t 16
cool and comfort him.....n 32
answers till a husband c's....g 50
pleasant the c. beneath these.j 395
so calm, so c., as nowhere...d 139
along the cool, sequestered..j 232
cool and silence he knelt....e 432
reason, however able, cool..m 354
cool and congeal again*.....s 324
Cooling–you must stay the c.*..n 302
cooling vapors breathe.....t 11
in cooling trees, a voice.....l 212
it was the cooling hour.....t 410
Cooped–c. in their winged.....u 312
Cope–as if to show a cope.....l 410
starry cope of heaven.....k 386
Copied–magic could not be c..m 335
Copier–let the faint c. on old..t 314
Copse–along the c's runs in...o 435
Copy–leave the world no c.*...m 77
setting of boy's copies*.....e 102
a lifeless copy of her.... ....e 314
to c. faults is want of sense..r 350
Coquetry–c. is the thorn.....a 69
c. whets the appetite.....b 69
Coral–the coral of his lip.....d 243
of his bones are c. made*.....i 46
Coral-tree–blossoms of the c-t...l 136
Cord–unto the bow the c. is...c 257
Cordial–hope, like a c.....k 202
gold in phisike is a cordial..e 181
cordials, and sugared dates...e 99
wink-tippling cordial.....k 320
Core–in my heart's core*.....f 166
to its very core.....h 214
faint rose with fading core..v 152
Corinthian–but a C., a lad of*..z 497
Cork–eyes the dancing c., and..t 11
grow fonder, sweet c. of thee..s 365
take the cork out of*.....u 306
Cormorant–vanity, insatiate c.*s 191
Corn–cometh all of this new c..i 37
when corn is ripe 'tis time...s 43
the full, ripe corn is.....l 374
c., which is the staffe of life..u 302
by your shooting corns .. .a 319
crown'd with c. their.....l 295
heap high the golden corn...w 295
let the good old c. adorn .. w 295
let us, for his golden corn..w 295
laughed round the c. heap..a 296
corn is cut, the manor full..h 375
his coronet of golden corn...o 375
sheaf'd is the golden corn...k 376
corn for the rich men only*..t 203
Corner–the wind in that c.?*..k 467
belie all c's of the world*....q 387
taxed for a corner to die in...j 60
Cornfield–c's bow the head.....j 272
Cornice–c. or frieze with.....k 296
Corolla–thy pure c's depth.....q 148
Coronal–wed to make a c.....i 128
Coronation–away from the c...l 193
Coronet–April's loveliest c's...bb 159
pearling his c. of golden.....o 375
kind hearts are more than c's.s 182
Corporal–in c. sufferance*.....b 213
Corpse–tomb, wherein his c.*..e 185
as the most noble corse*.....t 184
Correct–blot out, c., insert....h 837
let them, not you, c. him*...j 308
Correction–under your good c.*k 359
Corrector–where our judments.c 423
Corrode–corrode our comfort..e 380
Corroding–c. every thought...s 215
Corrosive–a c., for things*.....p 42
Corrupt–no king can c.*.....g 217
Corrupted–one c. minds.....x 475
immortal, and c. thought...n 336
her judges are corrupted ....f 211
most traitorously corrupted*.f 318

c. currents of the world*....h 308
c. frecmen are the worst....w 387
Corruption–c. wins not more*...l 9
c. springs from light.....k 230
Corruptly–not derived c.*.....v 263
Corsair–he left a c's name.....g 490
Cost–is hardly worth the c....e 479
gifts that c. them nothing..n 178
'twill cost you dear before...l 298
glutton, at another's cost....e 302
rate the c. of the erection*...d 44
Costly–full many a c. stone....d 489
Cot–his lonely c. appears in...t 197
near his modest cot.....w 316
a cot beside the hill.....c 70
Cottage–poorest c. are books....e 37
modest looks the c., might..i 150
love in a c. is hungry.....q 250
propt at the cottage door....g 154
he stood beside a c. lone.....u 281
his visage from our c.*.....c 410
a cottage was near .....s 330
the soul's dark cottage.....f 428
Cottage-girl–though a poor c-g..i 23
Couch–the drapery of his c....k 360
on my velvet c. reclining...n 143
on his weary conch.....b 252
lo ! at the couch.....b 279
on the c. their limbs.....q 205
lone c. of his everlasting....g 185
kings have no such c. as....h 185
Couched–c. in a curious bed*...c 67
Couldest–thought thou c. have..i 86
Counsel–gives thee better c.*....r 4
cease thy counsel, which.....q 4
c., and speak comfort*.....w 107
counsel turns to passion....w 107
two may keep counscl*.....d 379
two may keep c. when*.....e 379
weigh their counsels.....i 229
a man may take counsel....n 229
dash maturest counscls.....e 332
liberal of your loves and c's*..f 171
dost sometimes c. take.....l 320
the trust of giving counsel..w 442
to counsel deaf, but not*....d 125
flow of subtle-paced counsel..h 465
men can c. and speak*.....o 187
Count–he has nothing else to c..u 5
I c. my time by times that...n 78
I count myself in nothing*..d 262
count the billows past.....a 408
Counted–c. ere I see thy face....d 2
Countenance–as much as men.m 125
countenance like richest.....l 51
c. more in sorrow*.....n 111
awful and sercnest c.....m 211
receive c. and profit.....a 293
the c. of the king*.....p 324
damned disinheriting c.....g 500
hnman countenance smiles..a 414
Counter–are wise men's c's....e 481
Counterfeit–the c. and.....o 15
his tools made me a c.*.....ff 499
c. the deep tragedian*.....i 294
dearly we pay for its c.....k 190
sleep, death's counterfeit*...g 391
no chemic art can c.....j 67
Counting–species the slow, sad g 422
Counting-room–of the c-r.....t 310
Countless–c. the various.....n 451
makes c. thousands mourn...f 77
Country–dare to love their c...b 71
abroad to a distant country...l 4
unmapped c. within us.....d 48
countries' dirt and manners..t 69
faults, she is my c. still.....h 59
our c., right or wrong.....m 70
for his country he sigh'd.....j 70
hail, dear country.....t 70
my country, 'tis of thee.....g 71
our country, whether.....j 71
fighting for his country.....a 80
to that pleasant c's earth*....q 83
object be, our country.....i 71
nothing but our country.....i 71
and lov'd his country.....b 204
their country conquers.....h 347
country does this morrow...e 429
country has a lagging.....b 159
to God thy country.....d 123
undiscover'd c., from whose*f 176
for my c., and the cause.....p 196
God made the country.....b 491
the country is lyric.....q 493
die but once to save our c...a 329
c. for our country's good....c 329
all their countries wishes...f 329
best c., ever is at home.....g 329
hold their country dear.....s 329
I do love my c's good*.....w 329
'tis yonr country bids.....c 468
die nobly for their country*..v 329
spare your country's flag....b 330
rooms of thy native country..p 430
Countrymen–Romans, c.*.....y 14
Couple–c. with my valentine..d 450
wood-birds but to c. now*...i 450
Coupled–c., and inseparable*..e 171
Courage–c. and his mercy.....k 53
courage is, on all hands.....r 71
courage, then ! what cannot*.x 72
man of c. is also full of.....z 72
courage, the highest gift.....q 71
c., an independent spark.....q 71
courage enough to appear....s 71
c. in danger is half the.....g 72
know have c. to declare.....j 73
c. mounteth with occasion*..i 72
c. as rous'd with rage*.....r 72
c. to the sticking place*.....v 72
charm of the best courage....p 71
even innocence loses c.....g 42
c., the mighty attribute.....q 71
the man had conrage.....b 204
thoughts that they have c.*..g 205
carried new strength and c..q 209
truth is courage.....l 113
foe of c. is the fear itself....x 120
requires not courages.....j 107
is want of courage.....o 331
or like true c., which is.....o 234
paticnce, c., fortitude*.....h 368
c. never to snbmit or yield..q 458
c. to endure and to obey....h 465
'twill make your c. rise.....w 467
gains courage by showing...e 342
courage are with thee.....u 345
Courier–the c's feet delayed...f 377
the c's, soldier's, scholar's*..y 265
Course–flood different c's.....p 381
hold their course, till fire....c 425
time rolls his ceaseless c....b 426
my course be onward.....r 98
take thou what course*.....q 266
fortune keeps an upward c.*..v 452
the course of true love*.....p 245
our course is chosen.....j 313
determine on some course*..a 361
impede thy dimpling c.....e 366
glorious sun stays in his c.*..a 410
bow to that whose c. is run..b 492
westward the c. of empire...k 347
Coursed–big, round tears c.*..u 416
Courser–c's of themselves will..y 267
Court–keeps death his court* .m 85
a royal court with green.....b 144
nor made to court an*..... x 255
I was not born for courts or f 203
sun that shines upon his c.*.c 410
courts of princess.....d 73
waves and court the wind...o 161
a glorious c., where honrly..i 229
thoughtless folly keeps her c. t 358
c., camp, church, the vessel..y 239
did never sway in court*....t 311
peril than the envious c.*...e 433
glow, to court the sky.....j 157
livery of the conrt of heaven v 204
virtuous court, a world to..d 366
the c, the camp, the grove..d 245
meet him in the c. of heaven*g 194
c. a mistress, she denies.....i 479
alone she will conrt you.....i 479
Corteous–old age is courteous...v 5
courteous, though coy.....t 473
the retort courteous*.....w 67
Conrtesy–an excellent c.*.....g 222
I conld wish c. would*.....m 214
seated in the heart of c.....h 421
I scant this breathing c-*.... t 463
Courtier–gaudy clouds, like c's k 411
say to a courtier, plnck.....k 239
Conrtship–c., flowing here in...t 69
chiefest thoughts to c.* ....m 479
Cousin–my pretty little coz.*..w 247
Covenant–God's glowing c.....k 352
c. between all and One.....r 352
Cover–each heart must cover..u 395
man cannot cover what God..p 5
holy as the deeds they cover k 482
Covering–the earth with odors.o 451
c. all unseemly places.....j 144
Coverlet–and set neath the c.. c 377
the green c.; whose perfect*.i 190
the grassy coverlet of God .. w 85
Covert–what the covert yield..-.v 53
Covet–c's less than misery*... d 89
should covet nothing more..h 133
if it be a sin to c. honor*....s 199
Covetons–not covetons for gold* h 9
Covetonsness–canse of c.....l 462
Cow–c's are waiting in the....b 136
fields where sleepy cows.... i 409
foaming fresh from the cow h 438
Cowards–c's (may) fear to die..o 73
solely a coward* .....c 51
coward and the brave.....o 81
conscience is a coward.....a 62
a word that cowards nse*....r 62
conscience does make c's*...b 63
all men would be cowards...j 73
where's the coward.....q 73

cowards die many times*.....t 73
how many c's whose hearts*.v 73
the coward sneaks to death...r 73
so cowards fight*.....c 74
and live a coward.....f 74
of woman born, c. or brave..x 91
makes the c. spirit brave....t 357
I was a coward on instinct*m 213
coward sneaks to death.....x 408
hide your heads like c's*....c 451
it bids the coward fight.....g 468
Cowardice–twit with c.*.....b 65
c. to rest mistrustful*.....w 73
falsehood is cowardice.....l 113
cold c. in noble breasts*....y 328
Cowardly–had destroy'd so c.*..y 73
Cowslip–c's as they run.....t 41
pearl in every cowslip's ear*.r 93
cowslip, and sweet jonquil..g 131
roses blow, the c. springs...h 131
cowslip loves the lea.....l 131
cowslip is a country wench.b 137
letters cowslips on the hill..i 137
cowslips are round the hill..j 373
bee with cowslip bells.....aa 159
throws the yellow cowslip...n 271
cowslips enrich the valley...c 129
in a cowslip's bell I lie*.....l 112
Coxcomb–O murderous c.*....i 163
Coy–coy and dainty graces....u 147
courteous, though coy.....t 473
pleased lake, like maiden c..n 374
would be c., and would not..i 215
coy looks with heartsore*...u 248
coy and hard to please.....k 476
Coyly–c. lingered on the thorn g 153
Crab–born, sir, when the crab.n 267
Crabbed–c. age and youth*....c 497
Crack–rather c. my sinews*....i 174
will sure crack both*.....q 291
out to the crack of doom*.aa 499
Crackling–c. of the gorse-flower.l 141
c. embers on the hearth.....b 288
Cradle–the c. and the tomb ...h 234
I was changed in the cradle..h 45
round my cradle their magic..e 21
bed, and procreant cradle*...f 27
how in his cradle first.....t 74
fancy dies in the cradle*.....j 116
c's rock us nearer to the.....q 428
our c. stands in our grave....c 81
in his c. in the churchyard..m 81
Cradled–a cloud lay c. near ...a 412
c. into poetry by wrong.....i 337
cradled near the setting sun..a 60
was cradled in the pine..... t 24
most wretched men are c...m 408
calm as a cradled child.....v 323
Craft–the c. so long to lerne...n 231
Crag–he clasps the crag with...p 24
flags in the towering crags...r 24
the low c. and ruin'd wall..m 142
weather-beaten crags retain.f 130
rattling crags among.....a 404
Craggy–from the craggy ledge.c 226
Crank–c's and wanton wiles..w 494
Cranny–every c. but the right.i 491
Crape–a saint in crape is twice.i 50
Crare–coast thy sluggish c.*...i 260
Crave–c. the day when I shall*.a 258
my mind forbids to crave ..m 265
crave of thee a gift.....c 423
he will, not what they c.*...e 427
Craven–c's my weak hand*....a 409
Craving–for the c's of his life.m 236
minds are not ever c. for.....l 37
Crawl–honeysuckle loved to c.m 142
wrinkled sea beneath him c's.p 24
Creaking–c. of a country sign. f 414
Cream–c. of courtly sense.....p 317
Create–hope c's from its own.w 201
what it cannot find, creates.x 331
creates, preserves, destroys.k 230
duty your forms create.....x 130
c. a soul under the ribs of...l 282
new create thee.....b 320
busy brain creates its own...d 97
c's the thing contemplated...r 64
why did God, create at last..n 475
Created–something of nothing n 114
created and goes after order.v 117
created solely for itself.....v 286
Creation–c. is great, and.....k 74
behould the world's creation.t 74
whole c. is a mystery.....s 252
substitute c's of the brain...e 335
ploughshare o'er creation...v 368
false creation, proceeding*..d 121
this bodiless c. ecstasy*.....g 207
creation's blot, c's blank....o 210
wheresoever, in his rich c...v 282
amid its gay creation .....s 286
creation sleeps.....j 290
a new creation rises.....q 313
come so near creation*.....q 314
every scene of the creation. f 299
as creation's dawn beheld...f 423
essential vesture of creation*p 476
Creative–genius is essentially c.v177
Creator–moved the creator.....q 74
his Creator drew his.....q 80
let in the great Creator.....o 74
C., from his work returned...o 74
while the Creator great.....o 282
but they have new creators.d 320
weary knees to your C. bow.c 485
singing their great Creator..g 485
Creature–of common clay.....d 18
creature in whom excelled..m 475
well, who serves His c's.....h 53
should every creature drink..e 98
drink, pretty creature.....j 98
no creature loves me*.....i 91
but human creatures' lives ..h 77
no creature smarts so little..v 162
lovely, lordly creature.....m 164
creatures who love God.....u 164
creatures, that, by a rule*...s 212
spiritual c's walk the earth..g 401
the creature of habits.....m 304
impulse every creature stirs.a 285
not such a gracious c. born* c 176
thou art his c.; and did he..b 320
graceful c's, you live by.....b 323
c. lives in a state of war ....d 461
Credence–I feyth and ful c.....h 51
Credit–c. anything the light....i 43
the one ne'er got me credit*p 499
private credit is wealth.....j 462
Creditor–counts thee her c.*.. n 399
Credulity–the rival folly of c..n 162
Creed–if our creeds agree..... f 20
the creed of creeds .....t 56
not for men's creeds.....x 88
whatever creed be taught ....x 61
than in half the creeds.....g 113
suckled in a creed outworn..i 202
it is the creed of slaves.....h 287
deed, and not the creed. ...n 317
Creep–teach him to creep.....u 107
mould'ring tow'r pale ivy c's q 143
like snails do creep.....z 168
how some men creep*.....c 166
stay their crystal fretting...b 274
round the lattice creep.....e 403
as the night winds creep....y 287
lethargy that c's through...r 388
batty wings doth creep*.... n 391
creep decrepid with his age..l 428
Creeper–scarlet c. loves the elm.l 131
Creeping–old age is creeping on.n 5
I prize the creeping violet...j 159
shining morning face, c.*...c 406
creeping, dirty, courtly ivy.o 143
creeping where no life is seen.l 143
creeping ivy flings its graces. i 144
Crescent–hail, pallid c., hail..m 275
hanging crescent climbeth..u 277
Crest–with silver c. and golden.a 139
valour shown upon our c's*.r 459
war bristle his angry crest*.x 459
see the sun! God's crest....f 409
shoulders and white his c...m 22
curve of his lowly crest.....h 30
joy brightens his crest.....u 92
crowned with one crest*....q 449
repentance rears her snaky c.m 359
Crew–crew of errant saints.....t 95
Cricket–c. pipes his song.....b 136
thou winter cricket, thou*..o 258
the c's song, in warmth.....k 212
Cried–not cried up by birth...e 257
Crime–when capital crimes*....d 75
crime is not punished as.....x 74
has no excuse for crime.....a 75
is the mother of crimes.....u 74
responsibility prevents c's...v 74
crime unreconcil'd as yet*...e 75
within thee undivulged c's*..j 75
crimes done, had but as.....l 75
to face with my own crime ..u 358
at crimes that 'scape.....r 307
virtue and a thousand c's...g 490
can vice atone for crimes...u 343
crime unreconcil'd as yet*..f 345
work by crime to punish c.?.d 448
will o'ertake the crime.....d 280
numbers sanctified the c....f 280
all his crimes broad blown*..i 280
now madden to crime.....a 223
how many c's are.....aa 228
as c's do grow, justice.....a 219
our nether c's so speedily*..r 219
a crime to love too well.....j 244
may reach the dignity of c's.h 189
redeemed man's mortal c....a 356
forgive the crime.....p 427
Crimson–gleam of c. tinged....a 60
crimson petals of the rose...j 152
thrill on her c. heart.....w 154
their crimson lips together../ 155
crimson clover I discover...a 136
maple's gems of c. lie..... j 373

in the spring a fuller c.....k 373
light crimson mist went up.l 410
west is c. with retiring day..s 410
in threads of crimson hue..m 269
crimson blotches deeply....k 433
Crimsoned-c. with thy.....f 31
Cringe-souls that c. and plot.aa 493
Cripple-if they have, like c's..c 473
Crisp-c. old leaves astir.....j 270
Critic-c's, so with spleen.....u 75
c's all are ready made.....o 75
a c., hated yet caress'd.....o 75
beg the critics to remember..a 76
you trust in critics.....p 75
c's! in the checquer'd shade.p 76
gen'rous critic fann'd the....v 76
each day a c. on the last.....x 76
critics I read on other men...y 76
c's have no partial views.....d 77
in logic a great critic.....n 75
Jonson knew the c's part.....t 75
critic is not the antagonist...d 76
don't view me with a c's.....g 76
critics are sentinels in.....j 76
good poets are bad critics.....l 76
nor in the c. let the man.....o 76
rarely merit to be c.....f 76
with critic judgment scan...s 263
suffer so much from critics..r 297
which not e'en critics.....a 306
are not c's to their judgment.a 300
Critical-be c. than to be correct.c 76
I am nothing if not c.*.....a 77
Criticise-assume a right to c..m 76
Criticised-to be criticised.....f 76
Criticising-spite of all the c...r 75
Criticism-of c. lies only.....k 76
rules of criticism I inquire.m 75
c. may be too rigorous.....c 76
most noble criticism is.....d 76
who do not read criticism....f 76
criticism his prime Vizir....n 76
they pass no criticisms.....x 168
cultivate not a spirit of c...f 210
Croak-hoarse that c's the fatal*.p 30
Crocodile-would prove a c.*...i 416
sooner trust a crocodile.....p 252
Crocus-c. and the daffodil.....g 131
the yellow crocus for.....k 137
c. cannot often kiss her.....c 372
with the c's golden bloom..m 372
c. and blue vi'let glow.....s 372
c. fires are kindling one by..b 373
lilies gleam, the c. glows....u 325
Cromwell-C. I charge thee*.....l 9
Cromwell guiltless of his...q 114
see C. damn'd to everlasting.p 115
if thou fall'st O Cromwell*..u 329
Crone-midsummer's petted c.i 272
Crook-to attaine by hooke or c.b 202
by hook or c. has gather'd..y 489
Cropped-you untimely c.*....h 280
Cross-Jesus hung upon the c...n 32
bearing His cross, while.....c 31
advantage on the bitter c.*...s 56
cross! it takes our guilt.....l 357
greater our dread of c's.....a 442
precious blood the cross....d 359
last at his cross.....w 472
with c., relics, crucifixes...m 412
to him who wears the cross.m 292
a sparkling c. she wore.....u 304
perils past, what crosses*...w 397
mortal dower it is the cross..q 148
wear his c. upon the heart..y 204
deliver'd me to my sour c.*bb 384
where prayers cross*.....h 418
crosses are of no use to us..q 441
greater our dread of c's.....a 442
c's; and they are no mean...i 442
on his brest a bloodie c.....c 356
the cross, there, and.....k 357
Cross-bearer-c-b's here below.l 442
Crossed-I am c. with adversity*.h 4
spirits twain have cross'd....e 86
oyster may be c. in love.....h 500
Crouched-earth c. shuddering.l 377
Crouching-midst rosy bowers.t 358
slaves crouching on the.....o 388
Crow-to shoot at crows is.....f 23
the crow makes wing*.....g 23
crow doth sing as sweetly*...h 23
crows cry their ka, ka..... d 22
snowy dove trooping with c's.b 24
think thy swan a crow*.....q 111
c. makes wings to the rooky*.q 289
rous'd the ribald crows*....a 278
a c. on the desolate tree-top.n 273
the crows and choughs*.....a 213
Crowd-and not feel the crowd..u 65
adore only among the c.....a 485
I saw a crowd.....v 137
retired amidst a crowd.....k 259
we met—'twas in a crowd...r 259
crowd the old barn eaves....o 261
a crowd is not company.....s 412
madding c's ignoble strife..k 395
a social crowd in solitude..w 395
encompass'd with the crowd.h 481
Crowing-I hear the c. cock.....v 69
the crowing of the cocks....l 277
Crown-death is the c. of life....l 86
out His crown didst tear.....f 31
crown is in my heart*.....w 66
not victor crowns*.....m 88
within the hollow crown*...m 85
an emperor without his c....j 79
sceptre and crown must.....s 85
from that crown one thorn...c 31
my crown is called content*.w 66
discharged the triple crown..b 72
climb soonest unto crowns*..k 72
content both c. and kingdom.g 66
is richer than a crown.....h 66
furnish c's for all the queens.t 108
I wore a crown before her...n 131
amaranths such as crown..m 132
if weary of a golden crown.b 135
through a crown's disguise..i 252
sharp c. of thorns upon.....l 336
crowns desire with gift.....h 408
crown of anguish crowned..d 390
royal c., decking nature.....b 273
crown covers bald foreheads.n 366
forever be, a c. of thorns....r 366
a crown golden in show.....g 367
with butterflies for crowns.h 142
sleeping in our crowns.....k 149
floating c. of lily flowers....e 145
starry crowns of heaven.....g 403
c. my thoughts with acts*..d 361
finished her own c. in glory.l 193
win a new world's crown*..r 197
no c. wearers in heaven.....l 442
a leak already in thy crown.v 316
sorrow's c. of sorrow is.....p 398
the end crowns all*.....n 426
calm's not life's crown.....a 486
a crown! what is it.....j 367
crook'd ways I met this c.*.u 367
oil, Edward Confessor's c.*..a 368
head that wears a crown*...k 368
they placed a fruitless c.*...l 368
I c. thee king of intimate...e 377
Persian tale for half a c.....x 336
from the c. of his head*.....q 264
no other crown is aught ....h 241
beyond death shall c. the....y 455
set in friendship's c. above.m 173
Crowned-thus c. 'twould .....k 18
c., not that I am dead*.....g 21
that c. the eastern copse ....i 273
they crown'd him long ago..o 279
kingliest kings are crowned.d 442
crown'd with wreaths.....q 309
with simple plenty crowned.a 122
crown'd with the sickle.....q 376
honor may be crown'd*.....x 199
crowned with one crest*....q 449
Crucifix-crosses, relics, c's...m 412
Cruel-be c., only to be kind*....l 77
comparisons are cruele.....i 63
devise a death as cruel*.....k 77
civil laws, are cruel*.....i 459
O cruel April-time.....q 270
fear is cruel and mean.....v 120
c. as death, and hungry as..u 293
cruel language of the eyes...e 380
c. and cold is the judgment.n 217
c. as winter, and cold as....n 218
Cruellest-you are the c. she*..m 77
Cruelty-fear is the parent of c.w 120
tyrants whose delegated c...b 448
world's c. is bitter bane.....v 483
Crumbled-be c. into dust.....p 278
Crush-but crush it harshly ...i 157
for I maun crush amang....k 139
wreck of matter, and the c ..j 207
who murders time, he c's..m 428
Crushed-or trodden to the.....b 4
has c. thee here between....g 213
truth c. to earth shall rise..p 443
not chaos-like together c....h 325
crushed by an angry judge's.f 31
Crust-c. of bread and liberty..z 228
the c. or rind of things.....g 232
Crutch-shouldered his crutch.n 311
c's made of slender reeds...e 385
time goes on c's till love*...u 426
Cry-with that boding cry.....d 22
langh, in bed we cry.....p 19
mock the cry that she .....d 23
with ill-boding cry.....f 29
cry of myriad victims.....w 458
fame may cry you aloud*...f 200
cry amid thy cloud-built....i 386
take up the cry and send ...a 274
little rapturous cries .....g 373
brook cries like a child.....e 404
cry is still "they come!"*..o 459
war, war is still the cry.....f 457
with the cries they make...m 457
we cry, that we are come*...w 335

its cry is like a hnman wail..h 466
quiet when we hear it cry*.u 328
Crystal-c. of the azure seas....b 142
the crystal on his brow.....d 243
filled with the c's of all.....s 229
sleeping in crystal wells.....l 461
Cuckold-that c. lives in bliss* o 215
Cuckoo-"cuckoo!" no other...i 23
to the cnckoo's note.....j 23
cuckoo then on every tree*...l 23
list—'twas the cuckoo.....m 23
cuckoo! shall I call thee.....n 23
cuckoo sings unseen.....q 23
ignorance is the curse of*....l 224
Cuckoo-bud-c-b's of yellow*..f 373
Cuckoo-flower-faint sweet c-f's h 137
Cucumber-sunbeams out of c's t 163
Cudgel-c. thy brains no more* n 328
Cue-the cue for passion*.....s 294
Cuff-this c. was but to knock..q 237
Culled-nosegay of c. flowers..n 351
c. from the flowers of all....b 351
Cunning-woman is a knavish..c 475
the cunning known.....s 244
by the very c. of the scene*.k 294
cunning in music*.....g 304
to cunning men I will be*..h 304
by a prudent flight and c....h 43
cunning save life.....h 43
hence, bashful cunning*....i 211
virtne and cnnning were*..a 208
held it ever, virtne and c.*..e 455
Cup-sparkling in a golden c.*..c 67
to give a cup of water.....r 53
leave a kiss but in the cup...e 221
be in their flowing cnps*...v 284
cups that cheer but not.....p 417
cup and plate.....b 317
sweetens every bitter cup...t 357
life's enchanted cup but....h 423
its moonlight-coloured cup..o 145
shade blossoming cup.....a 149
within my cup of curious ..o 149
the cup of paly gold.....n 150
as to a golden cup .....a 275
fill their cups with tears....k 132
cowslip c. shall keep a tear..p 136
dainty cup, the violets lips.a 212
I have drunk but one cup*..l 214
inordinate c. is unblessed*.k 214
Cupid-the bolt of Cupid fell*.n 148
Cupid and my Campaspe....d 243
Cupid blind did rise.....d 243
Diana's bud o'er C's flower*.u 245
therefore is winged Cupid*..h 247
the wind-swift C. wings*....k 247
some C. kills with arrows*...g 248
cut Cupid's bow string*....q 264
Cupid has long stood void...c 193
Cur-as c's mouth a bone.....x 324
Curb-poised on the curb.....v 461
with the rusty c.*.....x 307
Curded-c. by the frost.....c 276
Cure-ambition is no c. for love..f 9
ills demand a speedy cure ...m 73
for c. apply to them we know x 77
the cure is bitterer still.....g 240
wise, for cure on exercise...b 469
and shall admit no cure.....n 356
ill cure for life's worst ills...t 427
Cured-not to be c. when love..e 479
can't be cnred with favors..p 346
Curfew-the c. tolls the knell..v 105
Curing-c. of a strong disease*..b 310
Curiosity-that low vice, c.....o 77
as mine own jealous curiosity*t 77
marked thee for too much c.* u 77
gluttonous curiosity to feed..t 260
Curious-I am something c....j 305
Curl-ambrosial curls upon the p 366
shakes his ambrosial curls..l 367
in a golden curl.....d 264
dry the moistened curls....a 466
on your curl's full roundness e 389
I barter curl for curl.....r 489
Curled-that so gracefully c....s 330
Current-try if thou be c. gold*.j 51
current among men like coin q 60
current white with foam...m 430
we walk amid the currents..x 119
derives its c. from above....p 256
snow melts along the mazy c.j 378
c. by town and by tower....g 366
pass them current too*.....a 461
froze the genial current of...i 341
current of a woman's will...k 478
Curse-c's not loud, but deep*...f 7
a curse is like a cloud.....o 34
blessings for curses*.....m 53
curse that money may buy*..c 88
despairing quacks with c's..r 349
cancelled that c. which was..q 148
an open foe may prove a c...q 204
ignorance is the c. of God..m 206
I know how to curse*.....n 237
the dear-bought cnrse.....v 464
rigg'd with curses dark.....t 381
my curse upon thy venom'd j 303
Cursed-some cursed fraud....a 167
cursed mammon be, when he.f 252
c. when for soft, indulgent..f 252
cursed be the man .....i 256
curs'd melancholy*.....j 260
curst be the verse, how well..s 336
Cursing-c., like a very drab*..k 291
Curtain-c. round the vault....q 59
let fall the curtain.....t 105
c's of thine eye advance*....o 110
who dreads a curtain lecture.i 256
drew her sable curtain down.a 288
the curtain of repose.....a 289
to c. her sleeping world.....b 290
curtain of translncent dew..f 290
the curtain drops, slowly....t 294
come, draw this curtain*....l 314
closing her curtain up.....h 447
Cnrtained-and from the c. sky.f 25
Curtesy-that curt'sy to them*.f 266
Curve-gentle curve of its lowly.h 30
the c. drawn on paper.....i 296
curves his white bastions...n 393
Cushion-in the mead, it c's...v 138
to rest, the c. and soft dean.a 195
c. where you lean and sleep.p 482
Custard-in dreams, the custard.e 97
Custom-c. will render it easy..b 56
custom more honor'd in*....y 77
custom calls me to 't*.....z 77
what custom wills, in all*....z 77
custom makes both familiar.w 77
man yields to custom.....x 77
the tyrant custom*.....d 78
new customs, though they*.w 116
the custom still commands. d 190
O willing slave to c. old .....l 191
c. hath made it in him*.....k 322
my custom always of the*...i 391
c. made this life more sweet* e 433
that monster, custom*.....x 454
Customer-keeps all his c's....f 424
Cut-to her cloth she c. her coat.o 43
a pagan cut too*.....y 83
c. off my head, and singular.a 124
as diamond cuts diamond...e 177
the most unkindest c. of all*.d 211
cut him out in little stars*..e 246
if they cannot cut*.....r 301
cut, and slish and slash*....j 320
cuts off twenty years of life*.c 409
own use invites me to cut*..f 433
when God cuts the die.....m 449
see your road, another to cut.y 491
cut and come again.....k 491
Cut-purse-of the empire*.....w 418
Cutting-c. a smaller hair*....d 370
c. honest throats by whispers e 387
cutting bread and butter....c 501
Cycle-a. c. of Cathay.....ff 500
Cygnet-cygnets following.....o 23
cygnet to this pale faint*....p 23
the c's down is harsh*.....g 190
Cymbal-talk but a tinkling c. h 394
Cynthia-the domain of C.....i 109
Cypress-sweet is the cypress..d 131
know ye why the cypress....l 167
the cypress and myrtle.....a 323
the silent cypress tree.....n 288
with c. branches hast thou..a 240
cypress flexile bough.....g 432
the cypress fnneral.....j 433
with cypress promenaded...n 433
there no yew nor c. spread..k 441
Cytherea-Juno's eyes or C's.*..i 130

D.

Dad-my brother's father dad*.i 482
Daffodil-droopiug daffodilly..n 131
and chance sown daffodil....s 131
brazen helm of daffodillies..l 137
a host of golden daffodils....u 137
so sweet the daffodils.....g 272
clever doffodils and pinks...n 315
king cup and daffodily.....f 144
Dagger-smiles at the drawn d..k 71
always been at d's drawing..n 67
is this a d. I see before me*..l 121
a dagger of the mind*.....d 121
speak d's to me but use none*b 205
my dagger muzzled*.....h 262
Dahlia-garden glows with d's.a 138
Daintier-hath the d'r sense*...i 293
Dainty-dainties that are bred*.n 40
the d. strawberry flower.....a 157
make scarce one d. dish*... n 463
I hold your dainties cheap..r 463
such dainties to them.....k 492
d. bits make rich the ribs...k 497
Dairy-or taste the smell of d...a 156
Dairy-maid-the d. m. inquires.p 77
Daisy-little daisy in the grass..o 89
no dew left on the daisies.....t 90
no daisy makes comparison.a 112
a breastplate made of d's...b 138

white d's from white dew...c 138
the daisy's for simplicity...d 138
men callen daisies in.....f 138
the daisy is so sweet.....h 138
the daisy at thy feet.....l 138
in her coat with daisies.....n 138
reached the d's at my feet...o 138
tourneys shone with d's.....r 138
daisys thick as star-light...w 138
pluck the daisy, peeping....x 138
bring d's, little starry d's...b 139
were all paved with daisies..c 139
ground with dainty daisies..d 139
touched by his feet the d'y..e 139
and left the daisies rosy....f 139
daisy again I talk to thee....i 139
for their truth, of daisies...n 315
show'd like an April daisy*.i 190
lowly daisy swectly blows...q 436
the lovely d. sweetly blows..i 126
my Daisy, darling of.....m 126
the daisy, primrose, violet..p 131
the daisy never dies.....a 139
my eye on Miss Daisy, fair..a 140
spreads her sheets o' d.....b 371
when d. pied, and violets*..f 373
daisies peep from every....b 272
not even the daisy is seen..b 377
buttercups and d. spun....e 127
the daisy is fair.....a 128
the daisies are rose-scented..t 128
stars are the d's that begem..d 403
Dalliance-path of d. treads*...r 317
do not give dalliance*.....g 251
Damage-can work me damage...v 51
Damask-gloves as sweet as d*..o 154
their d. sweet commixture*..s 476
Damn-d. it with improvements.f 41
they damn those authors.....s 75
damn with faint praise.....a 370
Damnable-destructive, d.....w 475
Damnation-cans't thou to d*..g 91
fire and distilled damnation.f 468
Damn'd-let the d. one dwell....z 7
art thou damn'd, Hubert*....b 75
be damn'd if you don't.....bb 19
seen him damn'd ere*.....a 74
damn'd beyond all*.....m 219
damn'd be him that first*..v 459
devil will not have me d*....d 195
what else is damn'd.....m 324
d. for never a king's son..*bb 497
many of the rich are d*.....v 341
whether damn'd or not.....d 478
a damn'd disinheriting.....g 500
damn'd to everlasting fame.p 115
d-d than mentioned not at..a 116
Damning-d. those they have..g 384
Damp-when a damp fell.....h 35
the day is wrapped in d.....q 272
chill, damp-consuming.....k 154
amid these earthly damps..q 193
Damsel-d. that walks in the..v 250
Dan-Dan to Beersheeba.....l 333
Dance-graceful in the dance....e 50
delightful measure, or a d.*..f 51
women have a doctor or a d...h 56
the dances ended,.....d 112
he capers, he dances*.....r 163
she dances such a way.....c 164
dances in the golden sun....d 134
dances with the daffodils...w 137
dances with the hours and..b 154
at the head of Flora's dance..n 156
dances here, and she dances..h 212
on with the dance.....v 302
dance has come to a close...y 302
if to dance all night.....d 303
make senates dance.....e 303
when you do dance I wish*..h 303
dances on the green.....l 245
to dance with girls.....n 293
Jack shall pipe, and Gill....l 501
forests soon should d. again..v 385
who have learn'd to dance...c 102
Danced-danced and sang from..o 65
holding hands, d. all round..m 352
Dancers-d's whirl round gaily.x 302
twelve dancers are dancing..y 302
dancer, climbs the rope.....f 303
Dancing-d. down thy water....c 42
comes d. from the east.....n 271
dancing in the breeze.....u 137
daisy, d. with the rain.....l 155
dancing has begun now....x 302
dancing and taking no rest..y 302
d. in the chequered shade...c 303
she were dancing home.....i 313
Dandelion-the d's shine.....o 131
queerly called dandelions..m 139
said young Dandelion.....a 140
dandelions lying in the grass.c 128
golden d. by its side.....e 130
Danger-thy d. chiefly lies.....d 8
danger, and deserved death*.m 46
courage in danger is half.....g 72
companions in their danger..l 120
dauntless still in time of d..a 142
to a blank of danger*.....d 105
all your d. is in discord....bb 182
what d's thou canst make...c 214
to bring it into danger*.....a 451
in d. heroes, and in doubt...s 180
strength in times of danger..j 269
she loved me for the d's*....w 248
danger on the deep.....t 312
danger will wink on.....k 324
out of this nettle, danger*...l 498
danger to such as be sick...o 422
Dangerous-something in me d.* o 51
they are very dangerous*...w 103
learning is a dangerous.....w 227
d. is that temptation*.....j 418
delays are dangerous in war..o 457
less dang'rous is th' offense.g 300
to be of no church is d.....s 357
Daniel-D. come to judgment*..g 218
Dappled-grcets the d. morn....t 53
Dare-hearts that d. are quick..d 52
who dares do more, is none*..n 72
not d. to fight for such a land.q 73
dare to love their country....b 71
valour to dare to live.....l 71
I dare do all that may*.....n 72
what man dare, I dare*.....w 72
'tis much he dares* .....t 72
letting I dare not*.....f 74
dare the oile contagion*.....c 382
bearing all mischance, dares.r 408
nor dare to stir till.....s 408
he's not valient that d's die.y 408
you must not d., for shame*.o 263
dare to be true.....n 444
former d. but what it can*..e 470
dare to look up to God.....m 360
d. as well answer a man*....m 387
woman, gentle woman dare..f 478
who d's to say that he alone..g 346
Daring-great as daring to excel..d 8
Dark-satiate the hungry dark..p 28
dark, amid the blaze of noon..f 35
worse than the dark.....z 54
irrevocably dark.....a 91
ever-during dark.....c 91
fear to go in the dark.....o 79
for ways that are dark.....n 87
dark east unseen, is.....v 97
going to leap into the dark...g 96
night's dark and gloomy....m 375
dark with excessive bright..a 237
your light grows dark*.....f 237
d. her silver mantle threw....j 411
O radiant dark.....c 288
rustle in the dark.....e 261
and the dark was over all....e 270
trust him in the dark*.....e 443
dark blue ocean—roll.....s 322
the day is dark.....f 352
d. of the unfathomed centre..x 398
best of dark and bright.....k 473
dark the while without .....s 473
shadowy dark below.....q 241
what in me is dark.....l 348
softly dark and darkly.....s 105
d. eyes—so d., and so deep..q 109
wide o'er the dark.....j 276
Darken-seemed to d. and.....o 173
Darkened-the d. room .....h 300
vales between darkened.....s 446
Darker-to forgive wrongs d...d 332
as darker grows the night..w 200
Darkest-if in the d. hours of...l 336
in the darkest night.....w 395
Darkly-O darkly fostered ray..c 288
Darkness-night of d. and of....e 74
darkness till it smiled.....n 10
in darkness there is no.....l 56
only darkness visible.....d 91
darkness had no need of aid..f 78
to thy state of darkness hie*.i 78
sorrows and d. encompass....g 81
darkness and the worm.....r 86
melting the darkness*.....j 78
darkness is light and.....n 78
death has made his darkness.y 85
the only d. that which.....n 242
land of darkness.....e 265
soon stagnation, cold and d..l 192
gives light in d., comfort...m 195
joys that out of darkness....i 197
lamps burnt out, in d. lies.*.u 187
d. till those times appear....y 443
second bidding, d. fled.....f 325
instruments of darkness tell.*f 88
defining night by darkness..g 489
pray in the darkness.....w 343
in silent darkness born.....m 389
canopied in darkness* .....k 110
darkness again and a silence b 118
voice in the darkness.....b 118
in thy darkness and distress c 118
of darkness came the hands..y 119
my light in darkness ! and ..d 181

darkness is fled.....f 278
there is no d. but ignorance*n 206
against the darkness outer..w 236
darkness itself appear.....g 237
where light in darkness lies*f 237
fixed on earth in d. rooted..m 157
slope through d. up to God..i 176
stars will blossom in the d....k 159
war with the lines of d.....t 287
d. now rose as daylight sunk o 288
d. shrouds the shoreless.....d 289
the jaws of d. do devour*....i 289
darkness, how profound.....j 290
Darling-darlings of the forest.f 133
darlings of the early spring.m 159
they are the darling violets..v 159
darling, clear-eyed, sweet...d 271
my daisy, darling of.....m 126
Dart-venomed dart scarce.....e 380
what d's or poisoned arrows r 453
Dash-d. themselves to pieces* f 408
Dashed-d. through thick and..k 41
breaking waves dashed high g 323
Dashing-Tagus d. onward to...j 364
Date-all has its date below.....a 92
is written save perhaps a d..d 111
they pick up here a date....q 260
no dates in his fine leisure..d 180
our date, how short so e'er..x 205
frail in its date.....q 352
Dated-should never be dated*.n 492
Daughter-the d. of the sun.....o 12
sighs for a daughter..... 50
thy daughter's bright thy....u 54
I am all the daughters*.....i 55
we have no such daughter*..k 55
daughter of the voice of God.d 99
ta'en away this old man's d*k 258
daughter, said she, arise.....e 279
whose d's daughter cries....e 279
d. comes with sunny locks m 377
by no means wish a d.....c 228
sweet d. of a rough.....q 370
made by the homely d's.....a 198
small cares of daughter.....c 198
earth's holiest daughter.....l 461
words are the d's of earth....i 481
fairest of her daughters Eve m 494
daughter of deep silence....m 350
stol'n by my daughter*.....f 405
a lady with her daughters or d 473
Eves in all her daughters....r 475
well-reputed Cato's daughter*c 477
Daunt-din can d. mine ears*.... s 72
Dauntless-dauntless spirit of*.e 361
Daw-for daws to peck at*.....j 385
Dawn-dappled dawn doth rise..q 25
bliss was in that dawn.....m 35
spanning the hills like dawn.e 16
nearer the dawn the darker...s 45
the dawn is overcast.....b 117
with the dawn it speads....n 147
their dawn of love o'ercast..f 256
the pink dawn like a rose...b 277
hail, gentle dawn.....g 278
on the shores of dawn.....h 278
coloured like the dawn.....k 154
dawn, who see in twilight's.a 336
dawn to eyes that wake.....v 240
in homage to the rising d...h 157
then dawns the day.....j 464
fulfilled the promise of the d.i 446
they sighed for the dawn....i 434
prayer should dawn with...g 392
for the succeeding dawn....p 392
as creation's dawn beheld...f 423
of life is like the dawn.....h 486
Dawning-bird of d. singeth*...i 26
Day-days are nights to see till*..g 2
do with all the days and hours.d 2
think that day lost whose.....q 2
meeting eternity's day.....r 5
days, though short'ning.....n 6
my days are in the yellow.....o 5
I wake the god of day*.....c 23
day had awakened all.....l 26
it is not yet near day*.....o 28
day has deserted the West...u 33
day that rose with much of..g 34
this auspicious day began....j 34
of all the birds upon that day.n 32
days are yet all spring.....d 20
notes that close the eye of d..f 28
and enjoy bright day.....u 49
performed and d's well spent.n 66
turn and fight another day...p 73
out of eternity this new day.m 78
genial day, what balm.....a 79
proud day, attended with*... e 79
what hath this day deserv'd*.f 79
count that day lost whose....g 79
heavenly days that cannot die.i 79
"I've lost a day"—the prince.j 79
day less or more at sea.....h 79
die down, O dismal day.....l 59
not to me returns day, or....c 91
blot the day and blast the...aa 93
dreams, the custard of the d..e 97
as morning shows the day ...e 55
wake the dawning day .....m 21
the sun from the day.....m 90
if she should sing by day*....n 28
lov'd three whole days.....n 64
in the brave days of old.....c 72
dayes that might be better...e 94
sweet day, so cool, so calm....o 78
day is a snow-white dove....k 78
the middle d. of human life..g 34
blest and distinguish'd days..l 34
not to me returns day, or....c 91
day out of night .....b 93
my days go on.....n 90
make each day a critic.....x 76
day of nothingness.....f 80
repose till dawn of day.....p 82
day's lustrous eyes .....j 83
drawing days out that*.....w 84
death will have his day*.....n 85
long days are no happier.....l 78
how troublesome is day.....c 79
O such a day, so frought*....d 79
buy a world of happy days*..l 97
the day is ending .....c 106
the long day wanes.....k 106
day, like a weary pilgrim ...a 106
might open to adorn the d.* k 110
the great, the important day.b 117
come night, d. comes at last.q 118
d's out that men stand upon* b 119
dog will have his day*.....f 119
telling of halcyon d's begun.b 142
that shunn'st the glare of d.n 150
grace of a day that is dead...t 183
the sad accounting day.....v 164
sure than day and night ....g 253
some day, some day of days..u 259
and days o' lang syne.....j 172
spring, full of sweet dayes ..a 372
the melancholy d's are come.f 375
the day drags through .....g 231
happy days unclouded .....i 197
lark, at break of day arising* c 386
day and of approaching rest.k 386
day and night keeping wary.a 392
nothing but to give us day..g 398
of all the days that's in the.b 369
I dearly love but one day.. .b 369
day that comes betwixt a....b 369
O d. of rest! How beautiful.f 369
day of the Lord, as all our...f 369
night from day is straying ..l 374
can charm but for a day....f 152
all day the winds about her.q 155
days are bright and long....a 157
violet of our early days.....n 159
day brought back my night.cc 186
sweeter days are thine .....i 271
if ever, come perfect days...e 272
nor yet one fine day.....o 370
follow unwelcome days.....s 231
with multitude of days.....s 232
so pass our days .....k 234
one-half in day.....a 236
in God's eternal day .....f 236
day glimmer'd in the east...p 275
be gone before 'tis day.....r 277
jocund day stands tiptoe*...x 277
the busy day*.....a 278
the day begins to break*....b 278
draw forth the cheerful day.k 278
young day pours in apace...l 278
day is ended.....d 289
good things of day begin*...q 289
that never finds the day*....x 289
such as the d. is when the*..z 289
the day has no morning.....a 376
and days well spent.....x 225
of the long day, and wish....i 239
others only note that day is.a 336
brought too long a day.....a 261
other days around me.....k 261
outpost of advancing day....e 265
we have seen better days*...v 267
thirty days to each affix.....a 269
thirty days hath September.d 269
seven days and nights .....y 248
the sacred lamp of day.....b 411
gloaming comes, the day is..e 411
the day is done.....i 411
bright day like a tired .....k 411
how fine has the day been...q 411
d. grows fainter and dimmer.n 402
morning-star d's harbinger..v 402
day is spent, and stars.....i 403
one sun by day, by night...x 403
our days are number'd.....s 408
glow'd the lamp of day.....k 409
the gilded car of day.....o 409
fire that severs day from*...x 409
wide the blaze of day*.....g 410
king of day rejoicing in the.o 410
death-bed of a day.....q 410
shuts the gates of day.....r 410

is crimson with retiring day.s 410
he reeleth from the day*....v 409
one day thou wilt be blest...t 292
stands at break o' day.....o 436
day of delight and wonder...h 438
hoped that thy d's would be.j 438
end thy blissful days.....w 330
maketh two nights of ev'ry d.m 344
day nor night unhallow'd*..g 345
the pageant of a day.....t 346
d. to childhood seems a year.i 423
days are made on a loom....v 423
every day is the best day...w 423
posie, while the day ran by..e 424
day that was and is to be...m 424
d. brings less summer cheer.t 424
some d. he gives us the slip.v 424
ending flight of future days.d 425
through the roughest day*..e 426
night itself brighter than d.m 464
day paused and grew.....g 446
falling day in silence steals..i 446
day dies like the dolphin....j 446
earliest herald of day.....o 446
the day was dying, and.....s 446
front and radiant eyes of d..o 447
see thy wholesome days*....r 448
in the brave days of old.....o 449
greet the all auspicious day.c 450
the day is dark.....f 352
follow, as the night the day* u 445
O lost days of delight.....r 356
with God he passed the d's..c 358
shuts up the day of life*....p 391
far day sullies flowers.....g 392
where d. never shuts his eye.n 323
he pass'd the days .....q 395
day sacred to St. Valentine..k 450
days that need borrow..... l 491
joy rul'd the day and love...v 491
better day the better deed..cc 492
afternoon of her best days* .d 497
honor on this happy day....e 450
siege of battering days*.....k 426
d's will finish up the year*..l 426
day with the Antipodes*.....i 429
to-morrow will be another d.d 429
Day-book–dreadful d-b. open...h 10
Daylight–when d. appears.....r 33
make the d. still a happy.....j 63
is but the daylight sick*....z 289
to watch the daylight die....l 446
we burn d.; here, read*.....f 354
daylight sunk and .....o 288
see a church by daylight*..m 110
Day-lily–the d-l. rare.....a 128
Day-star–so sinks the d-s.....w 402
Dazzle–to d. let the vain.....k 170
Dazzled–d. by his conquering.h 410
Dazzling–with d. force to.....k 315
Dead–a man with soul so d.....c 71
dead beside the snow-yard...m 81
crowned, not that I am d.*...g 21
for he being d., with him*...f 91
life-weary taker may fall d*..k 91
would I were dead*.....q 91
is the home of the great d....p 34
better be with the dead*.....p 62
say I'm sick, I'm dead .....v 87
mourrnings for the dead.....s 81
the sheeted d. did squeak*...x 84
mallows, d. in the garden...n 146
sacred incense to the dead...l 135
Adonis is dead.....r 125
when I am not d., how glad..q 361
trumpet! the d. have all...bb 362
fanes above the mighty d....c 365
d. selves to higher things...m 255
gravestone of a d. delight...k 374
and fruits have long been d..b 377
and frost make all things d..p 377
among the living and the d..j 365
dead times revive in thee...k 213
living poets, who are dead...l 336
poetry of earth is never d....j 339
image of the departed dead..o 340
hope d. lives nevermore.....o 201
immortal d. who live again..a 210
the violet lay dead.....q 160
between the living and the d..s 401
d., living unto council call..x 237
our joy is d. and only smiles b 621
field of the tombless dead...g 457
let the d. past bury its dead.r 175
for them, being dead.....c 244
not d., but gone before.....c 245
had I lain for a century d....f 250
ridiculous, and d., forgot....l 495
but two months dead*.....jj 498
grace of a day that is d.....t 183
the d. are thy inheritors.....i 184
he is d., the sweet musician.o 312
d. he is not, but departed...f 314
time! the beautifier of the d.c 423
maker of the d. man's bed...g 322
d. know it not, nor profit....j 322
tongues unto the silent d....t 353
converse with the mighty d..h 354
true old times are dead.....u 356
when wives are dead.....i 464
rest her soul, she's dead*....j 477
God be thank'd that the d...h 483
bear blossoms of the dead...o 429
earth, that bears thee dead*.q 484
Deaden–harp, to deaden its....r 424
Deaf–the d. can understand....c 220
will is deaf, and hears*.....u 465
have ears more deaf*.....s 88
Dean–the cushion and soft d..a 195
Dear–something dear, dearer...g 90
as my own, to me is dear.....l 34
her d. five hundred friends..s 168
art more dear to me.....n 139
dear is my friend.....p 170
when friends are dear.....q 230
but oh how fondly dear.....f 128
die of their own d. loveliness.t 130
dear as the light.....t 241
dear as the ruddy drops.....t 241
d. to me as are the rnddy*...e 465
makes the remembrance d.*..j 343
Dearer–I to myself am dearer*.s 379
those who are dearer to us..f 305
the wife is d. than the bride..n 464
Dearest–the nearest and d.....y 169
Dearth–there's no d. of.....f 220
Death–immortal, and death*.....l 1
to beat assailing death*.....e 4
her black attendant death....s 13
death's pale flag is not*.....w 18
hymn to his own death*.....p 23
sleep, as undisturb'd as d....k 37
danger, and deserved death*.m 46
death—a chaos of hard clay..d 47
I will devise a d. as cruel*...k 77
death which nature never....o 86
wast not born for death*....a 28
even in our death ye bid.....j 39
be absolute for death*.....n 50
what should it know of death p 55
death makes equal the.....k 66
where death's approach*.....o 62
the coward sneaks to death..r 73
death is a black camel.....k 79
men fear death as children...o 79
death is the universal salt....p 79
the death-change comes.....q 79
death is another life.....q 79
on the cold cheek of death....r 79
death hath so many doors....s 79
summons be, O death.....t 79
they die an equal death.....b 80
death, so called, is a thing....c 80
who make the least of death m 80
thank God for death.....n 80
death, be not proud.....o 80
die not, poor death.....o 80
death shall be no more.....p 80
death thou shalt die.....p 80
victim, to my death I'll go...r 80
death is the king of the world s 80
drawing near her death.....u 80
rueful harbinger of death....w 80
death borders upon our birth c 81
winds before the voice of d..d 81
the ancients dreaded death...e 81
death rides on every passing..f 81
have seen thy look in death..h 81
for thine own, oh! death.....i 81
death, the consolcr.....p 81
death never takes one alone..q 81
reaper whose name is death. u 81
there is no death..... a 82
death hath a thousand doors.f 81
death grinned horrible.....l 81
I fled and cried out death....m 81
back resonnded death.....m 82
death betimes is comfort.....v 82
O death, all eloquent.....c 83
sleep and death, two twins...d 83
my soul, can this be death...e 83
we owe God a death*.....p 83
cherish'd still the nearer d.*. r 83
d. is most in apprehension*. t 83
death lies on her like an*....x 83
death, that hath sucked*.....a 84
bargain to engrossing death* b 84
sleep of death what dreams*.n 84
death a necessary end.....u 83
death as the psalmist*.....v 83
amiable, lovely death*.....w 83
hidons death within* .....e 84
years of fearing death*.....i 84
a lightning before death*.....k 84
call onr own but death*.....r 84
death we fear*.....i 85
where art thou death*.....k 85
death is nobly waited on.....r 85
O proud death! what feast*..u 84
to what we fear of death*....y 84
fain die a dry death*.....z 84
blaze forth the d. of princes*.j 85
the worst is—death*.....n 85

how wonderful is death.....p 85
death and his brother, sleep..p 85
are but monuments of death.r 85
death ! to the happy thou....v 85
death is not rare, alas.....w 85
death has made his darkness.y 85
death is honorable.....b 86
death is a guest divine.....g 86
death is the crown of life.....l 86
were death denyed poor man. l 86
who can take death's portrait s 86
death loves a shining mark..m 86
truly longed for death.....a 86
death is no evil.....b 86
death is honorable.....b 86
death cannot sever the ties...v 63
the dull cold ear of death.....x 80
cruel death who wast so.....r 81
confessor like unto death.....v 81
portal we call death.....a 82
death cometh soon or late....d 82
stood grim death now.....g 82
grim death my son and.....i 82
behind her death close.....j 82
death comes not at call.....k 82
nothing terrible in death.....p 82
death will come.....r 82
death's but a path.....t 82
death aims with fouler.....g 83
heavy in sweet death.....j 83
still the nearer death*.....r 83
meetest for death*.....h 91
come death and snatch.....f 95
death its own avenger.....u 94
across the gulf of death.....j 113
where is death's sting.....t 112
beyond us, ev'n before our d t 115
death makes no conquest*..w 115
shall death be bound.....o 105
like death when he shuts*..r 110
death in the wood.....e 143
death in a whiteness.....e 143
less base the fear of death..bb 121
as death, and hungry as the.u 203
death, thou shalt die.....p 207
though death his soul.....c 208
set honour in one eye, and d.o 209
under the ribs of death.....l 282
seems a course of death.....b 285
cold sense of death.....r 153
death after life, does greatly.b 362
stories of the d. of kings*..w 367
'mid the forms of death.....l 253
death had not divided.....k 168
as it draws near its death...n 272
d. might find him conqueror.t 222
life is perfected by death....x 222
me liberty, or give me d....w 228
life is labor, and d. is rest...g 230
life's as serious thing as d...l 230
we live with death.....t 230
even death embraces.....j 165
lovely in d. the beauteous..m 333
if in death still lovely.....m 333
death treads in pleasure's...u 334
look on death itself*.....g 391
death of each day's life*....k 391
grossly fear'st thy death*...o 391
like death, when he shuts*..p 391
cold, appear like death*.....p 391
in that sleep of d. what*....q 391
sleep, death's twin-brother..e 392
like indeed to death's own..h 392
though death's image.....k 392
d. quite breaks the spring..p 392
to threaten me with death*.v 307
flouted at is double death*. f 398
exceeding sorrow unto d....o 398
after death the doctor.....m 309
yet death will seize*.....c 310
was silence deep as death....j 382
d. and sleep and thou three..w 383
sleep and death, two twins..n 390
death comes in the gale.....u 381
sleep, the type of death.....k 389
brother to death.....m 389
very portraiture of death....t 389
till his death be called.....s 482
death the journey's end.....z 483
Maker, and the angel death.k 485
sleep is a death.....t 388
him all d's I would endure..p 243
as one near death*.....t 418
sour'd themselves to death*.b 249
death is the world.....j 249
sick men, when their d's*...o 192
to die ten thousand d's*....w 198
play to you, 'tis d. to us....m 493
a man after death.....t 500
time flies, death urges*.....v 501
condemning some to death*.f 183
your d. you were better*....h 294
the various deaths of men..x 299
wish them to a fairer death*.x 311
might pierce me unto d....y 442
lighted me the way to d.... f 450
glory nor reprieve from d...n 450
parting is an image of d....k 326
slander'd to d. by villains*.m 387
death cannot kill.....q 425
gone as to d. the merriest...s 425
death's mysterious stream.m 427
death and love are the two..c 489
death by dust.....g 489
death seek and shun.....o 428
birth is nothing bnt our d..q 428
shun d. this anxious strife..f 290
instant d. on every wave....i 404
man yields to death.....o 407
to death for dread of death..r 408
many years of fearing d.*...c 409
death and existence.....g 389
then death's his epilogue...q 232
nor all of death to die.....t 233
when d. is our physician*...e 235
death of each day's life*....p 235
but our death begun.....r 236
make d. proud to take us*..d 451
gone to his death.....o 267
death's a pleasant road....aa 453
death shall crown the end...y 455
alone has majesty in death..c 456
there, save d., was mute.....c 457
sons with purple d. expire..u 458
jaws of danger and of d.*....s 459
dread of something after d.*.f 176
d. hath sundered did not....f 176
passion strong in death.....a 327
d. and hell by doom severe..x 355
we term sleep a death.....b 389
and death unloads thee*....u 462
taste of death upon my lips.r 444
draws near its death.....y 465
save the thing from death*.m 310
next to death is sleepe to be.a 392
speak me fair in death*.....k 343
builds life on death.....o 348
d's remember they are men..j 349
as also in birth and death...a 473
Deathbed–a d's a detector.....k 86
her d. steeps in tears.....h 270
d. of a day, how beautiful...q 410
thy deathbed is no lesser*...i 360
ask d's; they can tell .....w 487
Death-counterfeiting–d. sleep*.n 391
Deathless–d. love, save that...d 279
pledge of a deathless name..i 420
Death-river–d-r. moaned.....w 458
Death-shot–d-s. were pouring.i 467
Debate–wise at a debate.....h 50
the Rupert of debate.....w 493
gold in families debate.....f 181
Debauch–sick of the night's d.b 252
Debt–ambitlon's debt is paid*..g 9
dead, the debt is due.....c 85
two ways of paying debt....f 101
payment for so great a d.* ..b 259
cancel my debt too great....v 164
I'm still in debt.....b 221
I pay the debt*.....u 170
I pay my d's, believe and say.f 203
chest contriv'd a double d..v 206
unwillingness to repay a d..r 210
requires the royal d. it lent* r 210
you are in debt, you hate...s 171
words pay no debts*.....jj 499
Debtor–every man a d. to his..a 293
Decay–age is not all decay.....j 6
beauty thus decay.....u 6
our decay, and yet the.....x 7
decay's effacing fingers.....f 80
hovering round decay.....t 86
love begins to sicken and d.*.m 44
dreams never of decay.....c 486
to decorate decay.....g 143
a growth to meet decay.....n 137
love, that never can decay...o 125
I myself shall like to this d..t 164
mid beauty and decay to....a 411
muddy vesture of decay*...k 403
decay and growth of it.....f 356
is growing to decay.....n 347
seemed to darken and d.....o 173
too slowly ever to decay....m 441
man and all his works decay.l 425
with unperceived decay.....j 424
Decayed–batter'd and d.....f 428
Deceased–her first d.; she for...j 86
Deceit–that d. should dwell*...e 88
a quicksand of deceit*.....bb 87
Deceitful–damnable, d.woman w 475
deceitful shine, d. flow.....m 484
Deceive–thyself no more d., thy.o 6
we practice to deceive.....w 87
friend may profess, yet d...k 172
dreams at length d. 'em.....c 113
a simple flower deceives....m 150
do not d., and I will not.....t 221
Deceived–you have not d .....p 37
pleasure to be deceived .....q 87
deceived with ornament* ....h 88
themselves d., would have...e 335
Deceivers–men were d's ever*.o 122

Deceiving–what is hope but d..l 99
weep that trust and that d..a 443
no end of his deceivings....p 252
December–old D's bareness*....h 2
wind-beat, dark December....o 7
as soon seck roses in D.....p 75
hail to December.....a 274
a drear-nighted December...b 274
in December ring.....c 274
in cold December fragrant..d 274
the sun that brief December..e 274
mirth of its December.....n 261
Decency–want of d. is want of..t 408
content to dwell in d's.....t 454
Decent–d., as more suitable....e 407
Deception–into d. unaware.....q 14
Decide–d. all controversies by..l 95
decide not rashly.....p 88
come the moment to decide..q 88
joking decides great things..e 216
to decide impartially.....l 217
d. where doctors disagree...v 309
Decision–d. made can never...p 88
Deck–the ground where thou..a 31
cowslips deck the plain.....o 136
primroses deck the bank's..c 129
white are the d's with foam.i 404
Decked–the wood-nymphs d..u 138
Decline–usually its decline.....u 15
first I shall decline my head..o 137
Decorate–to decorate, decay...g 143
to decorate the fading year..i 129
Decoration–but the solemn d..o 322
Decorum–with d. all things...a 257
hunt decorum down.....v 451
Decree–the blessed decree....u 262
man busied about decrees*..f 183
mighty state's decrees.....q 319
what is decreed must be*...a 119
Decrepit–creep d. with his....l 428
Dedicate–truly d. to war*.....d 460
Dedication–a wild d. of*.....b 207
Dee–lived on the river Dee.....o 65
across the sands o' Dee.....g 365
Deed–d's are sometimes better..j 4
voices to commend our d.....c 7
will do some valiant deed.....b 8
what good deeds he has.....e 49
worse; of worse deeds worse..d 62
doth right d's is twice born...l 88
deeds, not words.....u 88
deeds which are harvest.....w 88
our deeds determine us.....v 88
ambition to commend my d....y 88
deeds themselves, though....y 88
ungodly deeds find me.....z 88
the deed I intend is great...aa 88
measure by thy deeds*.....h 89
such precious deeds in*.....f 89
foul deeds will rise*.....c 75
this deed of death*.....b 75
O, would the deed were good*..f 75
shall be done a deed*.....q 75
unnatural deeds do breed*...k 75
do evil deeds thus quickly....l 75
man of mighty deeds.....b 80
a deed without a name*.....a 89
dignified by the doer's d*....b 89
do deeds worth praise*.....c 89
rewards his deeds with*.....d 89
unless the deed go with it*..g 89
a good deed accomplished....h 10
by our deeds acquire too*...v 115
vaunting vile deeds.....s 117
massive deeds and great...aa 117
germs of deeds that wither..x 119
better not do the deed.....q 106
sourest by their deeds*.....q 130
strengthens unto virtuous d.c362
deeds carry their terrible...m 362
formed for deeds of high....h 255
to mourn for, not the deed..s 164
we live in deeds, not years..n 230
these unlucky deeds relate*.j 219
strong both against the d*...q 219
rhyme can blazon evil d's....k 338
by doing d's of hospitality*..o 202
to be nameless in worthy d.w 202
in deeds of daring rectitude..a 210
no man's good deeds did.....l 50
shis deed accurst.....a 96
faint d's, hollow welcomes*..h 44
not the deed a man does....n 279
set a gloss on faint deeds*...e 174
cherish such high deeds*....r 459
noble by great deeds.....p 290
loving, though the d. might.y 442
excused his devilish deeds..g 448
beget strange deeds.....f 421
song forbids victorious d's..j 396
better deeds than words*...u 383
deeds do lean on crutches..a 385
deeds which have no form..n 408
burning deed and thought..k 233
by-and-by will the deed and.n 217
dared the deed of war.....d 457
their own heroic deeds.....k 458
means to do ill deeds*.....f 418
great d's, need no trumpet..e 419
thought is parent of the d..k 419
honour is purchas'd by d's..k 199
until some honourable d....k 199
better day the better deed...cc 492
not the deed, confounds us*b 499
no debts, give her deeds*...jj 499
make an ugly d. look fair*..b 500
good d. in a naughty world*.k182
deed is like the Heaven's....z 185
thinking the deed, and not..n 317
unsaid and deeds undone...s 356
devours the d. in the praise*.y346
words were meant for deeds.c 481
are women, deeds are men...d 481
kind of good d., to say well*.d 482
holy as the d's they cover...k 482
thy life as thy deeds.....m 482
scraps are good d's past*....v 426
and yet words are no deeds*.d 482
ill deeds are doubled with*..y 481
Decp–deep to deeper plunged..e 62
not so deep as a well*.....e 67
blue deep's magnificently....l 59
pillow'd on the waveless deep.f 25
as they roll grow d. and still.m 365
the deep moans round.....h 106
dark eyes—so dark and so d.q 109
dashing onward to the deep..j 364
various journey to the deep.n 364
never felt a calm so deep....h 366
one Sabbath deep and wide.k 369
dashes from deep to deep....c 212
spirits from the vasty deep*.l 401
vast and boundless deep....h 404
vast and foamy deep.....k 404
still as in the silent deep....i 433
always-wind-obeying deep*.r 323
but the deeps are dumb.....e 327
ruffling the blue d's serene..e 466
roll on, thou deep and dark..s 322
truth is sunk in the deep...e 446
where the brook is deep*....v 498
as deep as hell.....k 489
was silence deep as death....j 382
Deepen–the combat deepens..h 457
Deeper–d. far than outward...h 133
deeper it takes its hue.....k 410
thought is d. than all speech.n 419
Deepest–rivers make least din.y 383
the private wound is d.*....m 431
Deeply–whoe'er feels deeply...g]165
Deep-searched–with saucy*...p 406
Deer–deer to the stand o' the*.p 181
stricken d. that left the herd.c 497
deers swift leap startles.....l 395
Defamed–by every charlatan...g 178
Defeat–strangers to defeat.....o 52
wailings of defeat.....m 88
ourselves, are triumph and d.i 49
disaster and d. the stronger.c 442
unkindness may d. my life*.u 449
Defect–no man's d's sought....l 50
some d. in her did quarrel*.o 183
the cause of this defect*....r 354
fair defect of nature.....n 475
reckon upon defects.....l 47
fine by d. and delicately weak b 476
your defects to know.....n 170
the cause of this defect*.....d 43
Defend–d. me from my friends p 171
God defend thy right*.....n 497
O God, defend me*.....r 306
sleeping and waking, O, d*..i 443
Defended–by all our hands.....j 71
Defence–but, in defence*.....o 280
stand in your defence*.....c 457
wants a day's defence.....p 319
millions for defence.....r 329
awake endeavour for defence*i 72
words admit of no defence...t 480
Defer–'tis madness to defer....l 470
never loses though it doth d. c 423
defer not till tomorrow to...b 429
Deferred–pang of hope d.....q 201
Defiance–bid d. to all the force t 228
Defiled–touch pitch will be d.*..q 64
Deform–world d. and toture...t 455
Deformed–none can be called d*v 449
Defunct–though d. and dead*.e 2[illegible]
Defy–and defies its point.....k 71
Degree–scorning the base d's*.. p 9
the high or low d.....s 454
observe d., priority and*....k 325
a squire of low degree.....q 500
ever heal, but by degrees*..w 485
she is of such low degree...m 138
that's a degree of love*.....c 333
take but degree away*.....y 283
fine by d's and beautifully...e 496
Deist–the d. rave and atheist..k 357
Deity–the passing bell for d....e 435
felt presence of the Deity....c 396
gentle deity of dreams.....s 388
fits it to bespeak the Deity..s 280

light us deep into the deity.x 403
deities who rule the world...t 179
Dejected-never dejected while r 413
Dejection-in our d. do we sink.v 46
Delay-d's are dangerous in war o 457
haste, half sister, to delay...o 429
unseen hands d. the coming.i 118
a long delay in kindness.....a 220
do not delay ; the golden....h 324
sick with long delay.....v 343
long demurs breed new d's. o 427
Delft-Delft, with all its wares..d 59
Delia-is there a tongue like D's,h 430
Deliberate-d. with thyself.....a 172
woman that d's is lost.....q 238
Delicacy-to the d. of their hand e 190
Delicate-refined and delicate..f 102
the delicate footed May.....s 373
the body's delicate*.....q 167
Delicately-defect, and d. weak b 476
Delight-kiss your hair in my d.p 66
gleamed like a vision of d.....k 52
sacred, home-felt delight.....k 33
mounted in delight .....v 46
delights were dolphin-like*..n 53
dogs delight to bark and bite d 68
have a degree of delight.....i 89
paradise he drank dclight ....j 89
man delights not me*.....m 89
violent delights have violent* k 89
much to feed on, as delight*n 894
a day of delight and wonder.h 438
lap me in delight.....n 321
fools paradise, he drank d....t 325
why all delights are vain*...r 325
O lost days of delight.....r 356
youthful delight, oh how oft o 446
my ever new delight..... q 464
seek to d. that they may....x 303
shades have only true d.....d 395
delight a quiet life affords...e 350
a phantom of delight.....u 478
what delight is in to-morrow j 429
with large delight foretells..k 276
delight hath a joy in it.....h 227
never done with his delights l 212
that give d. and hurt not*..d 215
d. of sovereign art and.....r 337
delight by heavenly lays ....c 338
if there's delight in love.....t 240
d's than all their largest....p 370
noble mind's d. and pride ..n 173
a solitude, a refuge, a d.....q. 174
lose their dear delight*....dd 498
does one day of delight ne'er k 188
go to it with delight*.....j 293
delight of old and young....a 101
sorrows woven with delights f 118
around me with fairy delights k 126
paint the meadows with d*. f 373
gravestone of a dead delight..k 374
thee king of intimate d's....e 377
with d. the flow'ry world....a 272
hail thee with delight.....q 275
delight and quietude of sleep a 390
Delightful-books are delightful j 36
half so delightful as a.....p 256
Delivered-d. me to my sour* ..bb 384
Dell-down in the d. I wandered s 145
the loneliest of our dells.....s 145
violets linger in the dell ....p 374
leaping in shady dells.....l 461
Delude-shades our minds d.....s 97
Delusion-a delusion, a mockery r 17
but under some delusion....p 228
d. that it will last forever....q 325
Deluder-thou grand deluder.. q 249
Demi-god-what d-g. hath*.....q 314
Demon-the demon, thought..h 419
demons that in darkness....g 410
demon that is dreaming.....l 30
Demonstration-flawless d.....l 58
Demosthenes-D. or Cicero.....g 76
Demur-long d's breed new....o 420
Den-his drowsy d. were next..a 392
Denial-ceas'd with slight d.*..u 268
Denied-not she d. him with...w 472
too near that comes to be d. f 454
to all the lower world denied n 173
Denmark-in the state of D.*..w 340
I'm sure it may be so in D.*.c 205
throne of D. to my father*...g 368
Deny-that deny a God destroy..z 19
they do not deny him.....q 164
ill, though ask'd, deny.....m 407
powers deny us for our good m 345
it gives, and what denies...q 348
deny it to a king.....r 390
Depart-come like shadows so d. o 380
d. from hence, and therein..h 215
the joy late coming late d's. m 216
let him depart ; his passport* q 459
d. with his own honesty.....n 198
Departed-all are departed.....c 111
all but he departed.....j 261
ye friendships long departed. o 173
thick foot-prints of d. men...u 85
Departure-on their d. most of*. b 310
the bustle of departure.....p 92
I wish them a fair departure*..i 2
written strange d's in my*..t 187
Depend-d's on circumstance..k 169
sacred joys of home d.....c 198
depends our main concern..a 444
forming each on other to d..c 394
Deplore-will not d. thee.....g 81
Deposed-d., some slain in*....w 367
Depth-groundless, d. descendeth. e 9
dive into the d. to see.....e 9
depths of heavenly peace...m 259
d's of the stone covered....bb 362
streams betray small d.....x 186
but far beyond my depth*...a 347
within their silent depths...f 78
Derive-our acts we them d.*...z 199
Descant-with too harsh a d.*..a 386
Descend-slow d's the snow....q 393
descend not from the gods...d 97
Descendant-d's will thank us..a 297
Descended-deep into the breast l 417
d. out of heaven from God....s 74
Descending-whose low d. sun..g 79
Descent-the claims of long d..f 384
Description-it beggar'd all d*..x 18
so long, live in description..p 451
maid that paragons d.*.....p 476
Desert-O, to abide in the desert.n 25
desert's ice-girt pinnacles....o 69
should dread the desert.....z 54
this shadowy desert*.....a 78
this same dessert is not.....n 99
sweetness on the d. air .....x 292
d. heard the camel's bell....j 461
d. where no life is found....x 382
rose of the desert.....d 153
rose of the desert.....m 153
son of the desert.....c 375
be like a desert show.....j 375
d. rocks and fleeting air....w 22a
deserts with surprise..... a 223
the lonely desert trace.....g 226
double-shade the desert.....p 288
dry d. of a thousand lines...b 340
roses, that in d's bloom.....e 154
the sand-hills of the desert..c 232
O, that the desert were.....c 240
voice of the d., never dumb..r 285
use every man after his d.*..t 219
in the d., now and heretofore. l 179
the d., fruitful fields.....d 142
limitless waste of the d.....j 136
trod the desert land.....o 273
d. fills our seeing's inward..f 365
fragrance o'er the d. wide...l 141
Deserted-at his utmost need .m 210
Deserve-what you d. to hear....l 34
none but the brave d's the....o 71
deserve to die a beggar.....a 216
how few deserve it.....x 300
love can scarce d. the name..f 249
Deserved-praise no man e'er d.o 343
Deserving-any well d. friend*..h 293
Design-beyond higher d.....a 103
my designs and labors.....w 169
our work is not design.....h 92
Designing-consists in d. well.u 297
Desire-every man d's to live.... s 7
ambitious worldly desires.....c 8
mind from vain d's is free....e 66
d., that with perpetual.....r 89
with vain d. is shrivel'd.....l 60
land to which desire for.....s 175
soft and delicate desires*....r 246
d's, that dart like swallows..i 197
hope ! thou nurse of young d.n 200
lack of d. is the greatest.....r 462
and devout desires*.....h 350
the second of desire.....b 383
with my friend I desire.....f 168
one sole d., one passion.....d 363
companions of my young d's.i 170
hope this fond desire.....i 207
all men d. to be immortal...u 207
contents his natural desire../ 234
his desire is to be at rest....l 234
prayer is the soul's sincere d..t 344
I shall desire more love.....w 326
and conquers its desire.....m 251
it desires what it has not....l 156
crowns desire with gifts.....h 408
'tis not what our youth d's..a 486
Desired-no more to be d.....r 65
Desirous-hath led me on, d.....k 1
Desk-dry drudgery at the d's..e 483
Desolate-none are so desolate...g 90
no one so utterly desolate....j 90
no soul is d. as long.....i 90
d. walls of antique palaces..w 382
Desolation-ruin and d.....g 404
my desolation does begin*..m 356
Despair-I shall despair*.....i 91
speechless grief and dark d...k 25
betake thee to nothing but d*p 91

then black despair.....t 91
heaven quits us in despair..w 91
speak of nothing but d.*.....e 91
greater mischief than d.....d 96
comfortless dispaires.....e 94
hurried question of d.....p 90
conscience wakes despair....d 62
despair most fits*.....a 107
there breathes despair.....m 116
draw on its head despair....a 144
hope changed for despair....k 166
what resolution from d.....i 201
worse than despair.....a 202
darkness, and end with d....b 155
make despair and madness..f 283
depths of some divine d.....g 417
should all despair that*.....c 465
sorrow hates despair.....s 492
two-penny post's in d.....h 450
it kills the giant despair....d 328
darkness, comfort in d.*.....h 343
the accents of despair.....u 343
shall I, wasting in dispaire..q 478
Despairing-dark and d.....k 5
managed against d. thoughts.s 201
Desperate-d. ills demand a....m 73
thoughts of desperate men*.r 266
beware of desperate steps ...m 43
Desperately-d. run to death...r 408
Despise-who d's one, slights..i 226
you despise books, you.....w 40
d. all those who have vices..f 452
d. all those who have not....f 452
Despised-most lov'd, despis'd*.n 51
I like to be despised.....l 346
d. in the sunshine hour.....c 29
Despond-apter to d. than.....l 298
Despot-a d. has always some..c 449
Despotic-to the man d. power.f 257
Despotism-the d. of vice.....b 448
Destined-d. period men in.....o 81
Destiny-souls, whose destinies..i 60
can shun his destiny .....x 91
our earthly destinies.....i 92
glorious man's destiny.....f 92
as d., for it is destiny*.....f 115
read the future d. of man...m 425
date from cancelled d.*.....n 485
Destroy-first d's their mind..p 117
one to destroy is murder....r 280
destroy our ease.....e 380
all, remorseless shall d.....q 370
strong only to destroy.....a 491
time destroys all things.....e 428
Destroyed-is d. by thought...m 419
Destroyer-d. that goes abroad.p 272
Destructive-d., damnable.....w 475
Detector-a deathbed's a d.....k 86
Deter-sufficient to d. a man..cc 113
Determination-has a good d...t 360
Determine-our deeds d. us.....u 88
determine on some course*..a 361
what I love d's how I love...j 241
Detest-love the offender, yet d.p 384
my soul detests him as.....p 113
but they detest at leisure..aa 191
while the treason I detest...h 431
Development-in their d.....g 389
Device-to bend to mean d's....q 71
d's still are overthrown*....k 119
fine devices in his head.....k 254
banner with the strange d..n 493
excellent! I smell a device*.g 497
Devil-don't let him go to the d...l 4
a mounting devil in the.....t 9
I called the d. and he came...q 92
the devil is an ass.....r 92
the devil was sick.....d 93
devil a monk would be.....d 93
devil cross my prayers*.....e 93
let the devil wear black*....f 93
more d's than vast hell can*..g 93
what, man! defy the devil*...i 93
devil will have a chapel.....t 57
the devil always builds.....u 57
at the devil's booth are.....j 60
for now the devil*.....f 75
doubt is brother d. to despair.f 96
whose honesty the devil*....t 103
pays a toll to the devil.....m 106
laughing devil in his sneer..k 490
devil lead the measure*.....b 361
brook'd the eternal devil*..j 368
the ingredient is a devil*...k 214
give the devil his due.....cc 218
he will give the d. his due*..k 219
the d. understands Welsh*..n 203
and a devil at home.....k 204
to serve the devil in.....v 204
sugar o'er the d. himself*...k 205
go that the devil drives*....j 287
when most I play the devil..aa 452
the devil hath not.....d 456
hell is empty and all the d's*c 195
d. will not have me damn'd*.d 195
giving, but the devil to pay..c 495
wonder how the d. they got..ee 495
must eat with the devil*....t 497
you the blacker devil*.....j 498
speak truly, shame the d....n 443
tell truth, and shame the d*..q 445
can the devil speak true*...x 445
devil can cite Scripture*....q 351
let us call thee devil*.....p 468
d. in every berry of the....i 468
the devil sends us cooks....f 302
the devil hath power to*....q 342
the devil did grin.....m 346
the devil made sin.....f 348
pride made the devil.....f 348
when thou was't made a d..x 472
have been the devil's tools...l 474
abashed the devil stood.....u 90
the devil tempts us not.....a 418
devils soonest tempt*.....e 418
we are devils to ourselves*..k 418
haste is of the devil.....q 191
I do hate him as I hate the d..r 192
devil climbs into the belfry..m 317
'tis devils must print.....d 318
why, what o' devil's name*..j 320
as two yoke-devils sworn*..y 431
devil's being offended*.....q 478
Devilish-the d. cannon*.....q 460
excused his devilish deeds..g 448
otherwise it were devilish...n 325
Devise-I will d. a death as*...k 77
devise, wit; write, pen*... m 300
Devote-d. your time to study..m 406
Devotee-a d. when soars the...n 216
Devotion-my boke, and my d...h 37
d'i visage, and pious*.....h 255
mother of your d. to me.....a 206
ignorance is the mother of d..s 206
d. with revengeful arms*....h 460
exclusive in devotion.....n 312
d. to something afar.....f 500
Devour-jaws of darkness to d*..k 78
worry and d. each other....k 457
Devoured-d. as fast as they*..v 426
Dew-golden dew of sleep*.....k 97
d. is cold upon the ground...k 29
dew shall weep thy fall.....o 78
d's that waken the sweet....u 59
d's bewet around the place..b 22
on their heads like dew*.....d 35
chaste, as morning dew.....a 47
dew on his thin robe.....j 70
snn the morning dew.....q 80
dew on the mountain .....l 83
dew, 'tis of the tears which...l 83
roses newly wash'd with d.*..c 19
resolve itself into a dew*.....n 91
no dew left on the daisies ....t 96
the gracious dew.....p 317
lees of the night-dew.....b 432
fields might spill their d....d 434
whose was the brightest d..d 436
trees blow in the dews.....p 436
d. dwelt ever on the herb....l 437
d. from leaves and blossom..e 449
dews with spangles decked..f 447
twilight's soft d's steal o'er.,i 447
golden dew of sleep*.....b 391
sleep, the fresh dew of.....s 391
laughing from the dew of...w 127
ink falling like dew.... ...m 480
no grateful dews descend...s 488
balmy dews of sleep with...s 388
the timely dew of sleep.....j 390
honey-heavy d. of slumber*. s 390
flower the dews have lightly.s 107
lamps of scent and dew.....l 142
drooping for thy sighe of d..q 142
primrose, drenched in dew..a 129
cheerful drops like dew.....j 140
heath-flower dashed the dew j 164
a patter of dew.....b 271
as sunlight drinketh dew ...o 222
rose-bud bathed in dew.....e 153
drank the evening dew.....h 153
dews of Helicon have given.g 287
wet with dews of morning..a 154
by dew and sun and shower..j 154
wash'd with morning dew..m 154
haughty for heaven's dew...b 155
pure as d., and pick'd as wine.r 155
winds fed with silver dew...k 156
kiss'd by the dew.....bb 159
winds wander, and d's drip..b 160
down the gentle dew.....f 280
curtain of translncent dew../ 290
glittering gems of morning d.y 403
as the dew to the blossom...q 262
the night of dew that on*...h 248
falling like dew, upon a.....b 298
the womb of morning dew..m 112
alone to heavenly dews.....o 144
sunshine, sweet as dew.....j 145
gazed through clear dew....o 145
dew dabbled on their stalks..l 149
for the dew, and the snn's...l 149
rose-buds in the morning d..q 151

rollicking, are drunk with d.*e* 131
the sunshine and the dew...*n* 134
with the gathering dews....*b* 136
cowslip bendeth with the d.*a* 137
white daisies from white d..*c* 138
the dew had taken fairy's...*q* 138
grass keps its ain drap o' d..*a* 374
she had nursed in dew.....*p* 374
Orion sheds unwholesome d's.*c*378
with happy tears of dew.....*s* 138
walks o'er the dew of yon*..*w* 277
Dew-bead-d-b. gem of earth....*n* 93
Dew-drop-slips into the sea....*j* 93
dew-drops, nature's tears....*k* 93
dew-drops are the gems.....*m* 93
every dew-drop and rain-drop.*o* 93
stars of morning, dew-drops.*p* 93
d-d's in the breeze of morn...*q* 93
I must go seek some d-d's*...*r* 93
every dew-drop paints a bow.*s* 93
d-d's on the fields of heaven.*a* 402
protects the lingering d-d...*h* 139
the dew-drop is flown.....*c* 160
d-d's fall soft in the breast..*p* 446
brighter in the d-d. glows...*e* 343
Dew-spangles-the d s. shine ..*d* 374
Dewy-night is fair in the d...*s* 137
telling, in the dewy grass...*b* 139
languid locks all d. bright...*o* 375
where are the d. meadows..*p* 377
with dewy evening's soft ...*q* 285
dewy as the morning .....*h* 154
rose saith in the dewy morn.*l* 154
full of dewy wine.....*j* 155
led by morn with dewy feet.*h* 410
dewy freshness in my soul..*s* 262
tell my wish to her d. blue..*q* 316
radiance from her d. locks...*h* 466
entice the d. feather'd sleep..*i* 390
Dexterity-d. in his profession.*a* 320
Diadem-the precious d. stole.*w* 418
who weareth in his diadem..*k* 137
a diadem of snow.....*o* 279
him who wears the regal d..*g* 367
bird, whose tail's a diadem...*p* 29
Dial-more tedious than the d*y* 248
think;-the shadow on the d..*o* 441
the shadow on the dial.....*s* 424
in figures on a dial.....*n* 230
my dial goes not true*.....*j* 26
true as the dial to.....*x* 63
as the dial to the sun.....*r* 122
like a dial's point*.....*a* 255
upon a dial's point*.....*k* 235
Dialect-taught the d. they speak *o* 21
Dialogue-ape the swoln d.....*l* 293
Diamond-diamond and Indian*w* 66
diamonds in thine eyes.....*t* 108
displace the neighbor d.....*y* 108
eye would emulate the d*...*n* 110
as pearls from diamonds*...*t* 110
sense is the d. weighty.....*y* 379
wit apart, it is a d. still.....*y* 379
like d's all the rain-drops...*j* 271
pearls from d's dropp.d* ..*h* 393
of diamond shin' g clear....*t* 304
or for my diamond*.....*c* 305
the lively diamond drinks..*m* 305
next to sound judgment, d's.*p* 217
as diamond cnts diamond...*e* 177
diamonds cut diamonds....*cc* 491
d's from the mines of Eden..*e* 328
main rocks of diamond.....*m* 352
Dian-Dian's bud o'er Cupid's*.*u* 245
Diana-Diana thus, heavens....*h* 276
wake Diana with a hymn*...*i* 283
D's rangers false themselves*.*p* 181
Diary-d. of the human race..*m* 229
Dickens-cannot tell what the d*.*t* 284
Dictator-d's to mankind.....*x* 300
Diction-an author's d. cannot.*b* 407
Did-not how you did it.....*m* 297
Die-either do or die.....*o* 2
let us do or die.....*s* 2
theirs bnt to do and die.....*r* 3
old man do but die.....*b* 6
they presently must die.....*c* 33
thou may'st die so too.....*n* 43
harder lesson, how to die....*r* 56
if it were now to die*.....*u* 66
taught us how to die.....*d* 86
die not, poor death.....*o* 80
no more may fear to die.....*h* 81
thou shouldest die before.....*r* 81
the young may die.....*c* 82
rightly die needs no delay....*v* 82
can die but once*.... .....*p* 83
darest thou die*.....*t* 83
all, all shall die*.....*y* 83
he that dies pays all debts*...*j* 84
laws die, books never.....*k* 39
death, thou shalt die.....*p* 80
in their triumph die*.....*k* 89
if I die no soul shall pity*....*l* 90
brave to live than to die.....*d* 72
die all, die merrily*..... *j* 72
love me, it was sure to die...*a* 94
dies in single blessedness*...*d* 94
he's not valiant that dares d. *n* 73
die many times before their*.*t* 73
heavenly days that cannot die *i* 79
die—does it matter when....*h* 79
a vile thing to die*.....*b* 85
how can man die better.....*d* 82
to die,—to sleep*.....*d* 85
he that would die well.....*x* 85
a good man dies.....*k* 80
surely nothing dies but.....*d* 80
for thou must die.....*o* 78
fain die a dry death*.....*z* 84
to falter, not to die.....*t* 85
himself, and quickly dies....*d* 13
born in bed, in bed we die...*p* 19
pain of death would hourly d*.*t* 84
ev'n fools would wish to die..*l* 86
some they have died.....*c* 111
that were not born to die....*s* 114
the glory dies not.....*c* 114
men die and are o'gotten...*g* 115
whom the gods love d. young*m* 117
best d. first, leaving the bad.*s* 117
that we shall die we know*.*b* 119
rustic moralist to die.....*d* 104
we cannot die though.....*e* 107
fools they cannot die.....*w* 163
marigold unmentioned die..*c* 147
most perfect dies.....*d* 151
the shining daffodil dies....*s* 137
d. of their own dear loveliness*t* 130
and all must die.....*a* 372
born, and now hastening to d.*c* 373
the daisy never dies.....*a* 139
I will die in the ditch.....*j* 361
choose but live, because I d.*q* 361
their triumph d., like fire*..*x* 362
die for her is serving thee...*e* 251
I would die a bachelor*.....*l* 258
how to die, not how to live..*l* 259
leave behind is not to die...*p* 260
we must die, alone.....*z* 231
and dies if one be gone.....*o* 236
expect to d. of mortification.*g* 451
die two months ago*.....*a* 262
yet die we must*.....*s* 267
d. with harness on our back*.*f* 459
few d. well that d. in a battle*.*s* 460
which dies i' the search*....*t* 460
when we die, we shall find..*a* 176
to die and go we know not*.*d* 176
dare to die for their beloved.*g* 244
when he shall d., take him*.*e* 246
who tell us love can die.....*i* 249
bear to live, or dare to die..*h* 191
better to die ten thousand..*w* 198
for that will I die*.....*e* 200
die and endow a college.....*q* 495
laws and learning, die.....*cc* 182
he shall not die, by God.....*e* 292
dies among his worshippers.*p* 443
day dies like the dolphin....*j* 446
to watch the daylight die....*l* 446
when God cuts the die.....*m* 449
do anything but die.....*e* 321
die and leave his errand.....*j* 324
and die of nothing.....*o* 325
die but once to save our....*a* 329
rather have eleven die*.....*v* 329
broke the d.—in moulding..*q* 356
wring his bosom is to die...*e* 359
than the poor planter dies..*q* 469
dying, O how sweet to die..*k* 392
men die, but sorrow never..*v* 396
and at a distance die.....*v* 399
blossom of the garden dies..*c* 348
never pause, but pass and d.*e* 164
let us die to make men free.*k* 167
to live and die is all.....*n* 167
is a tear for all that die.....*i* 415
and thou must die.....*m* 152
he d's—alas! how soon he d's.*q* 278
she man would die*.....*g* 280
die before we laugh at all....*s* 226
we begin to d. when we live.*t* 230
when the poet dies, mute...*e* 337
and am prepared to die*....*u* 201
the good man never dies....*s* 207
thy lord shall never die.....*c* 208
so when a great man dies...*d* 210
he lives who dies to win....*p* 284
d. of a rose in aromatic pain.*c* 154
who die in a great cause....*u* 407
to die in order to avoid.....*q* 408
an awful thing to die.....*t* 408
better thing to do than die..*v* 408
to die before you please*....*e* 409
ye live and die on what.....*h* 489
Died-died of utter want.....*x* 16
he died fearing God*.....*o* 20
thou couldst have died.....*i* 86
like it not, and died.....*j* 86
died amid the summer glow.*d* 126
the sweet June roses died...*g* 132
those who have died of joy..*v* 216

died of a sweet rapture.....v 216
d. for hope, ere I could lend*..t 201
had I but died an hour*.....a 235
so groan'd and died.....v 200
died, slain by the truth.....a 445
d. with them they think on*.d 421
He died to make men holy..j 329
I died last night.....w 309
Diet–simple diet is best.....m 99
your diet shall be in all*....d 122
Differ–tho' all things d., all...h 325
of things, which differ.....o 472
Different–like–but O how d...e 101
Difficulty–with d., and labour.n 225
Dig–dig about its roots and....e 149
we dig and heap.....i 230
Digest–feeders d. with it a*...b 122
I shall digest it.....t 414
labour and d. things most...l 298
Digested–to be chewed and d..t 352
Digestion–good d. wait on*....w 13
unquiet meals make ill d's*.m 100
Dight–is the mountain d.....e 138
storied windows richly d....d 58
Dignified–by action d.*.....o 455
with pleasure dignified.....j 436
d. by the doer's deed*.....b 89
Dignify–toils of honor d.....o 359
Dignity–above all earthly d's*.u 62
shall the d. of vice be lost....u 93
clay and clay differs in d.*...v 93
maintain a poet's dignity...n 167
in spite of pope, or d's*.....v 363
wear an undeserved dignity*.c 200
dignity to character.....q 297
may reach the d. of crimes..h 189
boasting ends, there d.....w 501
gesture dignity and love....k 476
d., and more than grace.....e 478
Dilemma–the dilemma's even..i 162
Dilligence–honors come by d.m 491
Dilligent–see'st how d. I am*...p 54
Dim–a dim, religious light.....d 58
dim are such, beside.....j 132
each other's light to dim....k 411
dim and solitary loveliness..x 287
Diminished–stars hide your d.. 400
hide their d. heads.....p 409
with d. lustre shone.....r 501
Diminutive–most d. of birds*...c 34
Dimly–we see but d. through...q 193
Dimmed–with d. eyes look*...r 416
Dimming–d. the day with a...j 378
Dimple–d's of his chin and*..n 487
dimple brook and fountain..u 138
the dimple of his chin.....d 243
waves as they d. smile back.g 366
love to live in dimple sleek..g 264
wrinkles and not dimples...z 266
Dimpled–trembled but l. not.n 374
Dimpling–streams run d.....c 393
Din–din can daunt mine ears*.r 41
deepest rivers make least d.y 383
Dine–let us d. and never fret*..j 100
that jurymen may dine.....e 217
Dined–I have dined to-day....p 100
sick, in love, or had not d....a 46
Dining–can live without d..l 99
Dinner–a dinner of herbs.....j 99
blessed hours of our dinners.k 99
make an end of my dinner*..g 100
not stay a jot of dinner*.....i 100
we'll mind our dinner here* r 302
ring of mine you had at d.*..c 305
he's somewhere gone to d.*..j 100
others stay dinner then.....k 232
an after-dinner's sleep*.....u 235
Dinner-time–me, just at d-t...a 337
Diplomatist–a d., too, well.....q 92
Dipt–d. in western clouds his..b 411
Dire–d. was the noise of conflict g 458
Direct–the lie direct.....w 67
direct not him whose way*....o 4
who can d. when all pretend o 492
directs the storm .....b 348
Directed–too yours to be d.*...y 464
Dirge–whose d. is whispered ..o 281
hymns to sullen d's change*.h 46
a dirge for her the. ..... x 82
forms unseen their dirge....f 329
with dirge in marriage.....l 88
Dirge-like–winter loves a d-l..n 378
Dirt–silver rather turn to dirt*s 462
poverty, hunger and dirt....l 341
Dirty–all dirty and wet .....dd 500
Disagree–ourselves we d*.....n 95
the world will disagree.....j 53
Disappear–she d's, begins the j 464
Disappointed–still are d.....t 96
Disappointment–knows no d...v 122
Disaster–d. and defeat the.....c 442
so weary with disasters*.....o 91
Disbelief–d. in great men.....d 253
Discipled–was d. of the*.....o 174
Discipline–error is the d.....u 104
Discomfort–guides my tongue* e 91
Disconsolate—Eden stood d ...e 260
oh poverty is disconsolate..h 377
Discontent–winter of our d*...e 408
my brawling discontent*....q 4
in pensive discontent.....e 94
murmurs, feel their d's.....j 367
our pleasures and our d's...m 183
Discord–d's and unpleasing*...f 26
doubt and discord step.....h 95
the furies and maddening d...e 195
all your danger is in discord bb 182
d., harmony not understood.n 348
dire effects from civil d. flow .f 362
d's make the sweetest airs...c 281
discLord ofte in musick ....e 284
hark, what discord follows*..y 283
d. to the speaking quietude.b 290
brayed horribl discord.....g 458
Discordant–d. echoes in each..g 385
with such discordant noises.a 458
Discouragement–d. seizes us...p 44
strife and the d.....w 331
Discourse–this passionate d*...v 58
in discourse more sweet.....t 64
d. may want an animated....m 68
in thy discourse if thou.....c 73
voluble is his discourse*....p 102
it will d. most excellent*....p 283
slightly handled, in d*.....t 317
bid me discourse*.....b 325
list his discourse of war*....e 325
made us with such large d.*.c 355
d. hath been as sugar*.....u 400
Discover–more discover our...q 406
fools discover it, and stray..h 363
Discovered–d. in his fraud....y 166
Discovery–glorious d. of.....n 207
Discreet–too d. to run a-muck.b 370
the sea is discreet.....m 323
Discretion–covering d. with*...n 94
the man of safe discretion*...e 14
d., the best part of valour....l 94
sound discretion is not.....m 94
through the little hole of d.*.p 94
not to outsport discretion*...g 94
the eloquence of discretion*.h 382
Discriminating–keen, d. sight.n 331
Discuss–God deigns not to d...c 219
Discussion–friendly free d.....c 446
Disdain–words he d's to.....o 481
disdain and scorn ride*.....g 110
disdains to hide his head....o 265
d's the shadows which*.....f 347
Disdaining–d. little delicacies.t 395
Disease–subject to the same d.*.l 216
d. that must subdue at.....x 233
remedy is worse than the d..l 362
appropriate for extreme d's.n 309
curing of a strong disease*..b 310
diseases, desperate grown*..e 310
there dwell pale diseases....e 195
cur'd yesterday of my d....w 309
its substitute a dire d.....r 472
at last it rankles, a disease..e 479
Disfigure–wear that which d...o 485
Disgrace–top of honor to d.*...g 95
snatch me from disgrace.....f 95
sole author of his own d.....l 165
I am out, even to a full d.*..o 294
Disgnise–the riding hood's d..f 322
more d's than pride.....j 346
angels of God in disguise....w 54
disguise our bondage.....p 475
Disgnised–angels come to us d..i 10
superstition! howsoe'er d...b 412
Dish–d's that drive one from..a 198
makes scarce one dainty d.*.n 463
Dishonor–rooted in d. stood.....t 46
Disk–in their midst a d. of....f 134
fringe their d. with golden..w 157
with flames her d. of seed...r 157
Dislike–satire; or implied d...e 380
Disloyal–without a thought d..r 158
Dismal–tidings when he .....c 304
Dismay–with wild dismay.....t 358
is comfort, not dismay.....v 82
Dismayed–be thou not d.*.....t 210
Disobey–to repress it, d's the..s 453
Disorder–bounds with brave d.n 183
order from d. sprung.....f 325
Disown–may adhere to, yet d..i 465
Disparity–there was no great d.j 256
Dispatch–d. is the soul of.....b 293
Dispel–and dispel the night...c 277
Dispensary–write his own d...e 300
Dispense–d's light from far....g 402
Disperse–d. itself through*.....k 91
Displease–consequently d.....g 298
Displeased–always displeased....d 9
Dispose–proposes, but God d...e 92
Disposeth–proposeth, God d...i 348
Disposition–good d. in.....v 48
a disposition to preserve.....l 319
a cheerful disposition*.....r 54
grace and good disposition*..f 499
Dispraise–I can speak in his d.*j 387
Disputation–that's a feeling d.* t 221

Dispute-could we forbear d...n 250
the dispute grew strong....s 307
right there is none to d....w 394
Disputed-d. which the best...q 385
Disputing-no time for d.....j 292
Dissemble-right to d. your.....p 87
Dissembler-no d's here.....s 244
Dissension-d's, like small.....p 67
cause may move dissension..l 95
civil d. is a viperous*.....m 95
perceive d. in our looks*.....n 95
d. hinder government*.....o 95
Dissipation-leads to d. of.....o 227
rare as d. spreads.....f 298
Dissolve-d's in air away.....k 250
which it inherit, shall d.*....k 46
Distance-shall no more divide...e 2
lies dimly at a distance.....t 2
by distance made more.....l 281
rolls away in the distance...f 404
his lordly eye keep d. dne...q 409
at such a d. from our eyes...p 410
draw distance near.....l 315
d. takes a lovelier hue.....l 433
and at a distance die.....v 399
Distemper-proceeding on d.*...d 75
Distemperature-this d.*.....d 276
Distill-d. ? preserve ? yea, so*..c 315
observingly distill it out*....n 182
Distilled-have once been d.....j 153
fire and d. damnation.....f 468
Distinction-d. lost ; and gay..e 290
Distinguish-I do not d. by....e 218
Distract-d. parcels in*.....s 351
Distraction-d. was meant to...x 472
Distress-against painted d.....c 53
to pity distress is but.....g 53
d. hath ta'en from me*.....f 73
in thy darkness and d.....c 118
shrinking for distress*.....q 108
right sorrie for our distresse..q 473
District-a manufacturing d...d 293
Distrust-d. is cowardice.....m 73
self distrust is the cause.....p 95
more lonely than distrnst....q 95
a certain amount of distrnst.r 95
sad distrust and jealousy....h 259
Ditch-a ditch in Egypt*.....d 1
safe in a ditch he bides*.....v 84
I will die in the ditch.....j 361
Dittany-bed of sacred d.....b 140
Dive-search for pearls must d..x 104
Diverse-and the power are d..j 118
Divide-they do d. our being....o 96
distance shall no more d.....e 2
friend, what years could us d.f 170
Divided-death had not d. been.k 168
Dividend-incarnation of fat d..d 463
Dividing-his cares dividing....q 10
we stand, by dividing.....k 449
Divination-d. seems.....t 472
Divine-orb of song, the d.....f 338
right d. of kings to govern..m 367
polish'd by the hand d.....k 415
relish, with divine delight..o 179
seems to be a d. power.....m 249
may kill a sound divine.....h 317
a good divine that follows*..u 317
doth ask a drink divine.....o 461
can we divine their world...c 469
unwelcome, however divine.d 444
divine tobacco.....m 321
err is human ; to forgive d..ff 495
light divine and searching...j 354
more needs she the divine*...c 359
smile away my mortal to d...j 360
divine in its infinity.....l 386
thou art all divine.....s 472
makes them seem divine*...s 477
human face divine.....c 111
to forgive, divine .....e 165
friend more divine.....b 169
charming is d. philosophy...l 332
Divinely-d. bent to meditation*o259
thinks he writes divinely...s 297
Diviner-the glad d's theme....g 196
Divinity-'tis the d. that stirs..j 105
divinity in odd numbers*..m 119
divinity doth hedge a king*.i 368
d. that shapes our ends*.....c 349
Divorce-he counsels a divorce*.t257
long divorce of steel falls*...d 345
Divorced-d. so many English*m 391
Dizziness-love is like d.....f 242
Do-meet and either do or die....o 2
let us do or die.....s 2
do what lies clearly at hand...t 2
theirs but to do and die.....r 3
do still betters what is done*.z 3
so much one man can do.....e 3
all may do what has by man..w 3
you'll be damn'd if you do...bb 19
which you can do to-day.....p 43
we gain, but what we do.....s 47
friend shows what I can do..p 170
do noble things, not dream..n 290
let each man do his best*...o 414
can never do that's slain....t 456
what he will do, he may....f 349
Dock-teems, but hateful d's*..l 130
Doctor-must women have a d..h 56
doctors learned to kill.....j 309
doctor shook his head.....l 309
after death, the doctor.....m 309
doctor's brow should smile..q 309
generally the best doctor....r 309
banished the doctor .....s 309
decide where d's disagree...v 309
tell your doctor that y're ill..x 309
in learned doctors' spite....n 321
Doctrine-prove their doctrine..t 95
saving doctrine, preach'd....u 95
explain thy d. by thy life....v 95
bold teacher's d., sanctified..a 96
not for the doctrine .....w 282
doctrine of ill-doing*.....l 211
doctrines plain and clear...f 317
cleaves to the d. he has.....g 317
Dodder-see the yellow dodder.c 140
Doer-talkers are no good d's*..u 414
Does-is that handsome does...m 48
what he will, he does*.....t 465
does or says, I must be good.a 199
Dog-fierceness, English dogs*..b 74
his faithful dog salutes.....e 12
dog I think I could.....g 12
his faithful dog shall bear....q 12
higness' dog at Kew.....s 12
mine enemy's dog though*...z 12
the littie dogs and*.....a 13
farmer's d. bark at a beggar.. c 13
summons the dogs, and.....t 53
rather be a dog, and bay*.....g 65
let dogs delight to bark.....d 68
a dog's obey'd in office*.....r 16
dog will have his day*.....f 119
live to say, the dog is dead* w 363
the barking of a dog.....n 274
race, and dogs of hell.....g 410
slip the dogs of war*.....g 459
as dogs upon their master*..o 263
dog him still with.....h 311
what dogs are these*.....o 302
between two d's which hath*f 217
encompass'd round with d's*b 451
Roger's my dog.....c 431
something better than his d.f 324
found to beat a dog*.....o 324
throw physic to the dogs*...d 310
Dogged-sullen, dogged, shy...r 256
Doggedly-he set himself d. to it i 299
Dog-rose-the dog-roses blow..d 374
Dogwood-d. sheds its clusters.j 373
Doing-right alone teaches..... w 2
up and doing, with a heart....c 3
still be doing, never done....t 482
whatever is worth doing....y 482
d. is our best enjoyment....c 483
miserable, doing or suffering c 462
readinesse of d. doth expresse o 465
joy's soul lies in the doing*.f 480
Doleful-d, hymn to his own....p 23
Dollar-the almighty dollar.... q 268
Dolorous-voice of d. pitch.....l 341
Dolphin-ere the dolphin dies..d 81
on a dolphin's back*.....a 264
day dies like the dolphin....j 446
Domain-and reach her broad d.m 147
landmark of a new domain..k 374
d. of universal knowledge...i 206
general domains of in tellect..t 213
Dome-involved in rolling fire..a 458
dome of many-colored glass..z 235
some well proportion'd d...m 296
Domestic-equality of two d*..o 104
clouds the colour of d. life...c 198
domestic worth that shnns..d 475
Dominion-with supreme d.....f 24
and this is thy dominion.....d 27
Donation-we hold by of his d..b 388
donation absolute.....b 388
Done-when 'tis done, then* ....h 3
well, it were done quickly*....h 3
things done well, and with*..m 3
has by man been done.....u 3
d. and to have been, before I...l 6
done if God did all*.....n 483
so little done such things...w 484
the day is done.....i 411
makes ill deeds done.....f 418
the less for what is done....q 242
what's d. is what remains...c 244
was d. with so much ease....l 183
what thou hast done shows..t 300
yet His will be done.....p 360
still be doing, never done...t 482
done cannot be amended*...b 119
what's d. cannot be undone*r 119
done thy long day's work...d 362
what is done is done.....i 362
Don't-be damn'd if you don't.bb 19
Doom-with the shocks of d...h 236
fall by doom of battle.....k 458

even to the edge of doom* .a 247
stretch out to the crack of d*.a 499
death and hell by doom.....x 355
repented o'er this doom*....k 359
Doomed–not bodies d. to die..q 175
Doomsday–doomsday is near*..j 72
then is dooms-day near*....t 198
he makes last till dooms-day*l 322
every day is doomsday.....w 423
Doomsmen–deeds are our d....x 88
Door–men shut their doors*....d 7
above my chamber door.....l 30
he enters in at a door.....q 81
death hath so many doors....s 79
noiseless doors close.....i 92
follow somewhat near the d* u 111
doors be shut upon him*....f 163
O you, the doors of breath*..b 84
shut the door, good John....v 87
so wide as a church door.....e 67
write on your doors.....a 72
doors to let out life.....f 82
as nail in door*.....h 85
dore sat self-consuming care.a 392
solitude of passing his own d.l394
when she does keep the door.f 400
oped its hungry door.....aa 255
opening d. that time unlocks.l 277
God enters by a private d...p 213
creaking turns the door.....a 333
jasmine embowered a door..s 126
within that scented door....o 261
jarring sound th' infernal d's.y 194
when she does keep the door.o 419
the key to every door.....k 292
dust behind the door*.....j 325
God made fast the door.....u 494
before the d. had given her..l 464
landlord's hospitable door..p 341
Doorside–is our d. queen.....m 137
Doorway–low d-w of my tent...j 10
Dose–scrawl, the d. the better.x 309
Dotage–to tears save drops of d.a 448
Dote–dote on his very absence*.i 2
as those who dote on odours.a 240
love the sea? I dote upon it.k 323
who dotes, yet doubts*.....o 215
Double–fame, if not d. fac'd is.i 115
like to a double cherry*.....q 449
or surely you'll grow double..e 406
Doublet–tailor make thy d.....k 51
Doubling–d. that, most holy*.w 199
Doubt–timorous doubt.....k 1
where doubt, there truth is..b 96
d. a greater mischief than....d 96
d. is brother devil to despair.f 96
modest d. is call'd the beacon*.h 96
our doubts are traitors*.....j 96
to be once in doubt is*.....k 96
d. indulged soon becomes....e 96
all the gods but doubt.....f 96
to hang a doubt on*.....i 96
doubt and discord step.....h 95
all other doubts by time*...w 165
revelation satisfies all d's...h 363
never stand to doubt.....v 331
every assertion keeps a d...k 332
quicken'd, out of doubt.....e 266
than doubt one heart which.a 443
read to d., or read to scorn..i 449
more faith in honest doubt.g 113
mingled d. and exultation...u 172
I doubt whether those who.d 233
to saucy doubts and fears*.ii 496
Doubted–I the issue doubted*.k 121
Doubter–from the mighty d..w 236
Doubtful–vain and d. good*....u 18
Doubting–d., and not fearing.v 244
wasted in d. and waiting....r 356
Dough–my cake is dough*.....e 122
Douglas–D. and the Hotspur*.d 499
Douglas spoke, and Malcolm.e 343
Dove–the murmuring dove....q 23
the dove returning bore.....r 23
listen, sweet dove, unto.....s 23
that pair of billing doves.....t 23
dove, on silver pinions.....u 23
trembling doves can fly.....a 24
drives the trembling doves..a 24
snowy dove trooping*.....b 24
dove and very blessed*.....c 24
stock-dove sing or say.....d 24
whitest d's unsully'd breast..j 30
as doves do peck*.....c 74
a snow-white dove.....k 78
go back, thou dove of peace.c 270
beloved nymph, fair dove..m 364
twin turtle doves dwell.....h 136
Dower–nature's highest dower.k 312
Down–I'm up and d. and round..j 58
to go down to earth.....o 90
is down can fall no lower....h 117
is down needs fear no fall...k 165
some go up and some go d...n166
doubtful d. and promise....r 321
in the d. I sink my head....e 392
ships that have gone down..o 381
down goes all before him*..q 460
Down-razed–towers I see d-r.*.k 427
Downy–d. and soft and warm.c 377
lining there with eacli d....d 411
downy quiet of their nest....t 23
Dowry–d. must pay his soul.aa 483
Doxy–is another man's doxy...k 20
Dozy–of his harangues so d...n 149
Drab–a-cursing, like a very d.*.e 482
Drag–have weight to d. thee...f 259
heavily we d. the load of....k 228
like a wounded snake, drags.t 339
chucks I drag thee up and*..v 363
panegyric drags at best.....y 342
Dragon–the d's late abodes....a 226
a d. keeps so fair a cave*....d 205
swift, you d's of the night*.v 191
a d. yet more furious guards.d 177
Dragon-fly–beauteous d-f's....h 212
Dragonish–a cloud that's d.*..p 412
Drama–divine, eternal d.....m 293
close the d. with the day....k 347
through all the drama .....d 478
Drank–he drank of the milk...h 438
Draped–d. the woods and mere.k 393
Drapery–the d. of his couch...k 360
Draught–distempering d's*..p 214
one d. above heat makes*....s 214
d. of cool refreshment.....u 461
a d. that mantles high.....u 114
draughts of life to me.....f 467
Draw–grin, so merry, d's one..b 43
beauty d's us with a single..r 189
d. you to her with a single..m 342
though she draws him.....c 257
draw him from his holy*....o 259
she t'other draws.....r 25€
draw near them then*.....n 263
d. men as they ought to be..a 314
d. from them as from wells..o 297
Drawing–d. nearer and.....w 242
time is drawing nigh.....b 314
d's ought always to be .....e 314
Drawn–tears will not be d.....e 458
have drawn salt tears* .....z 416
Dread–in what least we dread..o 117
the wolfsbane I should d....t 161
not heavily, and full of d.* .w 121
dread and fear of kings*....y 263
greater our dread of crosses.a 442
to death, for dread of death..r 408
Dreadful–the d. reckoning....v 217
less dreadful than they seem.n 501
done a deed of d. note*.....g 75
dreadful, for thou art not so..o 80
Dreams–d do show thee me*....g 2
the shadow of a dream*.....o 9
sleep full of sweet dreams....a 18
the dispelling of a dream....m 34
know but more we dream....u 46
soft, I did, but dream*.....y 62
longer a dream I pursue .....q 90
silently as a d. the fabric.....l 74
vision, or a waking dream ...t 27
dream then a shadowy lie....s 98
pleasant dreams awake.....c 79
thou art my dream .....n 78
dreams to all! good night 396
dreams are often most vivid..m 96
o'er the spirit of my dream..n 96
dreams in their development.o 96
I had a dream which was not.p 96
dreams children of night.....r 96
d's, which are the children*..j 97
d. that they shall still succeed.t96
dreams arc but interludes ...u 96
blissful d. in silent night.....v96
do you believe in dreams....w 96
if it be a d., let me sleep .....x 96
'twas but a d., let it pass.....y 96
d's are the true interpreters..b 97
eat in dreams, the custard....e 97
and the golden dream.....f 97
my dreams presage*.....h 97
with his timorous dreams*...k 97
so full of fearful dreams*.....l 97
this is the rarest dream*.....o 97
such stuff as dreams*.....q 97
an ocean of dreams.....r 97
trifle makes a dream.....t 97
dreams call to the soul.....w 97
transcend our wonted d's....w 97
day for a forgotten dream....a 98
those dreams that on silent ..s 97
which was not all a dream...p 96
dreameth her love-lit dream..q 96
dream after dream ensues....t 96
ground not upon dreams.....a 97
I'll dream no more.....q 97
dreams at length deceive 'em.c 113
to dream still let me sleep*..g 116
keep a dream or grave apart.g 117
a d. has power to poison....v 119
fulfilment of our dearest d's.w 119
dreams that were not true ..h 148

perchance our d's may know.*k* 149
dream upon Parnassus.....*j* 335
consecration and the poet's d.*g* 338
hope is but the d. of those...*l* 201
like the shapes of a dream...*y* 201
'twas like a sweet dream ....*s* 153
pleasing d's, and slumbers..*h* 289
do noble things, not dream.*n* 290
the wild rose dreams.....*f* 131
d's of sunshine and June....*h* 378
dream of a dream.....*r* 255
in the land of dreams.....*o* 167
d. of money-bags to-night*..*k* 412
season where the light of d's.*n* 376
like a d. of beauty glides....*r* 376
and d. they are all blown....*i* 221
life, believe, is not a dream..*s* 230
thought threading a dream.*e* 365
parent of golden d's, romance *i* 366
I have long dream'd of such*.*g* 216
world is lapp'd in downy d's.*e* 403
no life's dream is done.....*h* 409
and dreams divine end in...*s* 231
a dream, alas our life's a d..*m* 232
life's but an empty dream...*i* 233
dream in the dawn of life...*m* 238
past appear a troubled d.....*l* 233
darkness and of dreams.....*e* 265
love's illusive dreams.....*l* 250
we have not lost our dreams.*a* 176
but in a d. of friendship*...*g* 179
love's young dream.....*a* 244
revelations of a dream .....*k* 420
thinking is only a dream ...*u* 420
d's cannot picture a world..*m* 193
the old men's dream.....*g* 196
begotten of a summer dream.*l* 190
fittest foliage for a dream ...*b* 432
d. by the drowsy streamlets.*t* 437
d. all night without a stir...*d* 439
atmosphere of dreams.....*e* 447
you do not see the dreams..*m* 327
with his timorous dreams*..*b* 391
to sleep! perchance to d.*...*q* 391
what dreams may come*....*q* 391
she sleeps, nor dreams.....*b* 392
recollection of a dream.....*v* 261
the memory of a dream.....*l* 262
it is a dream, sweet child....*s* 242
lies down to pleasant d's....*k* 360
than this world dreams of...*t* 345
terrible dreams that shake*.*x* 121
haze, like a fairy dream.....*f* 350
as I saw her in my dream...*o* 475
dreams of the summer night.*c* 390
d. of something we are not..*p* 482
illusions, aspirations, d's....*c* 487
gentle deity of dreams.....*s* 388
hopes and dreams sublime..*n* 423
youth dreams a bliss.....*a* 486
dreams never of decay .....*c* 486
I do not suffer in dream ....*a* 428
Dreamed-d. by a happy man...*v* 97
I dreamed that Greece might.*g* 69
dreamed that life was beauty.*s* 98
Dreamer-d. turn to lover.....*m* 144
dreaming the d. wakes.....*q* 96
Dreamily-she d. waits for the.*k* 146
Dreaming-demon that is d.....*l* 30
dreaming in the vale where.*h* 487
shadows cool lie dreaming..*d* 143
birds are d. of a mate.....*b* 373
little d. of any mishap.....*u* 152
dreaming on both; for all*.*u* 235
Dreamt-d. of encounters*.....*p* 97
they dreamt not of a.....*b* 98
d. of in your philosophy*...*o* 322
Drear-a place of drear extent.*m* 430
Dreary-what makes life dreary.*l* 279
dreary rosmarye.....*f* 156
dark and cold and dreary..*f* 352
bright thing with d. name...*n* 80
Dresden-at D. on the Elbe.....*b* 59
Dress-dress drains our cellar...*k* 13
fair undress, best dress.....*q* 13
and dress all day.....*d* 303
dress with hurried hands...*p* 374
the noble youth did dress*..*i* 210
is the dress of thought.....*e* 407
style is the d. of thoughts..*a* 407
when daring in full dress...*q* 320
d. and undresse thy soul...*f* 356
Dressed-col'mbines in purple d*f* 136
Dresser-bring it from the d.*..*o* 302
Drest-to be neat, still to be d..*m* 13
d. in a little brief authority*.*w* 346
Dribbling-d. out their base....*c* 468
Drift-than the loose sandy d...*p* 49
white with the drift.....*l* 139
loosening d. its breath before.*l* 378
Driftest-d. gently down the...*f* 390
Drifting-quick d. to and fro....*g* 32
Drink-eat, drink and scheme...*f* 49
d. out of his leathern bottle*.*c* 67
shall drink my blood as.....*g* 86
drink down to your peg.....*f* 98
I d. no more than a sponge...*g* 98
for drink, there was beer.....*k* 98
you drink by measure.....*o* 99
drink down all unkindness*.*h* 98
every creature drink.....*e* 98
drink, pretty creature.....*j* 98
hath given us the use of d..*a* 215
drink, my jolly lads, drink..*k* 257
nectar, drink of Gods.....*e* 364
I will drink life to the lees..*g* 236
d. the waters of mine eyes*.*d* 417
drink not the third glasse...*r* 417
drink the clear stream.....*s* 417
wines and strongest drinks..*t* 417
whose drink was only from..*t* 417
strongest of strong drinks..*d* 328
nor any drop to drink.....*k* 461
doth ask a drink divine.....*o* 461
it strengtheneth drink.....*r* 468
I drink the winds as.....*i* 221
drink, 'tis the only receipt..*v* 226
drink deep, or taste not.....*w* 227
food the fruits, his drink....*q* 395
I may drink thy tiding*....*u* 306
is another's meat or drink..*m* 489
drink to the lass.....*t* 428
never taste who always d....*h* 496
but eat and d. as friends*..*bb* 498
felony to drink small beer*..*h* 499
drink, and be mad then.....*c* 468
Drinkest-thou eatest and d...*u* 417
Drinking-no d. after death.....*d* 98
red hot with drinking*.....*n* 214
as drinking wine.....*i* 221
d. largely sobers us again...*w* 227
Dripping-amid the d. moss....*t* 159
Drive-d's fat oxen should.....*c* 493
how jocund did they drive..*d* 295
shall not drive me back*...*w* 360
Driveller-a d. and a show.....*t* 232
Driven-better to be driven out.*v* 54
Drone-the lazy yawning d.*..*s* 212
drones hive not with me*...*t* 390
Droop-will ever after droop*..*d* 166
sadly droop to earth.....*l* 273
Drooped-d. beneath its weight.*c* 352
Drooping-d. for thy sighs of..*q* 142
are drooping heavy-eyed....*n* 126
snow drops drooping early..*j* 129
drooping all night.....*s* 157
Drop-like ripe fruit thou drop.*m* 6
drops earliest to the ground*.*h* 91
drops into the dark and.....*u* 79
even to that drop*.....*t* 189
the liquid drops*.....*v* 416
store of childish drops*.....*z* 416
their beads in d's of rain....*g* 352
those fresh morning d's*....*h* 248
nor any drop to drink.....*k* 461
d's that visit my sad heart*.*e* 465
red drops fell like blood.....*e* 134
the cheerful drops like dew..*j* 140
drops down into the night..*f* 411
every d. hinders my needle. *q* 415
d. of pure and pearly light..*v* 454
d's of fragrant dew.....*r* 160
the drops will slacken.....*o* 440
few drops of human blood..*d* 448
rain whose drops quench...*s* 391
a drop of patience*.....*o* 328
Dropped-d. from an angel's...*m* 331
d. my pen; and listened.....*v* 467
Droppeth-it d., as the gentle*..*j* 263
Dropping-d. from the clouds.*r* 381
tempest dropping fire*.....*o* 404
Dross-each ounce of dross.....*j* 60
mind stoops not to shows of*.*o* 176
Drought-in summer's d, I'll*..*i* 362
Drover-like an honest drover*..*i* 301
Drown-I'll drown my book*...*h* 40
a third d's himself*.....*s* 214
to d. me in thy sister*.....*b* 264
worse than tears drown*....*b* 187
in passing wind it drowns...*k* 21
Drowned-wine has d. more...*q* 468
like a d. man, a fool*.....*s* 214
heart is drowned with grief*.*r* 187
Drownest-thou d. nature's....*a* 458
Drowse-faint in a languid d...*i* 409
Drowsiness-d. hath locked up.*g* 396
in drowsiness half lost.....*k* 212
Drowsy-d. east with spots of*..*h* 16
d. with the harmony*.....*s* 245
ear of a drowsy man*.....*h* 235
his drowsy den were next...*a* 392
Drudge-condemn'd to drudge.*x* 305
Drudgery-drudgery and care...*r* 9
makes drudgery divine.....*m* 279
drudgery, are the weights..*q* 424
dry drudgery at the desks..*e* 483
Drug-bring their spicy d.....*e* 313
Druid-in yonder grave a D...*y* 490
Drum-music of the drum.....*g* 281
beat of the alarming drum..*b* 457
drum now to d. did groan..*m* 457
mute their drum.....*b* 459
follow thy drum*.....*i* 459

noise of threat'ning drum* w 459
the spirit-stirring drum*....y 459
trump did sound, or drum*.b 461
not a drum was heard.....j 312
when you hear the drum..* aa 43
I'll beat the drum*.....q 390
Drummer-d., strike up, and*.u 311
Drunk-drunk at a borough....h 50
drop about the gardens, d...m 29
rollicking, are d. with dew..e 131
must get drunk.....d 214
get very drunk, and when..d 214
gloriously drunk, obey.....f 214
sin in state majestically d..q 384
Drunkard-tell me I am a d....o 214
Drunken-what's a d. man*...s 214
I have drunken deep of joy..y 216
Drunkenness-d. is an.....a 215
Dry-fain die a dry death*.....z 84
keep your powder dry.....aa 442
the yellow beach was dry...h 422
regrets to kiss it dry.....i 490
Dryad-where is the Dryad's..i 432
Dryden-e'en copious Dryden..c 300
Ducat-three thousand ducats*.a 364
Due-give the devil his due...cc 218
he will give the devil his d.*.h 219
restore to God his due.....g 359
dead, the debt is due.....o 85
Duke-d's revenues on her....* e347
Dukedom-I prize above my d.* d 230
Dulcet-continuous d. sounds..b 288
as are those dulcet sounds*..o 257
uttering such dulcet.....a 264
Dull-make a dull fire burn....k 406
sense and venerably dull....s 406
dull but she can learn*.....y 464
she is not bred so dull*.....s 256
Dullness-d. ! whose good old..t 336
gentle d. ever loves a joke...u 495
Dumb-the soul sits dumb .....e 5
no such thing as a d. poet...s 337
God is not dumb, that.....bb 493
the deeps are dumb.....e 327
d. men throng to see him*....c341
mighty griefs are dombe....q 382
a beggar that is dumb.....k 383
poor, dumb mouths*.....t 485
Dumbness-speech in their d.*.q 226
Dun-chill and dun.....i 273
Dunce-d. by d. be whistled...p 319
dunce that has been sent....l 101
dunce awakens dunce.....g 162
a dunce with wits.....m 495
Dungeon-the hue of d's*.....b 195
brightest in d's, liberty.....h 347
himself is his own dungeon v 358
the d. oped its hungry .....aa 255
my d. grate he shakes.....p 211
in d's or on thrones the.....l 180
nor airless dungeon*.....i 235
d. doors of unbelief.....x 443
Dupe-the d. that yields to fate y 117
Durance-in d., exile, Bedlam h 300
Duration-on change d. founds o 348
Dusk-at d. he's abroad and.....c 29
glimmer the rich d. through.j 134
pale d. of the impending ...m 184
d. of centuries and of song ..j 366
Dust-we turn to dust.....a 92
provoke the silent dust.....x 80
a heap of dust alone.....y 82
dust we dote on .....c 83
reign but earth and dust*....l 85
dust claims dust.....o 85
whose dust is both alike*.....v 93
in the dust be equal made....z 85
the dust on antique time*....z 77
dust, to its narrow house....h 81
characters written in the d...w 86
dark union of insensate dust..i 80
when the original is dust...f 114
together have our dust*.....q 104
in glittering dust.....z 120
that grinds them to the dust q 181
this quintessence of dust*...e 255
which holds the dust .....p 278
resign his very dust .....u 278
lifts a pinch of mortal dust..n 405
through dust and heat.....c 442
dust behind the door*.....j 325
they sleep in dust through..w 127
should still run gold dust...i 424
smear with dust their*.....c 427
darkness, death by dust.....g 489
is sleeping in the dust.....o 169
my dust would hear her.....f 250
blows dust in others' eyes..*j 452
the faults were thick as d....c 175
dust shook off their beauty..p 175
my dust will be again.....t 492
after the dust and heat.....d 352
that are hid in the dust from s 151
our father's dust is left alone i 185
give to d. that is a little gilt*. m 286
an hour may lay it in the d..r 340
the dust is old.....r 262
fashioned of the self-same d. w 262
smeared in dust and blood*..s 267
Dusty-fringing the dusty road n 139
lighted fools the way to dust* l 429
Dutch—D. tulips from their...l 158
Duty-through the path of duty.w 8
this is a duty. not a sin.....i 59
reward of one duty is.....k 98
false to present duty breaks.m 98
heart must learn its duty well n 98
the form of positive duty.....q 98
men who their duties know..s 98
then on ! where duty leads...r 98
conviction of that duty.....u 98
thy sum of d. let two words..x 98
when duty grows thy law....y 98
found that life was duty.....s 98
and on d's well.....n 66
boy has done his duty.....l 98
helps us do our duty.....v 98
here a divided duty*.....aa 98
such duty as the subject*....b 99
her childlike duty*.....a 99
duty hath no place for fear...c 99
light household duties.....d 259
to give these mourning d's*.y187
through just prejudice, his d. e346
along the path that d. marks q 357
its publication a duty.....z 445
subject's d. is the king's....r 367
zeal and duty are not slow...t 324
half my care, and duty*.....g 204
with mirth to lighten duty.m 378
on duties well performed....x 225
duty's a slave that keeps....b 244
duty your forms create.....x 130
especially a Christian's duty b 414
toil and heavenward duty....o 48
Dwarf-a stirring dwarf we do*..e 63
Dwell-must d.. my heart and l m 369
truth dwells under ground....e 9
peace and rest can never d...j 201
my hopes in heaven do d*...r 201
that deceit should dwell*.....e 88
orbs his choice to dwell*.....i 484
Dwelleth-by the castled Rhine.e 129
Dweller-d. in the roaring waste o 123
Dwelling-far from all human d.n 441
dwellings formed by birds...d 34
ever dwelling in the shade..j 144
thy dwelling air.....m 157
you have here a goodly d*...c 297
Dwelt-like a star, and d. apart.h 333
a curious child, who dwelt*..v 77
Dye-my cup of curious d's....o 149
of unnumbered dyes.....p 121
Dyed-d. her tender bosom red..c 31
Dying-climax, and then dying.x 339
dying for their love of light.p 158
dying hand above his head..s 452
the day was dying, and.....s 446
creatures, you live by dying b 323
without d., O how sweet to..k 392
to-morrow will be dying.....n 45
d. live, and living do adore..g 480
as the year at the dying fall.s 425
dying, bless the hand.....r 80
I have been dying for years..c 80
dying, dying, dying.....d 101
up gold, and now he is d.....p 375
one line, which dying.....n 336
tongues of d. men enforce*..c 482
Dynasty-remote d. of dead....q 150

E.

Each-e. stands for the whole..a 173
each for each caring.....v 244
Eager-e. to anticipate their....s 381
Eagle-Theban eagle bear.....f 24
struck eagle, stretched.....e 24
once an eagle, stricken.....i 24
an eagle flight, bold*.....l 24
eagle suffers little birds*.....n 24
eagle sailed incessantly.....o 24
eagles not be eagles.....q 24
eagle, with wings strong.....r 24
the princely eagle*.....q 84
eagle cleaves the liquid sky...a 24
like e's having lately bath'd*.s 24
find, at length, like eagles....b 22
eye, as bright as is the e's*..n 368
gaze an eagle blind*.....r 245
imbibes with eagle eye.....h 157
have out-liv'd the eagle*....h 433
wrens make prey where e's*aa 384
the eagle, at his pride of.....v 138
eagle o'er his aery towers*...e 368
eagle of flowers ! I see thee.m 157
than is the full-winged e.*..r 212
e's wave their wings in gold.q 365
Ear-thy meek, attentive ear.....a 2
learned than the ears*.....i 3
falling at intervals upon the e..l 20
din can dannt mine ears*.....r 41
ear as stranger to thy*.....u 63
hollow of thine ear* .....c 2

applying to his ear.....v 77
the hearing ear is.....l 61
nor ear can hear.....x 61
is meant than meets the e....t 87
have ears more deaf*.....s 88
ears play truant at his tales*p 102
prove it by my long ears*....c 163
all e. to hear new utterance.m 400
whose ear is ever open.....b 165
of scattered ears.....l 276
over it softly her warm ear..e 272
to younger e's the story back.d 365
in pitiless ears full many....b 212
wonder lurketh in men's e's*p 333
lend thine ear.....a 282
ears, that heard her flattery*.c 125
O, that men's e's should be*.d 125
have a wrong sow by the e..f 412
I was all ear.....l 282
sweetness, through mine e..q 283
creep in our ears*.....l 283
came o'er my e. like the*....o 283
ear more quick of*.....l 289
give every man thine ear*...i 218
quickly buzzed into his e's*.k 451
knock at your ear*.....q 237
thy list'ning ears employ...p 244
a lover's ear will hear*.....r 245
ravish'd ear to greet.....m 270
one earo it heard, at the.....s 192
but turn a deaf ear.....v 192
never mentions hell to ears..a 195
ear hath not heard its deep.m 193
let the ear glean.....n 297
have tongues, and hedges e's.cc 500
Eardrop-ladies' e's deck the..m 133
Ear-kissing-e-k. argument*....a 15
Earlier-something e. every....t 424
Earliest-earliest at his grave..w 472
Early-e. pansies, one by one..p 148
early to bed and e. to rise....r 19
early violets, blue and white.p 158
our friends early appear.....f 169
Earn-I earn that I eat*.....i 66
Earnest-better oft than e. can.e 216
Earning-my painful e's, lost..d 348
Ear-ring-my e-r's! my e-r's...t 304
Earth-sons of e.! attempt ye....b 9
let us make a heaven of earth.w 8
vilest earth is room*.....j 9
through all the earth*.....c 75
model of the barren earth*...r 84
little earth for charity*.....l 53
for earth too dear*.....b 19
earth gets its price for.....j 60
vile earth, to earth resign*....l 91
grave-stone left upon the e...j 39
yield my body to the earth*..q 84
to go down to earth.....o 90
earth grows pale and dumb...i 28
all things must come to the e..v 45
from fraud, as heaven from e.*u 50
to lift from earth our low....i 240
must be the earth.....w 240
on the bare earth exposed...m 210
no light in earth or heaven..q 402
earth will live by her's.....a 285
earth, turning from the sun.g 290
on earth with all her eyes...w 403
earth groans, as if beneath..b 404
cloddy e. to glittering gold*.a 410
e. and water seem to strive..p 451
covering the e. with odours.o 451
the earth's a thief*.....a 419
the very earth did shake....m 457
heavens to the earth*.....l 459
and naught beyond, O earth.d 242
which even on earth.....s 242
none on earth above her.....b 245
were it earth in an earthy...f 250
that earth affords.....m 265
a heaven on earth.....s 193
earth may be darkness.....b 194
monarch of the universal e.*.x 199
the earth lies shadowy dark.q 241
lay her i' the earth*.....v 184
the earth is yours.....i 314
earth's holiest daughter.....l 461
earth is dried and parch'd...t 461
e. is a host who murders....u 492
O God! e. I no longer see...d 443
truth crushed to e. shall rise.p 443
my lady earth..... a 352
e., with her thousand voices.v 342
flieth incessant 'twixt the e..o 344
whole e. rings with prayers.v 344
law preserves the e. a sphere.s 348
e. some special good doth*..u 348
earth felt the wound.....m 384
God sent his singers upon e..r 385
while the e. bears a plant....c 388
watched the sleeping earth..j 389
of e. is form'd, to e. returns.o 399
a soft landscape of mild e....j 473
earth filled with men.....s 473
e's noblest thing, a woman..b 475
adorned with what all e. or..o 475
heaven on e. I have won*....l 479
girdled the e. in my airy.....l 421
e. devour her own sweet*....f 426
e. took her shining station...t 483
bear man from e. to heaven..c 489
e., which kept the world*...e 119
lightly on my ashes, gentle e.c 184
upon the lap of earth.....c 260
e. gave sign of gratulation..h 257
are there no flowers on e....f 209
o'er the frozen earth.....e 273
summer came, the green e's.c 136
earth has built the great....t 279
price of bleeding earth*....m 280
e. had long been avaricious.h 271
nearer e. than she was wont* b 276
soon the earth entombing...k 154
flooding the e. with flowers.l 372
earth again looks gay with..r 372
listen to e's weary voices...a 373
earth is bare and naked.....a 378
the earth was beautiful....m 272
e. only for its earthly sake..i 364
crown is, and on earth will..r 366
closest cling to earth.....a 129
earth contained no tomb....t 276
over-veil'd the earth*.....b 278
poetry of earth is ceasing...k 212
from the e. fast springing...c 221
poet shall be the e's last man.v 335
poetry of e. is never dead...j 339
with less of earth in.....k 122
earth is but an echo.....f 281
this spatious e. ye theatre..q 232
Earth-mold-and the violets...m 372
Ear-witness-than ten e-w's...f 109
Ease-with an age of ease.....x 5
ease and alternate labour.....i 67
heart's e. must kings neglect*.l 44
wit by ease.....c 73
he be never at heart's ease*.w 108
no healthful ease.....h 273
destroy our ease.....e 380
ease after warre.....b 362
labour there were no ease...d 225
some seek wealth and ease...s 361
what e. might corrupt minds*f 219
yet prodigal of ease.....s 491
ease with safe disgrace.....z 493
studious of ease and fond.. k 495
shall I not take mine ease*..s 303
for poor e. sake I give away.d 348
gentlemen who wrote with e.h 306
was done with so much e....l 183
ease of heart her every look..t 473
woman! in our hours of e...k 476
Easier-is easier than to shun.r 483
Easiness-care, but seeming e..n 68
East-east with spots of gray*...h 16
from the east glad message...k 78
west explains the east.....e 68
dark e. unseen, is brightening.v 97
far in the east, the morn....r 277
I've wandered east.....k 261
up the east he springs.....f 123
comes dancing from the e...v 402
golden progress in the east*.b 410
the east is blossoming.....k 410
e. was flecked with flashing.l 410
of day rejoicing in the east..o 410
and lo! in the dark east.....l 352
Easter-E-morn when Christ....e 53
peal soon that Easter morn...e 53
sun upon an Easter-day.....c 164
the Jews spend at Easter....k 216
'twas Easter-Sunday.....g 369
Eastern-time on the e. hills...r 373
in eastern lands they talk...s 129
Easy-'tis as easy as lying*....x 113
Eat-great ones eat up the*.....v 11
e. in dreams, the custard....e 97
eat thy cake and have it.....g 99
to minutes eat.....o 99
it e. the sword it fights with*.e 45
eat, and drink, and scheme...f 49
hae meat that canna eat.....q 418
daily his own heart he eats..i 196
will eat like wolves*.....w 311
that must e. with the devil*.t 497
eat some, and pocket.....k 302
is proud, eats up himself*..y 346
eat and drink as friends*...b 308
till I eat the world at last...r 427
cannibals that each other e.*u 430
should now eat up her own*.b 184
eat, and drank your fill.....c 234
Eaten-eaten me out of house*.e 100
eaten of the insane root*...w 211
Eater-an e. of broken meats*..p 196
Eatest-thou e. and drink'st...u 417
Eating-chief pleasure in eating.h 99
appetite comes with eating...t 13
eating the bitter bread of*..e 363
ever eating, never cloying...r 427
Eaves-twitters about the eaves.a 33
out of thy nest in the eaves..o 32

beneath the e., are singing..j 440
the eaves were dripping yet.m 288
Ebb–who bids the ocean ebb..o 348
in thy ebb and flow.....l 427
Ebbing–sea ebb by long e.....o 422
Ebon–from her ebon throne...j 290
Echo–the very echo, that*.....f 14
invisible as echo's self.....m 23
living echo, bird of eve .....h 27
cchoes answered when her...k 28
sound is echoed on forever...f 57
an echo answers "Where?"..p 90
horrible, bellowing echoes .b 101
I heard the great echo flap...c 101
set the wild echoes flying...d 101
fame is the echo of actions..m 114
the e. repeats only the last..m 114
echo, mute or talkative .....s 100
let echo too perform .....r 100
echo speaks not.....u 100
the echo of its footsteps.....c 115
greeting and help the echoes.n 116
e's the sun, and doth unlace..o 146
shriek to the echo.....w 382
echo mocks the hounds*...aa 100
earth is but the frozen echo.a 484
discordant e's in each heart..q 385
the nations echo round .....g 421
echoes that remain.....m 327
while there's an echo left...d 329
applaud thee to the very e.*.h 310
sound must seem an echo to.z 399
down dropping like echoes..j 429
the church did echo*.....c 222
hills that echo to the distant.c 334
an echo of the spheres.....f 281
pursuing e's calling 'mong..t 100
haunts of echoes old and far..v 100
sweetest e., sweetest nymph.x 100
how sweet the answer echo..y 100
more than echoes talk.....z 100
e's sit amid the voiceless...bb 100
an echo in that gentle mind.s 173
softened echo to thy tread..j 440
Echoed–sound is e. on forever..f 57
Echoing–levell'd weapon's e....d 32
steep of echoing hill.....g 485
echoing walks between .....p 330
Eclipse–built in the eclipse....t 381
irrevocably dark! total e.....f 35
in the soft and sweet eclipse.l 222
silver'd in the moon's e*....l 441
Economy–with economy.....i 101
riches spring from economy m 491
Ecstasy–e. the living lyre.....n 48
lie in restless ecstasy*.....p 62
a great poet's hidden e.....b 339
this bodiless creation e.*....g 207
dissolve me into ecstasies....q 282
this is the very e. of love*...q 248
Eden–this other Eden*.....m 69
earth a second Eden shows..p 256
Eden stood disconsolate.....e 260
the groves of E., vanished..p 451
from the mines of Eden.....e 328
Edge–hungry edge of appetite* a 14
the river's trembling edge...e 140
on the perilous e. of battle...i 458
the razor's edge invisible*..d 370
to light us to the edge.....m 429
slander; whose e. is sharper* q 387
Edinburgh–E's Saint Gyles....a 58
Edition–whole e's sorrow.....r 241
Educated–e.from exclusiveness.i 430
Education–e. commences at...k 101
e. most have been misled...n 101
education alone can.....t 101
e. is the only interest.....w 101
e. forms the common .....b 102
from research and e.....f 102
Edward–E. Confessor's crown* a 368
Eel–holds the e. of science by..j 209
the silver eel, in shining....b 124
Effect–dire e's from civil*....f 362
find out the cause of this e.*r 354
the effect has its cause.....c 43
Effectual–e. ways preserving..g 461
Effeminate–loath'd than an e.*.q 476
Effort–art, in fact, is the effort.p 15
effort of his power.....l 454
Egg–sat hatching her eggs.....g 22
blue eggs together laid.....k 32
egg is full of meat*.....y 67
the flat sands hoard your e's*..n 21
Eglantine–sweet is the o.....d 131
here's eglantine.....k 155
plant with dew sweet e.....s 155
breaths with dainty e.....e 128
the pastoral eglantine.....u 128
warm hedge grew lush e....d 436
Egregiously–e. an ass*.....d 88
Egypt–Egypt! from whose all..e 69
flows through old hush'd E..e 365
o'er E's land of memory.....d 366
shall last when Egypt's.....b 456
Egyptian–of great E. lands....f 366
one was of th' E. leaf.....b 438
the Egyptian's pride.....f 274
Either–happy could I be with e.i 474
Ejaculation–e's are short.....h 344
Elate–less e. than mightier....n 196
Elated–never e. while one.....r 413
Elbow–has to elbow himself....n 58
one elbow at each end .....k 301
Elbow-chair–suggested e-c's..m 301
Elcaya–e. and that courteons..k 436
Eld–of palsied eld*.....u 235
Elder–woman take an elder*...g 258
O leave the elder bloom.....i 436
the elder of them, being pnt*.c 399
Eldorado–an e. in the grass...n 139
Electric–leaps one e. thrill....u 444
Elegant–an e. sufficiency.....i 67
Element–amid the war of e's..r 398
e's unfurled their banners...j 375
dreary-voiced elements.....l 378
and the elements so mix'd*..v 254
amidst the war of elements..j 207
she elements so mix'd*.....a 291
how the giant element.....q 322
Elephant–th' unwieldy e. to....n 12
the elephant hath joints*...bb 12
Elf–all the criticizing elves.....r 75
Ell–give an inch, he'll take an e.j 501
Elm–robin on the old elm tree..k 31
scarlet creeper loves the elm.l 131
elms o'erhead dark shadows.j 372
from the stately elms, I hear..k 372
in memorial elms.....p 286
an e., my husband, I, a vine*.c 258
the vine-propp elme.....j 433
elms by the deep lane.....e 434
shadow of a stately elm.....j 436
the cool beneath these elms.j 395
above the green elms.....s 330
elm trees gathered green....t 436
Eloquence–action is eloqnence*.i 3
actions are their eloquence..n 49
for eloquence the soul.....t 64
eloquence and dnmb.....l 40
not for golden eloquence....v 395
uttereth piercing e.*.....m 477
mother of arts and e.....o 494
the eloquence of discretion..h 382
even an eloqnence in it.....g 383
spoke, and eloquence of eyes.j 383
e. is to the snblime.....h 102
eloquence may be fonnd....i 102
profane e. is transferr'd.....j 102
e. along, serenely pure.....l 102
action is eloqnence*.....m 102
speaks heavenly eloqnence*.n 102
nttereth piercing e*.....o 102
to try thy eloqnence*.....q 102
the maze of eloquence.....r 102
Eloquent–O death, all e.....c 83
as eloqnent as angels.....k 102
give him e. teachings.....x 225
that old man eloqnent.....w 368
though e. themselves.....a 306
silence is more e. than.....k 382
Eloqnently–quenchless stars e.e 403
art of being e. silent.....i 382
Else–have nothing e. to fear...c 364
Elves–like sly e. hiding.....j 160
Elysian–snburb of the life e...a 82
heaped elysian flowers.....n 282
he lay in a conntry e.....h 438
if there be an e. on earth....e 326
to th' elysian shades.....f 326
Embalmed–books are e minds..q 36
love is lovliest when e.....g 130
embalmed in books.....r 300
Embassador–so likely an e.*...p 246
Ember–where glowing e's.....e 237
embers that still burn.....p 326
Emblazed–golden lustre rich e..i 124
Emblem–an e. yields to friends..a 96
pink, the e. o' my dear.....f 149
what numerons emblems...x 130
flowers, an e. of existence...o 317
emblem of deeds.....a 223
and all such emblems*.....a 368
are emblems true of.....p 128
emblems of punishment.....f 130
emblem of stainless purity..d 153
the emblem o' the free.....u 157
e's of the sovereign power...p 368
emblem of happiness.....m 25
Embodied–wafts e. thonght....l 315
embodied, thick, perform...j 441
Embowered–jasmine e. a door..s 126
Embrace–in strange e's blend..o 69
I embrace thee, seeing.....t 70
body more with thy e's.*.....k 77
arms, take your last e.*.....b 84
in the pasture's rude e.....g 141
nor see within the dark e....v 145
even death embraces.....j 165
then pity, then embrace....e 452
admitted once to his e.....o 179
Embroidery–pearl and rich e.*.k 130
Embryo–a chancellor in e.... u 308

Emerald-sharp, short e. wheat. *i* 158
an emerald shadow fell.....*g* 372
e. and keep my color.....*a* 199
e. scalp nods to the storm...*f* 440
e. slopes are drowned in....*k* 147
Eminence-to that bad e.....*u* 263
Eminent-public for being e....*i* 186
tree of life, high eminent....*m* 432
Emotion-heart is so full of e...*i* 122
sang in tones of deep e.....*t* 385
e's both of rage and fear....*k* 490
Emperor-tent-royal of their e.* *s* 212
an e. without his crown.....*j* 79
Emphasis-bears such an e.*...*b* 188
Empire-the course of empire..*k* 347
star of empire takes its way *m* 347
rod of empire might have....*n* 48
great empire of the west.....*k* 70
as yourselves your e's fall....*t* 366
empires in their brains.. ....*r* 262
survey our empire.....*v* 312
and laid empires waste.....*t* 447
Empirical-power is not e.....*m* 298
Employ-list'ning ears employ *m* 221
Employed-e. to accommodate.*k* 301
cannot better be employed*. *j* 104
Employment-choose brave e's..*e* 293
hand of little employment*..*i* 293
wishing of all employments..*e* 90
Emptiness-idleness is e.....*k* 205
smiles his e. betray.....*c* 393
Empty-men had ever very e....*l* 252
e. her whole quiver on me...*n* 165
hell is e. and all the devils*..*c* 195
empty heads console with e..*m* 63
e. still, and neat and fair.....*b* 34
Empyrean-e. rung with.....*h* 369
Emulation-shouting their e.*..*g* 14
emulation in the learn'd.....*q* 103
bloodless emulation*.....*x* 103
Enamored-affliction is e.*.....*a* 5
e. of their wretched soil.....*y* 7
enamored of the nut-brown ..*c* 98
cease from thy e. tale.....*q* 28
Enamor-those which most e..*w* 192
Enchant-enchants my sense* *aa* 106
statue that enchants.....*r* 318
I will enchant thine ear*....*b* 325
Enchanted-upon the e. days.. *h* 144
through what region e..... *a* 256
hope enchanted smiled.....*t* 200
Enchanter-break from the e's.*h* 277
ghosts from an enchanter...*q* 467
stroke of the e's wand.....*x* 58
Enchanting-divine e..... *j* 282
Enchantment-to the view.....*v* 225
Encompassed-round with dogs**b*451
Encounter-e's twixt thyself*...*p* 97
Encyclopedia-is the whole e...*n* 253
End-not means but ends.....*k* 485
our being's end and aim.....*h* 191
all's well that ends well*.....*s* 496
end they were created*.....*c* 7
there is an end of it.....*r* 65
regard the writer's end.....*t* 76
that's bitter to sweet end*....*c* 77
no end, in wand'ring mazes...*t* 64
to say we end the heart-ache* *c* 85
death, a necessary end*... ..*u* 83
at my finger's end*.....*cc* 496
true beginning of our end*..*l* 499
served no private end.....*o* 319
ends thou aim'st at*.....*u* 329
odds and ends of free .....*q* 443
then it hath no end* .....*i* 398
divinity that shapes our e's*.*c* 349
there's an end on't.....*g* 474
there's an end on't.....*o* 474
hair to stand on end*.....*j* 121
here behold the end.....*aa* 255
and there an end*.....*g* 280
end of all things—God.....*m* 230
I will, and there's an end*...*c* 361
end must justify the means .*t* 362
delights have violent ends*..*x* 362
now from end to end.....*s* 288
this one great end.....*b* 234
answers life's great end.....*t* 236
mind one end pursues.....*m* 451
villainy with odd old e's*..*aa* 452
the end of war's uncertain*.*v* 460
ends by our beginnings.....*n* 486
story without end.....*c* 487
praying's the e. of preaching.*e* 485
holiest end of woman's.....*r* 474
where the mind ends.....*j* 480
the end crowns all*.....*n* 426
time, will one day end*.....*n* 426
hours may end in good.....*l* 489
End-all-the end-all here*.....*o* 235
Endeavor-awake e. for defense*.*i* 72
there can be no endeavour..*b* 201
of what mighty endeavours.*r* 362
Ending-e. and beginning.....*i* 45
bad ending follows a bad....*n* 362
ending at the arrival*.....*k* 235
Endite-make, and wel e.....*d* 335
Endless-e., and all alike.....*e* 423
Endow-die and e. a college....*q* 495
Endowed-though she were e.*.*e* 258
Endowment-e's greater than*.*e* 455
Endure-nothing endures but...*l* 52
patience to endure*.....*f* 85
no hope! Yet I endure.....*s* 91
men must e. their going*...*g* 119
which then I can e. not.....*f* 389
faith to endure.....*j* 122
endure, then pity.....*e* 452
I would endure.....*p* 243
courage to endure.....*h* 465
e's what heav'n ordains.....*c* 328
could e. the tooth-ach*.....*l* 303
Endued-e. with better sense..*p* 194
Endymion-E's graceful mien..*h* 276
Enemy-care's an e. to life*.....*s* 42
harder than our enemies....*cc* 61
place at least o' th' enemy....*i* 73
an enemy to mankind*.....*i* 93
enemies of nations.....*q* 279
seasons him his enemy*.... *g* 171
enemy shall meet him.....*k* 171
defend myself from my e....*p* 171
let in and out the enemy*..*jj* 497
priests pray for enemies*...*ii* 498
here shall he see no enemy*.*g* 433
enemies with the worst.....*x* 493
ever been God's enemy*.....*l* 448
for a flying enemy.....*l* 355
the value of an enemy.....*t* 102
fallen enemy may rise.....*u* 102
you have many enemies*....*z* 102
you are mine enemy.....*w* 102
to mine enemies*.....*f* 251
if he has only one enemy ...*b* 170
enemy hath beguiled thee...*a* 167
that men should put an e.*..*r* 214
e's carry about slander*.....*d* 387
Energy-march, and e. divine..*c* 340
energy of life may be kept..*k* 207
unremitting e., pervades....*z* 180
Enforcement-my strong e.*....*i* 178
Engaged-free art more e.*....*cc* 384
Engendering-the e. of toads*..*z* 346
Engine-steam e. in trousers....*t* 51
states are great e's moving..*y* 182
like racking engines .....*j* 303
Engineer-O the e's joys.....*cc* 308
sometimes the engineer.....*n* 471
England-England was merry...*n* 57
England! my country .....*d* 69
be England what she.....*h* 69
O England! model to*.....*l* 69
leads him to England.....*i* 69
England, with all thy .....*l* 70
foil of England's chair*.....*l* 448
shall be, in England*.....*h* 499
Greece, Italy, and England..*n* 335
fight, gentlemen of E.*.....*h* 459
meteor flag of England.....*e* 124
ye mariners of England.....*f* 124
in E., seven halfpenny*.....*b* 342
cannot breathe in England..*v* 387
English-gems on an E. green..*d* 164
Chaucer, well of E. undefyled.*l* 337
with our English dead*.....*b* 460
upon one pair of E. legs*...*gg* 497
talent of our E. nation.....*k* 356
divorc'd so many E. kings*.*m* 391
sweet as English air could...*i* 478
where E. mind and manners.*l* 70
English oak which, dead....*l* 438
for our fierceness, E. dogs*..*b* 74
Engross-when he should e.....*c* 337
Engrossest-if thou e.*.....*n* 187
Enjoy-e. ourselves only in....*c* 483
books that we enjoy.....*g* 37
all enjoy that pow'r which..*d* 103
riches he can ne'er enjoy.....*b* 17
kisses he receives enjoy ....*m* 221
abundance, and e. it not*....*i* 166
fear to lose what they e.*...*m* 460
little worldlings can enjoy..*h* 463
that private men enjoy.*.....*l* 44
centre, and enjoy bright day.*u* 49
Enjoyed-e. in vision beatific..*n* 462
neither can be enjoy'd.....*f* 56
Enjoyment-doing is our best e.*c* 483
enjoyment fades away .....*y* 98
sweet e., or disastrous .....*q* 148
comparable to the e.....*t* 167
enjoyment, and count o'er..*e* 231
the rose of e. adorns.....*u* 233
Enkindled-winds which e.*...*c* 461
Enlarge-never ceaseth to e.*..*d* 179
Ennoble-what can e. sots, or..*l* 485
Ennobled-e. by himself.....*o* 319
more men e. by study.....*g* 406
Enough-enough, e., and die*....*b* 5
she never gave e. to any.....*q* 165
enough for man to know....*n* 454
first cries, "Hold, enough."**v* 459
and is enough for both*.....*g* 176
Enrich-if it e. not the heart.....*u* 4

enriched with shining meal .d 133
e. the time to come with*....e 176
that which not enriches him*r 50
Enshrined–in it are enshrined d 261
Ensign–the imperial ensign...m 458
thousand ensigns high.....j 124
the ensigns of their power...k 124
spread ensigns marching...m 124
under spread e. moving.....n 124
beauty's e. yet is crimson*...a 84
Enslave–enslave the will.....b 334
enslave a man, and you.....a 388
Entail–cut the e. from all*.....k 163
Entailed–e. from son to son...p 227
Enter–him that enters next*...l 294
abandon, ye who enter here..r 90
ye cannot enter now.....u 91
enter there, ere sun-rise*....l 345
we enter the world alone....g 395
think, and enter straight.....q 79
Entered–multitude admiring e.v 193
Enterprise–of noble enterprise.w 467
life-blood of our enterprise*..c 59
Entertain–to e. the lag-end*....r 66
e. for one of my hundred*...z 116
entertain them sprightly*...w 188
Entertainment–palm with e...*t 188
Enthroned–is e. in the heart*..j 263
Enthusiasm–e. in good society h 103
enthusiasm is that secret....i 103
achieved without e.....j 103
enthusiasm is grave.....l 103
nurse of enthusiasm.....a 395
Entice–e. the dewy feather'd..i 390
Entire–holiest end of woman...r 474
divides one thing e. to many*d 187
Entrance–latches to his e*.....k 77
Entranced–nations heard e....p 312
Entreat–missed by any that e.b 357
Entwined–e.in duskier wreaths o 447
Envied–I e. not the happiest..e 366
Envious–the e. must feel it....b 115
since she is envious*.....s 103
grows to an envious fever*..x 103
silence, envious tongue*....e 331
Envy–sick alike of envy.....p 6
envy no man's happiness*....t 66
in just proportion e. grows..d 116
you die with envy.....u 117
envy, which turns pale.....m 103
envy is a kind of praise.....n 103
a woman's envy.....o 103
envy, to which th' ignoble..q 103
disciples only envy at*.....t 103
keeness of thy sharp envy*..u 103
poisonous spite and envy*..a 104
e. withers at another's joy...b 104
they are cast with envy.....i 199
did that they did in envy*..a 291
envy holds a whole week's..p 319
envy's a sharper spur. .... a 299
Enwheel–every hand, e. thee*.q 183
Epic–blot out the e's stately.. a 338
Epicure–the e. would say.....p 100
epicure will say.....cc 231
Epicurean–e. cooks sharpen*...v 13
Epidemic–e's of nobleness....m 290
Epilogue–then death's his e...q 232
good play needs no e.*.....j 294
Epitaph–better have a bad e.*.e 104
a waxen epitaph*.....g 104
hang mournful epitaphs*....i 104
of worms, and epitaphs*....h 104
believe a woman or an e.....p 75
Epitome–all mankind's e.....l 122
Epitomize–man's left t' e....aa 300
Epoch–actions are our e's.....e 423
Equal–they die an equal death.b 80
equal to God and.....b 103
with e. pace, impartial fate..t 117
all are e. in their happiness.g 191
equal, taken from his side...o 478
sees with equal eye, as God..r 348
in the dust, be equal made...s 85
death makes e. the high and..k 66
Equality–e. is the life of .....v 68
equality of two domestic*...o 104
equality of years.....e 257
Equator–high e. ridgy rise ....e 226
Equinoctial–as the e's blow... j 376
by equinoctial winds.....e 313
Equipage–a part of the tea e...o 305
Erased–nor be e. nor written..q 299
Erect–he stands erect.....l 311
Erection–rate the cost of the e.* d 44
Eremite–an e. beneath his....d 146
Erin–old E's native shamrock.m 156
a poor exile of Erin.....j 70
Ermine–spotless e. of the snow.l 365
Err–what error leads must e.*.f 105
to err is human, to forgive..e 165
to err but once is.....p 464
lips never err, when she....f 400
woman may err.....g 475
as weak to err.....r 475
the cautious seldom err.....l 43
Errand–run on willing e's ....a 164
on their errands go.....j 375
glad your errand to fulfil....l 336
does its mighty errand.....b 232
his errand unfulfilled.....j 324
Erring–extravagant and e.*...m 399
Error–fills him with faults*....l 64
swift in atoning for error....j 49
own your errors past.....x 76
mountainous error be*.....z 77
lessons from past errors.....h 108
that one error*.....b 255
very error of the moon*.....b 276
to our own stronger errors..u 217
ne'er presumed to make an e.r 192
e., wounded, writhes in pain.p 443
man protesting against e....t 443
in religion, what damned e.*j 358
in reas'ning pride, our error.s 346
some female errors fall .....l 111
e. is worse than ignorance...t 104
dubious waves of error.....v 104
learn more from a man's e's..a 105
as that of man to error.....h 105
profit by his errors .....d 108
Eruption–forth in strange e's*.g 286
Escape–e. the uphill by never..a 332
e's the wreck of worlds.....o 399
Espoused–e. my latest found..q 464
Essay–th' essay so hard.....n 231
'tis an essay, a taste.....o 250
Essence–it's balmy e. breathes.i 146
O sacred e., other form.....e 175
essence of friendship is....y 172
the essence of God.....m 241
a work of genius is the e...w 300
lilac spreads odorous e.....o 437
Essential–e. of high character..r 71
Established–one in blood e*....l 448
Estate–worst estate shunn'd*...f 1
wish the e. o' the world*....u 409
and a small estate.....o 341
drop down titles and e's....x 470
lose her pure estate.....g 475
estates, degrees and offices*.v 263
cankers the whole estate....g 353
gather up the whole estate..t 307
Esteem–stamp and e. of ages...r 40
he will be in his own e.....k 203
to know, to esteem.....r 231
e. and love were never to...r 495
coward in thine own e.*.....f 74
keep time in high esteem...q 425
Estimable–not so e., profitable*.y 496
nothing is more estimable..s 310
Estimate–my dear wife's e.*...f 71
is to make a right estimate..j 203
Estrange–whom these cannot e.y 239
Estridge–plumed with e's*.....k 24
like estridges that wing*.....s 24
Eternal–eternal passion.....j 27
an eternal now shall ever..m 105
e. summer shall not fade....p 374
that skirt the eternal frost..r 126
hardly, to eternal life.....k 207
hope springs e. in the.....k 201
swear an eternal friendship.c 173
fixed e. shall we seize.....s 175
art thou of eternal date.....d 284
thought alone is eternal....p 420
heaven's e. year is thine....k 193
e. years of God are hers ....p 443
eternal in its guise.....q 352
e. now does always last.....o 423
Eternally–past, we make e.....p 207
Eternity–progress to e*.....l 7
meeting eternity's day.....r 5
harvest for eternity.....w 88
through nature to eternity*..a 85
out of e. this new day.....m 78
into eternity it might.....m 78
time unfolds eternity.....e 68
opes the palace of eternity...o 82
eternity! thou pleasing.....i 105
intimates e. to man.....j 105
e. forbids thee to forget.....k 105
past, the future, two e's.....l 105
can eternity belong to me..r 105
e., too short to speak thy...d 181
love of God live through e..n 208
radiance of eternity.....z 235
Sabbaths of eternity.....k 369
emblem of eternity.....l 249
whole eternity of love.....w 193
image of eternity. .....a 323
make an e. of moments.....h 326
than his life to eternity...aa 500
silence as deep as eternity..n 382
wildering maze of e.....m 421
eternity mourns that.....t 427
pregnant with all eternity..m 428
eternity is youth.....l 487
feeling of e. in youth.....a 487
Ether–falls through the clear e.r 415
Ethereal–e. mildness come....o 373
a power ethereal.....m 428
Ethiopian–secret E. dells .....o 69

Etna-like a smoking E. seem..g 321
Euphrates-E. thro' the piece..q 365
Eureka-E.! I have found it....t 407
Europe-better fifty years of E.ff 500
Eurydice-half regain'd E.....n 282
Evangeline-Arcadian E.....n 474
Eve-tears of mournful Eve....m 93
Eve's silent foot-fall steals..x 105
Eve, our credulous mother..x 166
the night has no eve.....a 376
breath of eve that chanced..a 412
eve, her cheek yet warm....r 410
fairest of her daughters Eve.m 494
day paused and grew eve....g 446
E's in all her daughters.....r 475
grandsire, ere of Eve.....d 476
Even-sweet approach of even..c 91
good even to thee.....r 275
good even, fair moon.....r 275
even in the eve of day.....h 446
grandly cometh even.....f 106
Even-handed-this e-h. justice.q 219
Evening-those evening bells...d 21
melted in the evening hue..n 446
evening stooped down.....a 106
O precious evenings.....b 106
e. gale the crimsonne.....q 142
evening's hues of sober gray.n 150
uninterrupted evening.....e 377
lone winter evening.....k 377
many an evening by the....n 222
blown by the evening air...d 411
softly the evening came.....h 411
cool airs of evening lay.....k 411
evening's growing purple...l 411
it was evening here.....d 265
come in the evening, or.....j 463
evening beam that smiles...d 464
Even-song-fell at even-song...j 154
Event-then event doth from it*.n 3
events cast their shadows.....p 5
the chaos of events.....c 47
events are their tutors.....n 49
does arbitrate the event.....v 49
event, parent of all.....j 419
stride on before the events.w 490
there are certain events.....d 118
e's from evil causes spring..i 106
Eventide-the e's of summer...a 411
eventide wander not near it.i 441
Ever-let me be ever the first..y 169
and if for ever.....g 326
Ever-burning-lights above*...s 403
Evergreen-throve an ancient e.a 177
Everlasting-of his e. sleep....g 185
condemned into e.*.....b 497
Evermore-shall be yes for e...p 489
O blest word evermore.....a 55
Every-every man is odd*.....e 497
e. why hath a wherefore*....f 497
Everybody-you command e....t 16
Everything-everything lives...l 45
I would give everything....v 169
seem e. but what they are...r 204
everything that heard him*.q 312
everything is naught.....n 421
Everywhere-water, water, e...k 461
everywhere his place.....ff 490
it cometh everywhere.....l 104
Evidence-e. that doth accuse*.j 217
to give in evidence*.....h 308
Evil-of two evils I have chose..a 56
no evil is honourable.....b 86
death is no evil.....b 86
evil be thou my good.....b 91
from seeming evil.....h 113
evil events from evil .....i 106
compensation for great e's..j 106
getting rid of an evil.....k 106
none are all evil.....l 106
does evil that good.....m 106
evil is wrought by want....n 106
God bids us do good for e.*..r 106
evil that men do lives*.....s 106
sees past evils only is.....b 162
met me in an evil hour.....k 139
these evils I deserve.....b 165
airs and blasts of evil.....d 365
hypocrisy, the only evil that.t 204
vice itself lost half its evil..u 451
wreaks evil on mankind....k 267
pitch our evils there*.....k 298
surest bulwark against evil..j 175
borne my part of evil only..t 175
last of all our evils fear.....m 200
speak evil of the good.....k 496
by evil spirits with hell....bb 500
of all the evils that infest...f 448
evils of sensual sloth.....b 448
when the evil shall be done.n 356
the root of all evil.....h 462
a necessary evil.....o 464
a domestic evil.....v 464
evils that take leave*.....b 310
partial evil, universal good..n 348
obscures the show of evil*...h 88
doubled with an evil word*.y 481
evil beginning hours may...l 489
Exactness-with e. grinds.....c 363
Exalt-exalts its object.....s 240
Example-thy stream my great e b 48
done without example*.....m 3
Christian e.? why, revenge*.p 363
men, by their e. pattern.....d 367
grow great by your e.*.....x 360
Exceed-dead the living should e w 15
exceed man's might*.....g 470
Excel-great as daring to excel...d 8
I would rather excel.....r 222
whoe'er excels.....k 304
one that excels the quirks*..p 476
Excelled-creature in whom e.m 475
Excellence-a fair divided e.*..u 257
excellence, like yours.....j 34
hates that excellence.....b 104
seek internal e. to win.....a 144
loves him with that e*.....t 257
Excellency-witness still of e.*.h 203
does bear all excellency*....p 476
Excellent-so e. a king that was*c 368
excellent thing in a woman*.l 456
e. to have a giant's strength*.q 448
beauty thinks it excellent*..cc 87
Except-e. wind stands as never u 467
Excess-ridiculous excess*.....o 163
give me excess of it*.....o 283
excess of wealth is cause.....l 462
perish thro' excess of blood.w 471
Exchange-then we'll make e.*.i 222
exchange from Florence*....c 311
Excuse-a man who has no e...a 75
excuse came prologue.....i 111
men excuse their faults.....c 120
beauty is its own e. for.....p 150
excuse me, then; you know.n 326
prove an excuse for the glass t 428
Excused-e. his devilish deeds.g 448
Excusing-e. of a fault doth*...f 120
Execute-a hand to execute.....l 48
Execution-e. did cry out*.....k 121
like a pardon after e.*.....o 195
Executioner-as the e's*.....j 280
Executor-choose e's, and talk*.p 84
Exempt-e. themselves from*..r 121
Exercise-him from his holy e*o 259
exercise, not rest.....w 265
brother dare to gentle e.*....l 268
bear up with this exercise*.p 416
wise, for cure on e. depend..b 469
Exhalation-rose like an e.....n 494
Exhaled-he was exhal'd.....q 80
Exhausted-e. worlds and then.j 299
Exhilaration-wild e. in the air m 272
Exile-e. from himself can flee..h 419
Exist-alone e's like lightning.d 363
Existence-e. by enjoyment....e 231
flowers an emblem of e.....o 377
as it were, of future e.....o 207
death and existence.....g 389
every existence is an aim...n 233
'tis woman's whole e.....y 239
existence saw him spurn....j 299
be our ultimate existence ...t 468
e. doth depend on time.....e 423
time wasted is existence....n 428
existence and its only end..d 241
Expatiate-soul e. in the skies.j 401
Expectant-th' e. wee-things...t 197
Expectation-opened with e....h 36
e. whirls me round*.....aa 106
bettered expectation*.....bb 106
oft expectation fails*.....a 107
opens the eyes of e.*.....b 107
e. makes a blessing dear ....d 202
the vacant expectation.....b 288
as were a war in e.*.....u 459
bids expectation rise.....y 200
expectation fainted*.....e 477
Expecting-e. ills to come .....n 105
Expel-flame expels the last....t 244
Expense-that sanctifies e.....c 252
maintained at vast expense.m 311
yes, the expense is frightful.o 320
but loathe the expense.....t 69
Expensive-gratitude is e.....v 183
Experience-won the e. which..aa 3
experience is a dumb.....d 20
inspiration expounds e... ..e 68
in her e. all her friends.....i 107
long experience gains .....j 107
experience is no more.....m 107
experience teaches slowly...n 107
e., next to thee I owe.....t 107
who heeds not experience...v 107
philosophy teaching by e....v 196
more experience finds you...l 430
experience be a jewel*.....b 108
experience from his folly .. d 108
conflicts bring experience . f 108
door, which is experience. .g 108
dear-bought experience.....h 108
experience to make me sad* d 163
by sweet experience know..v 252

philosophy can teach by e...*i* 332
pawn their experience to*..*p* 334
finest poetry was first e.....*s* 335
no school of long experience.*c* 432
Expiation–shadowy e's weak..*a* 358
Expiatory–when the e. act....*q* 148
Expire–till the night expire...*c* 274
kiss, which she e's in giving *k* 221
Explain–e's all mysteries.....*h* 363
spoil it by trying to explain.*a* 68
e. thy doctrine by thy life....*v* 95
Explanation–e. of our gusts....*d* 48
not love, that requires e....*f* 192
Exploit–tempt unto a close e.*.*i* 418
ripe for e's and mighty* ....*q* 487
Expose–expose thyself to feel*.*n* 310
Exposure–more than a wild e.* *a* 361
Expound–commission'd to e...*h* 315
Express–feel what I can ne'cr e.*a* 334
I can express no kinder*....*q* 221
Expressed–ne'er so well e.....*y* 471
Expression–e. is action.....*l* 108
expression of her face.....*e* 478
some have a sad expression.*n* 125
e. is the dress of thought....*e* 407
e., that which cannot be....*z* 383
Expressive–expressive silence.*bb* 383
e. may be than all words....*f* 383
Exquisite–too e. for man to....*a* 79
exquisite music of a dream..*s* 282
joys too exquisite to last.....*t* 216
are the most exquisite.....*u* 216
ceasing of exquisite music..*a* 475
Extemporary–in e. prayer.....*i* 344
Extent–offending hath this e.*.*k* 258
extends thro' all extent .....*b* 286
Extenuate–nothing e.* .....*j* 219
External–e. shows of nature...*n* 412
Extreme–extremes in nature...*b* 46
extremes in man concur.....*b* 46
few in the extreme.....*j* 50
extremes are vicious.....*m* 108
conclude the extremes.....*n* 108
avoid extremes.....*o* 108
year between the extremes*.*p* 108
resolute in most extremes*..*q* 108
patient in such extremes*...*s* 108
e's meet, and there is no....*y* 202
extremes of fear and grief...*q* 281
utmost extremes.....*e* 239
in worst extremes.....*i* 458
'twixt two e's of passion*,..*h* 327
Extremity–grounds to this e.*.*m* 219
I suffered much extremity*.*h* 246
smiling e. out of act*.....*t* 328
Exulting–e. in his might.....*e* 277
moved exulting in his fires..*h* 409
e. on triumphant wing.....*o* 200
Eye–miss thy kind approving e.*a* 2
eyes of the ignorant*... .....*i* 3
eyes the dancing cork.....*t* 11
prophetic eye of appetite.....*r* 13
eye that bowed the will.....*m* 16
to ope their golden eyes*.....*g* 16
blue were her eyes as .....*e* 18
eye of the body is not.....*o* 18
no bird had ever eye.....*t* 24
lack-lustre eye, and.....*e* 25
that close the eye of day.....*f* 28
they could read in all eyes...*p* 29
his e's have all the seeming..*l* 30
meet the eyes of other men..*m* 71
pearls that were his eyes*....*i* 46
o'er his books his eyes.....*d* 40
let every eye negotiate* .....*z* 43
voice, and glad the eyes.....*s* 53
eyes that watch the waves....*t* 56
eye is the first circle.....*h* 58
this eye shoots forth*.....*a* 51
peep through their eyes*.....*i* 51
get thee glass eyes*.....*e* 65
hast hazel eyes*.....*x* 67
closed his eyes in endless....*a* 81
before mine e's in opposition..*i* 82
dying eyes were closed.....*a* 83
eyes, look your last*.....*b* 84
and one dropping eye*.....*l* 88
day's lustrous eyes.....*j* 83
eyes in endless night.....*z* 93
my eyes make pictures.....*s* 96
as the great eye of heaven...*y* 111
one eye on death.....*k* 113
eyes of the dear one discover.*e* 114
how his eyes languish*.....*b* 116
it is engender'd in the eyes*..*j* 116
lightning from her eyes.....*z* 120
eye directs our minds*.....*f* 105
diamonds in thine eyes.....*t* 108
e's are songs without words..*u* 108
eyes of gentianellas.....*v* 108
e's that look'd into the very.*w* 108
eyes that displace the.....*y* 108
an eye can threaten like.....*b* 109
eyes are bold as lions.....*c* 109
eyes so transparent.....*d* 109
thy blue eyes' sweet smile...*e* 109
one eye doth please.....*f* 109
eye was on the censer.....*g* 109
e., thou art alive with fate*..*i* 109
dark eyes—eternal soul.....*j* 109
eyes as those were never ....*j* 109
an eye that twinkles.....*k* 109
O lovely eyes of azure.....*l* 109
flash of his keen, black eyes..*m* 109
deep eyes, amid the gloom..*n* 109
dark eyes—so dark and.....*q* 109
true eyes too pure and.....*r* 109
ladies, whose bright eyes....*s* 109
soul sitting in thine eyes.....*t* 109
rich in resplendent eyes....*u* 109
violets, transform'd to eyes.*v* 109
microscopic eye.....*w* 109
eyes are the pioneers .....*a* 110
dark eyes are dearer far.....*b* 110
more peril in thine eye*.....*c* 110
an eye like Mars*.....*e* 110
ride sparkling in her eyes*..*g* 110
eye did heal it up*.....*h* 110
from her eyes I did receive*.*i* 110
eye in heaven would*.....*j* 110
face illumin'd with her eye* *l* 110
I have a good eye *.....*m.*110
eye would emulate the*.....*n* 110
curtains of thine e. advance* *o* 110
murther in mine eye*.....*q* 110
eyes that are the frailest*....*q* 110
thy eyes' windows fall*.....*r* 110
beauty as a woman's eye*...*s* 110
thine eyes are like*.....*u* 110
e. are homes of silent prayer *v* 110
blue eyes shimmer.....*x* 110
unseen by any human eye...*c* 161
whose just opened eye .....*q* 161
beauteous eye of heaven*....*o* 163
eyes to her feet, as they.....*y* 163
careless e. can find no grace.*v* 145
primrose opes its eye.....*f* 150
eyes were made for seeing...*p* 150
eyes see brighter colors.....*j* 132
lit by starry eyes.....*l* 133
for dull the eye.....*l* 134
eyes of some men travel.....*g* 135
thy two eyes like stars*.....*j* 121
fear stared in her eyes.....*z* 121
daisie or els the e. of the day *g* 130
mine eyes were not in fault* *c* 125
half-closed eye of grief.....*n* 127
eyes of the spring's fair night *o* 371
eyes into my very soul*.....*j* 379
eyes that would not look on.*o* 379
cruel language of the eye....*e* 380
daisy's eyes are a-twinkle....*s* 138
eyes of great delight.....*t* 138
silver crest and golden eye..*a* 139
eye on Miss Daisy fair.....*a* 140
with eye like his, thy lids..*m* 157
the kindest eyes that look...*r* 158
eyes of spring, so azure.....*v* 159
thine eyes are full of tears...*a* 160
with her timid blue eyes....*i* 160
than the lids of Juno's e's*..*n* 160
blue eye of the violet looks..*z* 160
wrapt to the e's in his black *r* 287
with bright eyes to listen....*f* 288
the eye his function takes*..*l* 289
eyes in lambent beauty.....*e* 403
on earth with all her eyes...*w* 403
bleared his eyes with books.*q* 405
eye me, bless'd providence..*n* 407
is nature's eye .....*j* 409
his lordly eye keeps distance *q* 409
sun, of this great world e....*r* 409
each under e. doth homage*..*v* 409
mother came into mine e's*.*k* 416
dimm'd eyes look after*.....*r* 416
whose subdued eyes*.....*q* 416
drink the waters of mine e's* *d* 417
iris, rounds thine eye* .....*e* 417
from Marlborough's eyes ....*t* 232
cunning waters of his eyes*.*b* 417
by losing of your eyes*.....*f* 237
speaking to the eyes.....*u* 237
and to his eye there was....*w* 239
his eyes are in his mind.....*q* 240
gladden e's that are no more *o* 261
starveth in thy eyes*.....*c* 267
thine eye shall be instructed *o* 179
looked upon by a loving eye *f* 270
e's what 'tis ye're seeking..*m* 270
the gentle eyes of peace*....*x* 459
distance from our eyes.....*p* 410
friendship closes its eye.....*k* 173
every eye negotiate for itself* *f* 174
pilot without eyes.....*c* 367
large front and eye sublime..*h* 367
watches on into mine eyes*.*a* 255
e's upraised as one inspired.*b* 260
bend thy e's upon the earth*.*j* 260
with a threatening eye*.....*h* 166
visits these sad eyes.....*k* 169
yellow to the jaundiced eye..*h* 412
the rash gazer wipe his e....*m* 152

eye revels in the many.....n 278
those eyes, the break of day* x 221
by human eye unseen.....g 226
e's in flood with laughter*..g 227
e. as bright as is the eagle's* n 368
on their eyes in the streams. t 130
day stars! that ope your e's. w 130
his deep-searching eyes.....t 222
hath not a Jew eyes*.....l 216
survey of richest eyes.....u 331
eye be not a flatterer.....i 333
pity dwells not in this eye..h 333
I turn my ravished eyes.....v 334
poet's eye in a fine frenzy...h 337
chambers of thine eyes.....n 242
set her both his eyes.....d 243
her blue eyes sought.....k 245
to hear with eyes*.....a 248
as thy eye-beams, when*....h 248
through another man's e's..j 191
ne'er entered at an eye.....i 191
e. hath not seen it, my....m 193
nor sorrow dim the eye.....n 193
black eyes and lemonade...a 194
all places that the eye of*...f 194
e's are dim now that they see. f 195
their history in a nations e's. c 197
hope, with eyes so fair.....s 200
a smile in her eye .....v 493
Athens, the eye of Greece...o 494
fire in each eye.....s 495
with his half-shut eyes.....q 189
public e. for nine years at...h 299
wish to her dewy blue e.....q 316
blue e's of heaven laughed...l 436
eyes to the blind.....d 443
a judging eye, that darts....h 445
and radiant eyes of day.....o 447
e's govern better than the...e 450
cruel e's, like two funeral...f 450
many an eye has danced....i 329
rude eye of rebellion*.....k 355
my forehead and my eyes...u 356
eye will mark our coming...i 463
eyes that borrow their*.....x 360
given her to his eyes.....l 464
shuts up sorrow's eye*.....l 391
grovelling eyes forget her...p 470
guests were in her eyes*....h 393
boldest eye goes down.....d 304
eyes smiling fondly.....g 397
eyes with love but sorrow...g 397
through her eyes I see.....g 397
have an eie to heaven.....v 345
sees with equal eye, as.....r 348
e. begets occasion for his*...c 472
youth and health her eyes..t 473
heav'n in her eye.....k 475
language in her eye*.....t 476
I see with eye serene.....r 478
from his pretty eyes.....c 389
eyes that wake to weep.....r 389
the windows of mine eyes*. w 390
unclose his cheering eye....u 381
eye, whose bend doth awe*. a 382
the eyes of a man are.....h 109
bright the tears in beauty's e. i 490
eyes have leisure for their..a 428
lift his imploring eyes.....q 202
who see only with their e's. w 206
in my mind's eye, Horatio*. c 207
in one eye, and death.....o 209
soft eyes look'd love to eyes. d 281
instruct thine e's to keep...k 155
graciously to passing eyes..p 155
Eyebright–eyeb. showed.....d 132
Eyelid–eyelids of the morn.....j 16
weight inclines our e's.....j 390
weigh my eyelids down*....v 390
with eyelids heavy and red. h 225
than tir'd e's upon tired....i 284
from your e's wiped a tear*. i 178
Eye-offending–eye-o. brinc*...e 416
Eyesight–treasure of his e.*...g 35
Ez-fer war, I'll call it murder...b 458

F.

Fable–in the Libyan fable.....i 24
history fades into fable.....w 86
scenes surpassing f., and yet j 193
believe these antique f's*..j 449
Fabric–like the baseless f. of*..k 46
whole fabric is ablaze. :....x 316
a fabric huge rose like.....n 494
silently as a dream the f. rose p 382
noiseless fabric sprung.....n 74
Face–behold once more thy face. k 1
counted ere I see thy face.....d 2
visit her face too roughly*....w 4
bright faces of my young.....e 6
this grained face of*.....n 7
features of the mother's face. n 15
her face so faire, as flesh.....h 19
face is like the milky way....i 19
when my face is fair, you*....x 35
smile upon thy face.....i 62
other fling it at thy face*.....h 65
face to all occasions*.....k 88
look up in my face and smile o 89
where last I saw her face.....x 89
assert the nose upon his f....c 96
seen better faces in*.....s 111
construction in the face*....v 111
such a February face*.....w 111
doubtless the human face...z 111
her angel's face.....y 111
face like a benediction.....a 111
thy face the index.....b 111
old familiar faces..... ....c 111
a face that had a story.....d 111
good face is a letter of.....f 111
dusk faces with white silken g 111
human face divine.....h 111
with faces like dead lovers. k 111
look on her f., and you'll....l 111
all men's faces are true*.....o 111
compare her face with*.....q 111
in thy face I see thy fury....t 111
your face my thane, is a*...x 111
a face with gladness.....c 112
shyly droops her lovely face r 161
face of night is fair.....s 137
breezes blew keen on her f...t 137
chalk'd her face.....z 121
say they have angels' faces*. f 125
face upturn'd so still.....c 380
gazing in this face.....i 140
I shall behold your face.....u 259
to see a friend's face.....v 169
f's beaming with unearthly. i 170
no faces truer than those*...d 416
her face is full of pain.....m 273
hides her face by day.....o 274
face to make us sad.....g 277
our faces between.....a 279
face of man marked by.....b 280
labour bears a lovely face....g 225
we wear a face of joy.....a 217
once more I shall see a face. g 201
to put a strange face on his*. h 203
between a vizor and a face..j 204
false f. must hide what the*. z 204
God hath given you one face*e 205
thinking by this f. to fasten* g 205
fire with prostrate face*.....f 157
a more familiar face.....x 287
her face all white and wet..m 288
the first face of neither*....bb 403
shining morning face*.....c 406
the face not seen.....v 413
one beloved face on earth...w 239
familiar with her face.....e 452
of my boy's face*.....h 262
sweet face; rounded arms...c 264
he brake them to our face...p 175
make the f. of heaven so fine*e 246
as doth thy f. through tears*h 248
heaven's face doth glow*....r 497
strange departures in my f.*. t 187
a face that's anything.....t 294
when wild, ugly f's we.....a 296
give me a book, give me a f..e 384
her face is toward the west..o 390
shows its best face at first..n 490
been used to cut faces.....s 318
truth has such a face and....f 444
a face untaught to feign.....h 445
hairy about the face*.....n 321
face with my own crime.....u 358
angel 'twixt my face and.....j 360
face to the dew-dropping*...o 467
face that cannot smile.....t 392
faces are but a gallery of....h 394
sages have seen in thy face..y 394
the world's all face.....z 484
he hides a smiling face.....e 348
pardon'd all except her face. o 473
as a tender woman's face...d 474
suits the expression of her f. e 478
Fact–to all facts there are.....c 43
fact becomes clouded.....w 86
imagination for his facts....n 262
facts are stubborn things...n 500
Faction–breeds scrupulous f.*. o 104
f's bear away their rage.....s 458
Faculty–and vigorous f's.....p 309
they've but one faculty.....c 473
Fade–all that's bright must f...c 87
first to fade away.....a 94
fades in his eye.....m 17
lips must fade.....b 87
fade, unseen by any human. c 161
so soon to fade, so brilliant..l 152
fades at evening late.....i 255
star grows dim and fades...q 129
summer shall not fade*.....o 374
garlands fade that spring...p 374
fade shall it never quite.....o 377
fade away as doth a leaf.....r 278
Faded–a little faded flower....f 128
Fading–flowers, in f., leave....e 373
how fading are the joys... .u 216
no decay nor fading knows. r 129

fading in music*.....q 283
f. many-colour'd woods.....q 433
Faenza–F., Florence, Persaro..b 317
Fail–yet not asham'd to fail.....l 8
and we'll not fail*.....v 72
no such word as fail.....y 331
when all else fails love saves.v 241
alway fail to o'crtake it.....i 429
they never fail who die.....u 407
never say "fail".....y 493
Failed–and many have fail'd..a 445
Failing–f's leaned to virtues..cc 453
f's he has the quickest.....b 120
Faint–faint heart ne'er won....n 71
faint, and melting into air...m 23
know all words are faint.....w 49
faint with cold.....g 378
faints, and dies for you.....p 238
damn with faint praise.....a 370
'tis but the faint and far....v 282
faint old man shall.....d 466
faint as the lids of maiden's.o 439
Fainting–the f. August days..a 145
Fair–what care I how fair.....c 61
the brave deserves the fair...o 71
fair lady ne'er could win.....i 74
so deadly fair.....h 80
foul, fair; wrong, right*.....j 88
faults that are rich, are fair*.g 120
fair lilies and roses so gay...p 141
f. is the daisy that beside....e 144
primrose-banks, how fair*..b 150
roses and lilies are fair.....i 134
care I how faire shee be.....q 478
faint heart ne'er won f. lady.a 479
so fair to see.....g 272
I am most fair.....l 154
how fair is the rose.....e 155
fair to no purpose.....e 234
and all that's fair.....m 250
arms are fair when*.....l 460
was good as she was fair....b 245
and fleeting as 'tis fair.....z 200
fair is foul, and foul is fair*.h 497
make an ugly deed look f.*..b 500
near to good is what is fair..f 182
art fair; and at thy birth*..bb 185
awaken'd the witty and fair.h 450
Bacchus ever fair and.....d 468
speak me fair in death*.....k 343
so fair she takes the breath..y 472
a bevy of fair women.....j 475
be but young, and fair*.....a 477
mark was ever yet the fair*..o 387
Fairer–f. than the evening air..g 18
Fairest–f. creation can bring..g 150
narcissi, the fairest among..t 130
the rose is fairest when.....m 154
fairest of the lights above...i 410
O fairest of creation.....m 475
Fair-faced–she would swear*..d 477
Fairy–truer than f. wisdom....h 469
she is the fairies' midwife*..g 112
fairies, black, gray, green*..e 112
they are fairies, he that*....j 112
image there a fairy cabin...m 146
in fairy loops and rings.....d 134
in the soul of man is fairy...j 136
the dew had taken fairy's...q 138
the fairy ladies.....p 251
a golden fairy feast.....b 275
view the fairy haunts.....s 261
to this great fairy I'll*.....u 418
telling tales of the fairy.....a 296
or, like a fairy, trip*.....b 325
fairy hands their knell.....f 329
bells held in thy fairy hands.d 466
Fairy-land–f-l. buys not the*..h 112
Fairy-tale–man's life is a f-t...f 230
Faith–unbroken f. as temper....x 4
faith melteth into blood*.....s 18
faith, blighted once is.....d 20
for modes of faith, let.....g 20
professors of one faith*.....m 20
of serious faith, and.....d 24
plain and simple faith*.....m 44
faith unfaithful kept him ....t 46
the faith of saints.....k 49
in faith and hope the.....j 53
hath once broken faith*.....s 61
our faith triumphant.....q 70
no faith in themselves.....p 95
courage is also full of faith...z 72
woman's plighted faith.....s 95
faith, fanatic faith .....x 112
if faith produce no works...a 113
faith is not a living tree.....a 113
f. and works together grow..a 113
enormous f. of many made..b 113
mak'st me waver in my f.*..d 113
faith is the subtle chain.....e 113
faith and unfaith can ne'er..f 113
unfaith in aught is want off.f 113
more faith in honest doubt..g 113
faith beholds a feeble light..i 113
faith builds a bridge.....j 113
faith is a higher.....o 112
faith in God.....r 112
have faith, and thy prayer ..s 112
to them by faith imputed...u 112
welcome pure-ey'd faith ....v 112
faith to endure.....j 122
the holy faith.....e 251
when faith is lost.....p 255
assurance of your faith*....m 258
heart-whole, pure in faith...p 168
simple f. than Norman blood.k 220
his faith perhaps.....u 231
faith hath failed.....r 232
not reason makes faith hard.r 232
faith enlightens and guides.i 266
faith is the key that shuts..w 241
plighting no faith.....v 244
all made of f. and service*..f 246
and faith beholds the dying.w 193
not alter my faith in him..bb 442
my life upon her faith*.....g 443
tyranny absolves all faith...u 447
which our needful faith.....l 357
the consciousness of faith...g 357
faith must have great trials.j 442
for modes of faith let .....d 358
whom no faith could fix.....x 452
faith her right.....z 398
in proportion to our faith...p 345
little faith will get very.....p 345
faith no fate can foil.....a 483
inflexible in faith.....j 489
Faithful–one faithful friend...g 168
f. found among the faithless.a 123
daisy, flower of faithful.....r 138
compared unto a faithful....o 170
still f., though the trusted...i 24
inseparable, faithful loves*..t 189
faithful are thy branches ...h 437
Faithfully–pronounce it f.*...q 479
Faithfulness–f. can feed.....v 122
faithfulness and sincerity...o 163
Faithless–f. at Whitehall.....b 50
faithful found among the f...a 123
Falchion–the falchion flash...d 457
Falcon–world were f's, what...q 24
falcon swift and peerless..... t 24
the falcon stooping from.....u 24
falcon tow'ring in her*.....v 24
my falcon now is sharp*.....a 25
hopes, like tow'ring falcons.m 201
Fall–near to fall, infirm and.....h 6
mark but my fall*.....l 9
man never falls so low.....a 50
dost thou not fall*.....u 73
Coliseum, Rome shall fall....a 59
leaves have their time to fall..i 81
my fall, the conquest to*.....q 84
ripest fruit first falls*.....e 87
he falls like Lucifer*.....h 94
is down can fall no lower....h 117
doth fall that very hour*....w 246
falls with the leaf.....q 417
fall they dash themselves*...e 186
stand, by dividing we fall...k 449
can fall from the days.....q 326
falls from all he knows of...m 355
I should fear and fall .....b 357
hang list'ning in their fall..v 385
f. the windows of mine eyes* w 390
fall, that strive to move.....h 118
root, and then he falls*.....w 118
who falls for love of God.....z 255
down needs fear no fall.....k 165
as yourselves your empires f.t 366
it had a dying fall*.....o 283
yet fear I to fall .....a 121
if they fall they dash*.....f 408
falls through the clear ether.r 415
and then he falls, as I do*...t 235
seen around me fall.....j 261
fall by doom of battle.....k 458
et tu Brute? then fall*.....l 431
Fallen–arise or be forever fall'n. f 3
how are the mighty fallen ..k 398
and sways the fallen.....m 474
many myriads fallen .....aa 342
though fallen, great.....f 69
Falling–f. with soft slumb'rous j 390
Falling-off–what a f-o. was*...y 499
Fallow–scatter'd o'er the f's...k 148
False–would'st not play false*..q 51
hearts are all as false* .....v 73
false to present duty.....m 98
when they come false .....w 96
tongue soe'er speaks false*..z 113
must hide what the f. heart* z 204
cans't not then be false*....k 251
false friends are like our....d 168
for life to come is false.....u 122
false and hollow, though his.s 204
all must be false, that.....b 234
with false or true.....p 236
the false sincere.....s 244
false and fleeting as 'tis :...z 200
these false pretexts and....aa 188
prove false again.....f 317

are doublyfalse to God.....*i* 431
words are grown so false*...*g* 482
Falsehood-f's draw their.....*q* 71
truth with falsehood.....*q* 88
some dear falsehood, hugs..*x* 112
falsehood is cowardice.....*l* 113
no falsehood can endure ....*o* 113
what a goodly outside f.*...*u* 113
your bait of falsehood*.....*aa* 113
nor mix falsehood with.....*a* 335
stale falsehoods serve .....*o* 335
with vizor'd falsehood .....*j* 431
f's are the work of man.....*a* 446
falsehoods for a magazine...*x* 305
follies, and their falsehoods.*x* 475
to unmask falsehood*.....*c* 427
Falsely-kept him falsely true.*k* 200
Falstaff-proud Jack, like F.*..*z* 497
Falter-count it death to falter..*t* 85
falter not for sin .....*c* 233
that never falters nor abates.*x* 331
Fame-a little transient fame...*b* 10
all the fame you need.....*o* 98
fame is what you have.....*c* 52
their hope of fame achieved...*p* 37
to God, and not to fame.....*f* 58
confounds thy fame.....*p* 51
more of honest fame.....*k* 63
all my fame for a pot*.....*z* 73
fame also finds us out.....*r* 77
vision of eternal fame.....*f* 97
desire of fame very.....*cc* 113
fame's proud temple shines.*a* 114
nothing can cover his high f.*b* 114
what is the end of fame.....*f* 114
fame, we may understand...*g* 114
men call fame what is it....*h* 114
can fame recollect.....*i* 114
conscience is a slave to f....*k* 114
a pretty kind of fame.....*l* 114
fame is the echo of actions.*m* 114
f. sometimes hath created...*n* 114
wound their master's fame..*o* 114
worse is an evil fame.,.....*p* 114
fame stands upon the grave.*t* 114
f. with ev'ry toy be pos'd...*v* 114
fame has no necessary.....*b* 115
fame, whose very birth is...*c* 115
nests in fame's great temple.*e* 115
f. comes only when deserved.*f* 115
f. was great in all the land..*h* 115
f., if not double faced, is.....*i* 115
fame is the spur that.....*k* 115
while fame elates thee.....*m* 115
f. is no plant that grows.....*j* 115
above all Roman fame.....*n* 115
damn'd to everlasting fame..*p* 115
blush to find it fame.....*q* 115
grant an honest fame.....*s* 115
acquire too high a fame*....*v* 115
now he lives in fame*.....*w* 115
he lives in fame*.....*x* 115
let fame, that all hunt*.....*y* 115
no true and permanent f.....*z* 115
rage for fame attends.....*a* 116
in fame's glorious chase.....*c* 116
fame, in just proportion.....*d* 116
martyrdom of fame.....*e* 162
some seek fame, that hovers.*s* 361
are fond of fame.....*f* 253
f. in vain strives to protract.*e* 254
youth to fortune and to f....*c* 260
there is who feels for fame...*t* 413
know naught but fame*.....*n* 224
on fame's eternall beadroll...*l* 337
no fiction of fame shall.....*e* 415
in the glorious lists of fame..*r* 368
beauty, should be like in f..*p* 451
virtue only finds eternal f...*i* 454
fading fame dissolves in air.*k* 250
is fame's best friend.....*y* 455
scholar, what is fame.....*n* 405
inspires this thirst for f.....*u* 177
love is better than fame.....*s* 249
fame may cry you loud*....*f* 200
temple to fame in rubble....*t* 299
gives immortal fame.....*i* 461
what else is damn'd to f....*m* 324
bid fame be dumb.....*k* 398
forfeits all pretence to fame..*r* 350
description, and wild fame*.*p* 476
road that leads to fame.....*aa* 453
great heir of fame.....*b* 381
Famed-f. for virtues he had...*o* 453
Familiar-grows f. to the lover..*m* 17
the palpable and familiar...*v* 490
the old familiar faces.....*c* 111
familiar in his mouth as.....*t* 481
be thou familiar, but*.....*t* 170
familiar in their mouths*...*v* 284
too oft, f. with her face.....*e* 452
doth f. that very hour*.....*w* 246
Family-the ruddy f. around...*a* 122
the family of pain.....*v* 265
families of yesterday.....*u* 86
Famine-f. is in thy cheeks*...*c* 267
'till famine cling thee*.....*f* 363
lean f., quartering steel*...*kk* 497
to human nature than f.....*l* 457
Famished-f. at a feast.....*k* 94
a famish'd boat's crew.....*j* 461
Famous-found myself famous.*d* 114
famous by my sword.....*a* 495
Fan-snuff or the fan supply...*a* 360
Fanciful-his wild work so f...*n* 393
Fancy-poysonous f's make....*v* 114
f., like the finger of a clock..*e* 116
ever let the fancy roam.....*f* 116
let fancy still my sense*.....*g* 116
food of sweet and bitter f.*..*h* 116
full of shapes is fancy*.....*i* 116
where is fancy bred*.....*j* 116
fancy dies in the cradle*....*j* 116
fancy light from f. caught...*k* 116
regions where our fancies...*n* 105
f. roams those southern.....*m* 146
fancy will not let thee be....*r* 132
feeling and f. fondly cling...*j* 137
fear, of feeble fancies.....*aa* 121
on fancy's boldest wing.....*h* 255
f's are more giddy and*.....*g* 258
inwrought with placid f's...*d* 259
I fancy all shapes are there..*d* 411
f. lightly turns to thoughts.*k* 373
in fancy rising, never ends..*z* 206
f. restores what vengeance..*aa* 206
fancy runs her barks ashore.*h* 207
let fancy float.....*b* 281
listening fancy's ear.....*q* 404
one of these lives is a fancy..*j* 234
glowing colors f, spreads....*t* 420
f's fondness for the child....*g* 298
imperial fancy has laid.....*f* 299
fancy's load of luxury.....*g* 316
not express'd in fancy*.....*f* 326
fancy lent it grace.....*e* 355
ingenious f. never better....*k* 301
with thick coming f's*.....*f* 310
playgrounds of women's f's..*i* 476
sorriest f's your companions*d* 421
makes one's f. chuckle.....*a* 490
Fancy-free-meditation, f-f,*...*p* 259
Fantastic-in a light f. round..*b* 303
Fantastical-it alone is high f*..*u* 116
Fantasy-nothing but vain f....*j* 97
fairy's fantasies to strew....*q* 138
all made of fantasy*.....*f* 246
stol'n the impression of f*...*b* 480
figures nor no fantasies*.....*s* 390
Far-if thou art far from.....*n* 78
far from the madding.....*k* 395
not how far it has been.....*j* 480
'tis so f. fetched, this morrow.*e* 429
go far, too far you cannot....*l* 430
Farce-f. the boastful hero.....*c* 456
farce follow'd comedy.....*l* 293
low mimic follies of a farce..*n* 293
Fardel-who would f's bear*....*f* 176
Fare-bitter f. is other's bread..*w* 266
fare thee well.....*g* 326
Fared-tell how those f. who.,..*o* 193
Farewell-it should prove a f....*n* 31
f. my boke and my devocion.*h* 37
farewell the bird flies.....*c* 55
the air is full of farewells.....*r* 81
farewell happy fields.....*v* 99
so farewell hope, and with....*b* 91
farewell! a word that must be.*l* 116
makes us linger; yet,—f.....*l* 116
farewell! for in that word.*m* 116
friend a-hoy! farewell.....*n* 116
f. to the Araby's daughter...*o* 116
farewell! and stand fast*....*p* 116
farewell the plumed troops* *q* 116
f. till half an hour hence*..*r* 116
farewell, a long farewell*....*w* 118
farewell sighs their greetings *d* 372
takes her farewell*.....*y* 277
farewell my flowers.....*t* 127
farewell the hopes of court*.*r* 201
farewell the neighing steed*.*y* 459
farewell goes out sighing*...*w* 463
looks around to say farewell.*t* 294
farewell then verse and love. *i* 445
farewells should be sudden..*h* 326
that farewell kiss which.....*l* 326
only feel—farewell! farewell *o* 356
sea to sky the wild farewell..*s* 381
Farm-enforced to farm our*...*m* 368
Farmer-f's dog bark at a beggar*c* 13
chestnut in a farmer's fire....*s* 72
first f. was the first man.....*b* 295
the f's wintry hoard.....*w* 295
f. who is conducting his.....*f* 297
Farm-house-veils the f. at the *m* 393
Farthest-way home's the f.....*j* 496
Farthingales-cuffs and f's*.....*p* 13
Fashion-cross-gartered a fashion.*c* 1
saw the fashion of the shaft...*i* 24
f. the arbiter and rule of.....*t* 116
f's to adorn my body* .....*u* 116
f's wears out more apparel* *v* 116
glass of f., and the mould*...*x* 116

the f. of your garments*.... z 116
hang quite out of fashion*..b 332
it is not a fashion*..... s 221
is a fashion in letters.....t 237
deeply put the fashion on*..o 369
after the high Roman f,*....d 451
world's new f. planted*.....m 414
study fashions to adorn*....g 320
fashions square or round....l 301
Fashioned-f. of the self-same. w 262
woman ! thou wert f.....p 474
Fast-stand fast and all.....f 72
farewell and stand fast*....p 116
some break their fast.....k 232
betimes, that spurs too fast*. s 191
stumble, that run fast*.....x 191
idle weeds are fast*.....r 188
fast by the oracle of God....u 324
God made fast the door.....u 494
fast bind, fast find*.....t 497
Fat-laugh and be fat.....v 226
grew fat with feasting*.....c 122
fat, oily man of God.....b 318
Fatal-makes it fatal to be loved a 240
fatal and perfidious bark ....t 381
Fatality-is allied to fatality....e 412
Fate-a heart for any fate.....c 3
fates summon him.....g 33
fate shall yield..... .... f 47
when fate has allowed.....k 60
fate fixed fate, free will.....t 64
succeeds in unknown fate*....u 66
breathless on thy fate.....r 70
he bows to fate.....x 77
is to defer our fate.....r 82
armour against fate.....s 85
good man meets his fate.....q 86
we are our own fates.....x 88
big with the fate of Cato....b 117
the winged shaft of fate.....c 117
who shall shut out fate.....d 117
the heart is its own fate.....e 117
smile at fate and wonder ....f 117
bear is to conquer our fate...n 117
fate steals along with silent .o 117
he fits for fate.....p 117
f. has carried me mid the...r 117
f. and time will have their...s 117
with equal pace, impartial f. t 117
f. we both must prove.....u 117
gift rules an uncertain fate..v 117
each curs'd his fate.....w 117
the dupe that yields to fate..y 177
the torrent of his fate.....z 177
are architects of fate.....aa 177
no one is so accursed by fate a 118
in us is over-rul'd by fate ...g 118
what I will is fate.....k 118
on which the fate of gods....l 118
struggling in the storms of f.n 118
hides the book of fate.....p 118
fate what mortal.....o 118
who can control his fate*....t 118
take a bond of fate*.....v 118
fate, show thy force*.....a 119
f's we will know your*.....b 119
f's with traitors do contrive* d 119
read the book of fate*.....v 119
wills, and f's, do so contrary k 119
what f's impose, that men*..p 119
f's hid within an augur-hole*s 119
are ministers of fate*.....t 119
hour of f's serenest weather* w 119
master of his fate.....l 255
meetings which seem like a f. t 259
certain of his fate*.....c 215
fate never wounds more deep'd 216
must expect my fate.....m 217
fate's severest rage disarm..f 283
thyself as old as fate.....d 284
smiles and frowns of fate....c 453
'tis but the fate of place.....d 455
hour of fate to those we love m 173
as fixed as fate .....g 325
hanging breathless on thy f..n 329
with a heart for every fate...l 360
eye thou art alive with fate..i 109
are masters of their fates*...y 254
nod, the stamp of fate.....l 367
the fate of many.....a 225
f's tyrant laws thy happier..r 401
whom the fates sever.....o 245
by such a fate prepared for. p 441
fate ordains that dearest.....z 326
f. of God and men is wound. g 390
fate seemed to wind him....t 423
is wing'd with fate.....c 306
Fated-f., methought, to round. a 275
Fateful-f. flower beside the rill. q 137
Father-f., Harry to that thought v 89
father of life and light.....c 90
father have I none.....o 90
child is father of the man....r 55
with his father work.....j 57
we think our fathers fools....b 61
fathom five thy father lies*...i 46
land where my fathers died..g 71
want of sense is the father...u 74
the father that begets them*. v 113
O Father, touch the east....k 278
he took my father grossly*..i 280
father gave a name.....i 140
kindly the Father looked....i 140
comes in my father*.....p 221
follow'd my poor father's*..u 476
call'd my brother's f., dad*..i 482
matter and copy of the f.*..n 487
few our Father sends.....w 168
the Father spake.....v 282
I had it from my father*....n 414
that which pious fathers....a 416
a father, and not wait.....d 180
Father of All ! in ev'ry age..n 18
your father los a father*....y 187
methinks, a father is*.....v 188
awful fathers of mankind....t 295
this our father did for us....a 297
when all our f's worshipped. b 445
mighty father of the gods...h 448
mitred f. in the calendar....g 450
f's that wear rags do make*..j 497
no more like my father*....a 498
our F. makes this perfect....s 355
father of some stratagem*..bb 306
sweet father of soft rest.....n 389
Father-in-law-thing to be f-i-l. cc 490
Fathom-full fathom five thy*..i 46
healths five fathom deep*....m 97
attempt not to f. the secrets. o 193
wished him five fathom.....e 281
fathom deep I am in love*..w 247
Fathomless-dread, f., alone...a 323
Fatness-of these pursy times*. b 455
Fault-was a grievous fault*....m 9
in beauty, f's conspicuous....u 17
moulded out of faults* .....m 51
so may he rest; his faults*...p 53
with all her faults she.....h 69
errors fill him with faults*...l 64
with all thy f's, I love thee....l 70
in mere want of fault.....q 75
if little faults*.....d 75
vain to find fault with.....q 87
does one fault at first.....o 88
shun the fault of such.....o 103
image of a wicked heinous f.*p 110
are not faults forgot.....c 165
covers f's at last with shame*. d 427
'tis nature's fault alone.....t 490
f's we flatter when alone....c 306
be to her f's a little blind....g 476
the greatest of faults .....z 119
men still had faults.....a 120
men excuse their faults.....c 120
fault, and not the actor*....d 120
f's condemned, ere it be*....d 120
fault seeming monstrous*....e 120
f. the worse by the excuse*..f 120
like my brother's fault*.....h 120
only fault, and that is fault*. i 120
faults that are rich, are fair*. g 120
more in hiding for the f.*...j 120
fill him with faults*.....b 255
too sensitive of their faults. n 169
jealousy shapes f's that*....m 215
kills for faults of his own*...h 217
in other men we f's can spy. u 217
to hide the faults I see.....m 228
hidden faults and follies....o 228
thou hast no fault.....p 331
merits or their f's to scan...v 332
thy faults, conspicuous.....r 263
friendship we only see the f's. z 172
fault which needs it most...n 444
condemned for a f. alone*...g 166
f's do not fear to abandon...o 168
the fault, dear Brutus, is*...y 254
'tis not a fault to love.....r 238
in love we see no faults.....g 172
faults were thick as dust....c 175
faults of his own liking*....q 197
vile ill-favor'd faults*.....a 463
a great fault in wine.....k 468
f. to give the people scope*..s 448
nobody but has his fault*...e 345
his worst fault is*.....e 345
copy f's is want of sense....r 350
glittering o'er my fault*.....l 356
chide him for faults*.....t 359
whom I know most faults*..u 359
faults lie open to the laws*..j 308
what faults they commit....y 309
Faultless-thinks a f. price to..r 331
Favor-word, nor princely f.*...t 62
red signs of f. o'er thy race...f 31
lines of favour*.....d 51
hangs on princes' favors*....h 94
kisses and favours are.....o 87
ev'ry heavenly favour lent..c 339
thy favour was my life.....e 450
f's unexpected doubly please. b 429
crept in favour with myself* u 116
O, were favour so*.....l 120

nor for her favors call.....r 115
fortune favors the bold.....q 166
hospitable f's you should*..n 202
favours, nor your hate.....d 209
himself into a man's favour*.h 346
can't be cured with favors..p 346
Favorite-seemed f's of heaven..d 132
f. of full many a mess.....y 340
a favorite has no friend.....j 169
exalts great nature's f's.....c 453
nature's prime favourites....a 30
f. as the general friend.....j 424
Fawn-fawn that late hath lost..x 89
Fay-f's forsook the purer fields.r 138
Fear-fear and timorous doubt...k 1
my fears are laid aside.....g 10
fears nothing known.....q 49
hope rather than fear.....v 49
fear not the future.....f 67
no more may fear to die.....h 81
no fear lest he should swerve.w 56
and then our fears .....i 85
that fears no ill to come.....v 65
deceive nor fears torment....e 66
cuckoo! O word of fear*.....l 23
fears of future want molest...t 23
stop with the fear I feel.....h 30
hope and fear alternate chase.f 46
wicked friends converts to f.*.m 46
triumphant o'er our fears....q 70
their sordid birth from fear..q 71
weakness to lament, or fear*.x 72
strange that men should fear*.t 73
more pangs and f's than wars*.h 94
are fraught with fear.....i 60
the fear that kills.....v 91
fears our hopes belied.....j 81
duty hath no place for fear...c 99
fears not to do ill, yet fears..k 114
a faint cold fear thrills*.....e 121
sick and capable of fears*...i 121
night, imagining some fear*.m 121
f's are less than horrible*...n 121
Scotland, as the term of f*..p 121
exempt themselves from f*..r 121
f., when tyrants seem to*...u 121
fear oppresseth strength*...v 121
hearts of men are full of f*..w 121
blanch'd with fear*.....y 121
f. of death than f. of life....bb 121
loves the man whom he f's..o 120
without our fears.....a 253
till guilt-created fear.....r 453
virtuous nothing fear but.aa 453
himself in continual fear....e 448
humanity with all its f's....n 329
there his fear prevails.....c 381
sinks the note of fear .....u 381
f. is an ague, that forsakes..q 120
f. was greater than his haste r 120
f. though fleeter than the....r 120
apt to f. for the fearless.....t 120
f. always springs from.....u 120
fear is cruel and mean.....v 120
foe of courage is the fear....x 120
f. is the parent of cruelty...w 120
am afraid, and that is f.....y 120
f. of Him who is a righteous.i 259
I fear is want of fears.....q 361
f. lest carelessness take care.q 361
so others did him feare.....g 373
fear him and you have.....c 364
have nothing else to fear....c 364
thyself all reverence and f..d 364
kings should feare and serve.a 367
innocence a fear.....u 339
what should be the fear*....x 235
when it dawns from fears...p 201
a senseless fear of God.....c 412
fear each bush an officer*...j 412
name were liable to fear*....l 412
my lord, with anxious fear..m 217
sailors freeze with fear.....i 404
f. to lose what they enjoy*.m 460
no fears to beat away.....s 250
last of all our evils fear.....m 200
adored through fear.....a 491
extinguish fear.....l 315
for those who have no fear...i 315
fear and bloodshed.....k 312
are friends for fear*.....m 448
tyrant's fears decrease not*.p 448
to saucy doubts and fears*.ii 496
hate that which we often f.*dd 497
f. their subjects' treachery*.f 437
lest I should fear and fall....b 357
knows no other fear .....k 358
fear, for their scourge.....a 359
f. not the anger of the wise..r 359
setting it up to fear*.....r 308
fear is affront.....o 474
hazard what he f's to lose...u 475
emotions both of rage and f.k 490
Feared-are more to be feared..g 306
Fearest-grossly f. thy death*..o 391
Fearful-it is a fearful thing....g 80
fearful spirit busy now.....j 375
goodness never fearful*.....m 455
makes it f. and degenerate*.j 187
f. unbelief is unbelief in....f 449
Fearing-heaven and f. hell.....z 7
he died fearing God*.....o 20
fearing what thine eyes....f 279
many years of f. death*.....c 409
Fearless-muse imparts, in f...u 336
Feast-were going to a feast....m 13
when I make a feast.....i 76
nature's temp'rate feast .....b 83
death! what f. is toward*....u 84
famish'd at a feast.....k 94
feast in his favorite room.....e 99
blest be those feasts .....a 122
f's in every mess have folly*f 122
I hold an old accustom'd f.*.g 122
who rises from a feast*.....h 122
sat at any good man's feast*.i 178
one feast, one house, one*...k 191
at night we'll f. together*...h 198
welcome, makes a merry f.*.u 463
with feasts, and off'rings ...k 295
goes to the feast*.....a 322
great feast of languages*....r 351
enough's a feast .....k 302
the feast of reason.....p 354
on his stores do daily feast..c 485
compared been to public f's.q 256
perpetual feast of nectar'd..l 332
my share of the feast*.....e 122
nourisher in life's feast*....p 235
Feasting-grew fat with f.*.....c 122
Feat-recounts the f's of youth....t 7
trade of war no feat.....v 456
Feather-his feathers so black..g 22
for all his feathers, was c-cold.e 29
viewed his own feather.....e 24
with our own feathers.....i 24
feathers are more beautiful*.h 25
the swan's down feather.....j 33
I blow this feather from*.....e 51
because his feathers are*.....g 60
feather so lightly blown*....p 122
she plumes her feathers.....o 469
to waft a feather.....a 324
the feather, whence the pen.m 331
I am not of that feather*....u 170
Feathered-dewy f. sleep.....i 390
Feathery-feathery people of....n 21
Feature-f's of the mother's... n 15
show virtue her own f.*.....l 455
hard f's every bungler..... t 313
February-such a F. face*.....w 111
February last, my heart.....i 135
February bears the bier.....n 370
excepting February alone...b 269
slant sun of F. pours.....g 269
give to F. twenty-nine.....d 269
the F. sunshine steeps.....h 269
February makes a bridge....i 269
Fecundity-fountain of f.....p 461
Fed-vice is fed.....k 454
memory f. the soul of love..d 250
never fed of the dainties*....e 354
by deepest calms are fed.....l 342
commendations I am fed*...g 343
unwilling to be fed.....v 91
speak as one who fed on.....n 339
then departs full fed*.....k 232
Fee-despairing of his fee.....l 309
as if the golden fee*.....c 325
set my life at a pin's fee*.....l 84
O boatman, thrice thy fee....e 86
two deaths had been thy fee..m 56
Feeble-if virtue feeble were...c 454
like feeble age*.....v 409
not enough to help the f. up*p 195
feeble arms combined..... j 311
f. wrong because of weakness.b 489
Feed-than feed it with such*...x 43
to feed, were best at home*...j 44
where he breeds life to f. him..s 80
feed like oxen at a stall*..... r 83
much to feed on, as delight*..n 89
f. my soul with knowledge...c 90
to feed on hope.....e 94
and feed her grief.....bb 100
feed fat the ancient grudge*.q 363
nothing else it will f. my*...r 363
should feed this fire; and*...c 461
He that doth the ravens f.*..v 348
but to sleep and feed*.....f 255
Feeding-shall starve with f.*...h 11
hare was out and feeding....m 81
Feel-that dare are quick to feel.d 52
would make us feel—must f..r 75
she feels it instantly.....d 212
to think and to f., constitute.k 177
shall he not rather feel.....bb 231
of what we feel and what....x 237
they themselves not feel*....o 187
heart is stone that f's not..m 486
tragedy to those who feel....y 484
whoe'er feels deeply, feels...g 165
f. what I can ne'er express...a 234

those who feel it most.....f 249
; that I am happpier than I..d 191
who shall feel them most....g 314
saying all one feels.....n 315
silver head to feel.....n 466
but neither feels nor fears...c 328
for me didst feel such pain..d 359
feel what wretches feel*.....n 310
no time to feel them.....t 427
Feeling-great f's, came to them..s 49
strong is the feeling within..g 201
half can tell love's feeling...p 129
fellow feeling makes one....g 413
tears, f's bright embodied..a 415
genius is united with true f.w 177
wealth of rich feelings.....j 122
feelings are to mortals given.k 122
why should feeling ever.....t 282
high mountains are a f.....u 412
feelings long extinguished..a 448
f's rush'd upon my heart....h 364
more conscientous feeling...c 169
in feelings, not in fignres....n 230
there is no f., perhaps.....q 281
to feel all feeling die.....b 239
that kindred feelings might.b 233
f. of sadness and longing....l 369
f. than song; but better far.a 193
beholding heaven, and f...aa 194
help others out of a fellow f..i 195
full river of f. overflows.....i 197
f. deeper than all thought...n 419
feelings of the soul.....o 297
f's have got a deadly wound p 346
feeling of disappointment...e 306
from my senses take all f's*..c 398
Feet-lie closc about his feet.....t 34
'rows her state with oary f....f 33
with oary f. bears forward....k 33
walk'd those blessed feet* ....s 56
pale feet cross'd in rest.....s 83
turf is warm beneath her f..d 149
her feet touch the earth.....m 183
eyes to her feet as they steal..y 163
her pretty feet like snails....z 163
f. that run on willing errandsa 164
feet beneath her petticoat...c 164
fcet like sunny gems .....d 164
with naked feet she trod.....f 275
they lie about our feet.....i 135
I set my printless feet.....e 137
the daisy at thy feet.....l 138
reached the daisies at my f..o 138
touch'd by his feet the daisy e 139
f. have touch'd the meadows f 139
river lingers to kiss thy feet...g 140
standing at its father's feet..i 140
bleeding at his feet.....q 202
with white twinklin feet...d 271
without the clay at thy feet.c 152
f I stamp thy cardinal's hat*v 363
strawberry, creeping at our f.k 129
open for his painful feet.....t 222
and bleeding feet.....i 230
morn, with dewy feet.....h 410
feet do make indentures.....b 321
first trips up the feet.....k 468
deep it lies at thy very feet.m 323
tinkling of innumerable f...y 351
kiss his feet*.....d 341
feet are shod with silence..aa 382
at my f. the city slumbered.b 390
chains about the f. of God...t 345
not from his feet, as one.....o 478
hours with flying feet.....g 423
standing with reluctant feet.e 487
my feet are parched.....q 488
Feign-a face untaught to f....h 445
Feigning-with feigning voice*d 386
verses of feigning love*.....b 480
since lowly feigning*.....p 60
most friendship is feigning*.k 174
Fell-f. out I know not why.....b 68
the brightest fell*.....s 10
as it fell upon a day.....c 271
great Caesar fell*.....d 311
Felicity-their green felicity...b 274
holiness is felicity itself.....n 197
our own f. we make or find..w 190
Fellow-want of it the fellow....k 50
fram'd strange f's in her time*i 51
come on, old f., and drink....g 86
bark when their fellows do*.z 102
f. fault came to match it*...e 120
this fellow's wise enough*..n 163
in combination with his f's.e 253
young fellows will be young.b 486
touchy, testy, pleasant f.....s 167
a fellow feeling makes one...g 413
lean f. beats all conquerors...l 452
fellow of good respect*.....h 200
worthy fellows ; and like*...g 312
thou art a strange fellow*....h 320
hath this fellow no feeling*..k 322
hail, fellow, well met.....dd 500
Fellowship-f. of all great souls.j 165
out upon this half faced f.*..m 498
fellowship good in thee*.....g 88
Felonious-for some f. end.....q 288
Felony-f. to drink small beer*.h 499
Felt-though he felt as a man...i 489
Female-over his f. in due awe..f 257
the female train..... ...t 244
thou f. tongue—running....k 320
female name unrival'd.....r 368
circle rounded under f. hands.l 58
Feminine-as angels, without f.n 475
Fen-from the frozen fen.....f 269
along the moorish fens.....q 404
Fence-rose by the garden f....m 155
cunning in fence.....a 74
smell a rose through a fence.m 151
Fend-guiding hand that fends.i 292
Fern-every f. is tucked and....c 377
ferns bend lowly her steps...i 127
f's were curling with thirst..i 409
hidden to the knees in f's....g 439
Ferny-f. plumes but half ... .h 128
Ferryman-f. which poets*.....o 84
Fervent-with a f. heart goes....n 66
Fervor-silent f. did bespeak...w 415
Fester-lilies that fester*.....q 130
Festival-night before some f.*..n 13
hail to thy returning f.....g 450
Festive-splendours of that f...v 206
Fetched-'tis so far fetched.....e 429
Fetlock-that stain'd their f's*.i 460
Fetter-slave in his f's is.....p 388
fetter strong madness*.....w 107
very fetters of your flesh.....a 10
sons to f's are consign'd.....h 347
f. time with everlasting. ...u 425
Fettering-no f. of authority*...p 16
Fetterless-Oh the f. mind.....m 421
Fever-when a raging fever.....d 95
hot fever of unrest.....x 331
Feverish-drain'd by f. lips ...u 461
f. men thy calm sweet face..i 148
Few-when he has won too f...b 170
few there are whom these...y 239
f. of the unpleasant'st words*i 316
Fib-I'll tell you no fib.....q 77
Fickle-all men call thee f.*....e 166
Fickleness-on fortune's f.*....a 312
fickleness is the source.....q 122
lovely f. of an April day.....l 270
Fiction-stranger than f.....s 443
fiction rises pleasing to.....v 443
f., in a dream of passion*....m 294
Fiddle-teach kings to f. and....e 303
Fidelity-as a pawn for his f....s 122
Fie-fie, my lord, fie*.....v 311
fie upon, " but yet "*.....jj 496
Field-accidents by flood and f.*.m 2
farewell happy fields.....v 90
joyless f's and thorny thickets.i 31
the best man i' the field*.....p 72
beat this ample field.....v 53
in those holy fields*... .....s 5
by field and by fell.....r 142
the scent of bean fields.....c 134
field o' the cloth of gold.....q 134
buttercups across the field..a 135
the fields have lost.....b 136
in what more happy fields...a 130
over the field the flowers....f 371
fields are drear, and streams.b 378
gay looked the fields' regalia.k 378
brighter fields on high.....b 139
beneath the random field....j 139
f. is full as it well can hold...l 139
smiles on the f's until they..f 411
f's which promise corn and..k 364
the field, the woodland.....a 212
cowslips paint the smiling f.o 127
field in shining white.....j 212
fields are sweet with clover..a 157
f's where the sleepy cows,....i 409
the fields with green were...k 234
shines on a distant field.....g 261
each field a barren waste....k 270
field of the tombless dead....g 457
though the field be lost.....q 458
he that in the field is slain...d 199
the field and acre of our God..n 184
fans the smiling field.....t 271
from brightening f's of.....b 375
pass'd o'er empty fields.....e 375
brown fields were herbless...d 273
the fields are fragrant*.....e 278
single sufferer from the f....q 202
in the fields which grow.....a 282
begem the blue f's of the sky.d 403
the fields his study.....g 405
which hardly moists the f's.w 351
fresh field calls us.....g 436
the king of the field.....h 437
thy else ungrateful field.....a 295
action in the tented field*...v 40
fields with plenty crowned..a 483
midst the desert fruitful f's..d 142
Fiend-the warry fiend stood...a 93
thou marble-hearted fiend*.a 211

into Chaos, since the fiend..z 194
the old human fiends.....a 448
O most delicate fiend*.....i 477
Fiend-like-f-l. is it to dwell....l 384
Fierce-contentions fierce.....s 67
lion is not so f. as painted....h 12
lion is not so fierce as they...j 12
Fiery-track of his fiery car*..m 447
Fife-the wry-neck'd fife*.....aa 43
sound the clarion, fill the f..u 115
the ear-piercing fife*.....y 459
Fifty-a hundred and f. ways*..t 363
better fifty years of Europe..ff 500
Fig-a fig for woe.....k 66
to praise the fig we are free..b 439
long life better than figs*...j 235
Fight-that fly may fight again..h 73
nothing but quarrel and f....a 32
maie again fight another.....k 73
he who fights and runs.....l 73
he that fights and runs.....p 73
we'll forth and fight*.....c 89
it was in fight*.....d 74
dark and desperate fight.....g 78
not dare to fight for such....q 73
fight when they can fly no*..c 74
let graceless zealots fight....d 358
cannot f. for love, as men*..d 480
gird us for the coming fight..f 405
it eats the sword it f's with*.e 451
they now to fight are gone..m 457
f., gentleman of England*...h 459
no stomach to this fight*....q 459
good at a fight.....c 495
fight like devils*.....w 311
nerves the feeble arm for f...t 357
Fighting-f. for his country.....a 80
fighting was grown rusty...a 457
dream of fighting fields.....r 311
Figure-make me a fixed f.*.....c 65
f. to ourselves the thing we..h 207
figures that almost move....a 317
want of figure, and a small..o 341
no figures, nor no fantasies*.s 390
Filbert-hedge-f-h. with wild...v 161
Filch-f's from me my good*...r 387
Filial-untie the filial band.....d 71
filial obligation, for some*...y 187
Fill-but to f. a certain portion..f 114
they'll fill a pit as well as*..x 460
he fills, he bounds, connects..r 180
so He only can fill it.....o 358
Filter-sigh that f's through...b 281
Filthy-but a f. piece of work*.r 314
Find-world can't find me out..j 58
to find that better way.....h 20
I shall find one.....f 82
safe bind, safe find.....g 44
leave us and find us the same..u 45
fast bind, fast find*.....i 497
search will find it out.....v 331
verse may finde him who....e 339
shall never find it more*.....t 324
finds mark the archer little..q 481
f's too late that men betray..k 474
find, at length, like eagles...b 422
Finding-of f. a fellow-creature..u 172
Fine-suit in frames as fine.....t 63
fine has the day been.....q 411
fine by degrees, and.....e 496
f. by defect, and delicately..b 476
none so fine as Nelly.....h 478
Finger-with trembling f's did..r 57
fingers with base bribes*.....p 64
unmoving finger at*.....c 65
decay's effacing fingers.....f 80
God's f. touched him and....z 85
cunning f's tend on loom...a 483
taper f's catching at all.....c 149
finger of God has planted...j 136
f's full of leaves and flowers..s 373
finger on all flowing waters..l 377
discerns God's fingers.....e 370
where to my finger*.....a 255
a pipe for fortune's finger*..f 166
written by God's fingers.....f 230
her fingers burn with.....t 153
finger on the lips of care....h 288
with unwearied fingers.....d 406
at my finger's end*.....cc 496
at their fingers' ends.....a 320
goodness in his little finger..r 182
softly her fingers wander*...s 312
finger points to heaven.....e 297
with f's weary and worn.....l 341
Finish-perfect f. emulate.....b 317
Finished-scarcely f. their wee..b 34
left to be finished by such*..t 257
finished her own crown in...l 193
Finisher-greatest works is f.*.w 348
Fir-spiry fir and shapely box..a 226
the firre that weepeth still..j 433
a lonely fir tree is standing..m 436
Firbloom-sweet is the f.....d 131
Fire-will set the heart on fire*..v 4
bound upon a wheel of fire*...c 5
as the sea, hasty as fire*.....l 11
bow of pillared fires.....e 16
fire that mounts the*.....y 43
bastion fringed with fire.....v 59
never-quenching fire*.....d 84
in a fruitless fire .....l 60
spark of celestial fire.....d 63
whose raptures fire me.....b 70
fires the length of Ophincus..v 92
chestnut in a farmer's fire*...s 72
violent fires soon burn out*..k 103
blew the fire that burns ye*.t 103
purer fires on high.....x 105
burnt child dreads the fire..p 107
by fire of sooty coal.....b 296
be fire with fire*.....x 360
crocus fires are kindling....b 373
anger as the flint bears fire*.m 258
seemed all on f. at the touch..h 411
fire that severs day from*...x 409
whirlwinds of tempestuous f..e 123
should feed this fire*.....c 461
one touch of fire and all.....v 315
motion of a hidden fire.....t 344
moved exulting in his fires..h 409
leaves fall into billows of fire..k 410
I'll turn to sparks of fire*...g 416
love is like fire.....g 239
my fires light up the hearths..f 269
domes involved in rolling f..u 458
he fires the proud tops*.....m 410
we need is the celestial fire..r 177
that fire is genius.....r 177
love is a fire, love is a coal...f 244
your love's hot fires*.....m 246
her pale fire she snatches*..a 419
smiles by his cheerful fire..w 197
fire in each eye.....s 495
and climbing fire*.....kk 497
fire in the west fades.....k 438
sat by his fire.....n 311
waked with notes of fire.....s 311
beheld a huge fire shine.....d 302
glass of liquid fire and.....f 468
f's are quenched, her beauty..i 446
little fire is quickly trodden*.g 327
your altars and your fires...h 329
steal fire from the mind.....h 423
hold their course, till fire ...c 425
raging fires meet together*..r 108
smite with fire from heaven..a 145
fire in her dusky blooms....g 136
eyes with pictures in the fire..g 123
fire is quickly trodden out*..h 123
fire that's closest kept burns*.i 123
the fire i' the flint.....j 123
autumn fire burns slowly...e 375
souls made of fire.... .....b 364
in the west is a sea of fire...d 152
the living fires.....e 251
luck beside his fire.....m 251
martyr in his shirt of fire...c 256
fires of ruin glow.....d 167
rigged out with sails of fire..d 411
see yonder fire*.....h 275
with the sunset's fire.....f 276
from small fires comes oft...q 362
O for a muse of fire*.....f 340
I am on f. to hear this rich*.h 208
live their wonted fires .....o 285
I still adore my fire.....f 157
multitude of cheerful fires..e 402
bosom of old night on fire...y 403
sparks, they are all on fire*.n 403
tempest dropping fire*.....o 404
make a dull fire burn.....k 406
won, as towns with fire*....o 406
Fire-fly-f-f's o'er the meadow..n 212
f-f's tangled in a silver braid..u 403
Fire-place-the radiant f-p.....f 377
Fireside-fireside enjoyments..e 377
f. still the light is shining..d 198
no fireside, howsoe'er.....b 82
welcome to a foreign fireside..l 463
Firm-or too firm a heart.....j 244
let firm well hammered.....a 319
Firmament-fellow in the f.*....g 64
set them in the firmament ..s 402
seemed to threat the f.....i 435
earth's firmament do shine..e 129
glowed the firmament .....j 411
spacious firmament on high..t 401
kindling in the firmament..i 403
smile of the blue firmament..w 69
Firmness-off her wonted f....d 184
love of firmness without.....x 47
First-love beauty at first sight..q 17
'twas the first to fade away...a 94
know how first he met her..c 501
first of human life must....m 473
first time I read an.....n 353
first in war, first in peace....t 329
first the white and then the..g 160
f. to be touch'd by the thorns..b 380
let me be ever the first.....y 169
be not the first by whom....l 170
slow pace at first*.....g 408

the first to he touch'd.....u 233
the first city Cain.....ee 490
shows its hest face at first...n 490
the first who came away....w 203
Firstling–f's of my heart shall* d 361
Fish–see the fish cut with her*. w 11
the fishes live in the sea*.....v 11
can fish and study too .....r 11
fish the last food was.....s 11
tawney-finn'd fishes*.....u 11
for fish, she sails to sea.....t 25
to eat no fish*.....b 51
fish with the worm*.....j 92
goose and a helt the fish to..k 123
the merry fish are playing...l 374
fishes, living in the seas.....c 285
when the lahouring fish....m 123
fishes of so many features...c 285
skins of ill-shap'd fishes*... g 310
f. cut with her golden oars*. a 480
Fisher–hlest fishers were; and..s 11
patient fisher takes his.....t 11
the fish-hank and the fisher ..i 25
the fisher droppeth his net...q 96
Fishing–none so free as fishing. r 11
on fishing up the moon.....r 162
Fishy–shapes heside, that f. he. o 123
Fit–sad hy fits, hy start 'twas..z 490
pleasing fit of melancholy...n 259
it fits thee not to ask*.....o 292
the fit is strongest*.....b 310
I will f. it, with some hetter*. s 400
when the fit was on him*...a 382
Fitting–rest is the f. of self....p 361
fitting for your purpose*....t 317
Fix–whom no faith could fix ..z 452
Fixed–one full fix'd on heaven. k 113
Flag–builds her home with flags. r 24
death's pale f. is not*.....a 84
nail to the mast her holy f...o 70
grew broad f. flowers.....e 140
f. flaunt from the pool's.....g 371
their flag was furl'd.....b 459
that does not carry the f....e 329
spare your conntry's f.....b 330
flag in mockery over slaves..o 124
a garish flag to he the aim*. q 124
the flag of our union.....p 124
the meteor f. of England....e 124
flag has hraved a thousand. f 124
Flake–flake after flake .....f 393
flakes fall broad, and wide..f 378
Flame–from those f's no light..d 91
own'd her flame .....h 276
and feed his sacred flame...n 240
unless to one you stint the f. d 173
soften us to feel thy flame...o 244
still the succeeding flame....t 244
flame, with flaxen band.....j 245
f's refin'd in hreasts.....c 194
belching outrageous f. far..z 194
vital spark of heavenly f....g 399
f. creeps in at every hole....f 244
flames in the forehead.....n 277
the expiring f. renews.....w 451
clear as a f. of sacrifice.....i 156
the great setting flame.....f 290
within the very f. of love*..o 182
by adding fuel to the flame. u 182
flame from the poppy's leaf. s 149
flame in meadows wet.....e 133
f. so red from that dead.....c 135
with a running flame.....g 136
spark may hurst a mighty f. k 362
Flaming–flaming forge of life. k 233
Flanders. for F., Portugal or...c 251
Flap–f. like rustling wings....g 273
Flash–of his keen, black eyes. m 109
show in forked flashes.....c 404
flash, and cry for quarter ...c 457
f. the white caps of the sea..u 446
Flashing–was flecked with f...l 410
f. from a misty sky.....s 392
Flat–now you are too flat*....a 386
Flatter–flatter and praise*....f 125
faults we f. when alone.....c 396
Flattered–f. its rank breath....s 208
heing thou most flattered*..x 124
great men that have f*.....a 125
should the poor be f*.....e 125
Flatterer–eye be not a f.*.....i 333
f. has not an opinion.....u 124
I tell him he hates f's.....x 494
it hath no flatterers.....r 394
Flattering–f, unction to your*. b 125
Flattery–or f. soothe the dull...x 80
'twere gross flattery.....j 74
spend our flatteries*.....a 104
but poison'd flattery*.....h 125
flattery, the food of fools....i 125
this is no flattery*.....d 378
he who conrts the f.....w 124
to counsel deaf, but not to f*. d 125
harren f. of a rhyme .....f 341
Flaunt–one f's in rags.....s 165
Flaunted–their stately heads*. l 158
Flaunting–the f. flowers our..j 139
with f. honeysuckle.....k 142
Flavor–that gives it all its f....l 451
friendship, f. of flowers.....i 173
truth has rough flavonrs....g 444
Flaw–hundred thousand f's*..o 416
a flaw is in thy ill-haked....v 316
expel the winter's flaw*.....e 119
Flawed–his flaw'd heart*.....h 327
Flea–flea has smaller fleas....f 213
Flecked–was f. with flashing...l 410
Fled–thy youth hath fled.....o 6
fled is that music.....t 27
she fled, and day brought..cc 186
it steals, till all are fled.....i 428
of summer which is fled....j 386
Flee–exile from himself can f..h 419
with those who f. is neither. n 450
two kindred spirits flee.....m 395
Fleece–temples like a golden f*. w 189
Fleecy–through a f. cloud.....k 275
Fleet–a fleet descry'd.....e 313
ten thousand fleets sweep...s 322
Fleetest–hrightest still the f....c 87
Fleeting–world is all a f. show m 484
monitor of fleeting years....p 156
fleeting as 'tis fair.....z 200
art is long and time is f. ...o 424
Fleetly–so fleetly did she stir..n 112
Fleetness–indemnifying f.....h 231
Flesh–shocks that f. is heir to*. d 85
too solid flesh would melt*...n 91
we eat little flesh.....o 100
flesh and hlood can't hear...q 203
of the flesh, and of the spirit x 206
we are one, one flesh.....i 257
f. will quiver where the.....z 382
a weight of carrion flesh*...a 364
her fair and unpollnted f.*..v 134
a pound of man's flesh*.....y 496
pity and need make all flesh. r 412
off my f. and sit in my hones. q 374
with such over-roasted f.*....x 43
Flew–unheeded f. the hours...p 427
Flexihle–the f. rise and fall....d 309
Flieth–f. incessant 'twixt the. o 344
Flight–clogg'd their slow flight. b 30
by a prudent f, and cunning. h 43
rumour may report my f.*....o 63
brighten as they take their f..e 85
they stretch in flight.....aa 93
sweet peas, on tip-toe for a f. c 149
his flight was madness*.....h 121
from afar to view the flight. m 201
which sooneth take their f..u 216
flight of common souls.....d 495
by their f. I never can.....d 450
speedier f. than loudest.....s 344
we follow in his flight.....n 43
in the flight of ages.....d 274
do not take thy flight.....k 213
nnmeasured hy the f. of years u 175
never ending f. of future....d 425
around in ceasless flight....l 425
Fling–fling away ambition*.....l 9
fling at the poor wedded.....p 305
other fling it at thy face*....h 65
f. the winged shafts of truth u 337
Flint–ont the everlasting f.*...b 164
anger as the f. hears fire*....n 258
can snore upon the flint....w 361
f. into transparent crystal...r 177
the fire i' the flint*.....j 123
Flirtation–f. depraves it.....a 69
flirtation is like the.....a 69
Flirting–now f. at their length. l 313
Flitted–gone—flitted away.....m 90
Float–float upon the wings of..n 10
float upon the waves.....o 171
she seemed to f. in the air..m 183
sweetly did they float.....w 100
float near me; do not yet... k 213
floats upon the river.....h 420
float amid the liquid noon..u 486
Floated–seemed, and f. slow...a 412
Floating–f. water lilies broad..e 140
the floating water-lily.....i 161
are full of f. mysteries.....n 376
floating, like an idle thought. a 158
f. over hill and stream.....f 350
Flock–feeds his f's; a frugal.....k 8
wether of the flock*.....h 91
there is no flock, however....b 82
the flocks to keep.....h 244
flocks, and flow'ry plains....i 244
f's thick-nibbling through..d 136
the chewing flocks.....n 259
Flodden–O, F's fatal field.....a 459
Flog–flog them upon all.....v 303
Flood–accidents by f. and field*. m 2
hourly in the flood*.....h 33
frost nnto the level flood....k 58
the melancholy flood*.....o 84
the governess of floods*.....a 95
push'd hy the horned flood. m 118
f. yon with a faint perfume. k 147
f's have flown from simple*. s 30

mysterious flood.....f 366
say that floods and tempests.c 270
lie upon us like a deep flood.r 419
flood may pour from morn..b 352
taken at the flood*.....q 324
barks across the pathless f..p 381
flood of time is rolling on..m 427
thou shoreless flood.....l 427
o'er the margin of the flood..x 138
another fervent f. succeeds..a 375
flood of softened radiance...h 446
dead, commands the flood...l 438
floods and streams.....e 327
Flood-gate-and o'erbearing*...s 187
Flooding-f. the earth with....l 372
Floor-walking across the floor.h 164
the nicely sanded floor.....v 206
ɔoɛ, how the f. of heaven*..k 403
floor to bend and wave.....m 183
Flora-at the head of F's dance.n 156
'tis Flora's page, in every..a 139
Flora in her early May.....m 128
Florence-Faenza, F., Persaro..b 317
Flourish-flourish, or may fade.v 86
flourish in immortal youth..j 207
flourish when he sleeps.....o 262
flourishes in frost work.....d 466
flourishes, I will be brief*...g 472
transfix the f. set on youth*..l 426
Flouted-at is double death*...f 398
Flow-backward, O tide of the...g 5
f. to join the brimming river.b 42
O could I flow like thee.....b 48
flows his song through.....j 336
f's through old hush'd Egypt.e 365
mocks the tear it forced to f.t 449
in thy ebb and flow.....l 427
flow through all forms.....b 323
reason, and the flow of soul.p 354
flow as hugely as the sea*...g 347
deceitful shine, deceitful f..m 484
Flower-first f. of the earth.....x 8
rose, the queen of flowers....j 18
f. that dies when first*.....u 18
flowers dead lie wither'd*.....u 18
the flowers, fair ladies*.....f 51
showers for the thirsting f's..u 59
flowers to wither at the north.i 81
flowers and crushed grass....u 28
flowers richly blooming.....d 70
some bitter o'er the f's.....d 45
any flower r any weed.....p 49
on chalic'd flowers*.....e 26
rain-awakened flowers.....m 26
flower, that smiles to-day....n 45
flower that buds and.....k 45
bridal flowers serve for*.....h 46
not a flower adorns.....f 90
odor of the human flowers....a 90
f. like, closes thus its leaves..q 79
wrong with mournful flowers.n 80
moss, and gathered flowers...a 31
beauty's transient flower.....t 94
leaves and flowers do cover...j 31
flowers that grow between...u 81
flowers to wither at.....i 81
lurks in every flower.....f 81
sweetest flower of all*.....x 83
was a flower, is only weed....y 96
white petals from the f's....k 393
truth needs no f's of speech..j 445
flowers all lovely to behold..w 325
from the f's of all books.....b 351
nosegay of culled flowers....n 351
flowers would spring.....h 357
orange tree has fruit and f...j 439
path has fewest flowers.....c 395
flowers took thickest root....q 474
weary way with flow'rs.....a 476
flower, being once display'd*q 477
naturally, like wild flowers..k 421
that only treads on flowers..p 427
of flowers illumined.....x 316
bring flowers, bright f's....w 127
each simple flower.....p 374
if those flowers shall pass....c 486
wit is the flower of the.....p 471
flower that shall be mine....h 135
flower of the golden horn....i 136
O fateful f. beside the rill....q 137
love I most these flowers....f 138
floure of floures all.....g 138
bring childhood's flower....j 138
a flower, a little flower.....a 139
bright flower! whose home is.g 139
given to no other flower.....g 139
dear common f., that grow'st.n 139
flower of song, bloom on.....g 140
to the flowers so beautiful...i 140
flowers the wanton zephyrs..b 161
flowers are honey dew.....u 105
fairest f's o' the season*.....d 141
shalt not lack the flower*....c 142
mournful f., that hidest.....c 143
gave us a soulless flower.....e 143
flower of virgin light.....d 145
every flower is sweet to me..f 145
rarest flower in all the.....a 146
richest flower in all the land.a 146
here's flowers for you*.....d 147
flower the painted cup.....c 148
flowers that come and go....d 148
a little western flower*.....n 148
the flower of mercy.....i 149
flow'r, its bloom is shed.....j 149
a simple flower deceives....m 150
f. that shunn'st the glare....n 150
buds into ripe flowers.....o 150
f. that cheapens his array...p 150
a sweeter flower did nature..e 151
beyond the sculptured f.....o 151
for all their world of flowers.u 151
boast itself the fairest f.....h 130
over the field the flowers.....f 371
land of opening flowers.....c 371
hedges luxuriant with f's....d 371
f's loom through the grass...j 371
treasure of rare flowers.....j 371
spring unlocks the flowers...l 371
f's then bud and blossom.....t 371
f's and leaves and grasses....h 372
flooding the earth with f's....l 372
f's grow swing your feet.....o 372
flowers fair there I found....o 372
leaves are sear, and flowers..b 378
soonest awake to the f's .....b 380
with May's fairest flowers...n 370
should bloom a wintry f.....a 152
man that f's so fresh at morn.i 255
nor prest a flower.....g 164
lies on the blue flower.....t 415
f's of spring are not May's...c 372
again looks gay with f's.....r 372
flowers in fading leave us...e 373
fingers full of leaves and f's..s 373
to cool the parch'd flowers...l 374
to flowers at early morn.....k 376
flowers and fruits have long..b 377
the flower she touched on...n 112
at shut of evening flowers..d 106
flower that scorns the eye...e 106
one by one the f's close.....g 106
the breath of flowers is far..k 125
flowers have an expression..n 125
flowers are love's truest. ...o 125
both turned into flowers....r 125
ye field flowers.....k 126
ye living flowers that skirt..r 126
those shining flowers.....u 126
each punctual flower bows..a 127
flowers are words which ....d 127
buff and crimson f's entwine.r 127
lovely flowers of Scotland...b 128
'tis but a little faded flower..f 128
loveliest f's the closest cling.a 129
when he called the flowers..e 129
tender tale which flowers....f 129
flowers alone can say what..p 129
every purest f., that blows..r 129
flowers preach to us.....c 130
strew thy green with f's*...n 130
flowers are slow and weeds*.o 130
the summer's flower is*.....q 130
few pale autumn flowers....a 131
all the sweetest flowers.....b 131
many a f. abstersive grew...g 131
f. of sweetest smell is shy...c 132
hast thou the flowers there*.f 132
immortal amaranth, a f.....l 132
the meanest f. that blows....e 132
wild blue-bell is the f. for....i 134
wealth of fairest f's untold..o 134
flower so strangly bright....c 135
she rears her flowers.....w 236
have pressed the flowers.....g 287
thou art the sweetest flower.o 153
waiting to see the perfect f..j 154
what a beautiful flower.....e 155
to me the finest f. of all.....l 155
I know right well what f.....l 155
we are flowers of the sea.... j 156
flowers that sweeten loss....t 159
no flowers grow in the vale bb 159
it was a modest flower.....k 160
f's are lovely, love is f.-like..p 240
we gather thorns for f's.....f 220
awake to the flowers.....u 233
only amaranthine flower....p 453
set the gem above the f.....l 454
not a f. but shows some.....r 179
His name by tender flowers..t 180
I breed no flowers.....k 276
f's an emblem of existence...o 377
perished are the flowers.....q 377
same f. that smiles to-day...n 152
flowers from out the grass...a 272
solid banks of flowers.....i 272
brilliant flowers are pale.....l 273
f's unfold their beauties.....f 278
man a flower.....q 278
that gives the flower.....u 228
every opening flower .....i 213
seize the flower, its bloom...u 333

lean on heaped up f's.....f 334
are there no f's on earth.....f 209
flowers of all hue.....b 153
of all the garden f's.....c 153
no flower of her kindred....k 153
without either f's or veil....l 173
whose fair flower*.....w 246
may prove a beauteous f.*..p 248
prize the flowers of May.....y 195
grass is green when f's do...y 195
we pluck this flower, safety*.l 498
grave shall with rising f's...r 184
perling flowres atweene.....c 190
f's are pure and never*.....e 436
tripping among the wild f's.j 435
whose flowers have a soul...a 438
lonely and bare of its f's.....f 438
when the flowers grow few..i 438
and flowers as bright.....m 315
the flowers of posy bloom..a 301
far day sullies flowers.....g 392
Flower-apple-about her f-a....k 151
Flower-de-luce-the f-d-l.*.....h 149
Floweret-of the brook.....k 140
flow'ret of a hundred leaves.k 334
f's all remorseless shall.....q 370
f's in the sunlight shining..d 129
meanest f. of the vale.....v 325
Flower-garden-a f-g. smiling..s 371
Flower-girl-the f-g's prayer...a 126
Flowering-snake, roll'd in a f.*.cc87
flow'ring in a wilderness....h 434
Flowerless-poor Robin is yet f.m 31
f. and chill the winter.....i 375
Flowery-field of flowery mead.v 69
summer took her f. throne..q 141
flowery sprays in love.....j 143
gathered flowery spoils.....o161
bright were its f. banks.....p 365
spring may boast her flowery.i 376
I scent no flowery gust.....q 488
Flowest-where'er thou flowest.d 366
Flowing-with her f. horn.....g 375
swerving and f. asunder....w 242
so flowing, soft and chaste..o 293
robes loosely flowing.....e 384
Flown-bird! the rest have f...m 375
I have flown on the winds...l 421
Fluctuation-its f's and its vast.y 231
Flush-roses for the f. of youth...s 6
that dead flush of light.....c 135
Flushed-near the rose all f....q 145
Flushing-left the f. in her*...q 257
colors of the flushing year..n 373
Flute-soft complaining flute..o 281
tune of flutes kept stroke*..q 381
Flutter-belle's in a flutter.....h 450
Flattering-left f. on a rose....g 152
f's and little rapturous cries.q373
beside the trees, fluttering..u 137
Flux-the flux of company*....h 267
Fly-and flie away with thee....s 23
ere yet the shadows fly.....n 26
perfumed Paris turn and fly.a 72
fight when they can fly no*..c 74
as flies to wanton boys*.....j 77
rally here and scorn to fly...m 71
I can fly or I can run.....m 225
in a moment flies.....k 244
murmurous haunt of flies...j 155
fly to others that we know*.f 176
hope is swift, and f's with*.v 201
to drown a fly.....a 324
golden moments fly.....h 324
hard to combat, learns to fly..i 395
f. from so divine a temple*..e 393
flies, he turns no more.....o 427
on the bat's back I do fly*...l 112
man is not a fly.....w 109
to fly it, it will pursue.....k 380
wherewith we fly to heaven*.l 224
flies from pleasure because..g 334
fly and leaf and insect.....f 290
that fly may fight again.....t 456
that run away, and fly.....u 456
can fly by change of place..x 194
flies with impetuous recoil..y 194
fly not where we would.....b 481
then fly betimes, for only...l 240
fly to the light in the valley..q 316
the small flies were caught..c 307
will fly from him*.....m 448
Flying-that o'er them was f...i 457
glowing hours with f. feet...g 423
flying what pursues*.....g 247
Foam-white as the foam.....e 25
like the foam on the river....l 83
the running foam.....c 264
white are the decks with f...i 404
current white with foam...m 430
Foe-malicious f., and think not*.e 1
the manly foe.....n 42
no friend who never made a f.f 52
makes a character, makes f's.p 52
never made themselves a foe..l 50
fall, the conquest to my foe*..q 84
unrelenting foe to love.....m 166
the erect the manly foe.....l 168
friend—and ev'ry foe.....n 170
foe, as from my friend.....p 170
my foe what I should.....p 170
f's do slander, and not kiss*.w 221
make one worthy man my f.s 336
open foe may prove a curse..q 204
my foes are the woods.....d 404
foes of our race, and dogs of.g 410
arm us 'gainst the foe* ..u 459
worst foes cannot find us....g 321
I fear no foe with Thee.....t 112
f. of courage is the fear.....x 120
a furnace for your foe*.....v 102
f's tell me plainly I am an*.h 163
to fear the foe*.....v 121
greatly his foes he dreads...v 124
its pains are many, its foes-h 377
a tim'rous foe.....a 370
let his foes triumph.....o 265
foe, to cross the sweet arts..g 268
a foe had better brave.....u 157
foe to God was ne'er true...v 171
must hate the foes of God...u 179
ever sworn the foe.....d 330
'mongst all f's, that a friend* u 485
overcome but half his foe...o 452
the f.! they come! they come.b 457
the foe of man's dominion...l 425
taken by the insolent foe*...u 430
Foemen-worthy of their.....x 458
Fog-dense foul fogs appear...a 378
Egyptians in their fog*.....n 206
Foggy-cold grew the f. morn..l 437
Foible-our misery from our f's.d 380
Foil-put it to the foil*.....o 183
foil of England's chair*.....l 448
Fold-your round of starry f...a 147
fold thyself, my dearest.....l 161
folds the lily all her.....l 161
grand thief into God's fold..u 204
reveal its central fold.....f 279
in f., I sat me down to watch.n 259
closed lids and folds.....q 389
Folded-f. eyes see brighter....j 132
Foliage-fadeless foliage round.k 273
the dewy foliage drips.....h 275
fittest foliage for a dream....b 432
they fade among their f.....b 479
Folio-this folio of four pages..a 306
Folk-fools are not mad folks*.a 163
old folk and young together.a 303
Follow-could we but follow....q 32
swallow his mate will follow.p 32
I therefore strive to follow....s 11
he to follow him hath chose..s 11
to follow virtue even.....o 454
for some must follow .....e 317
follow mine own teachings*.u 317
I follow thee, safe guide.....l 202
follow, as the night the day*.u 445
what is he they follow*.....l 448
other graces will follow.....i 354
and it must follow*.....k 251
I will follow thee*.....h 251
yet she follows .....c 277
him to f. thou art bound...bb 203
follow a shadow, it still flies.k 380
so fast they follow*.....g 267
I will follow thee alone.....e 212
she follows every turn.....q 156
Followed-king himself has f..b 492
Follower-lofty f. of the sun....s 157
ourselves and all our f's*....r 124
Following-f. his plough.....e 338
close following pace for pace..j 82
Folly-shunn'st the noise of f....e 28
accounted dangerous folly*...q 50
folly loves the martyrdom....e 162
mirth can into f. glide.....aa 162
wise amid folly.....k 359
call it madness, folly.....f 261
folly may easily untie*.....m 174
ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly..e 206
feasts in every mess have f*.f 122
folly and vice are actors.....q 232
shoot folly as it flies,.....d 286
lash the vice and follies.....a 452
not the slightest folly*.....o 246
pretty follies that*.....c 247
nature in love mortal in f.*..x 248
is turned to folly*.....c 249
waiting on superfluous folly a 470
than folly more a fool.....z 460
folly's prayers that hinder..d 344
folly keeps her court.....t 358
woman stoops to folly .....k 474
folly's all they've taught....q 475
follies, and their falsehoods..z 475
experienced from his folly..d 108
Fond-when men were fond*...i 455
Fondly-litchen, fondly clinging.j144
but oh how fondly dear.....f 128
heart untravelled fondly turns...u 260
Food-craving for their food.....l 37
f. that scarce thy want allays ..p 22

pined and wanted food.....f 68
all food alike for worms.....o 81
f. of sweet and bitter fancy*.h 116
as I do live by food*.....bb 162
food of saddest memory.....m 222
sweet f. of sweetly uttered...i 340
food the fruits, his drink ....q 395
fed with the same food*.....l 216
food for powder*.....x 460
are of love the food.....a 393
Fool-I hear the foules synge....h 37
f. for arguments use wagers..d 14
did mock sad fools*.....o 97
the fools paradise.....f 97
f. me to the top of my bent*..i 88
in this fool's paradise.....j 89
love's not time's fool*.....m 64
more knave than fool.....o 49
fools demand not pardon.....s 76
fool, solely a coward*.....c 51
ev'n fools would wish.....l 86
think our father's fools.....b 61
a fool must now and then ...h 162
swear, fool, or starve.....i 162
a fool and a wise man.....k 162
simplicity in the face of a f..l 162
a fool from the want of.....o 162
I have played the fool.....p 162
think old men fools.....q 162
fools rush in where angels...t 162
fool is happy that he knows w 162
other fools to fill a room.....x 162
a fool! I met a fool*.....bb 162
a fool's bolt is soon shot*...cc 162
fools are not mad folks*.....a 163
a fool to make me merry*...d 163
I hold him but a fool*.....e 163
may play the f. nowhere*...f 163
O noble fool! a worthy fool*.j 163
fool doth think he is*.....l 163
fool hath planteth in his*...m 163
to wisdom he's a fool*.....p 163
play the fools with the time* q 163
a fool who thinks by force*.u 163
fool who is not miserable ...v 163
men may live fools.....w 163
suspects himself a fool.....t 278
sage is no better than the fool t 379
soft and dull-eyed fool*.....h 361
fools discover it and stray..h 363
let fools contest.....b 234
this great stage of fools*....w 235
flattery's the food of fools....i 125
are the money of fools.....e 481
teach the fool to speak*.....n 248
fools thy power despise.....q 249
is not fool, is rogue.....t 491
ill white hairs become a f.*..b 190
they are fools who roam.....s 190
and shame the fools.....e 318
idle wishes fools snpinely...y 468
little wise the best fools.....a 469
fools, let them use their*....d 470
f's, thongh high in statnre*.m 470
fool at forty is a fool.....n 470
than folly more a fool.....z 470
what fool is not so wise*....c 292
nor yet a fool to fame.. .....j 300
f's paradise, he drank delight.t 325
the paradise of fools.....a 326
fools admire, but men.....t 495
fools who came to scoff.....k 344
the gaze of fools.....t 346
never-failing vice of fools...u 346
call their masters fool.....u 309
I am a fool, I know it.....g 471
opinions but a fool*.....d 324
nicks him for a fool*.....e 322
must play fool to sorrow*...k 397
better a witty fool, than*....j 472
have been women's fools....l 474
woman is a knavish fool....c 475
fools are mad if left alone*..h 477
will live, the fool does say...e 429
none but fools would keep*.m 235
curious fool! be still.....h 240
fool, and presently a beast*.o 214
light Tom Fool to bed.....j 403
the fool cousistent.....s 244
never make me such a fool*.u 246
is so yoked by a fool*.....e 247
fools the way to dusty*.....l 429
and take fools' pleasure.....q 430
fools may our scorn.....n 103
fools to disport ourselves*..a 104
a fool who only sees.....a 162
sees past evils only is a fool.b 162
fools are my theme.....j 162
fool beckons fool.....g 162
Fooled-fooled thou must be...y 453
Fooling-I do not like this f.*..h 216
Foolish-f. ofttimes teach the..f 195
f. things to all the wise.....t 468
Foolishly-to love f. is better...j 250
Foot-inaudible and noiseless f.*.a 7
foot has music in't.....r 49
foot is on my native heath....e 71
silent as the foot of time....h 428
her foot speaks*.....k 164
a foot more light.....j 164
f. enters the church, be bare.d 364
f. in sea, and one on shore*.o 122
for the wearied foot.....r 232
far be trodden by his foot...k 239
haste; the better f. before*...t 191
foot upon some reverend....h 197
with the foot gear to mend..b 319
one foot in the grave.....a 448
never should human foot...w 395
with her odorous foot.....q 474
hold his swift foot back*....k 426
Foote-laughing F's fantastic...l 293
Foot-fall-eve's silent f. steals..x 105
Footman-of the f's hand.....w 80
f. with an ambassador.....n 305
Foot-print-f-p's of departed....u 84
foot-prints on the sands....y 106
efface the f-p's in the sands.m 422
Footstep-f's of a throne.....n 164
the footsteps of truth.....u 224
like footsteps upon wool....d 290
plants his f. in the sea.....p 179
as home his foot-steps.....c 71
footsteps lightly print.....b 31
the echo of its footsteps.....c 115
tread of coming footsteps...e 164
footsteps scrape the marble..i 164
Fop-a fop their passion.....e 234
nature made every fop.....z 495
Forbear-find occasion to f.....o 256
God's angel cries forbear....q 280
forbear to judge*.....h 218
Forbearance-f. ceases to be....t 327
Forbid-God f. that I should...m 327
now forbid to speak.....o 284
I am forbid to tell*.....w 43
Force-subdued by force.....r 14
force from force must.....r 46
therefore all the forces.....g 480
hath such force and blessed*.n 245
opposing and enduring f's..m 496
spent its novel force.....f 324
good reasons must, of f*....b 355
by force of beauty.....q 489
fate, show thy force* .....a 119
overcome by force hath.....o 452
from its force, nor doors....q 329
who would force the soul...q 358
Ford-at the f's of Meander.....g 33
Fordoes-makes me, or f. me ..y 289
Forefather-our f's had no*....f 318
Forefinger-stretched f. of all..a 501
Foregone-a f. conclusion*.....n 499
Foreground-f. of human life..r 486
Forehead-his God-like f.....c 31
crown covers bald f's.....n 366
f. of the morniug sky.....w 402
his forehead wears .....d 304
hold upon his forehead.....o 427
hide my f. and my eyes.....u 356
Foreign-wandering on a f.....c 71
f. hands thy dying eyes.....a 83
foreign aid of ornament.....k 19
welcome to a f. fireside.....l 463
Fore-knowledge-providence, f..t 64
fore-knowledge, absolute....q 494
Fore-lock-from his parted f-l..h 367
on occasion's f-l. watchful...l 324
seize time by the f-l.....n 425
Forespent-f. night of sorrow...l 491
Fore-spurrer-f-s. come before*.p 246
Forest-in f, depths is heard.....t 33
or forest with nice care .....d 34
may trace huge forest, ...o 54
he is lost to the forest.....k 83
bird of the f. e'er mates.....c 29
underneath the giant f.....b 79
pacing through the forest*..h 116
f. kings their banners.....l 432
in forest-deeps unseen.....l 436
forest's monarch throws ....q 436
leafy f. stands displayed ....g 437
f's soon should dance.....v 385
i' the forest, a motley fool*.bb 162
red o'er the forest peers.....i 273
the forest and the stream....l 275
flowers that in the forest....b 131
darlings of the forest.....f 133
skirting the rocks at the f...g 136
sweeps the broad forest.....h 272
the forest will put forth.....v 151
forest arbutus doth hide....g 374
cousin of the forest green...k 128
f. world, stripped of its pride.j 375
my garden is a forest ledge..r 176
the trees of the forest.....a 467
this is the forest primeval...k 432
Foretell-f's a pleasant day.....s 230
good dost thon ne'er foretell.u 347
foretells a tempest and*....m 467
Forever-forever! never.....w 69
f. be a crown of thorns.....r 366
true friend is f. a friend.....d 170

all tby laws forever.....t 250
flag of our union forever....p 449
union, now and forever.....x 329
Forfeit-that were, were f.*....b 356
Forge-f's, dust and cinders...a 301
at the forgo labouring.....c 301
in the quick forge and*.....a 421
Forget-conversing I f. tbe way.r 68
convcrsing, I forget all time..t 68
give, and soon f. affronts.....j 47
f. that life bad pain or fear...k 31
gloriously forget ourselves...s 36
unforgotten do not all forget.i 80
and will ne'er forget.....j 170
truly loved never forgets....u 243
hardest science to forget....n 244
forget to do the thing*.....o 406
migbt all forget tbe human..c 240
make a man forget his woe..w 467
former state and being f's...h 390
face, and you'll forget.....l 111
etcrnity forbids thee to f....k 105
you cannot f. if you would.m 139
honour dotb f. men's names*p 199
'tis like I sbould f. myself*..r 211
beggar tben forget himself*.d 252
motber may f. the child.....n 260
never, never, can forget.....k 261
we never do forget.....l 261
but we forget not.....l 261
forget me not.....g 170
remcmber, and will ne'er f..i 170
what grief sbould I forget*..l 187
grovelling eyes forget her...p 470
Forgetful-makes me f.*.....g 246
Forgetfulness-and soft f.....n 392
steep my senses in f.*.....v 390
steeping their senses in f...p 389
forgetfulness grows over it..s 164
not in entire forgetfulness..q 236
Forget-me-not-said: f-m-n.....i 140
blooms tbe pale f-m-n.....l 140
gatber wild forget-me-not..m 140
tbe sweet forget-me-nots....n 140
starred forget-me-not's smile h 371
f-m-n's of the angels .....o 402
to have thee still f-m-n.*....i 198
Forgctting-and a forgetting...q 236
f. any otber homc but this*. i 198
with a sweet forgetting.....b 274
Forgive-pity, and pcrhaps f..o 256
aud conquers to forgive.....k 53
err is human; to f. divine..e 165
to forgive wrougs darker....d 332
well, heavcn forgive him*...g 166
who f. most sball be most...k 185
you will forgive me, I hope.p 173
she knows not to forgive....c 476
Forgiveness-f. to the injured..w 164
f. is bettcr than revenge....d 165
it is called forgiveness.....a 165
Forgot-are not faults forgot...c 165
I forgot, when by thy side....i 86
product of his hands forgot.e 370
wben sbe fades, forgot.....n 153
dead, forgot.....e 234
I'd half forgot it..... .....o 254
auld acquaintance be forgot.j 172
earth f., aud all heaven.....e 191
Dryden wanted, or forgot...c 300
all the rest forgot*.....e 315
ridiculous, and dead, forgot..l 492
alone, remember'd or f.....p 394
Forgotten-day for a f. dream...a 98
live f., and love forlorn.....aa 85
f, as soon as thcy arc done*..v 426
occurrenco half forgotten...q 260
forgotten? no, we never....m 261
not forgotten yct*.....a 262
when I am forgotten*.....j 304
stink, and be forgotten.....b 320
I have forgotten my part*...o 294
men die and are forgotten...g 115
Forlorn-Christ passed forth f...c 31
a wretched thing forlorn....b 158
Form-outward f. and feature..q 240
will form the perfect man....o 48
forms tbat perish otber.....e 46
his form had not yet lost.....l 92
flow through all forms .....b 323
perfect f. in perfect rest.....b 392
of the soul the body form...p 399
form and tbe features.....r 275
one ever-changing form.....h 230
deeds wbich have no form...n 408
form and aspect too .....m 441
heart's form will discover...s 437
easy broke as they make f's*.g 477
are forms wbich time.....f 486
modest f., so delicately fine.k 150
Formed-f. by tby converse....f 407
of earth is f. to earth.....o 399
sigbt or tbought be f.....m 475
Forming-f. in tbe ranks.....b 457
Forsake-tailor, and tbe cook f..p 77
pity that will not f. us.....u 332
can forsake tbe strong.....k 241
wretcbed he forsakes.....q 392
Forsaken-when he is forsaken...b 6
images long forsaken.....w 260
most choice, forsaken*.....n 51
forlorn, forsaken thing.....e 25
Forsworn-swcetly were f*.....x 221
you are not forsworn*.....n 291
Fort-this life's a fort.....n 73
Fortress-God is our fortress...u 180
f. built by nature for*.....m 69
Fortune-returus to chiding f*..r 72
fortune is in my band.....u 8
f's ice prefers to virtue's land..h 8
manners with fortuues.....d 46
loves should with our f's*....o 46
to know their fortunes.....p 77
I know the f. to bc born.....l 35
I am not now in f's power...h 117
fortunes must be wrought..k 233
balance f. by a just.....i 101
fortune, men say.....q 165
fortune comes well to all....r 165
fortune in men has some ....s 165
f. cannot changc her mind...t 165
f. may grow out at bcels*...v 165
rail'd on lady fortune*.....x 165
fortunc is merry*.....y 165
f., ne'cr turns the key*.....a 166
skittish fortune's hall*.....c 166
f.! all men call thee fickle*...e 166
a pipe for fortun's fiuger*...f 166
fortune meaus to men*.....h 166
f. helps them not again.....l 166
forever, fortune, wilt thou..m 166
f's wheel is on the turn*....n 166
fortune befriends the bcld..p 166
fortune favors the bold.....q 166
at fortune's gates.....w 251
stroke of fortunc falls*.....t 257
youth to f. and to fame.....c 263
architect of his own f.....u 165
fortune, my friend.....l 166
mistake my fortuncs*.....r 170
favored man is tbe gift of f.*.d 102
tbe frownes of fortune.....o 170
nature and fortune join'd*.bb 183
ill f., that would tbwart.....g 321
f's are according to his.....q 355
visit pays where fortune....q 392
mould of a man's fortune...t 165
as my fortune ripens*.....d 262
fortune's sharpe adversite...l 267
f. keeps an upward course*..v 452
rub in your f's, fall away*...f 171
f. has rarely condescended..h 177
fortune, from bet wheel*....t 178
either tbe giftes of fortune..k 462
whatever fortune lavishly...g 463
goods by fortune's hand....u 464
f. taken at tbe flood*.....q 324
fortune is from God.....k 328
buckle fortune on my back*.w 328
wisdom and f. combating*..c 470
Forty-tban forty sbillings.....i 40
fool at forty is a fool indeed.u 470
Forward-with them, draw my...l 6
f. witb impetuous speed....b 457
Fossil-giant f. of my past.....r 36
language is fossil poetry.....l 226
speech is fossil poetry.....o 338
Fostered-cradle first he f.....t 74
Fought-tbat tbe heavens f.*...d 459
Foul-chok'd with f. ambition*..q 9
fair is foul and foul is fair*..h 497
murder most foul, as in*....k 280
I doubt some foul play*.....i 412
foul to those tbat win*.....x 452
how foul must tbou appear.aa 188
Found-sooner f. in lowly sheds.d 73
when found, make a note...u 168
eureka! I have found it.....t 407
to be found, or ev'rywbere..f 191
f. tbem in mine honesty*...q 198
found'st me poor at first....h 341
espoused, my latest found..q 464
be found most originality...t 350
who has found his work.....v 482
Foundation-permanent f. can.m 208
f. of knowledge must.....p 353
Fount-fount of joy's delicious.d 45
shading the fount of life....l 132
silvery founts are flowing...q 372
no fount of deep, strong....d 279
the fount of love.....c 242
the eternal f. of goodness....e 328
Fountain-that whicb the f.....u 4
summer dried fountain.....k 83
bubble on the fountain.....l 83
splash and stir of fountains.c 177
at once the f., stream.....s 216
opened new fountains.....p 312
fresh from the fountain.....l 461
fountain of fecundity..... .p 461
f. for me night and day.....t 345
dimple brook and fountain..u 138
streams from little f's.....o 362

might rule the fountains....i 279
for learning is the fountain..i 227
bids the sweet f. flow.....l 413
to their f., other stars.....u 402
not bubbling fountains.....m 244
key of the f. of tears.....i 417
fountain never to be play'd..t 176
rises the f's silvery column.m 338
like a fountain troubled*....r 476
Four-four spend in prayer....u 490
Fourscore-old man, fourscore*..i 7
Fowl-roasts the fowl, then.....c 29
wiso Minerva's only fowl....j 29
fowls in their clay nests....p 288
lord of the f. and the brute.w 394
Fox-fire us hence, like foxes*..f 64
Fox-chase-mad at a fox-chase...h 50
Fox-glove-stately f-g's fair to..f 126
f-g., with its stately bells....i 129
bee from the fox-glove bell...l 395
Fragile-fragile bark o'er a.....g 6
Fragment-shook the f. of his..s 452
fragments of an intellect....v 213
Fragmentary-f. of afflictions..r 241
Fragrance-air with f. and with.g 369
fragrance while they grow..q 127
bend and take my f. in.....u 154
into fragrance at his blaze..n 159
lavish fragranee of the time.d 160
our fragranee ou the air.....l 160
no f. in April breezes.....f 270
fragrance and beauty here..d 177
gave a balsamic fragrance...d 432
shed f. through the room...p 437
f. o'er the desert wide.....l 141
fragrance, from the lilies....k 144
fragrance fills the night.....s 144
their fragrance to the shade.b 146
rose her grateful fragrance..o 127
breathe rieh fragrance .....r 129
elegantine a dewy fragrance.e 130
fragrance all the herbs exhale n 371
Fragrant-hemlock's f. shadow.n 141
among the fragrant spirits..a 144
beds of fragrant mignonette.l 147
through the f. sweet-fern....c 140
thousand fragrant posics...w 152
gather in his fragrant.....a 212
f. breath the lilies woo.....k 127
spreads its fragrant arms...p 155
Frail-frail blue bell peereth...g 144
failed in your frail .....l 125
women are frail too*.....g 477
not make a man frail.....q 58
how frail is human trust....h 232
Frailty-tempt the f. of our*...k 418
frailty, thy name is woman* u 476
the organ-pipe of frailty*....p 23
f's cheat us in the wise* ....r 166
our frailty is the cause*.....s 166
Frame-pictures suit in f's as...i 63
which f-s. my words.....q 82
f. my face to all occasions*...k 88
stirs this mortal frame.....n 240
f. your mind to mirth.....p 264
never yet could f. my will...c 308
ever out of frame*.....b 305
rapture-smitten frame.....k 183
frame some feeling line*.....o 300
France-France set up his lilied.q 134
for the maids in France*.....s 221
lightening in the eyes of F..e 459
king of F. went up the hill..k 367
Frank-spent it f. and freely...n 178
as frank as rain.....m 42
Frantic—f. in its joyousness...t 461
Fraternity-f. is tho reciprocal.g 220
Fraud-worst of all frauds.....n 166
some cursed fraud.....a 167
heart as far from fraud*.....b 167
discovered in his fraud.....y 166
Fray-bitter waxed the fray.....k 95
mingled in the filthy fray...q 359
Freckle-those freekles live*...f 137
freckle, streak or stain.....r 179
Freckled-freckled-cowslip*....g 137
Free-age is beautiful and free...v 7
free, first flower of the earth..x 8
the valiant man and free*....h 21
night when evils are most f.*.r 63
Greece might still be free.....g 69
wind, to which thou art all f..a 133
I am as free as nature.....h 167
whom the truth makes f.....f 167
would be free themselves....c 167
we must be free or die.....v 167
she will not set him free.....n 189
o'er the land of the free.....h 124
to be bought, but always f..f 191
stood, though free to fall....z 494
blue the fresh, the ever free..d 323
resolve, and thou art free...u 360
die to make men free.....j 329
human left from human f...b 388
that moment they are free..u 387
flowing, hair as free.....e 384
to be f. art more engag'd*..cc 384
Freeborn-liberty when f.men..y 228
Freedom-f. none but virtue..h 358
broad as the world, for f.....l 49
let freedom ring.....g 71
deny the f. of the will.....l 465
f. only deals the deadly.....d 330
gentle peaee in freedom's...d 330
new birth of freedom.....m 329
green shores of freedom.....q 167
lily fair as freedom's flower..l 167
that bawl for freedom.....m 167
freedom is only in the land..o 167
bastard freedom waves.....o 124
fought aud died in f.'s.....o 196
in wildest f. strict rule.....b 323
freedom's battle once begun.s 228
out of servitude into f.....v 419
f. sbrieked as Koseiusko....d 167
f. from her mountain.....g 167
his name is freedom.....i 167
rolled the storm of f.'s war..o 388
Freely-but as he got it freely..n 178
Freeman-execute a f's will....q 329
f. whom the truth makes....c 444
Freemen-are the worst of sla's w 387
Freewill-neeessity and f.....u 398
Freeze-f's up the heart of life*.e 121
beard his breath did freeze...g 378
freeze thy young blood*.....j 121
freeze thou bitter sky*.....q 210
wind that freezes founts....k 431
Freezing-through f. snows....a 319
what freezings have I felt*....h 2
Freight-dark f. a vanish'd.....n 313
Freighted-f. are the river-ways a 273
Frenchmen-march three F.*.gg 497
Frenzy-is the nurse of frenzy. t 260
poet's eye, in a fine frenzy*.h 337
'tis youth's frenzy.....g 248
Fresh-f. and upright, blooms..r 159
f. young cowslip bendeth...a 137
look fresh, as if our Lord....o 138
Freshness-f. and strength.....e 439
dewy freshness fills .....c 290
Fret-fret not, my friend, and..f 94
dine and never fret* ..j 100
though you ean fret me*.....d 65
frets against the boundary..q 323
Friar-the friar hooded .....s 165
hooded clouds, like friars...g 352
Fridthjof-F. eomes again over.p 376
Friend-yours gave to me a f....l 34
friend of my better days.....w 3
adversity of our best friends...d 4
age still leaves us friends.....n 6
old friends are best.....v 6
troops of friends*.....f 7
old friends to trust.....g 13
old friends, old times.....f 13
old friends to converse with..e 13
instinctive taught, the f.....h 55
mould of a friend's faney.....j 59
tender friends, go sighing....n 90
and your work and your f....d 64
loses both itself and friend*..d 41
love of wicked friends*.....m 46
true friends, that will.....n 36
life-long friends whom we...p 36
a book is a friend whose .....v 38
friends and companions .....b 39
books are friends, and.....e 39
books are friends whieh.....f 39
keep thy friend under thy*...a 44
a hot friend cooling*.....p 46
makes no friend who never..f 52
themselves a friend .....l 50
for thy dearest friends*.....a 63
eonspire against thy friend*.u 63
so many friends alive.....p 86
O friends, be men.....m 71
thou art my friend.....t 80
choice of friends and books ..s 38
in making thy friends books..s 38
thy books friends .....s 38
f's, who can alter or forsake..c 40
emblem yields to friends.....a 96
may live without friends.....l 99
should bear a friend's*.....b 94
friend of all who have.....v 85
wisdom picks friends.....v 114
siekens, even if a f. prevail.m 103
of a well-chosen friend .....t 167
I am the only one of my f's..a 168
my f's! there are no friends..b 168
no friend's a friend till.....c 168
false f's are like our shadows.d 168
loved my f's, as I do virtue..e 168
with my friend I desire .....f 168
one faithful friend.....g 168
cast away a virtuous friend.h 168
a friend above all price.....i 168
where were thy friends.....j 168
save me from the candid f...l 168
very few real friends .....m 168
best friends have a tineture.n 168
friends not equal to yourself.o 168

written friend, in life.....p 168
O friends whom chance.....q 168
enter on my list of friends..r 168
her dear five hundred f's....s 168
is such a friend .....t 168
much his friend indeed .....t 168
never want a friend.....u 168
judgment, your departed f..v 168
poor make no new friends..w 168
such agreeable friends.....x 168
best friend, my well-spring.a 169
friend more divine.....b 169
part of a true friend.....c 169
for a friend is life too short..d 169
our friends early appear....f 169
only way to have a friend...g 169
advice of a faithful friend...h 169
on the choice of friends.....i 169
favorite has no friend.....j 169
behold thy friend .....l 169
world can countervail a f...m 169
true value of friends.....n 169
for my boyhood's friends....o 169
newest friend is oldest f ...p 169
in the multitude of friends..q 169
lose friends out of sight.....r 169
friend of my bosom.....s 169
friend is most a friend .....t 169
hand of an old friend.....u 169
to see a friend's face.....v 169
aspirations are my only f's..w 169
O best of friends*.....x 169
we must ever be friends.....y 169
number of a man's friends..b 170
in a book or a friend.....c 170
true friend is forever a f....d 170
friends are like melons.....e 170
f.,what years could us divide f 170
require a soothing friend ...g 170
all are friends in heaven....h 170
friends given by God.....i 170
voice of a faithful friend....j 170
ah! friend! to dazzle.....k 170
scorn to gain a friend .....m 170
make use of ev'ry friend.... n 170
compared unto a faithful f..o 170
dear is my friend.....h 170
bear his f's infirmities*.....q 170
shall I try my friends*.....r 170
wealthy in my friends*.....r 170
the friends thou hast*.....t 170
shake off my friend*.....u 170
I would be friends with*.....v 170
her experience all her f's ....i 107
keep thy friend*.....a 171
to wail friends lost*.....b 171
rejoice at f's but newly*.....b 171
those you make friends*....f 171
never lack a friend*.....g 171
in want a hollow f. doth*....g 171
praise is, that I am your f.....j 171
has not a friend to spare.....k 171
a good man is the best f.....l 171
is not his own friend.....i 171
friend him that is wise.....m 171
when I chose my friend.....n 171
then came your new friend..o 171
defend me from my friends..p 171
friends in spirit land.....r 171
f's to whom you are in debt..s 171
rejoice in the joy of our f's..t 171
will feel towards his f.....t 171
foe to God was ne'er true f...v 171
a f. is worth all hazards.....w 171
found that a friend may.....k 172
friends appear less mov'd....p 172
'tis for my friend alone.....t 172
come back! ye friends.....o 173
more valew than a friend....q 173
friend must hate the man...u 173
that backing of your f's*....d 174
barren metal of his f's*.....p 174
every one can have a friend..g 175
can be a friend to ALY.....k 175
know our friends in heaven*.c 176
offer a f. than a beautiful....m 178
painted like his varnished f's*g 179
number of a man's friends...s 102
friend ahoy! farewell.....n 116
he cast off his friends.....m 122
dreads, but most his f's.....v 124
myself am dearer than a f.*..s 379
far, were the friends that....p 365
and three firm friends.....g 253
treat their father's friend...q 164
now bad, still worse, my f...l 165
lone isle, among friends.....q 443
I come not, friends, to steal*.d 325
but dearest friends, alas.....n 326
no earthly friend being near..j 360
dearest friends must part....z 326
retirement, f. to life's decline.i 395
make friends with pain.....u 396
sometimes a friend.....n 471
instinctive taught, the f.....h 55
those who call them friend...t 345
touchstone true to try a f....i 347
princes find few real friends..e 475
if I had a f. that lov'd her*....r 479
favourite as the general f....j 424
sacred professions of friend..d 385
but a world without a friend..w 483
always treasures, always f's..k 485
three firm f's, more sure.....k 485
friend should be the worst*..u 485
of life is fame's best friend...y 455
each man a friend.....c 487
those you make friends*.....f 171
I have found that a f. may...k 172
friends and dear relations...m 198
intentions, or f's with the...x 493
but eat and drink as f's*....bb 498
without three good friends*..s 341
prayer is innocence, friend..o 344
a means for distant friends...t 315
who lost no friend.....o 319
pr'ythee, friend, pour out*..s 306
expell'd the friend.....s 309
handsome house to lodge a f..e 463
welcome, my old friend.....l 463
hears no needful friends*....u 465
sleep, the friend of woe.....v 319
only f. he now dare trust.....r 447
hath no friends but what*..m 448
are friends for fear*.....m 448
O friends, be men.....n 450
best f's do not know us.....h 321
as if I had gained a new f...n 353
author as you choose a f.....j 298
till then, my noble friend*...s 328
a servant, or a friend.....c 394
still a f. in my retreat.....v 394
the bosom of a friend.....p 162
shall I try my friends*.....r 170
'twas all he wish'd, a f.....i 413
f's and native home forgot..i 214
my f's in every season.....l 229
a pretended f. is worse.....q 204
backing of your friends*....p 209
guide, philosopher and f....h 210
not a f. to close his eyes....m 210
as friend remembered not*..q 210
welcome as a friend.....o 156
if friends were near.....b 282
friend to lend a hand.....e 405
up! up! my friend.....e 406
and thy friend be true.....d 123
this is your devoted friend*.m 237
a suspicious friend.....a 370
he that will lose his friend...a 216
my friend, judge not me....q 217
friends so link'd together...j 260
rememb'ring my good f's*..d 262
world is not thy friend.....c 267
Friendless-bodies of unburied..j 31
f. find in thee a friend.....o 389
no man so friendless.....a 170
Friendliness-f. unquell'ed.....l 152
Friendly-f. at Hackney.....h 50
Friendship-contending with f.l 242
friendships well feigned .....o 35
rural quiet, f., books.....i 67
f. closes its eye rather. .....k 173
f. is love without either. ...l 173
set in f's crown above.....m 173
f., peculiar boon of heaven..n 173
ye f. long departed.....o 173
for the sake of the f.....p 173
compared to friendship.....q 173
common f's will admit.....r 173
f's voice shall ever find.....s 173
f. between man and man....t 173
generous f. no cold medium.u 173
f. itself is only a part.....v 173
f's laws are by this rule.....a 174
f. long confirm'd by age.....b 174
friendship, one soul in two..c 174
where there is true f*.....e 174
f. is constant in all*... .....f 174
friendship's full of dregs*.. g 174
most friendship is feigning*.k 174
father and myself in f*.....o 174
when did friendship take*..p 174
fortified by many f's.....r 174
f. the love of the dark ages...s 174
f. is that by which.....t 174
friendship is like rivers.....u 174
jealousy even in their f.....n 168
of all who offer you f.....y 169
friendships in the days.....h 170
judge before friendship.....a 172
in friendship burn.....b 172
friendships of the world.....c 172
such a friendship ends not..c 172
f. between me and you.....d 172
f. mysterious cement.....e 172
weaknesses induces f's.....f 172
in f. we only see the faults..g 172
love and f. exclude.....h 172
pure f. is what none can....i 172
in f. I early was taught.....k 172
f. is infinitely better.....l 172
f. is a sheltering tree.....m 172

true f. is like sound health..n 172
f's which are advantageous..o 172
friendship with the upright.o 172
friendship with the sincere.o 172
literary f. is a sympathy....q 172
friendship, of itself an holy.r 172
f's begin with liking.....s 172
for any rate that f. hears....t 172
f. should be surrounded.....v 172
f. requires more time.....v 172
f. to signify modish.....w 172
f. demands is ability.....x 172
essence of f. is entireness....y 172
let us swear an eternal f.....c 173
f. like love is but a name....d 173
to f. every hurden's light....e 173
what is f. but a name.....g 173
f. with a knave hath made..f 173
f. is a wide portal.....h 173
O f., flavor of flowers.....i 173
f. since to the unsound.....j 173
f's some are worthy..... ...v 174
religion are the hands of f..w 174
our f's to mankind.....x 174
f's are made by nature.....a 175
f. which is the best.....b 175
f. equal-poised control.....e 175
once let f. be given.....f 175
f. is the holiest of gifts.....g 175
f.—our friendship—is.....h 175
f. is a plant of slow growth..i 175
against evil is that of f.....j 175
room can there he for f.....k 175
f's the wine of life.....l 175
f. new is neither strong.....l 175
fair gift of friendship.....k 135
when f., love and peace.....p 256
hright with frienship's tears.e 126
f. new is neither strong.....l 175
'tis f., and 'tis something...o 241
f. is constant in all*.....d 246
holiday for art's and f's.....m 197
gold does f's separate.....f 181
f's, love, philosopher's.....x 492
dissolution of Honorable f's..e 183
so valuable a friendship.....v 315
friendship, weakens love...r 422
Frieze-cornice or frieze.....k 296
nothing wear but frieze.....s 417
Fright-ghosts and forms of f...e 401
Frighted-the reign of chaos...x 399
Frightful-monster of so f. ....e 452
Frill-delicate thy gauzy frill.. l 134
Fringe-about them grows a f. e 145
she hangs her fringes.....l 133
fringes from a Tyrian loom..j 439
Fringed-were f. and streaky...e 133
Fringing the dusty road.....n 139
Frisk-did frisk i' the sun*.....l 211
Frog-use your frog ; put.....b 12
night the frogs are croaking .s 444
Frogging-a frogging doth go..k 123
Frolic-needs a frolic health. ..v 298
Frolicsome-skip lightly in f....i 12
Front-large front and eye.....h 367
smoothed his wrinkled f.*..m 459
cannon in front of them ...f 461
restless fronts bore stars....p 501
Frost-fell the f. from the clear d 126
as frosts do bite the meads*..p 51
like an untimely frost*.....x 83
hoary-headed frosts*.....p 154
frost has wrought a silence .k 212
the third day comes a frost.*t 235
curded by the frost.*.....c 276
frost make all things dead...p 377
frost has all destroyed .....p 377
frost is on the vale.....a 378
frosts congeal the rivers.... f 269
that skirt the eternal frost ..r 126
fatal pestilence of frost.....k 433
dwells perpetual frost.....e 302
so full of frost, of storm* ...x 111
quick with early frosts.....l 135
frost has wrought a silence .k 377
Frost-work-flourishes in f-w..d 466
Frosty-banish'd from the f*... l 251
leans on the frosty summits u 277
Frosty-frosty but kindly*.....m 7
Frown-the level of your frown*o 363
the frownes of fortune.....o 170
a smile among dark frowns*.q 174
her very frowns are fairer..m 240
f. of night, starless exposed..g 484
self-same heaven that f's*..k 194
fear in his f. when the sun's k 438
grew darker at their frown..v 194
before the awful frown.....d 304
if clouded with a frown. ...v 443
would but disclose the f.....k 446
with its flash their frown....s 447
if she do frown, 'tis not*....h 477
she frowns no goddess.....e 478
say that she frown*.....e 477
convey a libel in a frown....s 387
Frowned-Miss f. and hlush'd..a 257
Frowning-a f. Providence.....e 348
verdict up unto the f. judge* j 217
Froze-f. the genial current....i 341
Frozen-the marsh is frozen ...c 106
nature was frozen dead.....l 377
the f. region of the north.....e 229
woo the f. world again.....i 373
nor frozen thawings .....b 274
about the frozen time.....b 274
throw in the f. bosoms*.... d 460
f. bosom of the north*.....o 467
strapped waste and f. locks..y 305
that f. mist the snow.....j 393
Frugal-his frugal nature but..u 278
Fruit-like ripe fruit thou drop..m 6
weakest kind of fruit*.....h 91
dead sea fruit that tempts....u 87
fruit full well the schoolboy.l 134
inheritance of golden fruits.g 376
fruits have long been dead..b 377
no fruits, no flowers.....h 273
fruit would spring from.....g 362
fruits and poisons spring...d 366
with glowing f. and flowers.m 212
stars are golden fruit upon..j 402
fairest fruit that hung.....g 295
fruit that can fall.....h 295
charg'd with f. that made...i 295
fruits that blossom first*....n 295
ripest fruit first falls*.....q 295
neighbor'd by f. of baser*...r 295
fruit loved of boyhood.....a 296
irreverent pluck the fruit...d 177
f's are dwindling and small..i 438
hides her fruit under them..i 438
luscious fruit of sunset hue.l 439
fruits of toiling hands.....o 313
fruit that life's cold winter.q 469
f. would spring from such a..c 441
fruit of vegetable gold.....m 432
orange tree has f. and flowers.j 439
forth reaching to the fruit..m 384
pain is not the f. of pain....v 483
Fruitful-f. were the next*.....r 347
Fruition-God-like fruition....b 103
Fruitless-placed a f. crown*...l 368
Fudge-two-fifths sheer fudge..c 274
Fuel-adding fuel to the flame..u 182
Fugitive-large, light, and f.....l 59
Full-without o'erflowing full..b 48
full as it well can hold.....l 139
rolling year is full of Thee..y 180
reading maketh a full man..r 237
Fulfill-power to f. another ....p 98
Fulfilled-f. the promise of the..i 446
Fulfillment-waits the f.....w 119
Fullness-bending with our f..p 152
the fullness thereof.....i 314
Fume-chase the ignorant f's*..j 78
shall be a fume*.....i 262
smoke raised with the fume*.b 247
Function-cipher of a f.*.....d 120
Funeral-with mirth in funeral.*l 88
not a funeral note.....j 312
sad sounds are nature's f...m 466
eyes, like two funeral tapers.f 450
Funny-darc to write as funny.m 203
Fur-that warms a monarch....u 12
Furlong-thousand f's, ere*....k 222
Furnace-furnace for your foe*.v 102
he will be in the furnace....h 442
Furnished-f. me, from my*...d 230
Furrow-f. the green sea-foam..i 313
f. oft the stubborn glebe....d 295
come hither from the f*.....s 295
time's furrows on anothers..p 428
Fury-fury of a patient man....a 11
such noble fury*.....f 89
in thy face I see thy fury*...t 111
fury with the abhorred.....k 115
their fury and my passion*.s 283
fury like a woman scorned..a 192
furies and madening discord.e 195
my patience to his fury*....r 328
filled with f., rapt, inspir'd.x 490
Furze-furze unprofitably.....p 140
Future-hopes of future years...r 70
fear not the future.....f 67
the future works out.....g 92
in eternity no future.....q 105
making all futures fruits....f 107
warning for the future.....d 108
trust no f., howe'er pleasant.r 175
future keeps its promises....i 191
future's undiscovered land..aa 54
future, fairer than the past..l 233
of some sweet future.....l 236
enough of the past for the f.d 423
flight of future days.....d 425
read the f. destiny of man..m 425
f. creapeth-arrow-swift.....v 425

G.

Gain-not what we gain, but....s 47
subserves another's gain.....l 66
g's silence, and o'er glory's.....z 61
we gain justice, judgment...s 107

we may gain from hope.....*i* 201
perhaps a hapless gain*.....*u* 248
little labour, little are our g's.*q* 355
Gained-he gain'd from heaven.*i* 413
think nothing gain'd.....*x* 407
Galaxy-rainbow g's of earth's.*w* 130
galaxy, that milky way.....*r* 193
Gale-snowy plumage to the g..*k* 33
catch the driving gale.....*d* 36
the lightning and the gale....*o* 70
come, evening gale.....*q* 142
vernal suns and vernal gales.*v* 145
life in every gale.....*o* 271
sweetly, softly blows the g..*n* 371
scents the evening gale.....*p* 239
wafted by the gentle gale....*s* 261
every changing g. of spring.*j* 192
wherever waft the gales.....*a* 311
upon the gale she stoop'd....*i* 313
before the favoring gales....*l* 313
wandered, gentle gale.....*b* 466
fresher gale begins to.....*t* 467
scents the evening gale.....*b* 441
note that swells the gale....*v* 325
death comes in the gale.....*u* 381
Galilean-pilot of the G. lake....*q* 56
Galilee-on the sea of Galilee...*i* 331
Gall-wit that knows no gall...*b* 265
a choking gall*.....*b* 247
love is turn'd to gall.....*i* 215
gall enough in thy ink*.....*n* 300
tyranny to strike and gall*..*s* 448
Gallant-gallants, lads, boys*...*r* 264
Gallery-are but a g. of pictures *h* 394
Gallows-g, standing in*.....*x* 307
Gambol-Christmas g. oft could.*n* 57
wove their wanton gambol..*g* 250
Game-its scared game is roused.*l* 75
war's a game which.....*l* 457
games and carols closed.....*i* 447
the game is up*.....*e* 499
game the world so loves.....*e* 461
the rigour of the game.....*v* 355
Gamecock-g's to one another.*a* 299
Gander-sauce for a gander....*k* 104
Gang-may g. a kennin' wrang.*j* 228
Gap-in the gap between.....*h* 298
as a gap in our great feast*.*u* 188
Garden-in the poor man's g....*l* 66
first planted a garden.....*r* 69
drop about the gardens.....*m* 29
make your garden rich*.....*d* 141
a g., loves a greenhouse.....*c* 127
gardens floated the perfume.*j* 127
farm house at the garden's..*f* 377
out the g's cool retreat.....*b* 152
queen of the g. art thou.....*c* 152
the garden glows.....*n* 373
rose of the garden.....*n* 153
g's, that one day bloomed*..*r* 347
my g. is a forest ledge.....*r* 176
they'll o'ergrow the garden*.*u* 176
little g. square and wall'd...*a* 177
dnll and despoiled the g's...*q* 144
pink crowns the g. wall. ...*h* 149
in a little garden all alone...*e* 151
eye of g's, light of lawns....*u* 151
by the garden gate.....*a* 136
garden glows with dahlias..*a* 138
never have a g. without....*m* 125
the gardens eclipse you.....*k* 126
sensitive plant in a garden..*k* 156
the mossy garden wall.....*l* 157
to dress this garden.....*f* 295
river at my garden's end....*e* 463
from wisdom's garden geve..*f* 469
garden was a wild.....*p* 473
God the first garden made..*ee* 490
g. rose may richly bloom....*g* 155
thy sweet g. grow wreaths..*q* 200
Gardener-g. and his wife.....*f* 384
is the gardener's pride.....*g* 149
g., for telling me this news*.*q* 188
Garish-worship to the g. sun*.*e* 246
Garland-g. of seven lilies.....*o* 55
we hang up garlands.....*e* 57
garlands fade, the vows.....*m* 257
garland on her brow.....*r* 271
the rich garland culled.....*l* 126
throw sweet garland wreaths.*h* 129
tell in a garland their loves.*s* 129
whose garlands dead.....*j* 261
withered is the garland*....*e* 460
Garment-men my garments*...*h* 9
the fashion of your g's*.....*z* 116
poetry their garments gave..*c* 339
keeping their g's white.....*d* 153
trailing g. of the night.....*g* 288
garment green and yellow...*e* 295
round it a g. of white.....*m* 436
Garmented-lady g. in light....*c* 478
Garnered-weeps all her g.....*k* 375
Garret-born in the garret.....*i* 117
Garret-room-g-r. piled high....*r* 36
Garter-familiar as his garter*.*x* 340
Gash-twenty trenched gashes*.*v* 84
Gasp-to the last gasp*.....*h* 251
new colour as it gasps.....*j* 446
seem to gasp with strong....*l* 323
Gasping-g. from out the.....*x* 266
Gate-golden orientall gate .....*i* 16
lark at heaven's gate sings*..*g* 16
heaven's gate she claps.....*p* 25
the mysterious gate.....*aa* 54
the year's fair gate.....*i* 92
as are the gates of hell.....*f* 87
through glory's morning g....*l* 79
of the thirty palace gates.....*e* 99
palace as the cottage gate....*t* 117
western gate of heaven.....*a* 106
shut their coward gates*....*q* 110
morn a Peri at the gate.....*e* 260
opes her golden gates*.....*y* 277
keeping the gates of light ...*t* 415
gates of monarchs are arch'd*.*f* 368
Sunday heaven's gates stand.*e* 369
gates of mercy on mankind..*v* 262
open the gate of mercy*.....*g* 263
gates of merey shall be*.....*p* 460
shuts the gates of day.....*r* 410
passion-flower at the gate...*h* 250
wide her ever-during gates..*t* 193
heaven's gate opens when...*g* 392
unhinging careless gates....*d* 466
battering the g's of heaven..*s* 345
Gather-gather the violet shy..*h* 132
to stoop and gather me.....*v* 160
g., until they crowd the sky.*p* 402
stoop thyself to gather my...*j* 360
rolling stone gathers no moss.*p* 45
scarce seen they rise, but g..*p* 67
come not to g. the roses.....*b* 479
Gaudy-shuts up her g. shop ..*o* 144
the gandy, blabbing*.....*u* 289
Gave-never g. enough to any..*q* 165
gave up the ghost*.....*i* 460
what we gave, we have.....*h* 60
Gawd-praise new-born g's*...*m* 236
Gay-makest the sad heart gay.*p* 372
again looks gay with flowers.*r* 372
innocent as gay.....*w* 478
water with their beanty gay .*p* 150
I would not, if I could, be g..*f* 260
gay looked the field's regalia..*k* 378
steer from grave to gay.....*f* 497
Gayest-gayest of the gay.....*a* 23
Gaze-gaze on the stars high...*w* 159
comes np to gaze upon.....*l* 276
gaze with bliss.....*b* 289
gaze of the ruler of heaven..*o* 446
will gaze an eagle blind*....*d* 110
who g. upon her unaware...*y* 472
Gazed-wistly on him gazed* ...*z* 35
and still they gazed.....*r* 227
I gazed upon the glorious...*c* 272
Gazelle-gazelles so gentle.....*i* 12
nursed a dear gazelle.....*a* 94
O fair g., O Beddowee girl...*r* 439
Gazest-g. ever true and tender.*p* 157
Gazette big enough for the g..*n* 305
Gazing-gazing in His face.....*i* 140
gazing of the earth..... *e* 276
Geese-you souls of geese*.....*g* 74
geese that the creeping*.....*d* 25
wild geese fly that way*.....*e* 378
Gem-first gem of the sea.....*x* 8
dew-bead gem of earth.....*n* 93
the gems of morning.....*m* 93
violets gem the fresh.....*g* 159
gems pave thy radiant way..*g* 278
cast not the clouded gem....*q* 280
like a g. the flow'ret glows..*p* 153
court virtues bear, like g's ..*l* 454
set the gem above the flow'r.*l* 454
than any gem that gilds.....*v* 454
what gem hath dropp'd.....*k* 415
bright as glittering gems...*m* 315
does the rich gem betray....*q* 304
these gems have life.....*r* 304
full many a gem of purest...*s* 304
snow flakes fall, each one a g.*o* 393
painters' g's at will and shew *k* 488
gem of his authority.....*k* 137
hope's gentle gem.....*k* 140
g., the vest of earth adorning.*u* 151
feet like sunny gems.....*d* 164
Gemmed-dark-green and g....*r* 147
Generation-one g. grows.....*a* 45
g's of man are come .....*bb* 362
Generosity-pulses stirred to g.*a* 210
Generous-g. friendship no....*u* 173
Genius-flashes of genius.....*p* 71
no great genius was ever.....*k* 47
to check young genius.....*n* 76
genius is to wit as the.....*f* 177
work of genius is tinctnred.*g* 177
the companion of genius....*h* 177
men of genius must arise...*i* 177
enthusiasm of genius.....*j* 177
genius must be born.....*l* 177
genius and its rewards.....*m* 177
genius like humanity, rusts.*n* 177
g. is the master of nature...*o* 177

near home does genius.....p 177
g. has been slow of growth..q 177
that fire is genius*.....r 177
he is gifted with genius.....s 177
my genius is rebuked.....t 177
genius inspires this thirst..u 177
genius is essentially creative v 177
g. is united with true feeling w 177
genius can never despise....x 177
genius only could acquire..r 380
genius and love never.....a 282
every thought which genius s 419
gives g. a better discerning..e 468
genius borrows nobly..... f 351
genius by what he selects...k 351
humor belong to g. alone...f 471
true parent of genius.....a 395
perfection of poetic genius..l 203
genius of the coming storm.q 404
closes the door on his own g. d 314
spirited and full of genius...e 314
to raise the genius.....d 294
genius of an author consists u 297
a work of g. is the essence of w 300
innocence in genius.....s 500
obedience, bane of all genius r 342
when the man of g. returns.m 304
peculiar bent of the genius.a 102
production of genius.....i 103
three-fifths of him genius...c 254
men of genius in their walk.k 209
Gentian-g-flower, that, in the.q 140
lonely g. blossoms still.....c 141
Gentle-gentle ways are best....v 10
meeting of gentle lights.....i 19
gentle, sometimes capricious l 386
gentle, though retired.....t 473
he is g. that doth g. deeds...h 178
are as gentle as zephyrs*....j 178
gentle means and easy tasks* k 178
my gentle friends*..... r 283
voice was ever soft, gentle*..j 456
he knew whose gentle.....l 464
his life was gentle*.....v 254
come, g. hope! with one gay h 202
he draws him gentle.....a 204
Gentleman-a g. is one who....q 379
gentleman is indebted.....n 262
an affable and courteous g.* b 178
ran in my veins, I was a g.*. d 178
grand old name of gentleman g 178
the noble gentleman*.....i 460
every jack became a g.*.....s 498
of darkness is a gentleman*..h 93
alive so stout a gentleman*.q 484
God Almighty's gentleman...v 56
g. is disposed to swear*.....d 292
Gentlemen-three g. at once....f 187
hath had in him which g.*..e 178
like two single gentlemen..aa 490
gentlemen use books as .....g 39
God Almighty's gentlemen..u 491
Gentleness-deeds requite thy g.* e 89
for gentleness and love.....d 257
way with extreme g.....h 465
patience and g. is power....o 342
Gentler-of a gentler blood*.....c 17
Gentlest-in things that g. be..l 342
Gently-faults lie g. on him*....p 53
as gently lay my head.....t 388
upon my heart, gently.....r 424
Geometric-he, by g. scale.....q 303
George-if his name be George*p 199
Germ-germ of the first..... dd 456
German-river thou'rt G.....g 366
Gesture-g., dignity and love..k 475
Get-get place and wealth.....b 408
by any means get wealth....o 462
get him to say his prayers*..c 345
Ghastly-the ghastly form.....l 75
hang thy ghastly head .....c 143
Ghost-ghosts wandering here*. f 16
haunted by the ghosts*.....w 367
pale ghost of night.....t 287
ghosts, and forms of fright..e 401
ghost along the moonlight..k 401
there needs no ghost*.....n 401
I look for ghosts; but.....s 401
gave up the ghost*.....i 460
O solemn ghost.....e 175
like g's from an enchanter..q 467
where light-heel'd ghosts....j 441
Giant-but a stone, the g. dies..b 81
a giant's robe upon*.....q 16
before a sleeping giant*.....e 63
when a giant dies* . .....b 213
have a giant's strength*.....c 405
tyrannous to use it like a g.* q 448
high, that giants may get*...i 485
Gibber-g. in the Roman streets* x 84
Gibbet-g's keep the lifted hand. r 280
Gift-I have found out a gift....f 30
tempering her gifts.....x 52
more than one great gift.....k 60
courage the highest gift.....q 71
dost thou accept the gift.....p 88
gifts that cost them nothing.n 178
on the world a sacred gift...o 178
gift, to be true, must be ....p 178
take gifts with a sigh .....r 178
win her with gifts if she*...v 178
gifts that God hath sent.....i 282
life is the gift of God.....h 233
shedding his gifts of beauty.e 277
of all the heavenly gifts.....m 169
nature's noblest gift.....k 331
this is a gift that I have*... f 207
true love's the gift.....n 245
best gift of heaven.....c 453
gift doth stretch itself*.....q 176
the palm is a gift divine.....c 440
and they are no mean gifts..i 442
heaven's last best gift.....q 464
a wife is the peculiar gift...u 464
of gifts, there seems none..m 178
immediate gift of God.....r 226
crowns desire with gift.....h 408
rich gifts wax poor when*...a 450
noblest gift of heav'n* 476
have the gift to know it*....a 477
provide and give great g's*..c 342
gift beyond the reach of art..i 382
crave of thee a gift.....c 423
Gifted-he is g. with genius....s 177
Gift-horse-look a g-h. in the..w 489
Gild-to gild refined gold, to*....a 16
cowslips g. the level green..n 136
gild the brown horror.....c 277
morning planet g's her horns u 402
love gilds the scene.....d 478
I'll gild it with the*.....q 113
beams of lightsome day, gild. l 366
first gilds the clouds.....p 410
gilds the bed of death.....t 357
Gilded-the gilded car of day...o 409
gay g. scenes and shining...v 334
offence's gilded hand may*. .h 308
Gilding-g. pale streams*.....j 447
Gillyflower-and streak'd g.*...p 130
garden rich in gillyflowers*. d 141
Gilt-to dust, that is a little g.* m 286
g. the ocean with his beams* n 410
Gin-gin within the juniper...n 433
Gird-us for the coming fight..f 405
Girdle-I'll put a g. round*.....l 430
Girdled-g. the earth in my airy. l 421
Girl-g's, be more than woman. i 43
girl that loves him not*.....e 163
like a young girl over.....u 277
unlesson'd girl unschool'd*.j 224
between two girls, which*...f 217
each girl when pleased.....k 304
of all the g's that e'er was....h 478
Girlhood-smile and g's beauty m 378
Girt-spring up as girt to run...g 59
Give-but yours gives most.....l 34
give, and soon forget.....j 47
seasoned timber never g's....a 64
give what thou canst.....i 407
g's but little, nor that little...z 455
g. an inch, he'll take an ell..j 501
which he gives himself .....k 298
give me but one kind word..r 326
all other things give place...h 474
cannot give us now.....r 271
give it an understanding*...b 37
most men give to be paid...r 178
sake I give away my heart..d 348
it gives, and what denies....q 348
rights, you may g. them up..v 360
some special good doth g.*..u 348
gives to her mind what he..f 425
give it then a tongue is wise.j 428
we receive but what we give.y 362
g. me a look, g. me a face....e 384
Given-g. to no other flower....g 139
heaven alone that is g. away.g 189
once let friendship be given.f 175
griefs-and God has given....x 200
he is given to prayer*.....e 345
such as is given of God.....m 358
Giver-when g's prove unkind*.u 178
flowing of the g. unto me...p 178
Giveth-God sendeth and g...bb 180
He giveth His beloved sleep.d 389
Giving-in g. a man receives...q 178
his g's rare, save farthings..w 204
Godlike in giving.....c 495
Glad-I'm glad oft with.....v 66
the voice, and glad the eyes..s 53
at sight of thee was glad....i 135
wonder how I can be glad...c 137
when I am not dead, how g.q 361
glad for sense of pain.....q 361
we have been glad of yore..a 217
an often, glad no more.....a 217
Glade-and penetrates the g's..cc 383
dewy damps and murky g...c 143
never seeing sunny glade..j 144
by furrowed glade and dell..i 148
cowslips bedeck the green g.q 136
sequester'd leafy glades.....n 128
when forest g's are teeming.p 270

Gladly-gladly wolde he lerne..*l* 227
Gladness-sun insists on g.....*k* 93
sorrow and g. are linked.....*g* 68
a face with gladness.....*c* 112
full of g. and so full of paint.*k* 374
with a sober g., the old year.*g* 376
couch'd in seeming g.* .....*l* 397
Glance-that last g. of love.....*l* 326
tendcrest glances to bestow.*a* 142
thou shalt at one glance.....*s* 128
g. from heaven to earth*....*h* 337
of the smooth g. bewarc....*k* 250
glances of hatred that stab..*b* 192
g. their many twinkling....*w* 302
Glancing-sun once more is g..*l* 409
Glare-ghastly in the g. of day.*m* 275
Glared-g. down in the woods..*i* 409
Glaring-I see his glaring eyes.*p* 211
g. out through the dark.....*a* 296
Glass-prove an excuse for the g.*t* 428
g. of fashion, and the mould*.*x* 116
of many-coloured glass.....*z* 235
he was, indeed, the glass*...*i* 210
I have bought a glass*.....*w* 409
the frozen glass pcaled.....*d* 466
and the musical glasses.....*j* 492
as a glass the shining sands.*c* 438
pride hath no other glass*...*c* 347
she made mouths in a g.*...*r* 477
Gleam-a g. over this tufted.....*p* 59
a gleam as of another life...*h* 364
gleam tremblingly.....*u* 277
one gleam of brotherhood..*aa* 255
a gleam of crimson tinged..*a* 412
g's with its own native.....*s* 410
a gleam on the years.....*q* 326
Gleamed-g. upon my sight...*u* 478
Gleaming-g. taper's light.....*w* 200
gleaming like a lovely star..*f* 350
Glean-g. on and gather up....*t* 307
Gleaner-guides the gleaner to..*l* 276
Glee-eyes running over with g.*y* 110
soul expands with glee.....*n* 143
forward and frolic glee.....*i* 264
catches and glecs.....*b* 319
or sparkling in glee.....*z* 323
with counterfeited glee.....*c* 304
Gleemen-loud the g. sing.... *c* 274
Glen-lone g. o' green breckan..*g* 70
flowers brightened the glens.*p* 132
beside the shadowy glen.....*l* 133
thrids the glens beneath....*v* 138
blackness in the mountain g.*i* 377
Glencairn-remember thee, G..*n* 260
Glibly-he talks right glibly....*q* 92
Glide-saw the river onward g..*h* 146
ten times faster glide*.....*k* 247
g. in peace down death's...*m* 427
Glideth-river g. at his own....*h* 366
more water g. by the mill*..*s* 461
Gliding-gliding slow, her.....*e* 402
Glimmer-g. the rich dusk.....*j* 134
mild with glimmer soft.....*e* 271
it glimmers on the forest....*h* 275
Glimmering-golden, g. vapors.*g* 411
g. glittering, flutterer fair..*h* 212
Glimpse-shadowy glimpses ....*q* 79
glimpses that would make...*i* 202
Glisten-all things glisten.....*n* 371
Glisteneth-not gold that g.....*s* 87
Glister-that glisters is not gold*.*z* 87
nor all that glister gold.....*m* 87
Glistering-of this present*....*q* 426
perk'd up in a g. grief*.....*e* 398
Glitter-g. like a swarm of fire..*u* 403
that gliters is not gold.....*k* 87
glitter toward the light.....*l* 137
rising g. through the night..*u* 401
Glittering-g. gems of morning.*y* 403
heaven's glittering host.....*h* 410
glittering in golden coats*....*k* 24
earth glittering with gold....*c* 484
glittering cirque confines....*f* 462
glittering o'er my fault*.....*l* 356
Gloaming-g. comes, the day....*e* 411
when the gloaming comes....*n* 25
Globe-quarters of the globe....*p* 69
the great globe itself*.....*k* 46
all that tread the globe.....*v* 79
we, the g. can compass soon*.*f* 112
skill'd in the g. and sphere..*b* 313
shows his globe of light.....*p* 410
Gloom-a sudden g., a shadow...*t* 81
night's ghastly glooms.....*e* 16
friends, the gathering gloom.*k* 273
deeper in shadowy glooms..*g* 136
shall not chase my g. away..*f* 260
to counterfeit a gloom.....*e* 237
sunk in the quenching g....*e* 290
evening's gloom to join.....*h* 213
vast circumference and g...*m* 441
g. upon the mountain lies..*g* 447
damp vault's dayless gloom..*h* 347
Gloomy-night's dark and g...*m* 375
gloomy was heaven .....*i* 215
who would in such a gloomy.*f* 392
Glorify-g. what else is damn'd.*m* 324
Glorious-a glorious life or grave..*j* 8
g. word of popular applause.*y* 340
beneath that glorious tree..*m* 146
the glorious lists of fame....*r* 368
now with g. colors blest.....*o* 372
perfect shape most glorious.*d* 445
make thee g. by my pen.....*a* 495
the glorious uncertainty of..*p* 307
Gloriously-g. drunk, obey....*f* 214
Glory-by the love of glory.....*e* 8
beauty calls, and g. shows....*c* 18
a dying glory smiles.....*x* 58
eyes doth show the glory*....*o* 40
what a glory doth this.....*n* 66
meridian of my glory*.....*m* 92
a thirst of glory boast.....*o* 76
glory's morning gate,.....*e* 79
into glory peep.....*w* 97
silence, and o'er glory's din..*z* 61
glories of our blood and state.*s* 85
pleasure and glory of my life.*g* 38
th' excess of glory.....*t* 92
break forth in glory.....*w* 127
glory, and thy name are his..*k* 425
time's glory is to calm*.....*c* 427
years of its g. outnumber....*e* 439
the glory dies not.....*c* 114
go where glory waits thee...*m* 115
in glory are arrayed.....*b* 146
primroses will have their g..*k* 135
glory then for me.....*h* 151
glory of April and May.....*e* 155
wreaths that g. on his path..*d* 363
glory, the grape, love, gold..*d* 214
what a glory doth this world.*x* 225
which all glory springs.....*t* 227
therefore will glory win.....*t* 227
clonds of glory do we come..*q* 236
finished her own crown in g.*l* 193
g. is sweet when our heart...*j* 199
you may my glories and*...*d* 188
rank thee upon glory's page.*p* 311
glory cannot support a man..*q* 462
glory to the country.....*q* 297
to a deeper glory grew.....*n* 446
neither glory nor reprieve..*n* 450
g. and gain the industrions.*u* 495
glory as we sink in pride....*w* 501
g. dies not, and the grief past.*w* 178
track the steps of g. to the..*x* 178
g. built on selfish principles.*y* 178
paths of glory lead but to ...*z* 178
visions of glory spare my...*c* 179
glory of Him who hung .. .*b* 179
who pants for glory, finds...*c* 179
glory is like a circle in*.....*d* 179
like madness in the g. of*...*f* 179
nothing so expensive as g...*h* 179
'twas g. once to be a Roman..*i* 179
makes it g. now to be a man..*i* 179
great is the g. for the strife..*k* 179
glory there is in being good.*g* 182
they say are warm'd by g...*k* 184
set the stars of glory there..*g* 167
a glory in his bosom.....*k* 167
paradise islands of glory....*y* 201
away a g. from the earth ....*e* 208
pouring a new glory on.....*f* 376
glory and this grief agree....*l* 376
year in golden glory lies ... *n* 376
gathers up her robes of g....*r* 376
quite shall disappear the g..*o* 377
this, like thy glory, Titan...*d* 332
him who walked in glory ...*e* 338
lo, now my glory*.....*s* 267
there is no glory in star.....*f* 270
its glory flooding thy.....*n* 242
uncertain glory of an April*.*x* 247
its golden glory on the air...*k* 277
to glory, or the grave*. .....*h* 457
slaughter men for glory's...*d* 458
highest pitch of human g...*p* 458
reward with g. or with gold..*d* 401
the chief glory of any people.*k* 299
a glory in his bosom.....*j* 329
summers in a sea of glory*..*a* 347
glory of the British Queen...*a* 360
Gloss-g. that vadeth suddenly*.*u* 18
vaded g. no rubbing will*....*u* 18
charm, than all the g. of art..*c* 384
in their newest gloss* .....*e* 324
Glossy-dark and g. leaves ....*m* 146
Glove-g's as sweet as damask*.*o* 204
they were hand and glove...*o* 204
wins of him a pair of gloves..*n* 221
O, that I were a glove upon*.*e* 248
give me your gloves* .....*l* 497
matrons flung gloves*.....*c* 341
Glow-bliss more brightly glow..*j* 35
on our hearth shall glow...*m* 378
rosebnd with lily glows.....*l* 126
died amid the summer glow..*d* 126
blow in solid glow.....*d* 157
learned to g. for others' good..*u* 413
glows in ev'ry heart.....*n* 343
glows in the stars.....*p* 348

brilliant beauty glows.....j 158
pink with the faintest rosy g.r 150
Glowed-g. the firmament.....j 411
glow'd the lamp of day.....k 409
Glowing-glowing into day.....t 276
g. with the sun's departed..h 331
a mouth all glowing.....c 221
God's glowing covenant....k 352
gloomy gilt exalts the.....a 198
Glow-worm-g-w's on the.....g 212
glories like glow-worm.....j 179
g-w. shows the matin*.....k 447
fiery glow-worm's eyes*.....i 112
goodness is like the g-w....e 182
kindled the glow-worm.....n 288
Glutton-g., at another's cost..e 302
Gnarled-and g. oak*.....p 404
Gnats-g's around a vapour...a 401
Gnawn-g., and canker-bit*....o 431
Gnome-the g's direct.....k 321
Go-but I go on forever.....b 42
to go down to earth*.....o 90
but go at once*.....u 191
go far, too far you cannot...l 430
if money go before*.....t 462
will you go with me*.....r 302
but go at once*.....s 326
go with me, like good*.....d 345
say to me; "go not yet".....f 142
Goal-verges to some goal.....i 254
endless without goal.....r 241
will be the final goal of ill...f 202
till the goal ye win .....c 233
Goat-as the youthful goats*....s 24
hog, or bearded goat.....i 214
Goblet-touch the g. no more..h 214
life's g. freely press.....c 118
not a full blushing goblet...v 461
what a goblet.....e 328
Goblin-we talk with a g*.....k 112
God-with God can he accidental.k 2
God who chastens whom.....d 5
upon the front of God.....i 10
God will deign to visit.....m 10
mercy of their God.....p 10
nature is the art of God.....d 15
God's will and ours are.....aa 19
that deny a God destroy.....z 19
when God is near thou.....c 20
near God thou wilt.....c 20
as a denier of God.....l 20
died fearing God*.....o 20
God bless you! I have.....q 34
God bless us all.....b 35
God be thanked for books....f 37
God befriend us, as*.....e 43
many are afraid of God.....f 49
they serve God well.....h 53
to stand before his God.....a 55
God never gave man a.....p 56
suffer'd and as God.....u 56
glory to God on high .....f 57
wherever God erects .....u 57
a due reverence to God.....h 59
God Almighty first planted...r 69
the God of storms.....o 70
God spake once.....m 74
of heaven from God.....s 74
nature is, and God the soul...r 74
except the love of God.....w 79
if man would ever pass to G..t 82
shonld not think of God*.....o 83
owe God a death* .....p 83
if God's will were so*.....q 91
daughter of the voice of G...d 99
God's own time is best.....i 113
equal to God .....b 103
God grant when this life....p 105
God all mercy is a God unjust.a 181
finger of God has planted....j 136
God's wisdom and God's....l 179
to prayer-lo! God is great..m 179
God! sing, ye meadow.....n 179
acquaint thyself with God..o 179
man was made like God.....s 179
God enters hy a private door.v 179
I am athirst for God.....c 180
God the living, the.....f 180
only God may be had for the.g 180
God is our fortress*.....u 180
God shall be my hope*.....v 180
are but the varied God.....y 180
what, but God? inspiring*..z 180
God, from a beautiful.....aa 180
God sendeth and giveth....bb 180
God's ever watchful care....h 145
living pages of God's book..c 139
dear God, the name thou....i 140
God sent his singers upon..r 350
G. alone was to be seen in..f 386
fate of G. and men is wound.g 390
who bids for G's own image.n 388
God's own image bought... q 388
of all the thoughts of God..d 389
echo of the silent voice of G.a 484
G. and nature do with actors.b 484
man, God's latest image.....e 488
God the first garden made..ee 490
near, so very near to God...b 358
with God he passed the days.c 358
sees God in clouds.....f 358
fears God and knows no.....k 358
such as is given of God.....m 358
none hut God can satisfy....o 358
restore to God his due.....g 359
dare to look up to God.....m 360
so, God be with him*.....w 326
alone is even God deprived..j 327
man's unhappy, G's unjust.p 495
God's glowing covenant.....k 352
God is marching on.....j 329
God alone to-night knows...s 329
thy God s, and truth's*.....u 329
the God who made, for thee.e 330
tyrants is obedience to God.i 355
lonely 'twas, that God.....u 394
remote from man, with God.q 395
atheist half believes a God..c 396
save to the God of heaven*..j 345
chains about the feet of God.t 345
that is not toward God.....n 347
God made bees.....f 348
man proposeth, G. disposeth.i 348
G. gives wind hy the measure.j 348
justify the ways of G. to men.l 348
sees with equal eye, as God.r 348
God doth view whether they.t 348
God of nature alone, can....g 349
God tempers the wind to....h 349
and hest of all God's works..m 475
last the best reserv'd of G..d 476
excellently done, if G. did all*n 483
song, a music of G's making.a 193
where God is, all agree.....n 194
help thyself and G will help j 195
God helps them that help...q 195
man's the noblest work of G.o 198
world of God within us.....u 213
poetry is itself a thing of G..j 338
G. to his untaught children.c 339
God! I'd rather he a pagan..i 202
God is thy law, thou mine..y 203
came from G, and I'm going.r 207
making a man a God*.....a 208
we won't let God help us....a 209
God meant you to be when..e 210
'tis God gives skill.....r 281
God of love, with roses.....b 154
you believe in God.....h 158
God quickened—in the sea..c 285
the words of God.....c 402
will what God doth will.....k 407
best which God sends.....l 407
to God, thy country.....d 123
give to God each moment..cc 231
and all of God that bless....b 234
till God doth furnish more.m 236
God grant they read.....p 236
God who is our home.....q 236
God save our gracious king.u 250
God save the King.....u 250
justify the ways of G. to men.i 180
from the armoury of God...o 458
God made the country.....b 491
God is not dumb, that.....bb 493
one sole God.....j 494
servant of God, well done...y 494
God defend thy right*.....n 497
a G. alone can comprehend..b 181
now, God be prais'd*.....h 343
God did anoint thee with....r 482
are douhly false to God.....i 431
groves were God's first.....e 432
when God conceived the....m 293
fat, oily man of God.....b 318
God, whose boundless.....a 301
G. supplies, is inexhaustible.l 470
she is its light—its God.....p 470
ever God puts His children..h 442
you as holy men trust God..y 442
put your trust in God.....aa 442
hath ever been God's enemy*.l 448
fast by the oracle of God.....u 324
the smile of God is here.....n 352
God directs, in that 'tis man.n 354
God giveth quietness at last.e 362
God's mill grinds slow hut..b 363
majesty of God revere.....c 364
save to the God of heaven*..f 364
God gives not kings the stile.a 367
discerns God's fingers.....e 370
G. made him, and therefore*.t 254
God, the best maker of all*..r 257
some men treat the God.....q 164
God accepts while loving so.u 164
fortune is God.....k 166
God is marching on.....k 167
friends given by God.....i 170
thank God for grace.....d 415
senseless fear of God.....c 412
what to man, and what to G.t 224
God is the author.....o 230
end of all things—God.....m 230

God is more there than thou..d 364
Goddess-g. of might and glory..l 272
goddess, excellently bright..c 275
blushing goddess! hail.....g 278
goddess violated brought the..e 229
night, sable goddess.....j 290
the goddess in her left.....s 358
she moves a goddess.....e 476
she frowns no goddess.....e 478
God-father-earthly g-f's of*....k 297
Godhead-beamed manifest g....j 56
Godlike-is g. to unloose the....a 10
believe it is Godlike.....g 53
study's G. recompense*.....o 224
Godlike to have power.....h 342
G. is it all sin to leave.....l 384
capability and G. reason*....c 355
Godliness-next to godliness....i 59
Gods-angels would be gods.....a 9
see me here, you gods*.....r 7
servants hasting to be gods...y 8
to the gods alone.....e 66
boys are we to the gods*.....j 77
temples of his gods .....d 82
whom the gods love.....w 82
the gods implore not.....p 88
all the gods but doubt.....f 96
descend not from the gods...d 97
whom the g's love die young m 117
dynasty of dead gods.....q 150
snn-flower turns on her god..o 157
where every g. did seem*....p 254
light to gods and men.....r 276
the gods grow angry.....a 219
the gods are just*.....n 219
gods had made thee poetical*e 340
kings it makes gods*.....v 201
that, the gods sent not*.....t 203
the nature of the gods*.....n 263
to repress it, disobeys the g..s 453
poets find g's to help them..s 180
god of avenues and gates...f 269
the voice of all gods*.....s 245
that dwells with gods above*.v 248
the good the gods provide..w 491
to you, ye gods, belongs.....a 311
traffic's thy god*.....e 311
nectar, drink of gods.....e 364
sanction of the god.....l 367
gold is a living god.....q 181
in the name of all the g's*...b 186
the good gods forbid*.....b 184
the god of my idolatry*.....o 291
who hearkens to the gods...f 292
marble leapt to life a god....o 318
the gods see everywhere.....q 301
those who worship dirty g's*s 462
either a wild beast or a g....r 395
mighty father of the gods...l 448
making a man a god*.....e 455
to please thy g's thou did'st.g 488
Hoeder, the blind old god..aa 382
Godward-look up Godward...a 335
Goest-that way thou go'st*..... f 51
Goggle-eh, dull goggles.....o 123
Going-must endure their g*...g 119
speed the going guest.....m 202
never going aright*.....b 305
Gold-not covetous for gold*.....h 9
aurora doth with g. adorn...j 16
led by the nose with gold*...o 16
thy gold; worse poison*.....e 17
thieves sooner than gold*....v 18
wave their wings in gold.....j 24
in gold clasps, locks in*.....o 40
thou be current gold indeed*.j 51
tinged these clouds with gold..s 59
dross costs its ounce of gold..j 60
turns wooden cups to gold....j 67
hoop of gold, a paltry ring*..t 67
that schineth as the gold.....i 87
that glitters is not gold.....k 87
nor all that glitters gold.....m 87
not golde that outward.....r 87
not goid that glisteneth.....s 87
that glisters is not gold*.....z 87
gold all is not that.....n 88
gold all is not that doth.....n 88
were each wish a mint of g..p 89
gold makes wings, and flies..f 94
purchase him with pure g...t 102
not wed her for a mine of g.*.i 120
store of pure and genuine g..g 141
tossing plume of glowing g..i 141
heaven, as its purest gold...r 454
rank is good, and g. is fair..p 250
when gold and silver becks*.d 418
g. that buys health can never.q 192
gold does civil wars create..f 181
sands are its sands of gold..b 182
what's become of all the g...k 189
fruit of vegetable gold.....m 432
lavish of their long hid g....e 436
though gold 'bides still*.....i 305
pavement, trodden gold.....n 462
g. enough and marry him*..c 463
the rocks pure gold*.....d 465
gold is tried in the fire.....g 442
sunbeams dropped their g..g 446
nor of spangled gold.....m 352
butter cups of shining g....o 134
field o' the cloth of gold.....q 134
million drops of gold.....q 134
speck'd with gold .....d 135
champac's leaves of gold....j 135
not of gold but love.....g 125
run down too, carrying g....b 126
gold blossoms frecked with..i 129
thou, for all thy gold.....o 139
nectar, and the rocks pure g.*.g 258
gold soone decayeth.....o 170
his rays are all gold.....q 411
gold, and now he is dying...p 375
with g. of elms and birches..a 273
gold once out of the earth...g 274
reward with glory or with g..d 401
with patines of bright g*....k 403
g. candles fix'd in heaven's*..q 403
cloddy earth to glittering g.*..a 410
for gold and for treasures...d 233
the poop was beaten gold*...q 381
bleed gold for ministers.....c 468
reveal the calyxes of gold....e 349
still run gold dust.....i 424
fetch the age of gold.....e 425
narrowing lust of gold.....b 428
g. in phisike is a cordial....e 181
he loveth gold in special....e 181
g. begets in brethren hate..f 181
gold in families debate.....f 181
g. does friendships separate..f 181
gold does civil wars create...f 181
powerful gold can speed.....g 181
gold! gold! gold! gold!....h 181
gold, kept by a devil*.....k 181
when g. becomes her object*.l 181
give me thy g., if thou hast*..o 181
ore to perfect gold.....b 296
gold and silver becks me*...w 360
of gold and glittering sheen..t 304
gold is a living god.....q 181
to gild refined gold*.....o 163
half blotted out with gold...a 145
gold flashed out from the ...s 149
anemoncs and seas of gold..b 133
in their midst a disk of g...f 134
their chalices of gold.....n 134
Golden-golden day appear.....k 31
golden coats, like images*....k 24
those golden birds that.....m 29
wear a golden sorrow*.....d 67
that golden key that opes....o 82
flooding thy golden hair....n 242
their g. urns draw light.... u 402
stars with golden feet.....l 402
on his golden pligrimage*...v 403
golden progress in the east*.b 410
golden, snowy and red.....n 270
shot through with g. thread..k 436
along the west the golden...n 446
g. snn salutes the man*.....n 410
waved her golden hair.....t 200
plnck the acacia's g. balls...f 434
sun hath made a g. set*.....m 447
the golden moments fly.....h 324
the sea appears all golden.. f 323
g. opinions from all sorts*...e 324
g. bridge is for a flying.....l 355
silence is golden.....o 400
snnbeams thro' the golden..a 141
mountain gorses, ever g....k 141
his golden beams in view..-c 147
lapt in golden ease .....a 146
cloud that wears a g. hem...o 138
her golden light was seen...g 372
with the crocns g. bloom...m 372
inheritance of golden fruits.g 376
joys and golden times*.....z 251
draperie of golden clouds*..a 411
golden, glimmering vapors.g 411
extended his golden wand...h 411
back into his golden qniver.i 411
his coronet of golden corn..o 375
prodigality of g. harvest....e 376
year in golden glory lies....n 376
ere now, i' the golden time*.g 280
a crown golden in show.....g 367
golden age is not behind....c 202
pay g. toll to passing June..x 151
miles and miles of g. green..d 157
the golden harvest-hill.....a 152
g. that sprinkle the vale.....f 159
Golden-rod-g-r. of the roadside.f 141
crowning all-golden-rod...g 141
the stem of the golden-rods.h 141
on the hill the golden-rod...d 126
autumn-blaze of golden-rod..b 376
golden-rods all flourish free..o 377
Gold-Eyed-g-e. king cups.....g 144
Goldfinch-g. there I saw.....c 25
Gone-thou art g., and forever ..l 83
gone, flitted away.....m 90
they now to fight are gone..m 457

he is far gone, far gone*.....h 246
the last red ray is gone.....m 446
g., and green grass covereth.f 450
g., and what's past help*....o 360
'tis not to have you gone*..h 477
ay, Cæsar; but not gone*...o 426
what? gone without a word*.u 383
whom g., if thou cans't not,q 425
g. as to death the merriest...s 425
art g., and never must.....bb 186
the winter is over and gone..f 371
Good-angels are, or good or ill..v 2
broadest basis of a good life...s 4
vain and doubtful good*.....u 18
good things will strive*.....e 19
good is, in that primal good.aa 19
we get no good by being.....s 36
of bokes and of alle good.....k 38
good for bad*.....m 53
Thou Good Supreme.....c 90
to do good, sometime*.....q 50
g. name in man and woman*.r 50
I do love my country's g*....f 71
'tis good in every case.....x 63
evil be thou my good.....b 91
labors for some good.....s 92
too much of a good thing*...t 89
good alone is good*.....b 89
made us lose the good*.....j 96
still educing good.....h 113
chief good, and market of*..f 255
good undone for the living.h 483
do good by stealth.....q 115
good men will leave them...c 120
I must be good.....r 181
what g. I see humbly I seek..s 181
soweth g. seed shall surely..b 182
would be g., first believe....c 182
the luxury of doing good....d 182
how near to g. is what is fair.f 182
g., the more communicated.h 182
g. men can give g. things...i 182
that which is not g. is not..i 182
'tis only noble to be good...s 182
ill wind turns none to good..o 166
or g., or bad, they are but..m 252
what good man is not.....i 171
I can but trust that good....e 202
we trust that somehow good.f 202
the g. man yields his breath.s 207
providence, all g., and wise.q 348
some special g. doth give*..u 348
the good and bad together*..s 306
the source of all good .....d 357
a commodity of g. names*...d 360
nor it cannot come to good*.o 383
filche from me my g. name*..r 387
g. men will yield the praise.m 343
wilt bave me wise and g....m 398
seek to be good.....d 475
than to study household g..l 475
good, amiable, or sweet....m 475
are took something good*...b 477
nurse and breeder of all g*..b 427
hours may end in good.....l 489
too much of a g. thing.....r 490
no g. book, or g. thing.....n 490
does evil that good.....m 106
God bids us do g. for evil*..r 106
out of g. still to find.....p 106
the good is oft interred*....s 106
good unask'd, in mercy....m 407
what good came of it.....y 452
learned to glow for other's g.u 413
g. company and g. discourse.v 455
through good and evil.....i 243
was good as she was fair....b 245
dwelt all that's good.....m 250
from good to bad.....w 267
form'd for the good alone...w 193
with good intentions.....t 194
to be noble, we'll be good...n 199
our greatest good.....m 200
good the gods provide thee.w 491
once is good, is ever great...r 185
wide world's goods explore..a 311
beneath the good how far...q 492
speaks something good.....k 317
good in everything*.....w 317
I know and love the good...d 462
my goods, my chattels*.....b 465
the best is a good wife.....g 465
bloweth no man good.....o 466
which blows no man to g.*..p 467
ill wind turns none to good.u 467
then is knowledge "good"..p 470
common good to all*.....a 291
to keep the good and just...f 291
good are better made by ill..e 442
other g's by fortune's hand.u 464
truth is the source of every g.g 445
always some good moments. c 449
good attending captive ill*.w 496
are good spirits and evil...bb 500
g. reader that makes the g...k 353
good dost thou ne'er foretel.u 347
partial evil, universal good.n 348
let them be good that love..q 169
ah, how good it feels.....u 169
to find one good, you must..e 170
can make g. things from ill.h 158
g. sense, which only is the.w 379
and leave us leisure to be g.g 228
hear a good man groan*.....f 333
true poet is a public good...p 336
life is good; but not life....p 233
with good or ill.....p 236
the good with smiles.....p 236
what within is good and fair.q 240
impious in a g. man to be sad.r 369
be good, sweet maid.....n 290
no good in being clever.....t 406
Goodly-g. outside falsehood*.aa 87
of his goodly chambers.....b 244
of a goodly day to-morrow*.m 447
Good-man-g-m. spanned his..g 372
Good-morning-bid me "g-m.".q 230
Good-nature-g-n. and good....c 165
Goodness-g. thinks no ill.....o 61
how awful goodness is.....u 90
if goodness leade him not...r 253
g. as the Christian religion.a 182
long may such goodness live.j 182
true g. is like the glowworm.e 182
great g., out of holy pity*..p 182
more g. in his little finger...r 182
recanting g., sorry ere*.....e 174
wisdom and God's goodness*.l 179
wisdom and g., they are God*.l 179
want of g. and of grace.....b 227
virtue is bold, and g.*.....m 451
and melts to goodness.....t 413
a piece of simple goodness..p 315
wisdom and goodness.....x 468
g. dares not check thee*....k 448
goodness thinks no ill.....m 469
greatness and goodness are..k 486
Good-night-our g-n. kiss.....e 82
say not "good-night".....q 230
good-night, good-night*....p 248
g-n., and joy be wi' you a'..f 495
at once, good-night*.....s 326
g-n.! as we so oft have said..p 326
g-n., till it be to-morrow*...t 326
good-night, ladies*.....y 308
my native land—good-night.n 430
Good-sense-good nature and g-s.e 165
Good-wife-g-w. oped the.....g 372
Good-will-professions of g.....q 171
Goose-every g. is cackling*....n 28
what is sauce for the goose.k 104
write with a g. pen.....n 300
Gordian-g. knot of it he will*.x 340
Gore-with earth and with g....i 457
than shedding seas of gore..k 63
Gorge-dusk in the g's darkness g 447
Gorgeous-g. fame of summer..j 386
g. draperies of golden clouds a 411
'midst all the g. figures.....h 322
Gorging-g. their hopeless.....b 30
Gorgon-gorgons and hydras...s 494
Gormandizing-leave g.*.....x 417
Gorse-mountain gorses, do ye f 141
the gay gorse bushes in .....m 141
Gosling-such a g. to obey*....c 209
Gospel-lineaments of gospell..a 263
gospel of the golden rule....n 317
than under gospel colors hid e 357
Gossamer-tangled g. that fell..o 375
not the light gossamer.....g 242
Gossip-g. is a sort of smoke...t 182
if my g. report be an*.....w 182
Got-ill got had ever bad*.....d 408
Gothic-the g. cathedral is a...g 296
Gotten-that thou hast gotten.p 268
Gout-in good company—the g...n 5
Govern-divine of kings to g...d 183
can tyrant's safely govern*.n 448
syllables govern the world..n 226
stars above g. our condition*o 403
think must g. those that ...aa 182
those who govern a nation..m 298
eyes g. better than the sun..e 450
Governed-by books.....w 40
Governess-the moon, the g.*..d 276
Government-hinder g.*.....o 95
government through high.*g 183
for forms of government....b 234
'tis government that*.....s 477
Gown-thou hast marr'd her g*o 258
thy gown? why, ay*.....j 320
robes and furr'd g's hide all *y 384
Grace-sweet time of grace .....d 2
errands of supernal grace ...m 10
heightens ease with grace...q 13
shot forth peculiar graces....i 18
unrivalled grace discloses....j 18
gems add grace to thee.....k 18
an especial sign of grace.....f 31
the sparrow in high grace....h 32

this grace speaks his*.....a 51
young heart's grace.....m 55
lead these g's to the grave*..m 77
unbought grace of life.....e 95
tho power of g., the magic of k 183
snatch a g. beyond the reach n 183
God give him g. to groan*..p 183
mickel is the powerful g.*..r 183
what graces in my love do*..s 183
tender g. of a day that is dead t 183
more thy grace; leave*.....x 417
the g. that makes a woman..c 241
small herbs have g., great*..p 188
as innocent as grace itself*..w 431
if possible with grace.....o 462
other graces will follow in...i 354
fancy lent it grace .....e 355
that grace can e'er be found.u 262
sweet attractive kind of g...a 263
so good a grace as mercy*....l 263
grace affordeth health.....g 266
graces will appear*.....a 455
heavenly grace doth him...m 418
giveth grace unto every art y 192
sweet attractive grace.....r 494
better g. hut I do it more*...s 497
grace and good disposition*.f 499
meek and unaffected grace..j 317
grace to stand and virtue go*s 317
where his grace stands*.....v 317
hangs with sheltering grace g 441
years ago comes into g. again s 116
that growth in grace.....f 108
poised above in airy grace.. r 161
hiding all thy tender graces j 144
opens with perennial grace..a 139
unlooking for such grace...u 259
grace at table is a song.....a 340
the higher a man is in grace k 203
how friendless thy grace....v 285
thy modest grace forget.....p 156
light and free in sudden g's.d 158
her tyranny had such a g....o 473
grace was in all her steps....k 475
dignity and more than g....e 478
hy their own sweet grace....y 108
the careless eye can find no g. v 145
thank God for grace.....d 415
spring unhosoms every g....p 373
want of goodness and of g...b 227
the king-becoming graces*..h 368
such grace the heavens do...c 208
g's love to wreath the rose...q 153
nameless graces which.....e 283
in lovelier g. to sun and dew b 156
makes simplicity a g.....e 384
Graced-graced with polished..r 168
g. with wreaths of victory*..v 452
Graceful-g. myrtle rear'd its..r 147
Gracious-g. to re-admit.....b 165
Graciously-g. to passing eyes p 155
Grain-but with a grain a day* h 263
a little g. shall not be spilt...e 250
say, which grain will grow*..k 224
less privileged than grain...a 363
amber g. shrink in the wind v 351
hous'd their annual grain...k 295
grain that slowly ripples....d 393
Grammar-erecting a g. school* f 318
with grammar, and.....e 468
Grammar-tree-climbs the g-t..i 405
Grand-old name of gentleman.g 178
Grandam-a g. ere she died*....n 54
Grandest-g. things in having..v 360
Grandeur-g consists in form..i 296
excite an idea of grandeur..f 402
true grandeur of nations.....b 52
around in silent g. stood....i 142
Grandfather-who is thy g*....i 320
Grandsire-g. cut in alabaster*hh 499
g., ere of Eve possessed.....d 476
Granite-verses builds it in g..t 299
marble and g., with grass....s 368
the mountain of granite....g 296
Grant-unask'd, in mercy g...m 407
Granted-taking for granted...v 244
Grape-on the g. still hangs....g 273
devil in every herry of the g.i 468
g. may have its hacchanal...l 439
rich droppings of the g.....b 438
Grape-vine-where g's clamher..e 34
Grapple-g. them to thy soul*..l 170
Grasp-no present to our g....s 175
grasp it like a man of.....t 71
that slackened g. doth hold..g 141
Grass-broods in the grass.....n 22
to life the grass and violets...q 27
flowers and crushed grass....u 28
lies on the wet grass.....g 33
g. whereon thou treadest* ...f 51
grass is already growing.....p 65
the g. you almost hear it....f 226
and like to g. that groweth...o 234
hid beneath the g's, wet.....e 131
their cool deep heds of grass. i 131
dropping on the g. like snow .f 135
an eldorado in the grass....n 139
the grass stoops not.....*l 164
telling, in the dewy grass...b 139
not see the serpent in the g..u 473
sun hurns all our g. away...q 398
from the growing of grass...y 399
flowers loom through the g..j 371
to life the grass and violets..q 371
stars in the shadowy grass..u 371
flowers and leaves and g's...h 372
soft green grass is growing..q 373
lie upon the thick green g..j 373
hladed g. revives and lives..r 373
g. keps its ain drap o' dew...a 374
g. bends its spear-like form..f 378
the grass has grown green..a 279
on slender blades of grass...j 202
grass, yellow and parch'd...b 129
munching the grasses.....i 409
league of g. wash'd by a.....b 177
g. grows at last above all....r 195
green g. flowcth like a stream.t 195
how lush and lusty the g.*...v 195
g. is green when flowers....y 195
we trample grass and prize..y 195
with you on this grass*.....g 303
fresh the wild g. springs.....l 432
in the lonely sea of grass....a 439
with their tangled grass....m 184
Grasshopper-the g's among...k 212
Grassy-grassy coverlet of God..w 85
the plains was grassy.....d 226
Grateful-g. than this marvel..a 486
Gratefully-yet would I g. lie...p 376
she g. receives what.....a 66
Gratis-I'll endanger my soul g.*k 399
Gratitude-is the gratitude....f 367
g. is the fairest blossom.....u 184
gratitude is expensive.....e 184
still, small voice of g.....w 184
th' unwilling g. of base.....x 183
Grave-unto a quiet grave*.....e 7
mouthed g's will give.....l 7
in the g. there is no work....a 10
a grave to rest in, and a.....b 10
dig my grave thyself*.....g 21
low laid in my grave*.....j 91
let's talk of graves*.....m 91
we hargain for the graves....j 60
into the dark and noisome g..u 79
these graces to the grave*...m 77
without a grave.....j 80
cradle stands in our grave....c 81
art gone to the grave.....g 81
companions in the grave.....o 81
graves stood tenantless*.....x 84
to our grave we walk.....u 85
gates of the grave.....z 85
grave shall never prevail.....x 85
mattock and the grave.....r 86
steer from grave to gay.....u 68
tides were in their grave....f 78
even cities have their graves..c 59
hands thy humhle g. adorn'd..a 83
hast thou not even a grave...e 25
that's deep enough for g's....p 49
in the cold grave.....x 382
fame stands upon the grave.t 114
where, grave, thy victory....t 112
keep a dream or grave apart.g 117
enthusiasm is grave.....l 103
talk of graves, of worms*....h 104
an untimely grave.....j 184
g's they say are warmed hy..k 184
to the grave I turned me.....l 184
g. shall with rising flow'rs..r 184
never the g. gives back what.s 184
measure of an unmade g.*..b 185
on his g. rains many a tear*.d 185
hope to inherit in the grave.f 185
green that folds thy grave...h 185
from their darksome grave..u 145
fragrant blossom over graves.b 134
grave to grave the shadow...e 139
mourner o'er the humhlest g.i 415
grave is hut a plain suit.... j 274
this grave shall have*.....l 274
every kingdom hath a grave.t 366
and hungry as the grave....u 203
perhaps her grave.....a 286
arise from their graves.....c 157
in yonder g. a druid lies....y 490
parent, and he is their g*....c 427
started from their graves....e 401
graves, all gaping wide*....m 401
from the g. to tell us this*..n 401
a moving grave.....b 267
break up their drowsy g.*...e 266
to glory, or the grave.....h 457
steps of glory to the grave...x 178
of glory lead hnt to the g....z 178
grows at last above all g's...r 195
an ornamented grave.....u 196
ourselves dishonorable g's*..f 183
on the graves of the dead....p 396
one foot in the grave.....a 448
its terror from the grave.....t 357

g. with my repentant tears*. j 359
approach thy grave. . . . . k 360
sinks to the grave. . . . . n 360
gazing on kings' graves*. . . . t 328
green graves of our sires. . . h 329
quiet sleep within the grave. a 397
a grave for men alive. . . . . i 347
earliest at his grave. . . . . w 472
eager to anticipate their g. . . s 381
my grave as now my bed. . . . t 388
Gravemaking–he sings at g. . . . g 321
Grave-stone–g-s. of a dead. . . . . k 374
g-s's tell truth scarce forty. . f 184
g-s's left upon the earth. . . . . j 39
I see their scattered g-s's. . . m 184
Graveyard–g's with their. . . . . m 184
Gravitate–tending to gravitate. . p 2
Gravity–more of g. than gaiety. r 216
g. is the ballast of the soul. . . c 399
Gray–dark, forlorn, and gray. . . . u 6
O good gray head which. . . . . u 7
gray eyes are sober. . . . . y 110
this gone—and all is gray. . . j 446
pines grow gray a little. . . . . i 440
g. flits the shade of power. . . i 342
Great–if at great things thon. . . u 8
great ones eat up the little*. . v 11
will show themselves great. . m 61
the deed I intend is great. . . aa 88
though fallen, great. . . . . f 69
great in itself, not praises. . . . q 71
those g. in war, are g. in love. q 71
he is truly great that is. . . . . d 49
creation is great. . . . . k 74
g. griefe will not be tould. . . g 188
no really great man ever. . . . q 185
once is good, is ever great. . . r 185
great men stand. . . . . t 185
g. of heart, magnanimous. . . u 185
g. man is he who does not. . w 185
are not g. men the models. . . x 185
man is great, and he alone. . y 185
he hath grown so great*. . . . . b 186
are born g., some achieve*. . . c 186
g. is youth—equally great. . n 186
g. to he a woman, as to be a. . o 186
great let me call him, for he. p 186
I'm as great as they. . . . . g 135
the pleasure is as great. . . . . t 333
the world is great. . . . . j 402
great in the earth. . . . . b 286
g. thoughts, like g. deeds. . . . e 419
thoughts are so great. . . . . r 419
nature doth nothing so g. . . . y 455
neighborhood of the great. . e 199
g. hearts alone understand. . g 182
e'en the great find rest. . . . . q 184
strong and great, a hero. . . . . l 196
think the g. unhappy, but. . q 186
find great men often greater. s 298
the great hreak through. . . . . c 307
behaviours from the great*. x 360
speech is great, hut silence. m 382
g. sins make great sufferers. k 384
to be simple is to be great. . b 384
envy of the great. . . . . b 396
aim not to he great. . . . . d 475
no great object, satisfies the. r 421
men entirely great. . . . . s 299
great and good do not die. . . r 300
g. faith must have g. trials. . j 442
little things are g. to little. . p 442
far above the great. . . . . q 491
a great man quotes hravely. c 351
g. man helped the poor. . . . . o 449
none think the g. unhappy. u 501
all things, both great and. . . x 343
nothing great was ever. . . . . j 103
is no great and no small. . . . . l 104
he rule the g. that cannot. . . j 183
we are easily great. . . . . e 169
make others great*. . . . . g 211
Greater–a g. than themselves*. w 103
Brutus makes mine greater*. q 170
no greater grief! is it then. . k 188
greater to have rule hy day. g 297
must be, g. than the rest. . . . i 325
approve thy worth the g.*. . . o 387
Greatest–g. can but hlaze, and. o 115
self-conquest is the g. . . . . p 452
greatest of all monarchies. . . s 455
our greatest good. . . . . m 200
nothing of its greatest men. j 186
g. truths are the simplest. . . d 384
Greatly-after life, does g. please. b 362
great man who thinks g. . . . m 185
Greatness–no might nor g. in*. . j 42
true g. of the individual. . . . . b 52
point of all my greatness*. . . m 92
not the love of greatness. . . . l 185
greatness knows itself*. . . . . a 186
g. of man is unfolded. . . . . m 186
farewell, to all my greatness* w 118
eternal substance of his g. . . b 114
g. can but blaze, and pass. . . o 115
envie not greatnesse. . . . . p 103
in shadow of such g.*. . . . . c 211
his greatness is a ripening*. t 235
comes of his greatness. . . . . e 449
g. and goodness are not. . . . . k 485
Greece–fair Greece! sad. . . . . f 69
Greece might still be free. . . . g 69
in early Greece she sung. . . . m 281
the isles of Grcece. . . . . c 374
Greece, Italy and England. . n 335
beauties of exulting Greece. r 318
to G. we give our shining. . . o 329
Athens, the eye of Greece. . . o 494
Greek–above all Greek. . . . . n 115
when Greeks joined Greeks. r 457
like the Greek, sit down. . . . . e 245
small Latin and less Greek. . z 493
thou speakest to the Greeks. u 342
Green–g. be the turf above thee. . w 3
leaves are waving green. . . . . q 23
mazes, and surrounding g's. . b 70
spreads equal green above. . . w 85
green immortal shamrock. . m 156
drops of gold among the g. . . q 134
her silky green has fled. . . . . l 135
cowslips gild the level green. n 136
nature hangs her mantle g. . b 371
last snow and the earliest g. . f 372
g. spread the meadow all. . . . o 372
g. and fair the summer lies. . e 374
g. bloomed oak and acacia. . . k 378
a fresher green the smelling. t 277
making the green one red*. . p 280
strew thy g. with flowers*. . n 130
look green in song. . . . . p 451
violets hidden in the green. u 160
green that folds thy grave. . . h 185
trimly lin'd with green . . . . . o 303
glowing through the green. . p 433
all the place with green. . . . . d 434
green not alone in summer. . h 437
tufts are glowing in the g. . . c 145
married to green in all. . . . . i 109
all green was vanished . . . . . l 437
its leaves of velvet green. . . . l 439
trip upon the green*. . . . . b 325
keeping green love's lilies. . . n 474
Green-eyed–the g-e. monster*. . c 215
Greenhouse–garden, loves a g. . c 127
Greenwood–under the g. tree*. g 433
wind through the greenwood. q 23
Greet–to greet the glowing sun q 372
greets the dappled morn. . . . . t 53
grect the all auspicious day. c 450
Greeting–and help the echoes. n 116
which resembles greeting. . . l 326
farewell sighs their g's. . . . . d 372
words of g. must be spoken. g 195
greeting from the wind. . . . . o 89
Grendilla–g., in its bloom . . . . j 439
Grew–grew broad flag flowers. . e 140
g. like two buds that kiss. . . . l 449
so we grew together*. . . . . g 449
Greyhound–g's mouth—it*. . . k 472
Grief–the canker and the grief. . o 5
as full of grief as age*. . . . . r 7
swallow felt the deepest g. . . . n 32
more of mortal griefs* . . . . . k 44
glorious g. and solemn mirth m 57
is crowned with grief. . . . . n 63
but grief and woe*. . . . . q 91
the grief is past. . . . . c 114
and feed her grief. . . . . bb 100
g. unto grief, joy unto joy. . n 116
sick and pale with grief*. . . . s 103
if grief thy steps attend. . . . . g 170
my joy in grief. . . . . i 170
add to all the g's I suffer. . . . r 186
no greater grief than to. . . . . u 186
better that our g's should not v 186
the silent manliness of grief. w 186
only cure for grief is action. y 186
no grief like the grief. . . . . z 186
poor man! grief has so*. . . . a 187
each substance of a grief*. . d 187
every one can master a g.*. . e 187
great griefs, I see, medicine* f 187
g. fills the room up of my*. . g 187
g. is proud, and makes his*. h 187
g's of mine own lie heavy*. . i 187
grief softens the mind*. . . . . j 187
grief that does not speak*. . . k 187
what grief should I forget*. . l 187
speak comfort to that grief*. o 187
shadows to the unseen g.*. . p 187
heart is drown'd with grief*. r 187
g. hath changed me, since*. . t 187
some g's are med'cinable*. . w 187
g. bears such an emphasis*. b 188
what private g's they have*. c 188
dark is the realm of grief. . . . e 188
griefe will not be tould. . . . . g 188
my grief lies onward*. . . . . a 108
when earth's grief is sorest. . f 133
half-clos'd eye of grief. . . . . n 127
these may paint a grief. . . . . p 129
glory and this grief agree. . . . l 376
thousand griefs minute as. . . e 380

thus grief still treads.....l 256
smiling at grief*.....k 274
of all the griefs that harass..d 216
where lies your grief*.....i 220
into the bottom of my g.*...d 333
has its voice--so has grief..a 282
fiercest grief can charm.....f 283
silent language of grief.....j 417
grief is fine, full perfect*....b 268
it is a greater grief*.....f 247
a bootless grief*.....aa 418
grief and avenging cares....e 195
take away the g. of a wound*.u 199
griefs—and God has given..x 200
forestall his date of grief...dd 494
themselves in sociable grief*.t 189
care and grief of heart*.....q 312
join griefs to thy griefs.....c 316
plague of sighing and grief*-j 397
help should be past grief*...o 360
perk'd up in a glistering g.*.e 398
sorrow at my grief in love*..h 398
from all my grief, O Lord ...q 343
no g. can thy soft power.....c 428
minds with grief opprest...n 389
grief is like a summer storm.v 472
holds no society with grief..q 486
mighty griefs are dombe....q 382
Grieve-nor joy, nor grieve.....y 65
g's my heart ; and wets my*.k 88
g's me sair to see thee.....m 390
Grieved—longest g. to miss...p 169
we g., we sigh'd, we wept...v 266
I saw it and grieved.....o 171
Grieving-knowledge but g.....l 99
that is light grieving.....s 186
Grim-grim death now in view.g 82
Grim-visaged-g-v. war hath*.m 459
Grin-every grin, so merry.....b 43
grin on me, and I* .....w 83
wears one universal grin...m 285
grins of his own invention..s 318
and the devil did grin.....m 346
Grind-God's mill g. slow but..b 363
the mill will never grind....e 494
grind the bones out of their.e 341
Grinding-needs tarry the g.*.n 302
Grinned-death g. horrible.....l 82
Grinning-g. at his pomp*.....m 85
Grisly-spake the g. terror.....n 82
Groan-that I do groan withal*.r 60
hear a good man groan*.....f 353
are clamorous groans*.....a 255
with mortifying groans*....a 265
scorn is bought with g's*...u 248
condemn'd alike to groan..aa 396
earth groans, as if beneath..b 404
he groans in anguish .....h 417
drum now to drum did g...m 457
God give him grace to g,*....p 183
Groaning-lay g., fretful at.....b 252
Groat-a pin a day's a g. a year.h 101
sixpence where I gave a groat k 62
Grog-wild-blazing grog shop..e 214
Grossness-g. f his nature.....f 259
by loosing all his grossness.u 451
hiding the g. with fair*.....h 88
Grotesque-no g's in nature....h 285
Grotto-my g's are shaded with.b 226
I'll teach my g's green to be.j 240
Ground-by the ground to hear .j 25
on the ground her lowly nest.r 25
scorner of the ground.....k 26
rather the ground that's.....p 49
lifts me above the ground....h 97
ground with dainty daisies.d 139
let us sit upon the ground*.w 367
lifts me above the ground*..s 247
g. with warm rain wet.....v 130
man be sown in barren g....a 363
start from common ground..r 132
beat the ground for kissing*n 214
I seem to tread on classic g...v 334
having waste g. enough*....k 268
man's blood paint the g.* ....i 459
ground with daffodowndillies c 131
on a ground of sombre fir...o 133
secretly making the g. green.t 209
throw that on the ground ...r 417
at rest within the ground...g 184
low in the ground.....p 184
g. beneath them trembles....x 302
Grove-warbler of the grove.....s 28
o'er shady g's they hover....j 31
over this tufted grove.....p 59
groves o' sweet myrtle.....g 70
grove's a joyous sound.....g 184
retired to the grove.....o 298
g's were God's first temples.e 432
no tree in all the g. but....f 432
grove nods at grove.....b 433
I flew to the grove.....i 153
I come from the g. of roses..c 155
grove of myrtles made.....c 271
that spangled every grove..p 374
shade of the cedar grove....n 288
g's that shade the plain.....p 364
court, the camp, the grove..l 245
through g's deep and high..o 245
groves of Eden, vanish'd....p 451
groves put forth their buds..g 437
seems itself a grove.....c 438
walks of twilight groves.....l 440
Grow-g's with more pernicious*f 17
our happiness will grow.....y 40
tree in time may g. again....s 46
so wise we grow.....b 61
we grow like flowers.....a 90
young May violet grows....a 159
g's right out of the sea.....k 410
grass g's at last above all...r 195
most, g's two thereby.....n 444
g. faster than the years*....p 448
lilies, how they grow.....h 145
that grow for happy lovers..n 140
g's with his growth, and....n 188
I would not grow so fast*...p 188
g. in the cold atmosphere...h 393
grow on like the fox-glove..g 208
that grows and withers all..o 234
surely you'll grow double..e 406
where g's? where g's it not.m 295
grow d ar as they g. old.. .b 300
Growing-lasting here, and g..h 170
spreading and g., till life...h 175
while man is g., life is.....q 428
soft green grass is growing..q 372
thought makes g. revelation.q 419
Growl-bears and lions g.....d 68
Growth-principle of growth ...v 55
a plant of slow growth.....i 61
a growth to meet decay.....n 137
thence to a richer g. I came..l 142
grows with his growth.....x 233
growth of the intellect.....p 213
sheer off in vigorous g.....u 200
decay and growth of .....f 356
g. that is not towards God..n 347
Grudge-feed fat the ancient g*q 363
do not grudge to pick.....k 317
Gruel-water-g. without salt....o 293
Grundy-more of Mrs. Grundy..f 40
what will Mrs. G. say.....c 324
Grunt-g. and sweat under a*.f 176
Guard-guard dies, but never...o 41
virtue's a stronger guard....u 455
watchful g's its passage.....g 181
holy angels g. thy bed.....i 392
watch-dog g's his couch.....r 447
blessings they enjoy to g....i 361
who guards her, or with her.z 203
that gnard onr native seas..f 124
surest guard is innocence...r 453
He guards us too.....t 348
Guardians-g's of mankind....d 401
g's gloomy-winged .....w 383
Gudgeon-to swallow g's ere...d 162
Guerdon-fairy g.when we hope k 115
a white rose bud for a g.... g 151
Guess-g. I may, what I must..o 137
square our g. by shows* ....i 194
Guest-salutes the smiling g....e 12
to receive the guest.....r 23
summer guest, so low.....f 32
oft and unintruding guest...n 33
death is a guest divine.....g 86
I would my guests should....i 76
to seize the flitting guest...m 251
mysterions unknown guest..j 407
host who murders his g's...u 492
and jovial among your g's*..s 188
here's our chief guest*.....u 188
a g. that best becomes the*..v 188
see, your guests approach*.w 188
unbidden guests are often*. x 188
like hungry guests.....o 293
soul, the body's guest.....i 399
I have invited many a g.*..g 122
that were our summer g's...c 376
speed the going guest.....m 202
with me and be my guest...p 202
sits tormenting every guest.y 414
speed the parting guest.....a 174
like an unbidden guest.....o 156
guests were in her eyes*....h 393
parting guest by the hand*..a 427
Guide-best g.; not following...t 107
who my guide.....j 168
g., philosopher, and friend..h 210
maxim be my virtue's g....f 454
can guide the creature.....h 245
skilful guide into poetic ....h 357
stars will guide us back.....i 402
who led a fitting guide.....u 314
safe guide, the path,.....l 292
Providence their guide.....l 484
charity, became the guide...l 488
Guilt-thing of sin and guilt....x 53
how glowing guilt exalts....a 189
land of levity is a land of g..d 189
of heavy guilt thrown off....q 357
Cross! it takes our g. away..t 357
only art her guilt to cover...e 359

those who fear not guilt....f 253
wear the mask of g. to hide.m 211
close pent-up guilts*.....b 263
till guilt created fear.....r 453
if guilt's in that heart.....r 243
guilt's a terrible thing.....z 188
art can wash her guilt away.k 474
of all his guilt let him be....b 176
world is full of g. and misery.c 432
Guilty-let g. men remember..a 385
guilty men escape not.....a 219
haunts the guilty mind*....j 412
it started like a g. thing*....b 189
g. creatures, sitting at a play*k 294
Guinea-always wants g's.....f 424
the guinea helps the hurt...x 268
he wants fifty guineas.....t 297
rank is but the g. stamp....a 350
g. and seven-shilling pieces.d 473
Guitar-her unstrung guitar...d 457
Gulf-g. no mortal e'er repass'd.u 79
Gulf-stream-g-s. of our youth...f 6
Gulping-gulping salt-water...o 123
Gum-my tortured g's alang..j 303
Gun-cawing at the gun's*.....d 25
bnt for these vile guns*.....y 73
Gunner-g. with lynstock*....q 460
Gurgling-pure g. rills the.....g 226
Gush-a gush of bird-song.....b 271
torrents gush the summer..r 373
gush that swells and sinks..b 281
gushes, and is drunk up....v 281
showers the sunshine gushes j 410
Gushing-g. down a rocky bed.l 135
my gush ng eyes o'erflow...a 316
Gust-explana ion of our gusts..d 48
gusts will blow out fire*.....r 108
in sin s extremest gust*.....o 280
whirlwind's fickle gust.....n 405
sweeping with shadowy g...t 467
bleak gusts f autumn.....j 466
Gusty-for the gusty rain.....m 288
all day the gusty no th-wind.l 378
Gypsy-gypsy-children of song..j 17
with a g. beauty full and....g 136
thoughts as g's do stolen.....q 333

H.

Habit-which by h's power....r 483
justice is a h. of the mind..aa 218
eat of habit's evil*.....x 454
pureth in the meanest h.*...i 900
civil h. oft covers a good....e 189
h. with him was all the test.f 189
small habits well pursued...h 189
use doth breed a habit*.....j 189
costly 'hy h. as thy purse*..f 320
habits of close attention.....f 298
habi' by the inward man*..d 324
Habitation nothing a local h.*.h 337
thy habitation is thy heart h 347
Hackney-in some starv'd h.....283
Had-God may be had for 'he.. 60
what we sp nt we had.....l 60
can lose what he never had. i 501
Haggish-haggish age steal on*.q 41
Hail-flail of the lashing hail....u 59
hail horrors ! hail.....v 90
h. to thee, lady ! and the*...q 183
hails you Tom or Jack.....t 168
hail to the day*.....a 274
hail to the chief who in.....r 452
h., Columbia ! happy land..o 196
scenes at distanee hail.....s 200
and cried—all hail*.....x 431
hail, fellow, well met.....dd 500
the more the hail beats.....q 439
Hair-his silver hairs will*.....c 7
bring white hairs unto*.....e 7
sooner by white hairs*.....k 7
shaking his drawie hayre.....i 16
a hair twixt south and.....n 75
from his horrid hair.....v 92
oil thy head and h. are sleek.o 321
got more hair on thy chin*..d 322
to quench the hair*.....e 322
dead women, with such h...k 189
when you see fair hair, be..m 189
beware of her fair h., for....n 189
draws us with a single h....r 189
comb down his hair; look*..u 189
ill white h's become a tool*..b 190
hair to stand on end*.....j 121
turned by a single hair.....g 256
misty, tremulous hair.....h 376
in beauty's midnight hair...b 156
her dusky hair.....n 288
cutting a smaller hair than..d 370
singing alone combing her h.d 246
flooding thy golden hair....n 242
strung with his hair.....s 245
waved her golden hair.....t 200
beg a h. of him for memory*.a 184
and scanty hairs.....a 448
hair that now uncurls*.....v 321
you to her with a single h..m 342
native ornament of hair.....a 384
flowing, hair as free.....e 384
Hair-breath-swerve a h's-b....r 444
Hairy-hairy about the face*...u 321
Hal-Hal, and thou lovest me*..b 498
Halcyon-telling of the h. days.b 142
Half-in danger is h. the battle..g 72
too civil by half.....g 73
overcome but half his foe ...o 452
my dear, my better half.....f 465
hears but h. who hears one..c 346
halfe, or altogether, innocent.h 359
Half-blown-h-b. daisy bring...j 138
Half-moon-semi-circle or a h-m*p111
Hall through the hall there....b 14
scarcely finished their wee h..b 34
hung in the castle hall.....d 57
scrape the marble hall.....i 164
through her marble halls....g 288
Halleleujah-rung with h's....h 369
hallelujahs, sweet and low..b 357
Hallow-h. every heart he once.j 333
Hallowed-h. lilies of the field.b 146
Halo-a gilded halo hovering.... 86
sheds a halo of repose.....e 161
shrined in a halo.....l 275
Halter-felt the halter draw...w 308
Hamlet-the king drinks to H.*.s 428
Hammer-either be anvil or h..h 49
no sound of hammer.....p 382
with hammer-blows.....l 318
smith stand with his h.*....e 301
hammers, as they smote....b 301
blows of the mallets and h's.a 302
yet I'll hammer it out*.....j 347
Hand-what lies clearly at hand..i 2
irrevocable hand that opes...i 92
against heaven's h. or will...e 72
hath pawned an open hand*.w 73
two hands upon the breast...s 82
cold and shapeless hand.....u 82
hands that wound are.....a 52
thy little hand.....aa 54
chop this hand off at*.....k 65
I see a hand you cannot.....c 86
hands, that the rod of..... n 48
the hand to execute.....c 49
touch of a vanish'd hand....b 90
laying his hand upon.....p 81
hand alone my work can do..r 11
sweet and cunning h. laid*..f 19
views from thy h. no worthy.g 79
while their hands were still.m 52
rounded under female hands.l 53
that hand shall burn in*.....d 84
mortalitie's strong hand*.....e 85
his icy hands on kings.....s 85
my h. and say "Good-night".p 66
adore the hand that gives...m 41
holds h. with any princess*.r 104
not the hand that bore it....g 109
lilies, pulled by smutty h's..l 144
as the drip in my hand....d 150
fortune is in his own hands.i 165
come with both hands full*.i 166
with Pilate, wash your h's*.bb 334
whatsoe'er their hands are*.o 111
here's my hand*.....r 116
unseen h's delay the coming.i 118
clasped hands close and fast.q 118
of darkness came the hands.y 119
their little glowing hands...k 138
the union of hands.....p 449
they lift not hands of prayer.i 345
resolved and hands prepared.i 361
h. hath made our nation free.e 251
this hand, and that is mine*.b 258
the hand of an old friend...u 169
a tear for pity, and a hand*.y 413
we go to use our hands*....u 414
polish'd by the hand divine.k 415
h. may pluck them every day.r 152
with rosy hand unbar'd.....o 277
clean from my hand*.....p 280
wonder of dear Juliet's h.*.b 222
into whose h. I give thy life*.j 222
his own h. bears the power*.b 229
hand more instrumental*...g 368
some h., that never meant..g 213
the h. that follows intellect.n 213
affection hateth nicer hands.r 215
with my hand at midnight*.i 226
in thy right hand carry*....e 331
licks the hand just raised..m 334
pleasures are ever in our h's.n 334
they were hand and glove...o 204
for idle hands to do.....s 205
not without men's hands....r 281
bloody and invisible hand*.k 289
handle toward my hand*....l 121
friend to lend a hand.....e 405
hands may be heavy laden...s 231
thus hand in hand.....t 231
dull and favourable hand*...r 283
full and unwithdrawing h..o 451
a hand to execute.....p 266
dying hand, above his head..s 452

O give me thy hand*.....t 267
hands that ply the pen.....o 456
to die by one's own hand... t 408
with their soft white hands.m 422
what strong hand can hold*.k 426
rash hand in an evil hour..m 384
horny hands of toil.....g 483
let's go hand in hand*.....d 171
the hand that writ it*.....h 174
let no rash hand.....a 177
a hand without a heart.....g 243
cheek upon her hand*.....e 248
open thy white hand*.....b 249
the firstlings of my hand*...e 193
than a bloody hand is a hard.f 193
she takes him by the hand*.u 187
waiting for a h., a h. that can.j 188
to kiss the lady's hands.....d 190
to the delicacy of their hand.e 190
not sweeten this little hand*.f 190
the bed her other fair hand*.i 190
then, with unwearied hand.t 295
his h. was known in heaven.l 296
the motion of my hand.....e 317
hands together are press'd..y 302
hand was at the latch.....l 464
stealthy hand came feeling..d 466
just h's on that golden key..p 469
little angels, holding hands.m 352
tie of thy Lord's hand.....r 352
forever from the hand that..s 355
cursed hand were thicker*..f 359
h. which moves the world..w 345
in every honest h. a whip*..o 349
one h. thrust the lady from.d 479
Handful-but a h. to the tribes..v 79
Handkerchief-my h. about*...i 220
Handle-h. toward my hand*...l 121
Handless-hath made thee h.*..h 190
Handscrew-a hawk from a h.*m 224
Handsome-handsome is that..m 48
looks handsome in*.....a 463
Handywork-your h. peruse...t 318
Hang-h's both thief and true*.p 181
for her, the lilies h. their....t 145
I'll h. my head and perish*.n 145
hang quite out of fashion*..b 332
next tree shalt thou h. alive*.f 363
and wretches hang that.....e 217
mankind would hang*.....c 465
thereby hangs a tale*.....x 496
hang upon his penthouse*..f 391
h. sorrow, care 'll kill a cat..b 397
Hanged-I will be hang'd, if*..k 387
Hanging-h. down his head....o 137
hanging in a golden chain..k 484
Hang-man-the h-m. axe, bear*.u 103
Hap-from better hap to worse..s 46
Hapless-h. lover courts thy lay.k 25
hapless lovers dying.....p 128
Happen-equal minds what h's..y 65
life in which nothing h's....j 230
Happier-a h. one was never....k 34
a happier lot were mine.....o 90
earthly happier is the rose*..d 94
h. times in times of sorrow.k 188
feel that I am h. than I know.d 191
is remembering h. things...p 398
in his tears was happier....u 415
Happiest-of mortals h. he.....e 66
who is the h. of men.....v 190
woman's h. knowledge.....s 464
h. of the children of men...r 353
Happiness-heap'd h. upon him*.f 4
virtue is true happiness.....w 8
emblem of happiness.....n 25
and our h. will grow.....y 40
tender happiness betray.....n 52
happiness the rural maid....a 66
happiness not to be found....q 90
glimpse of happiness.....u 80
promote the h. of mankind..z 115
what we deem our happiness l 117
real h. is cheap enough.....k 190
h. comes from the greatest..n 190
to believe that h. exists.....p 190
why has h. so short a day...r 190
h. consists in activity.....x 190
rays of happiness like those.b 191
to no spot is h. sincere.....f 191
all are equal in their h.....g 191
oh h.! our being's end.....h 191
h. lies in the consciousness..i 191
h. through another man's...j 191
happiness ne'er entered at..o 191
h. resides in things unseen..o 191
home-born happiness.....e 377
true happiness consists.....g 169
happiness no second spring.q 271
virtue alone is happiness....q 453
holiness and happiness.....n 197
fireside happiness to hours..g 198
can wealth give happiness..g 463
human happiness has not...h 358
h. too swiftly flies.....y 396
there is happiness too.....s 475
grant the bad what h.....x 204
double gain of happiness*...v 416
happiness without virtue*..q 455
of that rare happiness.....s 242
happiness if there be seize it.g 324
man's social h. all rests.....d 478
Happy-when we were happy*..q 46
happy the man, of mortals.. e 66
the daylight still a happy....j 63
no place each way is happy...t 69
death! to the happy.....v 85
mankind are always happy m 191
be h., but be so through ....n 191
fool is happy that he knows w 162
happiest of spring's happy..a 129
to think more happy.....e 256
happy in this she is not yet* s 257
h. art thou as if every day ..o 251
makes a just man happy ....e 257
but little h. if I could say*..r 383
every happy growing thing.o 270
h. till after his sixtieth year m 190
mixtures of more happy dogs o 190
happy the man and h. he....t 190
no man can be h. without..a 191
to be strong is to be happy..e 191
happier for having been h..,m 191
few marriages are happy is...e 259
happy is that humble pair..h 259
happy the heart that keeps.m 259
too happy, happy brook ....b 274
happy in this, she is not yet* 224
must laugh before we are h..s 226
in nothing else so happy*...d 262
happy he whose inward ear.j 176
how happy should I be ....a 249
happy days unclouded.....t 197
h. they that never saw the...l 186
h. that have called thee so...v 391
happy walks and shades.....d 326
might have been happy.....r 356
happy could I be with either i 474
not one quite happy, no, not u 474
short our happy days appear h 424
Harrassed-oppress'd and h....r 380
Harbinger-venturous h. of....p 156
welcome, wild harbinger....j 137
day's harbinger.....n 271
h. of everlasting spring.....n 31
rueful harbinger of death..... 80
Harbor-shall it find a harbour* l 251
might easiliest harbour in*..i 260
where doth thine h. hold.....l 65
Hard-nothing's so h. but search v331
is hard; for who himself....r 233
'tis hard to say, if greater...g 300
hard to say, harder to hit....o 243
yellow hard and cold .....h 181
it seemed so hard at first....p 360
Harder-is h. than our.....cc 61
Hardhack-h. and virgin's.....n 161
Hare—lion than to start a hare* q 72
hare was out and feeding....m 81
Harebell-h's bloom around ...d 272
I hear the first young h-b..m 377
h's nod as she passes.....i 127
Harem-the pet of the harem...e 99
Hark-and h.! how blithe.....m 33
hark! hark! the lark*.....e 26
Harm-pleasure to delight in h..v 17
so comes the bird to harm..h 32
to do h., is often laudable*...q 50
content with my harm*.....t 66
h. that groweth of idleness..n 205
to win us to our harm*.....l 445
no harm in being stupid....t 406
h. his hasty beams would do.p 410
bars a thousand harms* ....p 264
he meant—all harm*.....x 431
beg often our own harms*..m 345
how to redress their h's*....f 470
Harmless-out in h. merriment.q 192
Harmonize-to h. the scene....i 447
there to h. his heart.....p 447
Harmony-h's of the afternoon..i 22
with your ninefold harmony.i 57
a flood of harmony.....s 261
disposed to harmony .....b 286
the hidden soul of h.....p 282
angelic harmonies.....r 282
what hope of harmony*.....k 283
r vish like enchanting h*..v 283
a midnight harmony .....v 467
distinct from h. divin ..... f 414
drowsy with the harmony*..s 245
such harmony is in*.....k 403
secret h. still moves.....g 413
demand of harmony in man.g 296
discord, h. not understood..n 348
all was h., and calm.....j 473
solemn harmony pervades..cc 383
attention, like deep h*.....c 482
Harness-we'll die with the h.*.z 98
Harnessed-heavenly-h. team*.b 410
Harp-string their harps.....p 18
a wild æolian harp.....r 107
ten thousand h's that tuned.r 282

the harp that once.....u 282
h. of a thousand strings.....j 284
æolian harp of many.....j 283
he touched his harp.....p 312
touch'd their golden h's.....z 342
unstringed viol, or a harp*..c 430
little harps of gold.....c 264
notes angelical to many a h.k 458
harp not on that string*....p 497
minstrels on their airy h's..h 440
Harper–h. lays his open palm..r 424
Harpy–Harpies and Hydras....l 124
Harrow–would h. up thy soul*.w 43
Harsh–out of time and h.*.....f 21
Harvest–h. of barren regrets....g 8
harvest for eternity.....w 88
silence in the harvest field..i 377
shortly comes to harvest*...b 366
where human h's grow .....n 184
what countless h-sheaves...o 261
God's time is our h. time...o 175
rudiments of future h.....a 433
land at harvest home*.....s 321
harvest for the honey bee...d 156
harvest to the sickle yield..d 295
heavy harvests nod.....d 274
theirs is the harvest.....q 275
foretells the harvest near...k 276
h's still the ripening.....a 371
prodigality of the golden h..e 376
harvest now is gather'd.....k 376
Harvest-field–h-f's, its mystic.e 275
over the h-f's forsaken.....q 393
Harvest-sheaves–h-s's to bind.e 277
Haste–h. now to my setting*...m 92
you haste away so soon.....n 137
ever yet made h. enough....v 231
mounting in hot haste.....b 457
weeds make haste*.....p 188
more h., ever the worst speed.p 191
haste is of the devil.....q 191
h. trips up his own heels....r 191
then why such haste.....v 200
in haste alights, and scuds..n 427
haste, half-sister to delay....o 429
h. ere the sinner shall expire.b 176
men love in h. but they....aa 191
to moderate their haste.....y 267
Hasten–h. to her task of beauty.a 373
fail to o'ertake it, hasten as..i 429
Hat–I stamp thy cardinal's h.*.v 363
a hat not much the worse...n 303
my new straw hat, that's....o 303
Hatch–upon the h's in the*....l 404
Hatchet–and his h's lead.....r 301
buried was the bloody h....n 330
and to the hatchet yield.....a 295
Hate–cherish those hearts that h.* l 9
fear, to h.; and h. turns*....m 46
owe no man hate*.....t 66
I hate to tell again.....y 284
hate, fear, and grief.....v 265
must look down on the h....k 452
you are in debt you hate....s 171
my friend must h. the man..u 173
hate in the like extreme.....u 244
hate's known injury*.....f 247
I do h. him as I h. the devil.d 192
wounds of deadly h. have....e 192
I h. him, for he is a Christian*g 192
I do h. him as I do hell pains*h 192
threshold of cold hate.....b 250
our power to love or hate....g 118
I tell him he h's flatterers*..x 124
dower'd with the h. of h....u 337
I h. inconstancy—I loathe..m 208
your favours, nor your h*...d 209
h. ingratitude more in man*.t 210
mutations makes us h. thee*.t 484
war is in my love and hate*. g 460
and hate is strange.....b 250
h. upon no better ground*..a 125
hate is shadow.....o 493
h. that which we often fear*dd 497
h. is mask'd but to assail...k 446
I hate, yet love thee, so.....d 321
religion to make us hate....n 358
they hate to mingle .....q 359
smile to those who hate.....l 360
imitate the vicious or h.....ff 494
passions and remorseless h..g 475
oblige her, and she'll hate...c 476
'tis not in hate of you*.....h 477
Hated–h. needs but to be seen.e 452
Hateful–h. to me as are, the ....f 87
Hater–I like a good hater.....c 192
Hateth–hateth nicer hands....r 215
Hating–h. no one, love but.....c 240
Hatred–h's faggots burn .....j 176
know that h. without end...z 191
rage like love, to h. turned..a 192
are glances of h. that stab...b 192
it is only hatred, not love...f 192
Halting–there is but h. for....r 232
Haughtiness–h. of soul.....z 403
the h. of humility.....y 202
Haunt–mysterious haunt of...v 100
h's, by fits, those whom it..q 120
the h's of meadow rue.....k 147
and haunt him by night....h 336
suspicion always haunts*...j 412
h. beneath the tangled roots.d 124
and view the h. of nature...c 432
h's two kindred spirits flee.m 395
breast to-night shall haunt...d 32
Haunting–h. the cold earth....t 287
Have–for all we have is his.....f 349
what we gave, we have... .. h 60
Haven–haven under the hill..m 313
Having–content is our best h.*.a 67
Havoc–cry "Havock!" and*..g 459
Haw–air with the budding h's.i 372
Hawk–h. when Philomela,.....u 24
thou hast hawks will soar*...g 25
know a h. from a handsaw* m 224
between two h's which flies*.f 217
Hawthorn–h's budding in the.g 126
the hawthorn bloom .... .. l 435
h. I will pu' wi' its lock....o 436
h. trees blow in the dews....p 436
green the juicy h. grows....q 436
hawthorn flower is dead....a 437
walk with me where h's.....b 437
the h. bush, with seats.....c 437
under the h. in the dale.....d 437
now hawthorns blossom....e 437
gives not the hawthorn*....f 437
the hawthorn whitens.....g 437
Hay–new-mown h. is sending..l 374
odor of newly-mown hay....h 438
great desire to a bottle of h.*.o 295
Hay-field–breath of hay-fields...i 22
Hazard–men, that hazard all*.o 176
hazard what he fears to lose.u 475
bus'ness and at hazard late...h 50
will stand the h. of the die*..o 72
hazzard as of honour.....i 367
all is on the hazard*.....n 404
a friend is worth all h's ....w 171
Haze–golden h. of buttercups. k 371
soft haze, like a fairy dream..f 350
Hazel–the hazel blooms.....m 269
Hazy–hidden poets lie the h .n 376
He–because it was he; because.q 243
Head–a precious jewel in his h.*.g 4
it had its head bit off*.....j 32
o'er all the sea of heads.....c 46
we bow our heads at going...q 79
never show thy head by day*.t 62
my head is a map.....z 65
some tired head.....h 67
dear little head, that lies.....h 67
thy head is as full of*.....y 67
imperfections on my head*..s 83
in the heart or in the head*.j 116
roofe to shroud his head....a 115
the reverend head.....s 104
with sunken head and sadly.k 146
let but my scarlet h. appear.o 149
violets ope their purple h's.h 131
hanging down his head.....o 137
first I shall decline my head.o 137
cut off my h., and singular.a 124
to shake the head, relent*...h 361
head with foot hath private.s 253
here rests his head.....c 260
as if her head she bowed....k 275
that one small head.....r 227
head stoop to the block*....f 364
it sat upon my head*.....u 367
the h. is not more native*...g 368
the h. that wears a crown*..k 368
upon my head they placed*.l 368
monster with uncounted h's*x 368
when your h. did but ache*.i 220
lay thy h. upon my breast..r 220
hide their diminish'd heads.c 203
may heave his head.....n 282
her head impearling.....h 155
at the head of Flora's dance.n 156
largeness of his head.....g 157
and lay the head.....a 289
what is my head cut off.....a 124
he had a head to contrive...p 266
dying hand, above his head.s 452
gallant head of war*.....s 459
off with his head*.....s 431
has a good head piece*.....d 297
which the head invade.....m 320
this old gray head .....b 330
weak h. with strongest bias.u 346
whirlwind is her head.....n 473
his head was woman.....o 478
sunk so low that sacred head.t 381
her head was bare .....a 384
as gently lay my head.....t 388
Headache–you wake with h...d 214
Heal–hath been balm to h*....e 333
thine own right hand can h.f 225
they fondly hope to heal ....i 326
heal but by degrees*.....q 328
the waters will heal.....m 449
that wound are soft to h.....d 52

heal to wear that which.....o 485
what wound did ever heal*.w 485
Healed–love in time is h.....k 242
heart, had h. it forever.....p 81
Healer–comforter and only h..c 423
Healing–no h. for the waste...r 205
sleep! with wings of h.....j 389
Health–to the soul what h.....w 61
blest with h. and peace .....f 70
from labour health.....n 65
sleep, riches, and health ....e 103
whereto our h. is bound*..m 192
and health on both*.....n 192
no news but h. from their*.o 192
the poor, in health* .....i 166
when h. is lost something..k 238
grace affordeth health.....g 266
friendship is like sound h..n 172
health affrighted spreads....j 192
h. that snuffs the morning..k 192
and health on both*.....n 192
h. is the vital principle of*..p 192
h. consists with temperance..v 495
here's h. and renown to ....k 438
physic to preserve health...e 309
youth, h. and hope may.....z 442
h., peace and competence...o 354
h., and also in silkenesse...q 473
youth and h. her eyes.....l 473
sickness of h., and living*..b 382
health and cheerfulnesse....a 489
Healthy–h., wealthy and wise..r 19
Heaped-up–on h-u. flowers ...f 334
Hear–hear me for my cause*...y 14
I hear thy monotone deep....o 33
believing h., what you.....l 34
curious are to hear.....r 77
where aught we hear.....r 77
voice you cannot hear.....c 86
h. it now, if e'er you can...f 226
I will not h. thee speak*....g 361
hear a good many groan*....f 333
so that we could hear.....a 281
never hear what things*....d 408
could never hear by tale*...p 245
seldom shall she h. a tale...u 192
strike, but hear me.....i 192
they never would hear.....v 192
hears no needful friends*...u 465
and you shall hear*,.....v 325
I will with patience hear*...s 328
or hears him in the wind...f 358
hear me, for I will speak*...r 400
h's but half who h's one ....c 346
there is none to hear.....m 113
preach to us if we will h....c 130
Heard–now heard afar off.....s 282
long after it was h. no more.m 284
heard in the still night.....e 456
it is so seldom heard, that...i 456
eare it h., at the other out ..s 192
h. a voice cry, sleep* .....a 391
thoughts are h. in heaven...x 421
those who h. the singers....q 385
Hearer–never was a better h...r 192
like wonder-wounded h's*..b 188
Hearing–h. not, I heard .....u 97
h's are quite ravished*.....p 102
h. perchance the croke.....n 273
but hearing oftentimes .....u 202
it pays the h. double*.....l 289
Hearse–the h. with scutcheons.j 322
Heart–makes the h. grow fonder.n 1
h. within and God o'erhead...d 3
suffer'd it will set the h. on..*v 4
longings of his heart in.....r 9
h. that no love understands..e 31
whose heart is the home.... p 34
tender bloom of h. is gone ...p 35
book come from the heart....c 37
heart gathers no affections...p 45
heart to conceive.....c 49
a tender heart.....g 49
its own frail heart.....l 49
hearts of men are their.....n 49
sae true his heart.....r 49
high in all the people's h's*..l 51
hearts that dare are quick to..d 52
I am sick at heart*.....o 53
a light heart lives long*.....n 54
good Christian at her heart..b 57
with a heart at ease.....j 59
a heart with room for.....j 65
heart prepar'd, that fears.....v 65
with a fervent heart goes....n 66
O weary hearts.....i 60
glow in thy heart.....i 62
with a mighty heart*.....l 69
our hearts, our hopes.....q 70
h. hath ne'er within him.....c 71
faint heart ne'er wan.....n 71
a cloud in my heart.....m 90
faint h. fair lady ne'er could..i 74
mountain 'tween my h. and*..k 64
my crown is in my heart*....w 66
h. of the world, I leap to thee..d 69
bate a jot of heart or hope....e 72
my sick heart shows*.....q 84
we end the heart-ache*.....d 85
hiding one thing in his h....f 87
bnt some h., though unknown j 90
between hearts that love*....l 95
heart must learn its duty....n 98
a good h. is a letter of credit.f 111
in the h. or in the head*....g 116
mine, with my heart in 't*..r 116
the heart is its own fate.....e 117
some h., though unknown..a 118
ask your heart what it*.....k 120
as well as want of heart.....n 106
who had most of heart.....g 107
who feels the hearts of all...g 108
heart dance with joy.....b 109
black to the very heart.....e 143
their hearts were set.....r 162
outspread h. that needs.....j 150
with h's grown stronger....k 133
freezes up the heart of life*..e 121
seated h. knocks at my ribs*.g 121
h's of men are full of fear*..w 121
heart with pleasure fills.....w 137
heart is so full of emotion...i 122
winter maketh the light h...p 372
wither'd h., the fury blast...c 375
ask your heart*.....i 379
firstlings of my h. shall be*.d 361
h. resolved and hands.....i 361
might touch the h's of men..r 385
it is when the heart has...f 383
h. of another is passing.....f 383
but break, my heart*.....o 383
h. thinks his tongue speaks*l 385
the heart's bleed longest.....o 485
when I pray, my h. is in my..e 385
my h. upon my sleeve*.....j 385
heart embracing h. entire...i 170
and give your h's to, when*.f 171
h's in love use their own*...f 174
h. is ever at your service*...l 174
hold thee to my heart.....s 241
that warm my heart.....t 241
puts it into human hearts..m 242
one h. another h. divines....p 242
the heart that has truly.....u 243
who lost my heart.....h 244
all hearts in love use*.....d 246
come to thy heart*.....p 248
my heart would hear her....f 250
native in the simple heart...l 420
ye your hearts have sold.....l 191
the h. must have to cherish..z 192
my h. is turned to stone*...d 193
sight, a naked human h.*...g 193
every pang that rends the h.y 200
may soothe or wound a h....q 481
the man who shows his h...z 484
his heart doth ache.....a 490
h's of oak are our ships.....a 492
whatever comes from the h..bb 492
bare the mean heart that....n 495
to mend the heart.....gg 495
a heavy heart bears not*....n 496
rough hearts of flint*.....d 311
heart, be wrathful still*....ii 498
great h's alone understand..g 182
words gladden so many a h.*j 481
bruis'd heart was pierced*..s 481
razors to my wounded h.*...b 482
unpack my h. with words*..e 482
no matter from the heart*...h 482
h., and mind, and thought...f 185
great of h., magnanimous...u 185
more h's are breaking in...aa 186
but some heart did break....i 188
a heart's form will discover..s 437
a gentler heart did never*...t 311
tongue to move a stony h....v 395
h. can ne'er a transport.....e 397
whispers the o'er franght h.*p 397
let me wring your heart*....y 397
doth burn the h. to cinders*.a 398
weighs upon the heart*.....d 310
without h's there is no home.l 394
heart with strings of steel*..b 345
h. she scorns our poverty*..e 347
thy habitation is the h.....h 347
sake I give away my heart..d 348
sweet h. on proud array*....q 292
home to our hearts.....r 313
look in thy h. and write.....q 300
strengthens man's heart....g 302
and live without heart.....i 302
touch the heart, be thine....f 304
drops that visit my sad h.*..e 465
h. is wiser than the intellect.g 469
in the heart of man she sits.p 470
lie upon her charmed heart..b 392
my heart has bled.....n 442
than doubt one h. which ...a 443
two hearts that beat.....n 449
the union of hearts.....p 449
seeming bodies, but one h.*..q 449
let your hearts be strong ...n 450

to steal away your hearts*..d 325
such partings break the h...i 326
you know my heart.....n 326
while my heart is breaking..r 326
makes the heart in love.....h 275
h. inform'd the moral page..e 355
a heart for every fate.....l 360
within a monarch's heart*..p 324
hearts of oak our men.....b 329
first in the hearts of his.....t 329
a heart that was humble....s 330
alone each heart must cover.u 395
holds her h. and waits to....e 164
heart and I, so far asunder..m 369
h. is breaking for a little....n 369
rose and the stolen heart...f 152
the bold heart storms.....m 251
silken charms about the h..a 252
a warm heart within.....h 253
in my heart of heart*.....s 254
strike upon my heart*.....a 255
sweetened from one central h.h 256
or I'd break her heart.....s 256
one trusting h. that lives...d 259
to keep two h's together.....i 259
h. that keeps its twilight...m 259
hearts we leave behind.....p 260
h. untravelled boldly turns. v 260
his heart was as great..... y 164
when we meet a mutual h..m 166
heart as far from fraud.....b 167
heart finds nowhere shelter. d 413
h. beats on forever as of old. o 413
h. that not yet—never yet...v 413
the heart hath treble wrong* v 414
my heart calls for you.....a 279
him who with a fervent h...x 225
'tis hard to school the heart. l 228
not more native to the h.*...g 368
then burst his mighty h.*...d 211
it will make thy heart sore..h 214
through the heart should....s 215
kind hearts are more than..k 220
in their shower, h's open...k 334
all men are poets at heart...p 335
"you need a heart".....u 335
and thus the h. will break...g 231
cheer thy h., and be thou*...t 201
sadness of an aching heart..h 202
man's h., at onee inspirits..k 202
every human h. is human...s 202
heart on her lips, and soul..g 473
breaking h., and tearful eyes.u 474
celestial balsam on the h....a 476
words are the voice of the h.r 480
restrained, a h. is broken....l 480
incessant battery to her h...g 480
weak a thing the h. of*.....o 476
soft conditions, and our h's* v 477
faint h. ne'er won fair lady...a 479
when heart inclines to heart.b 479
her h., be sure, is not of ice. f 479
must hide what the false h.*.z 204
heart, hid with a flow'ing*..d 205
what h. can think, or tongue.n 205
lord of the lion heart.....e 209
h's of this world are hollow. i 153
long, long be my heart.....j 153
into every heart his words..q 209
when the heart speaks.....a 282
and feeling h's touch them..h 283
the heart that loved her.....u 286
from h's that shut against..p 287
my heart is true as steel*....c 123
windy tempest of my heart*.s 416
to many a feeling heart.....r 231
hearts eare full.....s 231
when it beats in the heart...q 233
and the h. that is soonest...u 233
in the hearts holy stillness..p 234
my heart is idly stirred.....k 417
her heart, be sure.....o 237
he seeth with the heart.....q 240
many ways doth the full h..r 240
'tis when I see the heart.....t 240
all that mighty h. is lying...h 366
people take for want of heart.s 451
heart hath its own memory.d 261
hath a heart as sound*.....q 264
my h. cool with mortifying*.a 265
but some heart did break....i 267
when on his h. the torrent..k 250
our h's with joy shall fill...n 269
for the h. like a sweet voice.d 456
this heart shall break into*..o 416
thoughts come from the h..u 421
aim for the h. and the will..h 483
heart shall cease to palpitate.p 424
upon my heart, gently.....r 424
tongue, though not my h.*..d430
Heartbreak–a great deal of h.*.s 359
Hearth–danced upon the h....p 251
sit with us at the same h....c 413
crackling embers on the h..b 288
hearth and a shelter.....b 198
desolate hearth may see.....s 329
splinter on our h. shall glow.m 378
Heartily–prayed h., without...e 344
Heartless–ever weak or h. be..u 345
Heart's-ease–and mignonette..f 145
Heart-strings–h-s. are about to.c 216
Heart-throbs–count time by h-t n 230
Heat–seorehed with barren h..q 156
he heats me with beating*...c 163
all-eonquering heat.....a 375
thou hast neither heat*.....u 235
curling with thirst and h....i 409
have neither h. nor light....j 179
after the dust and heat.....d 352
dried and pareh'd with heat. t 461
through dust and heat rise..c 442
giving more light than h.*..m 497
Heath–foot is on my native h...e 71
amid the purple heath.....v 138
wild h. displays her purple. d 142
soaring dare the purple h...e 142
and the heath are stretched. q 377
Heathen–h. Chinee is peculiar. n 87
Heather–low in the h. blooms..n 25
empty sky, a world of h.....o 140
or bonny heather bell.....u 157
and bonny heather bell.....b 128
Heaved–birth the sod seareе h. s 130
Heaven–h. never helps the men. p 3
winds of heaven visit*.....w 4
make a heaven of earth.....w 8
heavens upon this holy act*...j 3
reign in hell than serve in h..r 8
sealed up in heaven, as.....h 10
pure essenees of heaven.....a 10
we hold the keys of heaven...t 10
not ashamed of heaven.....j 13
lark at heaven's gate sings*..g 16
heaven gave him all at.....k 45
went to heaven.....a 47
heav'n forming each on.....d 50
heaven's deep organ blow....i 57
'tis heaven alone that is.....j 60
more than heav'n pursue....m 62
a brand from heaven*.....f 64
open face of heaven.....u 69
in the verge of heaven.....q 86
the hell I suffer seems a h....x 90
open, ye heavens.....o 74
thou art my heaven.....n 78
thy home is high in heaven..h 24
points of heaven and home...s 26
receives what h. has sent....a 66
and approving heaven.....i 67
my warmest wish to heav'n..f 70
heaven's artillery thunder*...s 72
by all the saints in heaven*...i 78
heaven quits us in despair..w 91
goodly sight to see what h....i 70
from fraud as h. from earth*.u 50
against h's hand or will.....e 72
harbingers to heaven.....u 80
next waking dawned in h.....e 82
I am not lost, for we in h.....i 83
thank'd h. that he had lived.b 83
heard no more in heaven.....c 93
heavens themselves blaze*...y 85
instrument of heaven.....h 92
summons thee to heaven*....k 92
heaven's hand or will.....w 112
thy way to heaven lies.....q 112
h. from all creatures hides..p 118
heaven itself that points....j 105
heaven was her help.....i 107
blue, boundless heaven.....u 110
and hope to go to heaven....i 162
of earth in them than h....k 122
spirit that fell from heaven.g 252
marriages are made in h....g 259
all are friends in heaven....h 170
then heaven tries the earth. e 272
is it, in heav'n, a crime .....j 244
love makes the earth a h....f 245
and heaven is love.....l 245
heaven would make me*....n 246
heaven will give thee light..b 194
beholding h., and feeling...aa 194
sword of heaven will bear*..q 197
'twas in' h. pronounced....bb 491
h. of poetry and romance....r 433
heaven mend all.....q 497
up to heaven-gate aseend....a 343
heaven's face doth glow*....r 497
knell calls, heaven invites...v 501
prayers are heard in heaven p 347
h. with storms of prayer ... s 34
prayers ardent open heaven. b 346
thoughts, never to heaven*.. a 482
hath turned a h. unto a hell* s 183
not that the h's the little....h 186
fell from the patriot's h.....d 431
blue eyes of heaven laughed. l 436
meet minds with heaven....l 315
thorny way to heaven*.....r 317
heaven sends us good meat..f 302
h's pavement, trodden gold. n 462
heaven's last best gift.....q 464
by such a fate prepared for..p 441

gaze of the ruler of heaven..*o* 446
h. had changed to grateful..*v* 446
that which comes from h....*i* 321
mountains kiss high heaven.*u* 323
the heavens themselves*....*k* 325
heaven surely is open when *n* 352
h. directs, and stratagems...*d* 355
his heaven commences ere..*n* 360
which we ascribe to heaven*k* 498
our thoughts meet in heaven *o* 421
thoughts are heard in h.....*x* 421
are there no stones in h.*....*d* 422
allot, and all to heaven.....*l* 424
bear man from earth to h....*c* 489
as high as heaven.....*k* 489
hills whose heads touch h.*.*u* 430
thunder'd up into heaven...*b* 101
h's eternal year is thine.....*k* 193
a heaven on earth'.....*s* 193
in heav'n the trees of life ...*u* 193
a Persian's heaven is eas'ly..*a* 194
h. is above, and there rest... *d* 194
and know our friends in h.*.*g* 194
meet him in the court of h...*g* 194
heaven's above all.....*h* 194
help of h. we count the act*.*i* 194
there's husbandry in h.* ....*j* 194
conceive the spirit joys of h.*m* 194
o'er every hill that under h..*k* 138
in them than heaven.....*k* 122
report they bore to heaven..*k* 379
walk ye in h's sweet air.....*a* 256
I pardon him, as heaven*....*f* 165
heaven did a recompense....*i* 413
hints of h. upon your wings.*i* 373
the h's are full of floating...*n* 376
all h. waiting till the sun ....*i* 275
heaven's wide pathless way.*k* 275
steals the key of heaven.....*z* 224
save to the God of heaven*..*f* 364
heaven is above all yet*.....*g* 217
h's slow but sure redress....*c* 219
heaven, that every virtue...*h* 220
h. gives our years of fading.*h* 231
all from heaven stark naked. *c* 339
poesy appear so full of h.....*l* 339
brightest h. of invention*..*f* 340
the half-veil'd face of h .....*c* 201
no, not in heaven.....*o* 201
my hopes in h.* do dwell*,..*r* 201
h. were not h. if we knew... *d* 202
know I'm further off from h.*f* 206
wherewith we fly to h.....*m* 206
the years of h. will all earth's *q* 207
in heaven no stars.....*f* 209
bring all heaven before mine *q* 282
will be heard in heaven.....*p* 287
thou giv'st the heavens.....*f* 289
if h. send no supplies .....*c* 348
woman ! h. is in thy soul....*s* 472
heav'n in her eye.....*k* 475
noblest gift of heaven.....*a* 476
heaven on earth I have won*.*l* 479
starry cope of heaven.....*k* 386
blue heaven above us bent..*f* 384
bring them back to heaven..*r* 385
sings hymns at h's gate*.....*c* 386
alone was to be seen in h.....*f* 386
both heaven and earth.....*i* 289
hung be the h's with black*.*n* 289
spangled h's, a shining frame.*l* 401
dewdrops on the fields of h..*a* 402
infinite meadows of heaven.*o* 402
no light in earth or heaven.*q* 402
look, how the floor of h.*...*k* 403
gold candles fix'd in h's air*.*q* 403
heaven looks down on earth.*w* 403
convulsing h. and earth ....*a* 405
His azure shield the heavens.*f* 409
world-built arch of heaven..*g* 409
glorious lamp of heaven ....*j* 409
he comes, in heaven's array.*g* 410
a rose, vast as the heavens..*k* 410
all heaven around us.....*e* 191
h. to mankind impartial....*g* 191
to heav'n sublime.....*m* 232
top of heaven doth hold.....*b* 403
heaven lies about us.....*q* 236
offering of h., first-born.....*b* 237
make a heaven of hell.....*l* 265
impulse comes from heav'n..*s* 453
if virtue feeble werc, heaven.*c* 454
heav'n, as its purest gold...*r* 454
heaven doth with us as we*.*k* 455
charge of the gates of h.....*e* 269
against beleagur'd heaven..*n* 457
but th t the h's f ught*....*d* 459
cannons to the heavens*.....*l* 459
whom angry heavens*.....*d* 460
then the heavens are bluest.*q* 241
as the good love heaven.....*r* 242
h. gives to those it loves....*s* 242
expecting to get peace in h..*x* 330
set awful hours 'twixt h. and.*g* 392
soul, and lifted it gently to h.*i* 396
to heaven hath a summer's..*y* 398
the carrier-pigeon of heaven.*o* 344
of heaven and to my king*..*j* 345
that shall be up at heaven*..*l* 345
h. hath my empty words*...*o* 345
and have an eie to heav'n...*v* 345
plants look up to h., from...*i* 346
star, in heaven's dark hall...*t* 483
for h. with blasts from hell.*h* 488
upon the battle ground of h.*d* 484
nothing true, but heaven..*m* 484
h. was all tranquility .....*o* 381
Heavenly-one of those h. days.*i* 79
the h. harness'd team*.....*b* 410
heavenly hope is all serene..*z* 200
trumpets of some h. host....*s* 466
h. and spiritual mould.....*m* 352
sex are heavenly bodies still.*p* 478
Heavenward-h. ever yearns...*d* 259
Heaveth-now h. the deep sea..*p* 376
Heaviness-foreruns the good*..*r* 44
h. that hangs upon me.....*r* 388
Heaving-kept h. to and fro....*j* 81
Heavy-of mine own lie h*.....*i* 187
grow h. in sweet death .....*j* 83
Hebe-her nectar H. autumn..*h* 376
hang on Hebe's cheek.....*g* 264
a Hebe of celestial shape....*b* 438
Hectic-dying h. of leaves.....*n* 273
Hector-better like Hector.....*a* 72
Hecuba-what's H. to him*....*s* 294
Hedge-about the h., the small.*g* 378
that in yonder h. appear....*r* 152
a h. about the sides.....*n* 155
sweet briar h's I pursue ....*a* 156
time when h's sprout .....*c* 137
from hedge to hedge.....*l* 212
sweet roses haunt the h's...*g* 371
divinity doth hedge a king*.*i* 368
straggling h. confines.....*g* 141
hedge on high is quick.....*l* 142
lead from the fragrant h....*p* 144
h. grew lush eglantine.....*d* 436
h. the frosted berries glow ..*q* 440
h's luxuriant with flowers..*d* 371
have tongues and h's ears..*cc* 500
Hedge-grown-h-g. primrose...*s* 128
Hedgerow-the h. elms.....*n* 278
Heed-take h., and ponder well.*u* 299
take h. lest passion sway...*aa* 326
will trust that He who h's...*i* 394
who heeds not experience...*v* 107
to those that, without h.*...*i* 308
Heedless-and idle as clouds ...*o* 212
Heel-on the heel of limping*..*a* 271
upon the heels of pleasure...*l* 256
fortune may grow out at h's* *v* 165
haste trips up its own heels..*r* 191
tread upon another's hecl*..*g* 267
Heft-awles up to the hefts.....*j* 319
Heifer-h. dead, and bleeding*.*h* 301
Height-reach, the height that...*m* 8
bold to leap a height.....*h* 143
on every mountain h. is rest *r* 361
h's by great men reached....*l* 225
objects in an airy height ...*m* 201
rooted and of wond'rous h..*h* 439
Heir-heir of joy or sorrow... *g* 139
thou art an h. to fayre lyving.*v* 227
careless heirs may the two*..*a* 208
comes but brings an heir*..*x* 397
shocks that flesh is heir to*..*d* 85
Helicon-taste the stream of H. *j* 335
dews of Helicon.....*g* 287
Helitrope-the faint fair h.....*p* 126
helitropes with meekly lifted *f* 142
Hell-better to reign in hell.....*r* 8
worth ambition, though in h..*t* 8
look which hell might.....*x* 16
like the waves of hell.....*n* 35
sweet milk of concord into h.*.*i* 47
break loose from hell.....*z* 55
of that inward hell.....*x* 61
quick bosoms is a hell.....*w* 61
more than hell to shun.....*m* 62
the hell within him.....*f* 62
thou art my hell.....*n* 78
this deed is chronicled in h.* *f* 75
to me as are the gates of hell..*f* 87
to which the hell I suffer.....*x* 90
hell trembled at the.....*m* 82
more devils than vast hell*..*g* 93
stood on the brink of hell....*a* 93
what hell it is in suing.....*e* 94
him as the gates of hell.....*p* 113
lies by the gates of hell.....*q* 112
characters of hell to trace...*x* 117
the fear o' h's the hangman's.*p* 120
hell's grim tyrant.....*o* 105
heaven by making earth a h..*i* 193
that tore hell's concave.....*x* 399
what an inviting h. invented *x* 472
or not threaten'd h. .....*l* 474
as deep as hell.....*k* 489
heaven and hell I palsied...*d* 484
heav'n with blasts from hell.*h* 488
hell with their good.....*p* 194
hell is more bearable than..*q* 194

in hell a place stone-huilt...r 194
hell is full of good meanings.s 194
hell is paved with good.....t 194
all hell broke loose.....u 194
hell grew darker at their....v 194
out of h., leads up to light..w 194
nor from h. one step no more.x 194
heaven and feeling hell....aa 194
never mentions hell to ears.a 195
black is the hadge of hell*...b 195
hell is empty and all the*...c 195
in me should set h. on fire*.d 195
lecture worse than hell.....i 256
quiet in h., as in a sanctuary*e 258
wedlock forced hut a hell*..h 258
horrihle light-house of hell..e 214
jealousie! thou art nurst in h.h 215
thou wert shipp'd to hell*..k 215
beyond all depth in hell*...m 219
hell itself breathes out*.....a 290
play all my tricks in hell....c 401
foes of our race, and dogs of h.g 410
a hell of heaven.....t 265
come hot from hell*.....g 459
O war! thou son of hell* ....d 460
conscience wide as hell*....p 460
avarice in the vaults of h....i 249
hell a fury like a woman....a 192
I do hate him as I do hell*..h 192
'twas whisper'd in hell ....bb 491
hell threatens.....v 501
turned a heaven unto a h.*..s 183
down to the loyalist's hell...d 431
no hell for authors.....r 297
riches grow in hell.....m 462
death and hell hy doom.....x 355
Hell-gate-and hell-gate them..a 392
Helm-hrazen h. of daffodillies .l 137
look to the h., good master..j 313
pilot slumber at the helm....q 44
pleasure at the helm.....t 486
Helmet-sense is our helmet...y 379
helmets of our adversaries*.f 460
his helmet now shall make..u 330
Help-heaven never helps the....p 3
name of help grew odious*...n 89
cannot help themselves .....s 90
that well deserves a h.....u 170
since there's no help, come..w 220
we won't let God help us....a 209
to h. you grow as heautiful..e 210
h. of heaven we count the*..i 194
that I had such h. as man...f 195
h. others out of a fellow.....i 195
h. thyself and God will help.j 195
God helps them that help....q 195
either willing or able to h..m 379
a help and ornament.....a 293
help us in our utmost need.n 317
a hindrance and a help.....o 501
and what's past help*.....o 360
Helped-great man h. the poor.o 449
Helper-antagonist is our h....b 405
Helpful-than all wisdom is....u 332
Helping-prayers, with gentle h.q 401
Hemisphere-walk the dark h..e 402
Hemlock-O hemlock tree.....h 437
Hemmed-lone flower, h. in....o 156
Henceforth-h. thou shalt learn .j 242
Henpecked-they not h. you all.f 473
Henry-it lasted, gave King H.*.l 92
Hepatica-April day,—blue h.*.g 142
Herald-love's h's should he*..k 247
earliest herald of day.....o 446
herald of a noisy world .....y 305
the perfectest herald*.....r 383
lark, the herald of the morn*.g 26
Heraldry-like coats in h.*.....q 449
Herb-a dinner of herhs.....j 99
sweet h's that searching eye.e 146
fragrance all the h's exhale..n 371
mark this curious herh.....t 157
small herbs have grace*.....p 188
wholesome h's should grow..k 493
dew dwelt ever on the herb..l 437
herhs, and other country....j 302
nor fragrant h's their native,s 488
seeds of h's lie covered close.d 377
choke the herhs for want of*u 176
the enchanted herhs*.....j 310
Herhage-hide in deep herhage..e 336
Herharium-press hest in h....u 48
Hercules-got H. to hear.....e 405
not Hercules could*.....x 265
than I to Hercules*.....a 498
is not love a Hercules*.....o 247
Herd-deer that left the herd ...c 491
lion in a herd of neat*.....b 457
h. of such, who think too...g 414
Here-'tis neither h. nor there*.t 499
Hereahout-h's he dwells*.....g 310
Hereafter-points out an h.....j 105
if there be an hereafter.....t 408
h., in a hetter world* .....u 326
yet in the word hereafter* ..n 302
night of an unknown h....m 423
Heresy-he holds becomes his h*e 20
Heretic-a man may he a h.....e 20
Heritage-that heritage of woe.w 252
Hermetic-strange h. powder..f 309
Hermit-h., in the lonely sea..a 439
man, the hermit, sigh'd.....p 473
to age a reverend h. grew...q 395
Hermitage-that for a h.....o 66
Hero-the h. is the world-man..a 196
I want a h.; an uncommon..b 196
not every one of us be a h...d 196
worship of a hero is.....e 196
hero should he always tall...f 196
each man is a h. and an oracle.h 196
hero is not fed on sweets....i 196
idol of to-day pushes the h..j 196
much as one should say, a h..k 196
as easy to he h's as to sit....m 196
heroes kill and bards burn..f 114
villain, millions a hero.....f 280
in danger h's, and in douht..s 180
farce the hoastful h. plays...c 456
strong and great, a hero.....l 196
appears a hero in our eyes..k 304
John Barleycorn was a hero.w 467
a hero must drink hrandy...h 468
orator who is not a hero.....y 324
was the h. that here lies*...h 387
Heroic-their own h. deeds.....k 458
Heroine-woman into a h.....b 442
each maid a heroine.....c 487
Heroism-essence of heroism...k 61
heroism self-slaughter.....v 408
Hero-worship-h-w. exists, has.c 196
Herself-h., admits no parallel.i 494
Hesperia-and e'en H's garden.d 177
Hesperian-H. gardens of the..r 410
Hesperides-trees on the H.*...o 241
Hesperus-entreats thy light...c 275
the star of Hesperus.....s 288
Hesperus with the host.....f 290
Heterodoxy-h. is another.....k 20
Hexameter-in the h. rises the..m 338
Hickory-under the h. tree.....i 437
Hid-from living knowledge h.*d 406
hid within an auger-hole*....s 119
things hid and harr'd*.....o 224
they long lie hid.....q 469
just hid with trees.....l 339
Hidden-some hearts are h.....x 192
hidden to the knees in fern..g 439
half hidden from the eye....a 161
Hide-in silence thou dost hide..s 33
lies to hide it makes it two...o 83
to hide the fault I see.....m 228
how hard it is to hide*.....h 286
to hide the feeling heart....h 204
hide their diminish'd heads.p 409
hides not his visage from*..c 410
seek to hide themselves*.....x 216
h's from himself his state...s 232
I'll say her nay, and hide....a 352
hide in deep herhage.....e 336
h. your heads like cowards*.c 451
h's behind a magesterial air.s 369
hides her fruit under them..i 438
h. my forehead and my eyes.u 356
he that hides a dark soul....v 358
h. her shame from every eye.e 359
I cannot hide what I am*....m 445
he hides a smiling face.....e 348
life that h's in mead and....i 349
rohes and furr'd gowns h*...y 384
Hideous-more h., when thou*.a 211
horrid, hideous notes of woe.v 347
Hiding-is he who hiding one..f 87
h. the grossness with fair*....h 88
lure us to their h. places....u 147
more in h. for the fault*.....g 120
h. all thy tender graces.....j 144
Hie-then hie thee forth.....e 277
Hierarchal-.h privilege and....x 443
Hyeroglyphics-h. of nature...d 339
High-as high as we have.....v 46
h. in all the people's hearts*..l 51
thy seat is upon high*.....d 84
too high the prices for.....d 86
high that giants may get*...i 485
ahove the rest h. honoured..i 367
set her silver lamp on high..f 406
they that stand high*.....f 408
to Him no high, no low, no..b 286
that stand h. have many*...e 186
plain living and h. thinking.f 463
breaking waves dashed h....g 323
hetween the h. and low.....t 391
as high as heaven.....k 489
High-blest-mind of God h-h...p 344
Higher-richer and richer; so h.k 410
rises upward always higher..v 59
h. law than the constitution..n 62
Highest-is the h. style of man..e 57
courage the highest gift.....q 71
h. pitch of human glory.....p 458
the hest grows highest.....i 438
a woman's highest name....l 478
Highland-spare his h. Mary...a 336

Highly–what thou wonld'st h*..q 51
Hill–on the Grampian h's my...k 8
spanning the hills like.....e 16
between the hills to meet.....s 41
apart set on a hill retired.....t 64
mine be a cot beside the h....c 70
among the lonely hills.....i 108
rough scatterings of the h's.h 149
hills and valleys, dales.....j 243
steep—np heavenly hill*....v 409
down bchind the azure hill..t 410
hills piled on hills.....n 457
among somo grassy hills....k 212
stood at the foot of the hill..i 437
the hills our fathers trod...w 295
that is among the lonely h's.l 392
behind the western hills.....i 446
craggy h's and running.....e 447
the distant hills, and there..p 447
hills whose heads touch*....u 430
steep of echoing hill.....g 485
hill and dale doth boast.....n 271
on low hills outspread.....j 272
come and go upon the hills.q 373
time on the eastern hills*...r 373
me and those distant hills...h 376
yon high eastern hill*.....w 277
hills peep o'er hills.....u 279
in the vale beneath the h....l 411
strong amid the hills.....w 285
on the hills above.....n 288
o'er every h. that under.....k 138
for me are the hills.....n 138
of France went up the h....k 867
over the hills and far away..c 251
h's all rich with blossom'd..k 364
daisies on the aguish hills...l 128
h's that echo to the distant..c 334
long walks on the windy h's.o 158
in the valley under the hill..q 158
to climb steep h's requires*.g 408
on the face of the high h's..h 180
the highest peering hills*...n 410
over the hills and far away..e 492
Hillside–up the h. of this life..k 141
sweetbriar on the h. shows..b 156
Keesar sat on the hillside...k 319
Hill-top–far, hill-tops towering.b 79
Himself–can be his parallel. ..g 52
lord of himself, though not...l 63
h., his Maker, and the angel.g 253
unless above himself he can.k 253
that knew how to love h.*...t 379
h. is his own dungeon.....v 358
out of reputation but by h..y 359
Hindrance–between a h. and a.o 501
Hinge–world on hinges hung..o 282
on golden hinges moving....t 193
hinges grate harsh thunder.y 194
narrowest h. in my hand....a 309
Hint–h's of heaven upon your.i 373
hint malevolent, the look...e 380
upon the hint I spake*.....w 248
hints and prophecies.....l 327
Hip–him once upon the h.*...q 363
infidel, I have thee on the h.*.u 363
Hired–oblivion is not to be h..r 292
His–mine, 'tis h., and has*....r 387
Hiss–a dismal universal hiss..w 64
worms, they hiss at me.....i 462
Historian–the h. is wise.....w 196
certain sense all men are h's.b 197
historian of my infancy.....k 213
spring is your sole h.....n 440
History–h. fades into fable....w 86
histories make men wise....j 101
chances, and h. their sun...x 119
h. shall, with mouth full*..g 104
history of pinheads.....r 229
exceeds an infamous h.....w 202
the history of the world.....u 298
the heart's deep history.....r 315
great history of the land....s 474
history makes haste.....s 196
history's purchased page...u 196
histories are as perfect.....w 196
history is the essence of....a 197
their h. in a nation's eyes...c 197
history casts its shadow....d 197
who lived in history only...e 197
gather out of history.....f 197
history is philosophy.....g 197
foot upon some reverend h .h 197
his history is a tale.....w 253
Histrionic–when h. scenes.....l 293
Hit–h. the woundless air*.....n 387
to hit; while still too wide ..l 213
a hit, a very palpable hit*...o 496
'twill seem a lucky hit.....o 75
Hither–come hither to me.....l 221
Hive–are from their hive*.....b 74
comrades in the braided h..h 213
make a hive for bees.....u 330
drones hive not with me*...t 39$_0$
Ho–then westward, ho*.....f 499
Hoar–plume of the golden rod.o 133
Hoard–h's are wanting still....v 16
h. of gold, kept by a devil*..k 181
partner, boastful of her h...w 197
Hoarse–and high the breezes..t 275
Hoary–h. in the soft light.....r 376
with his hoary locks.....p 323
Hobby–man has his hobby....o 351
Hocus-pocus–is a sort of h-p..p 307
Hoeder–H., the blind old god..aa 382
Hog–the hog that ploughs not..t 12
Hold–I hold it cowardice*.....w 73
hold thee to my heart .....s 241
roomy hold, within.....o 313
h. the memory of a wrong..y 164
I must hold my tongue*....o 383
hold the vital shears.....g 390
first cries, "hold, enough"*.v 459
he will hold thee.....f 324
we could hold them fast.....l 327
hold their course, till fire....c 425
Hole–h's yourselves have made.p 70
little hole of discretion* .....p 94
through every guilty hole*.m 410
stop a h. to keep the wind...e 119
there's a h. in a' your coats.w 305
Holiday–welcome this majestic.l 271
the holiest of all holidays...i 197
holiday, the beggar's shop*..j 197
year were playing holidays*.k 197
I am in a holiday humour*..l 197
h. for art's and friendship's.m 197
Holier–there is nothing h.....b 243
Holiest–is the holiest of gifts..g 175
the holiest of all holidays...i 197
the holiest thing alive.....c 279
holiest end of woman's being.r 474
Holily–that wouldst thou h.*...q 51
Holiness–h. and happiness....n 197
holiness is felicity itself....n 197
mind is bent to holiness*...p 197
holiness is the architectural.s 197
Hollow–many h. compliments..o 60
pierc'd the fearful hollow*...o 28
within the gracious hollow..h 61
hearts of this world are h...z 153
in want a h. friend doth try*.g 171
'tis hollow, and returns.....v 316
the h's are heavy and dank..h 141
Holly–holly branch shone on...d 57
holly dress the festive hall...p 57
h. round the Christmas hearth r 57
h. with its polished leaves ..g 432
some to the holly hedge.....a 434
slender, leaf-clad h. boughs..j 437
green holly with its berries..l 437
h. leaves their fadeless hues.m 437
stood to see the holly tree...n 437
scarlet holly and purple sloe.q 440
Holly-hock–queen h-h's.....h 142
Holme–the carver Holme; the..j 433
Holy–their race in Holy Writ...i 32
holy and devout religious*...v 64
as holy as severe*.....q 197
our holy lives must*.....r 197
to know a holy man*.....r 317
holy as the deeds they cover.k 482
doubling that, most holy*..w 199
more holy, and profound*..w 329
died to make men holy.....k 167
friendship, of itself, an holy.r 172
the night is holy.....k 288
a holy thing is sleep.....r 389
Holy-day–unless on holy-days.d 471
Homage–the homage of a tear..g 90
h. of thoughts unspoken....i 420
in h. to the rising dawn....k 157
instead of homage sweet*...h 125
timid homage pays.....s 240
each under eye doth h.*....d 409
Home–the h. of the great dead.p 34
God's own home.....b 55
as home his footsteps he.....c 71
a perishable home.....b 98
passing at h. a patient life...n 22
thy home is high in heaven..h 24
builds her h. with the flags..r 24
points of heaven and home...s 26
near a thousand h's I stood...f 63
to feed, were best at home*..j 14
great circuit, and is still at h.c 116
pleasure never is at home...f 116
eyes are h's of silent prayer.v 116
provides a h. from which....x 163
path to her woodland home.i 132
you must come h., with me.p 202
and a devil at home.....k 204
dully sluggardis'd at home*.p 205
draw her home with music*.i 283
eaten me out of house and h.*.e 100
to feed, were best at home*..l 100
come h. to men's business...e 489
cling to thy home.....b 198
sacred joys of home depend..c 198
ever so homely, home is h..d 198
there is no place like home..e 198
most welcome home.....h 198
forgetting any other home.*.i 198

my home of love*.....j 198
at home, my son and servant k 198
home is the resort of love..m 198
a secret at home is like rocks a 379
home with her maiden posy f 139
without the home that.....a 253
go and call the cattle home..g 365
I sent him, bootless home*..c 366
shining home in the air....k 402
the home of the brave.....h 124
when they are from home*..u 264
not oft near h. does genius..p 177
stay, stay at h. my heart...aa 192
to stay at home is best .....a 192
next way h's the farthest way j 496
finds our thoughts at home..t 501
and that dear hut our home.s 190
at home I was in a better*...b 431
and behold our home.....v 312
have him home with me*...a 465
ye who dwell at home.....y 323
who gave a home so fair....e 330
his house—his h. no more...l 394
without hearts there is no h.l 394
knock, it never is at home.. h 471
nearer to their eternal home.f 428
there's nobody at home....bb 471
and never home came she...k 422
with the other pull her h....d 479
Home-keeping-h-k. hearts...aa 192
Homeless-to the h., thou.....o 389
homeless near a thousand....f 68
Homely-h. forgotten flower..f 147
ever so h., home is home ...a 198
time, that makes you homely i 425
Home-made-with h-m. bread .a 198
h-m. wines that rack the....a 198
h-m. pop that will not foam.d 198
h-m. by the homely.....a 198
h-m. liquors and waters.....a 198
Homer-wan'd for H. being.....r 67
H. who gave laws to the artist b 16
H who inspired the poet....w 337
I, who hold sage Homer's...m 202
read H. once and you can...g 354
Homeward-she drives before ..l 313
Homicide-tyrant and a h.* ....l 448
Homily-all books grow homilies h 39
Honest-character of an "h.man" j 52
brave and downright h. man.m 52
trust thy honest offered.....d 73
honest water, which*.....r 461
too pure and too honest.....r 109
h. fame or grant me none....s 115
an h. man, close-buttoned...h 253
open, honest and sincere....w 443
h. man's the noblest work of o 198
honest tale speeds best*.....p 198
honest, as this world goes*..r 198
the world's grown honest*...t 198
principal is not an h. man..u 198
poor but honest*.....u 247
in a general honest thought* a 291
though it be honest*.....aa 306
h, by an act of parliament..bb 442
was once thought h. man*..a 499
and honest men among.....i 347
if we be h. with ourselves...g 385
shall be h. with each other...g 385
Honesty-as great as his h*.....l 1
wins not more than honesty*..l 9
you'll show a little honesty*..x 62
there's neither honesty*.....g 88
whose honesty the devil*....t 103
departs with his own h.....n 198
found them in mine h.*.....q 198
armed so strong in h*.....s 198
honesty is the best policy...u 198
not length but honesty.....f 385
thou'rt full of love and h* ..x 481
Honey-the h. of thy breath*...a 84
drain those honey wells.....j 212
kneading up the honey*.....s 212
gather honey all the day.....i 213
h. of his music vows.....u 291
can gather h. from a weed..w 468
bees made honey.....f 348
h. of delicious memories....p 262
love with gall and honey....k 249
all laden with honey.....h 438
Honey-bag-the h-b's steal* ....i 112
Honey-bee-h-b. that wanders.d 212
so work the honey-bees* ....s 212
Honey-comb-h-c. at will.....c 11
their mighty honey-comb...h 213
Honey-cup-h-c's bending.....q 137
Honey-dew-honey-dew upon*.w 416
Honeyed-a honeyed crew.....e 131
Honeyless-and leave them h*.d 213
Honeysuckle-with flaunting h.n 259
honeysuckles sweet.....e 128
a h. link'd around.....j 142
I plucked a honeysuckle....l 142
h's sprang by scores.....l 142
honeysuckle loved to crawl..m 142
Honor-be a sin to covet honor*.h 9
true, conscious honour .....l 62
from top of honour to* .....g 95
what h. hath humility.....h 28
when h's at the stake*.....u 67
can honour's voice provoke..x 80
honours thick upon him*....n 46
bears his blushing h's*.....w 118
ye feel your honor grip.....p 120
full of honour, wealth .....a 103
h's wed to make a coronal...i 128
h. to the men who bring....q 297
in honour clear. .....o 319
toils of h. dignify repose....o 359
doth earthly honor wait.....l 472
when honor dies.....p 255
h's to the passing breese....a 411
hazzard as of honor.....i 367
set h. in one eye, and death*.o 209
hurt that honor feels.....x 268
loved I not honour more....c 24
honour travels in a strait*..a 200
honors come by diligence..m 491
in h. dies he to whom the...o 185
from a daylight of honor....d 431
his honour decayed.....h 439
books of h. razed quite*.....e 312
honor untaught*.....s 367
wearing great honors as ....u 423
mine honour be the knife's* s 485
public honour is security...j 462
honour on his happy day...e 450
honors more than "Lady"..l 478
wound my honour .....w 198
the sense of h. is of so fine..x 198
the post of honor is.....y 198
chastity of honor.....b 199
more hurts honor than.....c 199
place where honor's lodged..c 199
lie in honour's troubled bed.d 199
honor and fortune exist to ..e 199
post of honor shall be mine.f 199
life without honor never....g 199
honours are great burdens..i 199
wreath of h. ought to grace..j 199
h. is purchas'd by deeds....k 199
honour is not won.....k 199
h. comes to you be ready....l 199
h., the spur that pricks.....m 199
in more substantial h's.....n 199
honour and shame from no..o 199
there all the honour lies.....o 199
h. doth forget men's names* p 199
pluck up drowned honour*. q 199
a good livery of honour*....r 199
if it be a sin to covet h.*....s 199
can honour set a leg*.....u 199
h. hath no skill in surgery*.u 199
what that word, honour*.u 199
honour pricks me on*.....y 199
h's thrive when rather*.....z 199
I lose mine honour* .....a 200
clear h. were purchas'd*....c 200
pluck bright honour*.....d 200
mine honour let me try*....e 200
come out to woo honour*...f 200
smatch of honour in it*.....h 200
h. peereth in the meanest*..i 200
honor sits smiling*.....j 200
honor rooted in dishonor....k 200
keeps honour bright*.....b 332
h., but an empty bubble ....t 332
all that is in my power to h.p 202
Honorable-death is honourable.b 86
until some honorable deed..k 199
I have that h. grief*.....b 187
Brutus is an h. man*.....v 199
h., and, doubling that, most*w 199
true and honourable wife*..e 465
Honored-h. in the breach*.....y 77
h'd and by strangers.....a 83
above the rest high h. sits...i 367
wise by all are honored.....m 470
he hath h. me of late*.....e 324
Hooded-h. violets and.....c 133
Hook-shall pierce their slimy*.u 11
two-inched hook is better...k 123
saints dost bait thy hook*..x 102
to attaine by h. or crooke...b 202
to thy soul with h's of steel*.t 170
by h. or crook has gather'd..y 489
Hooka-divine in hookas.....q 320
Hoop-about a h. of gold*.....a 305
Hoot-mighty h's and wonders*. i 29
Hop-who lets it hop a little*..t 248
hop for his profit .....v 463
Hope-hope to meet shortly.....b 2
our joys, but that our hopes...r 6
reaps from the hopes.....q 8
but yet I hope, I hope*.....f 11
fresh hope the lover's.....d 28
hope was young, and life.....k 31
with much of hope.....g 34
without one hope of day.....f 35
now their hope of fame.....p 37
hope ebbs and flows.....w 44
worth, so also has hope.....g 45
tender leaves of hope*.....n 46

hope and fear alternate .....f 46
a chastened hope.....w 48
poise of hope and fear.. ....v 49
neither hopes deceive nor....e 66
hopes, are all with thee.....q 70
hopes of future years .....r 70
bate a jot of heart or hope....e 72
hope that is unwilling.....v 91
with hope farewell fear.....b 91
all hope abandon, ye who....r 90
I shall have no hope.....o 90
our very hopes belied.....j 81
hopes, and then our fears....o 85
without all hope of day.....a 91
fondest hopes decay.....a 94
hope elevates, and joy.....u 92
to feed on hope.....e 94
never to hope again*.....h 94
white-handed hope.....v 112
in a patient hope I rest.....i 113
howe'er we promise—hope..m 116
h. still grovels in this dark..f 117
hope may vanish but.....e 108
is alive with sudden hope...g 142
h. starves without a crumb..o 175
in hope of fair advantages*..o 176
none without hope.....e 243
with banish'd h. no more...w 249
abont the neck of hope.....d 250
and hope kiss'd love.....d 250
when hope was gone.....d 250
sorrow'd after hope.....d 250
in hope to merit heaven.....i 193
whose life was all men's h...f 195
hopes were not less warm...u 196
hope nothing from foreign..a 183
is there no hope.....l 309
hopes in pangs are born ....d 442
youth, health, and hope may.z 442
cheers with h. the gloomy...t 357
back in hope's beginning...h 133
mine own did hope to sip...o 379
hope's gentle gem, the sweet.k 140
when hope was born.....k 278
mock my hopes no more....j 221
what can innocence h. for..f 211
hope against hope, and ....aa 331
whence this pleasing hope...i 207
hope for immortality.....l 207
hope not for impossibilities.k 208
and hope is brightest .....m 154
God shall be my h., my stay* v 180
high hope for a low heaven*.l 328
hopes of future years.....n 329
wishes hopes, and fears.....v 261
then there's hope a great*..a 262
mistress dear his h's convey.e 450
might hope for it here.....s 330
bind all our shattered hopes.u 396
h., he called, belief in God...r 343
though h. be weak or sick..w 343
pray if thou canst, with h..w 343
cannot h. that his prayers...f 344
hope a prosperous end.....x 344
h. and sympathy that men..r 345
out of hope, behold her.....o 475
movement mortals feel is h..l 200
what we least can spare is h.m 200
hope! thou nurse of young.n 200
hope springs exulting.....o 200
there clung one hope .....p 200
work without hope draws...r 200
h. without an object cannot.r 200
hope, with eyes so fair.....s 200
hope enchanted smiled.....t 200
hopes have precarious life..u 200
while there is life, there's h.v 200
hope, like the gleaming.....w 200
hopes, my latest hours to...x 200
still on hope relies.....y 200
heavenly hope is all serene..z 200
what are the hopes of man..a 201
where there is no hope.....b 201
having naught else but h...e 201
who bids me hope.....h 201
we may gain from hope.....i 201
h. never comes, that comes..j 201
hope springs eternal in the.k 201
h. is but the dream of those.l 201
years must pass before a h..n 201
h. is brightest when it dawns p 201
hope dead lives nevermore..o 201
the sickening pang of hope.q 201
my h's in heaven do dwell*.r 201
hope is a lover's staff*.....s 201
I died for hope, ere I could*.t 201
medicine, but only hope*...u 201
h. is swift, and flies with*...v 201
hope creates from its own..w 201
hope and youth are.....x 201
through the sunset of hope.y 201
bitterness of death, is hope.a 202
mighty hopes that make us.g 202
come, gentle h.! with one...h 202
h's what are they? beads....j 202
h., like a cordial, innocent..k 202
h.smiled when your nativity a 132
new-born hope with softest.p 370
without our hopes.....a 253
so my hopes decay.....m 257
hope, changed for despair...k 166
hope for a season bade.....d 167
buoyant are thy hopes.....b 487
what is hope but deceiving...l 99
speak of h. to the fainting..w 127
new hopes to raise.....a 476
hopes and dreams sublime..n 423
Hoped-h. that thy days would.j 438
than can be h. from thee....b 320
Hopped-painted plumes, that h.c 25
Horatius-H. kept the bridge....c 72
Horde-one polished horde.....a 41
Horizon-veiled the h. round...s 288
orizont had reft the sonne...z 287
our western h. circulars.....e 411
like a ruby from the h's.....f 411
morn upon the h's verge....d 231
Horn-with the cheerful horn...t 53
Triton blow his wreathed h..g 56
with shining h's hung ont..o 274
her exhausted horn.....f 276
flower of the golden horn....i 136
plenty, with her flowing h...g 375
from out her lavish horn...w 295
with his horn full of news*..x 306
Hornpipe-sings psalms to h's*w 385
Horny-horny hands of toil....g 483
Horrible-than h. imaginings*.d 207
comfortless, and horrible*...q 306
Horrid-hideous notes of woe..v 347
Horror-hail horrors! hail.....v 90
screams of horror rend.....z 120
Horse-a full-hot horse; who*...g 11
give me another horse*.....y 12
my kingdom for a horse*.....x 12
on his pale horse.....j 82
mounted, run their horse*...x 10
between two h's, which*....f 217
scarce would move a horse..h 317
little dearer than his horse..f 321
mare will prove the better h.d 435
god's me, my horse*... ....n 200
the horse does with the.....o 260
nothing but talk of his h*...d 301
Horseman-the h. run away....o 268
Horsemen-chariot and h.*...bb 303
Horseshoe-picked up a h.....o 251
Hospitable-on h. thoughts....l 202
h. favours you should not*..n 202
Hospitality-h. might reign....k 13
by doing deeds of h.*.....o 202
Host-earth is a h. who.....u 492
time is like a fashionable h.*a 427
a host of golden daffodils....u 137
a host of golden daffodils....v 137
from h's on h's of shining...t 280
host; with robber's hands*..n 202
the glorious host of light....e 402
as his host who should*.....q 219
universal h. upsent a shout..x 399
Hostage-given h's to fortune..d 256
Hostess-h. clap to the doors*..r 264
Hot-the h. and burning stars..f 275
mounting in hot haste.....b 457
hot and still the air was.....o 300
sun beat hot, and thirstly...h 422
Hotly-as hotly and as nobly*...i 216
Hotspur-Douglas and the H.*..d 400
Hotter-hotter hours approach..a 375
Hound-cheering the hounds...l 75
Hour-with all the days and h's..d 2
my hour at last is come.....b 8
while the jolly hours.....d 28
hour when from the boughs..l 27
round of life from hour to h..w 58
enjoy the present hour.....t 65
life with quiet hours*.....r 66
but one hour of Scotland.....b 69
hour was register'd.....a 92
slow fly the hours.....n 78
O hour, of all hours.....k 99
crowded h. of glorious life..u 115
I have had my hour .....q 117
one h. forestalls not another..j 118
the hour the poet loves.....u 105
hark, the hours are softly....a 373
talk with our past hours ... k 379
met me in an evil hour.... k 139
hours were nice*.....w 251
tell what hour it is*.....a 255
and from that luckless hour.g 256
hour that tears my soul.....j 168
our chosen sacred hours.....i 170
attended by the sultry h's..b 375
h. after h. that passionless...n 275
an h. before the worshipp'd*.v 277
had I but died an hour*.....s 278
lent him for an hour.....u 278
strike their inandible hour..a 127
such hours 'gainst years....e 231
an h. may lay it in the dust..r 340
for one short hour to see....d 208
'twas in a blessed hour.....v 160

a dark hour, or twain*.....o 289
present honr alone is man's.v 232
one crowded h. of glorious..r 234
hour to hour, we ripe and*...t 234
ten thousand in an hour....s 236
these hours, and only these.b 240
one hour is theirs.....t 262
it was the cooling honr.....t 410
hold an hour's converse ....h 171
the rosy-bosom'd honrs .....u 241
eight-score eight hours* ....y 248
hopes, my latest h's to crown x 200
honrs were thine and mine.m 433
soft hour of walking.....p 447
there is an honr .....g 324
the stilly hour, when storms.r 330
a deare fool for an houre....n 471
long hours come and go.....t 425
how many make the hour*..l 426
hours must I contemplate*.m 426
nnheeded flew the hours....p 427
the wonder of the hour.....e 490
six hours in sleep.....u 490
at this honr fast asleep*.....v 390
Hour-glass-sandy h-g. run*...g 262
Honse-and hurt my brother*...l 2
spirit have so fair a house*..e 19
the fignre of the house*.....d 44
give house-room to the .....x 55
h. is a well-spring of pleasure.n 55
or builds the house or .....t 56
a house of prayer .....u 57
you take my house when*...r 91
like a fair house, built*.....g 163
keep house together.....m 126
eaten me out of h. and home*.s 210
the very houses seem asleep.h 366
house where I was born.....a 261
no strife to the dark house*..y 460
this h. is to be let for life....c 193
a man's house is his castle..u 197
the house ef every one is....v 197
houses are built to live in..f 296
ordinary dwelling h's built.p 296
he that hath a house to put*.d 297
keep within my house*.....h 304
handsome h. to lodge a friend e 463
his h. is unto his annext...a 392
disturb this hallow'd house*.j 325
h's that he makes last till*....l 322
his h. his home no more ....l 394
a prison is a house of care...i 347
Housed-Satan, h. within this*..i 78
forever housed*.....i 387
Household-mouth as h.*.....t 481
never one of household.....q 81
than to study h. goods.....l 475
redbreast, sacred to the h....i 31
Housewife-mock the good h.*.t 178
good h's all the winter's...f 322
housewives ln your beds*..b 478
Hovering-sun's sweet ray is h. i 212
How-at last the fleeting how..s 175
wonder h. the devil they got.ee 495
Howard-blood of all the H's....l 485
Howling-h. in the face of.....r 273
h. from the mountains.....b 404
thoughts imagine h's* .....c 85
sick of prey, yet howling ...l 427
Hne-h. unto the rainbow*....o 163
h's of the rich unfolding....i 277
snmmer dawn's reflected h..n 374
hues like hers.....s 286
flowers of all hue .....b 153
scarcely show'd their h .....g 153
deeper it takes its hue.....k 410
vary their hues.....l 410
rarest h's of human life.....b 193
leaves their fadeless h's.....m 437
luscious fruit of sunset h....l 439
in hues of ancient promise..q 352
rosy red, love's proper hue..u 392
its hues are brightest.....d 81
iris, all hues, roses and..... f 143
mingled hues of beauty.....p 149
simple h. the plant portrays.q 149
evening's h's of sober grey...n 150
hues, how richly dressed....j 152
each its hue peculiar.....f 432
Hug-hug it in mine arms*....m 84
Huge-far too h. to be blown*..c 461
Hugely-flow as h. as the sea*..g 347
Hugged-she h. the offender...x 164
h. by the old to the very....g 424
Hum-the busy hnm of men....e 59
and mingled hnm.....r 285
h. of human cities torture ..u 412
stilled is the hum that.....i 447
hum of mighty workings....s 185
hnms with a louder concert.r 437
Hnman-tamer of the h. breast...c 4
human bliss to human woe ..p 19
h. look in its swelling breast .h 30
to pity distress is but h.....g 53
but human creatures live ...h 77
human face divine.....c 91
human life to endless sleep..n 364
grown h.,and capricious pity.q 202
every h. heart is human.....s 202
loving h. soul on another...w 209
at sight of human ties.....k 244
human things of dearest....h 501
where h. harvests grow ... n 184
weakness of human nature..a 462
its cry is like a h. wail.....h 466
speech is human.....o 400
like those within the human.b 422
h. left from human free.....b 388
make the sum of h. things..d 380
sacredly of every human h..o 139
nothing that is h. do I think.n 255
to err is human, to forgive....e 165
to step aside is human.....j228
Humanity-blossom of h.....b 55
humanity with all its fears ..r 70
some concord with h.....g 139
imitated h. so abominably*.w 254
true grandeur of humanity.g 276
the still, sad music of h.....u 202
genins, like h., rusts.....n 177
interpreter of that law, h....j 494
the traitor to humanity. ....t 431
wearisome conditiou of h.....o 489
Humankind-is that of h .....a 45
shelter but in humankind ..d 413
lords of h. pass by.....r 346
Humble-be h., and you will....m 4
be humble and be just.....x 98
h. is he that knows no more.s 223
a h. flower long time .....v 160
fond of humble things.....k 495
h. that he knows no more...v 468
in humble guise .....j 139
the humble rosemary .....g 156
the heart it humbles.....e 370
bears not a humble tongue*.n 496
Humble-bee-from the h-b's* ..i 112
burly, dozing, humble.....e 212
Humbled-h. indeed,down into.b 425
humbled to the very dust....f 31
Humblest-h. he can speak...j 141
Humid-night is h. and cold...l 375
Humility-what honor hath h...h 28
h. may be taken for granted.z 202
sink himself by true h.....a 203
he first will learn humility..b 203
h. that low, sweet root.....e 203
h. is to make a right estimate j 203
modest stillness, and h.*.....c 331
is pride that apes humility.m 346
Humming-was h. the words..u 152
spice the humming air .....r 157
h. in calm content.....a 212
humming round where we..l 239
Humming-bird-and gay the h.q 272
chalices to humming-birds..g 270
Humor-h's turn with climes...d 46
in all thy humours.....s 167
it is my humour; is it*.....a 364
h. has justly been regarded..l 203
when thy rash humour* ....g 246
I am in a holiday humour*,..l 197
wit and h. belong to genius...471
yet has her humor most ....l 257
claw no man in his h.*.....m 445
Humorous-marvel, he's so h.*n 203
Hundred-throned on her h.....x 58
hundred streams are the.....q 96
kill thee a hundred and fifty*t 363
flow'ret of a hundred leaves.k 334
six hundred pounds a year..e 463
Hung-h. idly in the summer...b 34
has hung twenty years*.....t 257
hung clustering, but not....h 367
breathless boughs h. heavy..i 409
hung their heads*.....q 312
hung with dangling pears...i 295
self-balanc'd, on her centre h.j 484
Hunger-introduces h., frost....k 13
make me hunger more*.....x 66
need never hunger more....m 251
hunger broke stone walls*...t 203
hunger is the best seasoning.v 203
h. is sharper than the sword.p 203
hunger's powerful sway ....n 123
poverty, hunger and dirt....l 341
Hungry-has a lean and h. look* s 203
they said they were an h.*...t 203
cruel as death, and h. as the.u 203
the hungry judges soon.....e 217
like hungry guests.....o 293
in hungry mortal's eyes.....c 302
both fierce, both hungry....s 307
Hunt-I hunt till day's last.....s 53
h. half a day for a forgotten..a 98
double h. were heard at*...aa 100
the hunt is up*.....e 278
Hunter-a mighty hunter.....t 458
mighty h's of the deep.....b 30
Hunteth-thing it h. most*....o 406
Huntsman-the healthy h.....t 53
as a huntsman his paok....m 122
Hurl-hurl upon their heads*..n 280

Hurricano-cataracts and h's*.m 404
Hurried-business hurried is..g 293
Hurt-assailed, but never hurt.e 454
though love may hurt and..w 240
what he finds the hurt of....e 309
Husband-while her h. sings....n 22
woman oweth to her h.*.....b 99
so may my husband*.....k 120
when h's, or when lap-dogs..z 120
play the good husband*.....k 198
truant h. should return.....w 203
lover in the h. may be lost..x 203
to thy husband's will.....aa 203
with thee goes thy h.....bb 203
h. that will make amends...a 204
attend my h., be his nurse*.d 204
thy h. is thy lord, thy life*..e 204
no worse a h. than the best*.f 204
to the fond husband..... .f 256
husband's sullen, dogged...r 256
ne'er answers till a husband..l 257
h's know, their wivcs*.....f 258
an elm, my h., I, a vine*....c 258
sweet and as h's have*.....f 258
thy h. commits his body*...b 259
as the husband is the wife is.f 259
make a heavy husband*....w 464
made her h. to o'erlook.....o 478
Husbandry-there's h. in*.....j 194
dulls the edge of h.*.....d 41
Hush-leaves in summer's h...b 281
in the hush of their quiet...h 378
hush, my dear, lie still.....i 392
breaking the general hush..d 435
Hushed-to which, in silence h..v 77
it is hush'd and smooth.....s 389
through the hushed air.....j 378
Husk-strewed with husks*....v 292
Hut-saints poor huts*.....j 333
and that dear h.; our home..s 190
Hyacinth-h's for constancy....p 142
h. moves thy kisse to close..q 142
shone h's blue and clear.....r 142
the h., purple and white....b 143
h's of heavenly blue.....a 143
I'll bid the hyacinth to blow.j 240
bathed the dark hyacinths...b 352
Hyacinthine-mock the h. bell.b 110
Hydra-contention is a H's.....m 67
as many mouths as Hydra*..o 214
Harpies and Hydras.....l 124
Gorgons, and Hydras.....s 494
Hymen-fools spurn Hymen's.m 256
Hymn-forth his evening h.....f 22
doleful h. to his own death*. p 23
hymns to sullen dirges*.....h 46
hymn loud as the virtues...n 204
a struggle and not a hymn..l 358
sings h's at heaven's gate*..c 386
h. of gladness and of thanks.h 272
hymn, th' Almighty power..k 273
wake Diana with a hymn*...i 283
Hyperbole-a constrained h....d 321
Hyperion-H. to a Satyr*.....c 368
Hypocrisy-thy praise h.....n 204
h. the only evil that walks...t 204
describe woman's h's.....x 475
Hypocrite-h's and seeming....i 204
a h. is in himself both.....p 204
and soul in this be h's*.....b 205
the meanness of being a h..,z 205
Hypocritic-church, with h....m 52
Hypocritical-h., be courteous.l 204

I.

I-it was he; because it was I..q 243
must dwell, my heart and I.m 369
my thoughts and I were.....b 420
Ice-to smooth the ice, or*.....a 16
very ice of chastity is*.....e 54
in December—ice in June....p 75
glittering square of colored i..e 99
be thou as chaste as ice*.....h 42
ice and snow-drift.....m 436
be sure, is not of ice.....o 237
ice hangs o'er the fountain..a 378
clothed the trees with ice...g 269
Icicle-chaste as the icicle*.....c 276
the crystal icicle is hung....n 377
Icy-o'er the icy rocks.....m 377
moss shines with icy glare..f 378
Idea-decay of all our ideas.....a 87
bards who sung divine i's...p 486
idea that they act in trust..k 361
representatives of certain i's.f 169
ideas, atoms, influences.....z 222
to adorn i's with elegance...i 223
possess but one idea.....s 223
the moment of finding an i.u 172
men possessed with an idea..x 419
ideas painted on the mind...t 420
who comes up to his own i..p 185
Ideal-ideal of what he should..a 50
music from ideal thought...p 419
nor fears ideal pains.....c 328
ideal presence whence.....i 103
Ides-beware the i. of March*..ff 496
the ides of March are come*.o 426
Idiot-play the i's in her eyes*.c 166
Idle-threading the street with i.u 259
for idle hands to do.....s 205
temptations attack the idle.n 418
reputation is an idle*.....f 360
never idle a moment.....f 483
Idleness-i. is emptiness.....k 205
harm that groweth of i.....n 205
idleness ever despaireth.....o 225
i. and take fools' pleasure...q 430
Idler-the idler and the man of..b 80
i. is a watch that wants both.l 205
while the loitering i. waits.m 251
Idly-i. busy rolls their world.m 205
are idly bent on him*.....l 294
Idol-he will have his idols.....b 50
they are idols of hearts.....w 54
in heaven to hold our idols..p 175
i. of to-day pushes the hero.j 196
seeing but this world's idols.p 470
Idolatry-its i's a patient knee.s 208
i.; and these we adore.....f 463
If-avoid that too, with an if*...v 43
talk'st thou to me of ifs*....s 431
Ignoble-th' i. mind's a slave..q 103
and soil'd with all i. use....g 178
crowd's ignoble strife.....k 395
Ignorance-i. thy choice, where.s 55
be ignorance thy choice.....s 55
best riches i. of wealth.....b 66
man, in ignorance sedate....z 117
fear always springs from i..u 120
error is worse than i.....t 104
in my simple i., suppose,...p 150
thou mayest of double i....f 224
ignorance of good and ill....z 453
knowledge of our own i.....j 470
the truest characters of i....v 205
i. seldom vaults into.....w 205
i. is the mother of yonr.....a 206
i. gives us a large range.....b 206
i. is the dominion of.....c 206
terrible than active i.....d 206
where i. is bliss, 'tis folly....e 206
it was a childish ignorance..f 206
i. is the root of misfortune..k 206
from i. our comfort flows....l 206
i. is the curse of God*.....m 206
there is no darkness, but i.*.n 206
O thou monster ignorance*.o 206
i. is the mother of devotion.s 206
an exchange of i. for that..aa 222
i. like a fire doth burn.....d 228
more discover our i.....q 406
doomed to ignorance.....l 265
i. never settles a question...x 205
Ignorant-by i. tongues*.....d 455
we, ignorant of ourselves*..m 345
most ignorant of what he's*.w 346
liv'd ignorant of future.....t 175
Ignorantly-survey'd are i. led*j 403
Iliad-come a modern Iliad....u 292
Ill-angels are, or good or ill.....v 2
that fears no ill to come.....v 65
no ill where no ill seems.....o 61
to ourselves the cause of ill..w 47
desp'rate ills demand.....m 73
some ill a-brewing*.....n 97
it is an ill wind turns none.o 166
will be the final goal of ill...f 202
strong themselves by ill*...y 362
if in the darkest hours of ill.l 336
and blot the ill with tears...p 236
some things are ill to wait..g 208
redeem life's years of ill....b 240
it was ill killed*.....h 100
ill deeds are doubled with*.y 481
ill cure for life's worst ills...t 427
who fears not to do ill, yet...k 114
ills have no weight.....t 112
ill a-brewing towards my*..k 412
rather bear those i's we have.f 176
ill, though ask'd, deny .....m 407
ill got had ever bad success*.d 408
means to do ill deeds*.....f 418
ills the scholar's life assails..o 405
looking ill prevail.....o 249
an ill word may impoison*..s 414
made him so ill*.....h 320
an ill wind that bloweth....o 466
ill blows the wind that*.....j 467
not the ill wind which*....p 467
ill wind turns none to good..u 467
no ill where no ill seems ...m 469
good attending captain ill*.w 496
bear those ills we have*....m 323
when ill, we call them .....h 309
ills have not been done by..w 475
good are better made by ill..e 442
Ill-favored-world of vile, i-f.*.a 463
Ill-tempered-he gets up as i-t...j 99
Illuminate-i's the path of life.h 363
t' illuminate the earth.....s 402
Illumine-what in me is dark i.l 348
Illumined-face i. with her eye*.l 110

illusion-its i's, aspirations....c 487
for man's illusion given....m 484
wander in illusion*.....a 88
illusions, however innocent.j 444
illusion is brief, but .....i 359
Illustrate-i. most them fully..e 219
as may illustrate most .....x 262
Illustrious-i. predecessor .....c 490
Image-a thousand images.....g 59
images of men's wits.....m 36
stamped with the image.....o 45
whose image yet I carry.....x 89
whose sweet i. so dear.....r 279
a solemn i. to my heart.....k 213
kiss the image of my death.x 220
image of the departed dead .o 340
stars are images of love.....b 402
each stamps its image.....r 261
images of canonis'd saints*.p 197
before whose i. bow the.....q 181
is an image of death.....k 326
though death's image.....k 392
words are i's of thoughts...m 395
i. of a wicked heinous fault*.p 110
bright and faultless image..k 135
his image bears.....l 253
images long forsaken.....w 260
man, God's latest image.....e 488
who bids for God's own i....n 388
God's own image bought....q 388
Imaginary-i. relish is so*....aa 106
pursues imaginary joys.....o 442
i. ills, and fancy'd tortures..r 186
Imagination-i. bodies forth*..h 337
can imagination boast.....s 286
i. is the air of mind.....u 206
imagination fondly stoops..v 206
i. rules the world.....y 206
as imagination bodies forth*.a 207
of imagination all compact* .e 207
wit is the flower of the i....p 471
how big i. moves*.....a 51
Imagining-night, i. some*...m 121
less than horrible i's*.....n 121
Imbrown-the country round i.q 433
Imbued-imbued with pride...o 287
Imitate-a pattern to imitate..x 106
i. the action of the tigcr*...p 459
i. the vicious or hate them.ff 494
Imitation-and regard of law...d 367
Immanity-such i. and bloody*.m 20
Immodest-words admit of no.t 480
Immortal-like my soul, i. prove.c 64
immortal bird .....a 28
some books immortal.....n 39
immortal, though no more...f 69
I have immortal longings*...u 89
strictly i. but immortality..m 207
all men desire to be i.....u 207
thou must be made i.*.....b 208
lost the immortal part*.....g 360
i. part with angels lives*....j 399
wisdom married to i. verse..r 470
one truth discovered is i....m 444
is to be as one of the i's.....a 487
the few, the i. names.....s 114
i. amaranth, a flower.....l 132
he thinks himself immortal.t 278
Sovereign One's i. head.....p 366
immortal in your verse.....l 336
the immortal mind of man..l 253
gives immortal fame.....r 280
i. dead who live again.....a 210
something i. still survives..f 233
grow i. as they quote.....u 351
Immortality-the seed of i.....r 101
quaff immortality and joy...b 122
poets alone are sure of i.... o 336
where is the Dryad's i.....i 432
immortality to the thoughts.o 297
were born for immortality..w 421
this longing after i .....i 207
hope for immortality.....l 207
i. alone could teach .....t 207
'tis i., 'tis that alone.....f 208
glimpses of immortality.....f 265
Immortalize-thing so to i.....t 164
Immortelle-with fragrant i's..j 212
Impair-wherein it doth i.*....l 289
Impartial-i. are your eyes*....k 219
with equal pace, i. fate.....t 117
Impatience-to await, with i...o 446
Impatient-i. and o'er weening.c 219
Impeachment-soft i.....t 60
Impearl-impearls on every leaf.p 93
Impediment-without i.*.....w 460
Imperfection-i's on my head*..s 83
pass my imperfections by....g 76
Imperial-the imperial ensign.m 458
Imperishable-and nights i....e 423
Impious-in a good man to be sad r 369
impious men bear sway.....y 198
Implement-is a necessary i....i 209
Implore-from them i. success.x 344
Import-others i. yet nobler....e 303
Importunate-rashly i.....c 267
Importune-i. him for moneys*.u 268
Impossibility-hope not for i's.k 208
proof is call'd impossibility*t 465
Impossible-'tis i. you should...o 98
not a lucky word this same i.i 208
and what's i. can't be.....j 208
Imposture-and preach, i's.....e 444
Impotent-lame and impotent* w 362
Impress-still the sweet i.....g 141
the men who i. the world....v 185
Impression-i's of grand or....d 414
Imprisoned-i. liberty .....s 389
i. in the viewless winds*.....c 85
Imprisonment-i. can lay on*...y 84
Improve-i. it to a garden pink.e 149
who i. his golden hours.....m 256
the worst way to improve...i 228
virtues with your years i,...t 487
improve each shining hour..i 213
Improvement-i's not their own f 41
human improvement is from.j 48
damn it with improvements..f 41
Impudence-i. they style a wife.v 464
Impulse-to its own i. every...a 285
impulse comes from heav'n..s 453
impulse to confession.....c 413
Inanimate-things i. have.....n 281
Inaudible-i. and noiseless foot*..a 7
their inaudible hour.....a 127
Incantation-i's they won their.k 479
Incarnadine-seas i.*.....p 280
Incarnation-of fat dividends..d 463
Incense-i. from thy petal.....m 146
sacred incense to the dead...l 135
with breath all incense.....t 276
incense breathing..... ..f 277
my morning incense.....f 91
Incensed-i., that I am reckless*n 355
Incessant-if by pray'r i.....r 344
flieth i. twixt the earth.....o 344
Inch-every inch a king*.....q 367
i. that is not fool, is rogue...t 491
Incivility-i. is not a vice.....p 47
Inclement-struggle with i.....q 469
Inclinc-i. to hope rather than..v 49
when heart inclines to heart.b 479
Income-an i. at its heels.....c 293
Incomplete-i., imperfect.....t 474
Inconstancy-i. falls off ere*.....t 64
I hate inconstancy—I loathe.m 208
feign'd tears, inconstancies*.x 475
Inconstant-who for i. roving...c 40
inconstant than the wind*....j 97
the inconstant moon*.....q 208
Incrusted-the i. surface.....g 269
Incurable-cure i. diseases.....o 309
Indebted-truth never was i. to.f 446
Indenture-i. of my love*.....f 222
Independence-i. now, and.....g 209
independence forever.....g 209
Independent-may be i. if.....w 47
greatly independent lived...t 295
Index-they face the index.....b 111
owe the most to a good i.....h 209
i. is a necessary implement..i 209
i. learning turns no student.j 209
a dab at an index.....e 299
India-to spicy India.....r 262
for the treasures of India....l 353
Indian-no Indian mine can buy.j 67
nor wash the pretty Indian..b 352
a charming Indian screen...a 360
lo, the poor Indian.....f 353
Indian Pipe-I-p's are gleaming d 143
Indication-no i. of what's lost.j 238
Indifference-mood of vague i..a 439
Indifferently-look on both i.*..o 209
Indignation-forth their iron i.*n 460
Indigestion-of i. bred.....r 96
Indirection-trash, by any i.*..t 199
Indiscretion-offence, that i.*..r 496
Individual-door into every i...v 179
greatness of the individual...b 52
Industrious-i. person.....r 196
Industry-i. supports us all....z 482
nothing is impossible to i....k 483
industry in raising income..f 101
indoor note of i. is still .....b 288
cheerful i. or activity.....a 191
Inebriate-cheer but not i.....t 105
Inebriety-a moral inebriety...h 103
Inexhaustible-supplies, is i...l 470
Infamous-his infamous delay..t 278
Infamy-give infancy renown...c 10
Infancy-lie in i. at heaven's gate t 10
in our infancy.....q 236
free like a great play with i. n 439
wayward was thy infancy*..f 442
Infant-like an i's breath.....d 81
regular as infant's breath....g 253
where infant beauty sleeps..b 279
Infected-i. minds to their deaf* c 359
Infection-flower with base i.*.q 130
Inferiority-confesses i.....j 351
Infernal-sound th' i. doors....y 194
Infidel-i., I have thee on the*.u 363
and infidels adore.....u 304

Infinite-beyond the infinite*...b 75
which binds us to the i.....e 113
into time's infinite sea.....l 6
how infinite in faculty*.....e 255
for both are infinite*.....t 247
is an infinite in him .....e 449
nature's i. book of secrecy*. a 348
Infinitude-stood vast i.....f 325
Infinity-divine in its i.....l 386
Infirm-near to fall, i. and.....h 6
Infirmity-his friend's i's.*....q 170
unfortunate in the i.*.....l 214
i. doth still neglect all office*m 192
Inflexible-heart; a will i.....q 49
Influence-secret i. on the.....q 38
potent in their own i's. ....d 118
bright eyes reign influence..s 109
shed their selectest influence h 257
celestial influence round me c 201
blessed i., of one true .....w 209
a constant i., a peculiar grace l 210
i. on the public mind.....a 298
hope with softest influence p 370
move under the influence*..b 361
i. scarce can penetrate.....l 454
who sing their i. on,.....v 403
to those they influence.....d 419
Ingloriously-not i. or passively..b 8
Ingot-chests containing i's...f 462
back with i's bows*.....u 462
Ingratitude-monster of i's*...v 426
i's a weed of every.....n 210
as man's ingratitude*.....q 210
I hate i. more in a man*.....t 210
ingratitude is monstrous*..u 210
ingratitude, more strong*...d 211
unkind as man's i.*.....i 467
Ingredient-commends the i's*.g 219
Inhabit-i. in my breast.*.....j 262
Inhabitant-not like the i's*...o 401
Inherit-or loug inherit.....o 243
hope to i. in the grave below f 185
which it i., shall dissolve*....h 46
Inheritance-i. of golden fruits.g 376
claim to my inheritance*...f 308
Inherited-many an i. sorrow..x 396
Inheritor-the dead are thy i's.i 184
may succeed as his i.*.....x 397
Inhumanity-man's i. to man...f 77
inhumanity is caught.....n 77
Iniquity-a monster of i.....d 458
Injured-many that hath i.....g 493
forgiveness to the i.....w 164
Injury-prefer his i's to his*...a 451
justice consists in doing no i.z 218
recompense injury with.....o 355
Injustice-mortgage his i.....s 122
and jealousy injustice.....o 474
Ink-dipt' me in ink.....j 300
gall enough in thy ink*.....n 300
he hath not drunk ink*.....e 354
to drown in ink.....p 297
ink falling like dew.....m 480
i. were temper'd with love's*f 337
is fallen into a pit of ink*...c 189
all whites are ink*.....g 190
with ink on paper draws.....t 315
worse for ink and thee.....p 297
a small drop of ink.....b 298
the ink of the scholar.....w 299
Inlaid-with patines of*.....k 403
Inn-world's an inn, and death.z 483
to gain the timely inn*.....n 447
Innocence-i. loses courage.....g 42
innocence has record.....m 55
where glad innocence reigns.d 70
what can innocence hope for.f 211
plain and holy innocence*...i 211
sweet, of my innocence*.....k 211
O, white innocence.....m 211
was innocence for innocence*l 211
stumbles on i. sometimes...x 218
innocence a fear.....u 339
surest guard is innocence...r 453
innocence in genius.....s 500
betrayed my credulous i....j 431
peace, our fearful innocence.f 463
prayer is innocence, friend..o 344
glides in modest innocence..j 424
Innocency-of our lost i.....l 13
rivers of remorse and i.*....b 417
Innocent-minds i. and quiet...o 66
he's armed without that's i.k 211
are as i. as grace itself*.....w 431
halfe, or altogether, i.....h 359
to slay the innocent*.....z 496
sleep, the innocent sleep*...a 391
converse of an i. mind.....m 395
Insane-eaten of the i. root*...w 211
Insanity-divine i. of noble....x 331
power to charm down i.....o 211
Insect-of smallest i's there....c 282
silken wing'd insects.....g 270
compared your i. tribes.....t 295
Insensible-be earth insensible.w 90
Inseparable-coupled, and i.*..e 171
one and inseparable.....x 329
Inshrined-i. a soul within....v 109
Insincerity-i. is the most.....l 87
Insinuate-do but i. what is....q 337
Insinuating-and i. rogue*....k 387
Insipidity-whose glorious i...k 320
Insisture-insisture, course*..k 325
Insolence-insolence and wine.j 214
Inspiration-i. expounds.....e 68
never penn'd their i.....b 335
i. of the Almighty.....z 202
Inspire-still inspires my wit...s 17
inspire mirth, and youth...n 271
they who inspire it most....f 249
and inspires new arts.....g 468
Inspired-upraised, as one i...b 260
Homer who i. the poet.....w 337
spirit of pray'r inspir'd.....s 344
filled with fury, rapt, i.....x 490
Inspiring-but God? i. God....z 180
Instant-for from this instant*.a 235
rose at an instant*.....e 171
even in the instant of*.....b 310
let's take the instant*.....i 426
Instinct-instinct varies in the.r 12
like instincts, unawares.....s 49
reason, or with instinct.....d 103
instinct is complete.....g 355
swift instinct leaps.....g 355
reason raise o'er instinct as.n 354
instinct comes a volunteer..l 213
is when the heart has an i...f 383
Instinctive-instinctive taught.h 55
Instruct-fit to i. her youth*...h 304
Instruction-i. does not prevent.b 304
fresh i. o'er the mind.....l 304
rill a sweet instruction flows.v 470
Instructor-poets, the first i's..k 335
Instrument-what i. yon will*..d 65
mighty instrument of little.k 331
that mysterious instrument.x 242
like an i. whose strings.....b 193
made an i. to know.....c 162
voice and the instrument...v 130
such accursed instruments.a 458
instruments to scourge us*.n 219
keys of some great i.....r 466
i's of darkness tell us*.....l 445
now a stringless instrument*y 385
Instrumental-i. to the mouth*.g 368
Insult-insults unavenged.....q 501
Integrity-own i. and God.....i 52
my robe and my integrity*..h 455
i. of life is fame's best.....y 455
above all things, integrity...c 217
discover such integrity*.....o 300
Intellect-vivacity of the i.....b 49
character is higher than i....e 48
Shakespeare is the greatest of i.s380
hand that follows intellect..n 213
growth of the intellect.....p 213
the growth of the intellect..q 213
works of the i. are great.....r 213
general domains of intellect.t 213
fragments of an intellect....v 213
the march of intellect.....a 214
decorated by the intellect...q 276
i. to which one still listens..r 300
heart is wiser than the i....g 469
Intellectual-living ray of i....s 213
lords of ladies intellectual..f 473
Intelligence-and character of i.o 213
deep sighted in i's.....z 222
an intelligence so wise.....n 437
Intemperance-boundless i.*...a 229
Intent.sides of my intent*.....i 9
i. for bearing them is just*..l 460
Intention-with their good i...p 194
a good i. clothes itself.....s 360
enemies with the worst i's..x 493
Intercessor-to Christian i's*..h 360
Interchange-thy soul and i...w 413
Intercourse-with frequent i...m 10
nursed in mellow i.....l 142
polished by an intercourse.l 335
even there was intercourse..s 401
i. from soul to soul .....s 413
Interest-the i's of its time ....s 305
interest in everything that..t 202
but O, I du in interest.....m 176
Interlaced-periwinkles i.....b 138
Interlude-dreams are but i's...u 96
Interpelation-by i's .....r 241
Interposition-i. worthy sweet.l 239
Interpret-a third i's motions.a 360
Interpreter-soft i's of love,....e 316
i. of that law—humanity....j 494
fools consult i's in vain .....s 97
are the true interpreter.....b 97
to man the i. of God.....s 15
i's of their thoughts.....b 3
thy best i. a sigh.....a 240
oft do best, by sick i's*.....s 218
Interred-i. with their bones*..s 106
Interrupted-they have been i..e 103
Interval-at i's upon the ear....t 20
shall I charm the interval ....d 2

Intestine–series of i. wars....u 458
Intimate–i. eternity to man...i 207
Intricate–their i. outlines....k 272
Intoxicate–i. the brain.....w 227
Intoxication–is a continual i..m 487
best of life is but i.....d 214
Introduction–wait for no i....c 109
Intrude–on the silent night i...s 97
Invective–i. 'gainst the officers*.c 74
Invent–I must i. and paint...b 314
not able to i. anything*.....e 227
Invention–of poetry is i.....h 339
brightest heaven of i*.....f 340
rules for odd inventions* ...j 46
in sad invention*.....f 104
surest prompter of i.....i 287
the mother of invention ....f 287
an exquisite invention, this..n 315
not drawn on his invention..c 351
nor age eat up my i*.....d 498
for his own i. father'd.....y 489
Inventor–on the i's heads*....e 105
are seldom or ever i's .....n 478
Inverted–eye i. nature sees....t 176
Investment–only i's worth ....k 52
Invincible–invincible in arms.j 489
Inviolate–by the inviolate sea.q 368
Invisible–stars i. by day.....d 6
i., except to God alone.....t 204
may I join the choir i.....a 210
borne with the invisible*...k 313
invisible to mortal eyes.....d 410
the throne of the Invisible..a 323
thou i. spirit of wine*.....p 468
Invite–i. the world to read....d 298
mine own use i's me to cut*.f 433
wit i's you by his looks.....h 471
Invited–oft invited me*.....b 235
some merchant hath i* .....j 100
Invoke–not in vain invokes...s 388
Inward–oft borne i. upon me..g 201
Iris–in the spring a livelier i..k 373
iris all hues, roses and.....f 143
iris, rounds thine eye*.....e 417
Irksome–how i. is this music* k 283
and i. word and task.....t 294
Iron–nor iron bars a cage.....o 66
meddles with cold iron.....s 456
bruising irons of wrath*....f 460
spit forth their iron*.....n 460
nor strong links of iron*.....i 235
iron dug from eentral gloom.h 236
the smith his i. measures...a 301
iron did on his anvil cool*..e 301
iron doth soon mollifie.....f 301
he slept an iron sleep.....i 311
I saw the i. enter into his soul h 188
iron and steel*.....w 311
strike while the iron is hot-.n 324
Iron-smith–i-s. shapes as it.....y 4
Irrevocably–dark, total eclipse..a 91
Irrideseent–brilliant i. dyes...b 317
Is–it is, and it is not, the voice.j 456
man never is, but always to.k 201
that that is, is*.....kk 498
whatever is is in its causes..g 348
whatever is, is right.....n 348
Isis–where sacred Isis glides ..r 365
Islam–foreheads of I. are bowed c 440
Island–flowering islands lie....bb 7
what loved little islands.....f 161
it's a snug little island.....b 215
an island salt and bare.....c 215
Isle–your isle which stands*...n 69
soft green isle appears.....p 58
throned on her hundred i's..x 58
this seepter'd isle*.....m 69
isles of India's sunny sea ...b 136
the isle is full of noises*....d 215
lie calmed in their isles of..m 411
silver-coasted isle .....b 501
the isles of Greece.....c 374
lone isle, among friends.....q 443
sweet lone isle amid the sea..e 330
Israel–not more submissive I..d 304
Issue–but to fine issues*.....a 266
Isthmus–isthmus twixt two...l 105
Italy–Greece, I., and England. v 335
Itch–poetic i. has seized the...a 340
itch to know their fortunes..p 77
Itching–have an i. palm*.....y 418
Ivory–planks of the i. floor....s 312
Ivy–pluck an ivy branch.....s 6
under the ivy leaves.....o 32
ivy darkly-wreathed.....n 131
bank with ivy canopied....n 259
ivy, briar, or idle moss*....w 195
i. climbs the crumbling hall.g 143
headlong ivy! not a leaf.....h 143
they grow the ivy.....i 143
ivy climbs the laurel.....j 143
ivy clings to wood or stone..k 143
a dainty plant is the ivy.....l 143
clasping ivy.....m 143
i. leaves my brow entwining.n 143
dirty, courtly ivy.....o 143
clasping ivy twin'd.....p 143
tow'r pale ivy creeps.....q 143
moss and ivy's darker green.c 150
i. thy trunk with its mantle.j 438

J.

Jack–proud J., like Falstaff*...z 497
watch for the life of poor J..o 491
every J. became a gentleman*s 498
J. shall pipe, and Jill shall...l 501
Jackal–j's troop, in gather'd....d 12
Jackanapes–a whoreson j.*.....l 291
Jack Robinson–could say J. R.dd 492
Jacob's-ladder–J's-l. of the....m 259
Jail–of the great are jails.....i 196
in a ship is being in a jail...j 381
Jangled–bells j., out of time*....f 21
January–January grey is here..n 370
Januæ–gates, Januæ, were called e 269
Janus–Janus was invoked.....e 269
J. am I.; oldest of potentates.f 269
Jar–love is hurt with j. and....x 249
fair city's clamorous jars....n 446
Jas–Jas in the Arab language..a 144
Jasper–of jasper and of onyx...t 304
Jaundiced–yellow to the j.-eye.h 412
Jay–admires the jay, the.....u 24
is the jay more precious*.....h 25
Jealous–love united to a j.....i 215
to the j. conformations*.....q 215
eyeing with jealous glance..s 161
the man grows jealous.....r 256
by the j. queen of heaven*...v 221
nor jealous of the chosen....a 172
jealous in honour*.....d 312
Jealousy–j. even in their.....n 168
of all the passions, jealousy..e 215
anger and j. can no more....f 215
jealousy is never satisfied...g 215
j., thou art nurst in hell.....h 215
j. is said to be the offspring. j 215
beware, my lord of j.*.....o 215
so full of artless j. is guilt*..p 215
no j. their dawn of love.....f 256
sad distrust and jealousy....h 259
and jealousy injustice.....o 474
Jehovah–J., Jove, or Lord.....n 18€
Jerkin–like a jerkin, and a.....a 52
Jessamine–j., and tube rose....j 131
the jessamine peops in.....r 143
across the poreh thick j's....s 143
jessamine is sweet and has..u 143
it was a j. bower, all.....v 143
thus cried the jessamine....a 144
lonely woods the j. burns...b 144
Jest–the jest be laughable*.....i 51
pass your proper jest.....o 75
dreadful j. for all mankind..t 165
as for j., there be certain....t 215
j. not with the two-edged....b 216
no time to break jests when..c 216
very serious things to jest...l 293
jest is clearly to be seen.....h 298
turns to a mirth moving j.*.c 472
men may j. with saints*....a 472
he jests at scars, that never*.q 485
Jesus–when J. hung upon the..n 32
Jet–j's under his advanced*....u 64
Jew–if a J. wrong a Christian*p 363
Jews are among the.....j 216
the Jews spend at Easter....k 216
hath not a Jew eyes*.....l 216
lawfully by this the Jew*...p 219
which Jews might kiss.....u 304
Jewel–precious j. in his head*...g 4
jewel in an Ethiop's ear*.....b 19
jewel of their souls*.....r 50
my chastity's the jewel*.....d 54
consistencie's a jewell.....i 63
these are my jewels.....g 55
jewel which no Indian.....j 67
experience be a jewel*.....b 108
like jewels in a shroud.....n 109
a jewel in the mind.....e 148
never put her precious j's...l 252
loss of her, that, like a jewel*l 257
her jewels gone.....f 133
perfumes and j's are mine...d 374
only j. which will not decay.u 223
precious jewel carved.....b 339
the jewel that we find*.....u 219
I have a jewel here*.....d 305
I'll give my j's, for a set*....e 305
our chains and our jewels*..g 305
the jewel best enamelled*....i 305
jewels, of rich and exquisite*j 305
within our breast this j. lies.s 190
rich in having such a j.*....d 465
the fair jewel truth.....c 446
I caught my heav'nly jewel.k 500
jewels five words long .....a 501
only j. which you can carry.i 469
j. which we need not wear...q 472
time's best j. from time's*..k 426
dumb jewels often are*.....e 486
Jig–upon a jig to heaven.....d 283
Jill–shall pipe, and J. shall....l 501

Jingling-the j. of the guinea..x 268
Joan-J. and good man Robin...i 63
Job-I am as poor as Job*.....t 341
Jocund-how j. they did drive..d 295
Jog-j. on, j. on the foot-path*..s 264
Joggle-are ye still but joggles.o 123
Join-when two join in the....q 360
join your hands, and with*...o 95
Joined-what God hath joined..a 113
joined in connexion sweet..q 413
Joint-cracking joint unhinge..a 319
the time is out of joint*.....r 426
Jointing-the preparatory j....a 320
Joke-jokes from Miller.....o 75
surgical operation to get a j..v 406
gentle dullness ever loves a j..u 495
Joking-j. decides great things..e 216
Jollity-jest, and youthful j....g 264
Jonson-too nicely Jonson.....t 75
Jostling-without jostling and..n 58
Jot-bate a jot of heart or hope..e 72
Journalist-business of the j....v 305
Journey-let us j. together.....d 70
my journey's end thou art...n 78
near thy journey's end.....u 79
swallows speed their j.....d 373
meets thee at his j's end.....o 389
various j's to the deep.....n 364
or journey onward.....d 365
in his j. bates at noon.....v 361
heavy riches but a journey*.u 462
direct the traveller's j.....j 136
were a j. like the path.....j 334
journey to a splendid tomb.m 177
then journey on.....v 345
all things journey.....l 347
time ne'er forgot his j.....d 424
death the journey's end.....z 483
Journeying-j. in long serenity.y 465
Journeymen-of nature's j.*...p 294
Jove-Jove never sends us.....s 97
the bird of Jove, stoop'd.....g 24
saw Jove's bird, the*.....m 24
Jove bless thee, master*.....c 35
Jove's spreading trees*.....g 84
if Jove would give the leafy..u 151
rose would be the choice of J..u 151
J. for his power to thunder*.r 290
aerial spirits, by great Jove..d 401
they say Jove laughs*.....t 245
in Jove's own book, like an*.b 184
J., and my stars, be praised*.l 316
leave the rest to Jove.....x 442
of Jove's nectar sip.....o 461
nobles bended, as to Jove's*.c 341
Jovial-man in his j. cheer....h 377
j. star reign'd at his birth*..l 403
Joy-our j's, but that our hopes..r 6
joy ambition finds.....v 8
beauty is a joy forever.....a 18
but breathes, like perfect j's..k 21
pursue their unpolluted j's...t 23
notes of j. to songs of love...h 27
I drank the sound with joy..n 33
joy the first book first.....r 36
joy comes and goes.....w 44
life of joy in happiest.....r 53
rapture thrill of joy.....u 54
with room for every joy.....j 65
joy for weary hours.....l 66
this excess of joy.....g 59
where joy forever dwells.....v 90
joy distant still.....r 89
pain, for promised joy.....x 93
fount of j's delicious springs.d 45
furnishes constant joy.....m 66
till joy shall overtake.....h 83
joy brightens his crest .....u 92
stars weep, sweet with joy....l 93
the joy late coming departs..m 216
patience is good, but joy....p 216
joy is dead and only smiles..q 216
the most profound joy has..r 216
joys too exquisite to last....t 216
how fading are the joys....w 216
if those who have died of j..v 216
wish you all the j. that you*.w 216
I have drunken deep of joy..y 216
j. which comes to us through..z 216
we wear a face of joy.....a 217
joys season'd high.....v 217
with careless joy we tread..m 147
quaff immortality and joy..b 122
best joys consist in peace...d 380
in joy its scanty gleam.....o 139
joy of meeting not unmixed..s 259
full of joy laughs the sky....j 374
but dimpled not for joy.....n 374
joy indulgent summer dealt..e 375
queen of childish joys.....i 366
with fragrance and with joy..g 369
joy, pleasance, revel, and*...r 214
you will give joy to me.....p 202
joy has its voice.....a 282
our joys below it can.....f 283
O rose! the joy of heaven...b 154
what joy to walk at will.....a 158
my plenteous joys*.....n 416
half of joy, still fresh.....j 234
sweetest joy, the wildest woe..c 239
variety's the source of joy..m 457
variety alone gives joy.....q 451
with me—to heighten joy....t 262
perfect joy there I find.....u 265
present joys therein I find..m 265
in youth to petty joys.....x 266
still the secret joy partake..o 454
heartfelt j., is virtue's prize..q 454
the perfectest herald of joy..r 383
and joy are swallowed.....w 383
give him j. that's awkward..bb 113
tortures, and the touch of j..g 389
thy visionary joys remove...l 389
smiles of j., the tears of wo..m 484
the spirit joys of heaven...m 194
joys that out of darkness....i 197
sacred j's of home depend...c 198
must still be double to his j's..i 199
joy rul'd the day, and love...v 491
nicht, and j. be wi' you a'..f 495
sweet Robin in all, my joy*..gg 496
joy delights in joy*.....gg 498
last joys are a possession ...k 188
but holds some j. of silence..l 190
from our own selves our j's..s 190
in their pleasure takes joy...v 190
let joy be unconfin'd .....v 302
renews the life of joy.....u 461
out of breath with joy .....l 466
'twill heighten all his joy...w 467
pursues imaginary joys.....o 442
with all that joy can give...o 325
all the joys of sense.....o 354
j. and acclamation loud...aa 342
joy, uninterrupted rest.....z 394
consoling music for the j's..n 396
sweeten, present joy.....h 397
each hour's joy wracked*...n 397
joy being altogether*.....v 397
sighs which perfect joy.....n 398
joy's soul lies in the doing*.j 480
our j's, our all we have.....r 425
grief unto grief, j. unto j...n 116
envy withers at another's j..b 104
my joy behind*.....a 108
the power of imparting joy..d 108
heart dance with joy.....b 109
hide our joys no longer*....a 278
the joy is mutual.....b 221
j. that springs from labor...k 225
hast a joy too deep..,.....c 288
with joy as they wander ....f 270
joy which warriors feel .....x 458
in the joy of our friends.....t 171
it enhances every joy.....g 175
the chief of all love's joys...g 241
are so rich in joy*.....q 245
joy of young ideas.....t 420
treasury of everlasting joy*.l 194
joy to the toiler.....a 483
what joy have I in June's...q 488
Joyful-presage some j. news*..h 97
joyful and free from blame .u 160
Joying-j. to heare the birdes..j 433
Joyous-like a joyous eye.....e 276
Joyousness-frantic in its j....t 461
Judas-J. kissed his master*...x 431
Judge-refuse you for my judge*.e 1
be wary how ye judge .....aa 19
a judge is just .....i 50
crushed by an angry judge's..f 31
a perfect judge will read .....q 76
make not thyself the j.....d 217
sits a judge no king*.....g 217
you are a worthy judge.....k 217
my friend judge not me.....q 217
should but j. you as you are*.k 218
her judges are corrupted....f 211
judges steal themselves*....b 419
judge before friendship.....a 172
to offend and j., are distinct*.p 308
judge not the preacher .....k 317
he is thy judge.....k 317
j. better than the people....u 294
j. between high and low....t 391
judges have been babes*....w 348
you shall not be my judge*.w 102
judges steal themselves*.....z 106
then judge of my regret.....e 256
Him who is a righteous J ...i 259
and j. such as none other...h 379
if the Judge of the world....t 279
j's and senates have been...i 181
that j's without informing..w 217
forbear to judge*.....h 218
but judge you as you are*..c 263
Judged-j. not by what we....f 218
shall be most surely j.....f 356
Judging-the talent of judging..e 76
writing or in judging ill....g 300
judging eye, that darts.....h 445
Judgment-waits upon the j.*....z 6
their judgment's right.....d 71

criterion of judgment.....p 112
against your judgment.....v 168
nor leaves the j. free.....b 334
reserve thy judgment*.....i 218
we are to form our j.....q 265
judgment hath repented*...k 359
wit and j. often are.....aa 471
when the judgment's weak..f 346
thy judgment to do aught..aa 326
holy writ in babes hath j.*..w 348
corrector where our j's.....c 423
cruel and cold is the j.....n 217
next to sound j., diamonds..p 217
sound j. is the ground.....s 217
our j's as our watches.....d 218
a Daniel come to judgment*.g 218
I see, men's judgments are* m 218
I stand for judgment*.....n 218
the urging of that word, j.*.r 218
the judgment book unfold..r 249
who is the top of judgment*.c 263
shores of will and j.*.....s 465
Juice-nectarean juice renews..r 53
July-makes a July's day short*.o 54
warmth of its July.....n 261
Jump-will not j. with common* c 56
we'd j. the life to come*.....o 235
June-June may be had by the..j 60
wintry days are Junes.....n 78
darlings of J. and brides of..q 144
what joy have I in June's...q 488
all J. I bound the rose in....n 151
pay golden toll to passing J..x 154
the sweet June roses died...g 132
dreams of sunshine and J...h 378
paths of J. more beautiful...i 271
June may pour her warm...i 271
J. is bright with roses gay..d 272
so rare as a day in June.....e 272
pleasant, that in flowery J..c 272
April, June, and November..d 269
opened, in airs of June.....g 270
June that laughs away the..d 393
Juniper-sweet is the juniper..d 131
azure-studded juniper.....o 133
gin within the juniper.....n 433
Juno-J's eyes, or Cytherea's*..i 130
sweeter than the lids of J's*.n 160
we went, like Juno's swans*.e 171
next time Juno ruffles thee..j 321
Jupiter-O J. try the weed.....j 321
Jupiter, hang out thy balance j 321
nectar that Jupiter sips.....v 461
Jurisprudence-light of j.....h 307
Jury-have been grand j. men* n 308
j. passing on the prisoner's* q 218
Just-a judge is just.....i 50
means be j., the conduct true.t 76
us, as our own cause is just*..e 43
be as just and gracious*.....p 61
be humble and be just.....x 98
remembrance of the just....o 262
whatever is in its causes j..g 348
compensation is just.....m 108
intent for bearing them is j.* l 460
only the actions of the just..q 182
dare be j. to merit not their..y 218
just are the ways of God....d 219
be just, and fear not*.....u 329
just th' unjust to save.....a 356
to be just you must break it..l 330
Justice-can deal that justice...y 61
unwhipp'd of justice*.....j 75
justice divine mends.....k 82
justice discards party.....t 218
great and godlike as justice..u 218
j. consists in doing no injury.z 218
j. is a habit of the mind ...aa 218
justice without wisdom is..dd 218
I shall temper j. with mercy..e 219
have merely j., and his bond* g 219
though justice be thy plea*.k 263
in the course of justice*....k 263
j., more than thou desir'st*.s 219
recompense injury with j....o 355
Dame J. weighing long.....s 307
he's a justice of peace*.....e 308
may shove by justice*.....h 308
a justice with grave justices.k 307
Dame Justice past along....s 307
justice is the application of..i 444
time is the old j. that*.....h 427
tardy justice will o'ertake...d 280
the sad ey'd justice*.....s 212
justice, verity, temperance*.h 368
justice with mercy.....x 262
mercy seasons justice*.....j 263
lance of j. hurtless breaks*..y 384
Justifiable-j. to men.....d 219
Justify-j. the ways of God to..i 180
end must justify the means..t 362
Justly-humor has been justly..l 203
Justness-j. of each act such*....n 3

K.

Katy-did-the k-d. works her...j 213
Keel-noise about thy keel....n 313
Keen-so that neither keen....o 458
thy tooth is not so keen*....i 467
Keenness-k. of thy sharp envy u 103
Keep-lose, that care to keep...h 118
wealth ye find another k's..u 119
I am come to keep my word* g 200
hiest thing that man may k.u 443
they should keep who can...s 342
oh keep me innocent.....g 211
restreine, and kepen wel thy..i 453
keep thy friend*.....a 171
keep your powder dry.....aa 442
Keeping-are in the angel's k..q 207
Keepsake-precious k's into...d 261
Ken-as far as angel's ken.....l 10
Kept-by ourselves in silence...i 197
well Horatius k. the bridge...c 72
Kettle-k. to the trumpet speak*l 459
Key-under thy own life's key*..a 44
accent tun'd in self-same k.*.r 72
obedience is the key .....k 292
clutch the golden keys.....q 319
that golden key that opes...c 445
turn the key of time*.....g 428
key to golden palaces.....s 389
fortune, ne'er turns the k.*.a 166
steals the key of heaven.....z 224
poetry is the key to.....d 339
key of the fountain of tears..i 417
faith is the key that shuts..w 241
slave that keeps the keys....b 244
k's of some great instrument.r 466
just hands on that golden k.p 469
Key-hole-blast wails in the k-h.e 375
Key-note-k-n. of all harmonies.a 281
Keystone-k. of the world-built.g 408
Kick-you k. me down stairs....p 87
k. in that place more hurts..c 199
a k. that scarce would move.h 317
Kill-they k. us for their sport*.j 77
go and kill us venison*.....w 53
the fear that kills.....v 91
care will kill a cat.....a 43
he that kills himself.....n 73
kill a man as a good book.....q 39
to kill, I grant*.....o 280
kill a wife with kindness*...r 258
death cannot kill.....q 425
were privileg'd to kill.....f 280
he that kills himself.....y 408
k. thee a hundred and fifty*..t 363
kills for faults of his own*..h 217
have power, but not to kill..h 342
hang sorrow, care'll k. a cat..b 397
Killed-sleeping kill'd*.....w 367
hath killed the world above..u 122
k. with report that old man..w 368
pardoning those that kill*...e 263
it was ill kill'd*.....h 100
Killing-butcher in his k.....j 301
Kin-a little more than kin*...q 496
and knew no other kin*.....c 209
and need make all flesh kin..r 412
makes the whole world kin*m 286
he is some kin to thee*.....l 343
Kind-when they are not kind...l 47
cruel, only to be kind*.....l 77
confident and kind to*.....p 61
kind as well as charm.....v 17
k. the voice and glad the eyes.s 53
kind thoughts, contentment..l 66
soft k. is welcome to my soul.k 333
k. good creatures may be....a 204
makes one wondrous kind...g 413
one k. kiss before we part...v 220
grows by kind.....m 265
kin, and less than kind*.....q 496
shall see their children k.*..j 497
give me but one kind word..r 326
Kindest-k. bounty of the skies..l 34
kindest and the happiest pair o 256
Kindle-go k. fire with snow*..x 245
kindles the gummy bark....n 436
Kindling-my k. soul received..h 364
Kindly-frosty, but kindly*.....m 7
use 'em k., they rebel.....t 48
soldier, kindly bade to stay..n 311
he was rough, he was k.....e 220
Kindness-in the way of k.....j 74
kindness to his majesty.....d 251
kill a wife with kindness*...r 258
how to return a kindness....i 168
swift kindnesses are best....a 220
kindness is wisdom.....b 220
is infinitely better than k...l 172
recompense kindness with..o 355
k., by enduring truth.....g 475
k's which make me wiser....n 171
Kindred-like kindred drops...q 279
King-who that king.....b 35
authority forgets a dying k..m 16
hearts ease must kings*.....l 44
heaven's Eternal King.....j 57
pageantry of a king.....j 69
seldom king's enjoy*.....w 66
death is the king of .....s 80

thy king's blood stained*.....d 84
mortal temples of a king*....m 85
his icy hands on kings.....s 85
is the old king dead*.....h 85
hath eat of a king.....j 92
what king so shining.....t 145
hail to the K. of Bethlehem.k 137
abuse the king that flatter*.g 125
outshine the raiment of a k..p 126
king of intimate delights....e 377
chief in war and one the k..o 366
kings will be tyrants.....q 366
God gives not k's the style..a 367
k's should feare and serve...a 367
k. of France went up the....k 367
kings to govern wroug.....m 367
every inch a king*.....q 367
subject's duly is the k's*....r 367
stories of the death of k's*..w 367
heaven forbid, that kings....t 367
say now lie I like a king*....b 368
so excellent a king that was*c 368
colour of the k. doth come*..d 368
divinity doth hedge a king*..i 368
yet looks he like a king*....n 368
kings are like stars.....o 368
of the eternal, glorious king.e 369
long live the king.....a 251
the king commands.....c 251
with a king upon his throne d 251
I serv'd my king*.....f 251
will bless the king*.....t 257
choose him to be your king..i 167
why will k's forget.....f 280
deny it to a king*.....r 390
host to shepherds and to k's.n 389
worse in k's than beggars*..y 113
from kings to cobblers 'tis..o 114
what are k's and crowns to..n 143
him, swiftly falling, k's.....l 425
time's the king of men*.....e 427
the king drinks to Hamlet*..s 428
to-day is a king in disguise..v 428
the great King of kings*....n 280
fall of many kings*.....a 229
but when you see a king....s 366
is the gratitude of k's.....f 367
were I a king I would never n 367
they have a king*.....s 212
king, or conqu'ring chief...w 339
kings it makes gods*.....v 201
I am storm—the king.....d 404
king's name is a tower*.....d 405
no king can corrupt*.....g 217
the dread and fear of k's....j 263
not the k's crown*.....l 263
light upon a kiug.....s 454
God save our gracious kiug.u 250
subjects wise, kings.....l 457
king of day rejoicing in the.o 410
k. himself has followed her..l 492
king's son in Christendom* bb 497
such is the breath of kings.w 481
kings have no such couch as h 185
still am I king of those.....d 188
the king of the field.....h 439
k. himself doth woo me oft*.c 315
kingliest kings are crowded.d 442
king ruleth as he ought.....q 447
throne, bid k's come bow*..q 397
of heaven and to my king*..j 345
kings to sit in sovereignty..f 349
turn'd crown'd kings to*....n 477
King-cup—the royal k-c. bold..c 144
king-cups and daisies.....d 144
k-c. that in meadow blows..c 144
gold-eyed king-cups fine....g 144
king-cups fill the meadows..s 277
Kingdom—a k. for it was too*...j 9
kingdom of perpetual night*..o 84
content both crown and k....g 66
his mind his kingdom.....z 47
every kingdom hath a grave t 366
kingdoms and provinces*...h 222
of dead kingdoms I recall....r 262
mind to me a kingdom is..m 265
mind to me a kingdom is...u 265
k. sick with civil blows*....a 460
Kingly—a k. power their love..t 279
Kinsman—k. and his subject*..q 219
is than a thousand k.....f 413
Kiss—steal a k. from thee, as I...e 2
I kiss your eyes.....p 66
I kiss your hair.....p 66
I kiss your hands and say....p 66
as they kiss, consume*.....k 89
kisses and favours are .....o 87
our good-night k. was given..e 82
seal with a righteous kiss*...b 84
a kiss too long.....e 118
shall kiss once more.....v 145
for its like a baumy k o' her.p 151
there be that shadows kiss*.q 380
those golden kisses.....m 139
linger to kiss thy feet.....g 140
the lowest stream do kiss*..a 366
why do not words, and kiss..i 259
blushing, kiss the beam*....f 278
mountains kiss high heaven.a 280
kisses honeyed by oblivion.a 221
the kiss you take is paid....b 221
who first did k's suggest....c 221
leave a kiss but in the cup..e 221
k. in which he half forgets..g 221
what is a kiss.....f 221
give me one more kiss.....h 221
throw a kiss across the sea..i 221
I catch the whisper'd kiss...i 221
thou sacred kiss.....j 221
one kiss the maiden gives..k 221
give me a kiss for the kiss...l 221
those kisses he receives.....m 221
who ventures to kiss.....n 221
give him that parting kiss*.p 221
than this kind kiss*.....q 221
I understand thy kisses*.....t 221
a kiss long as my exile*.....v 221
kiss I carried from thee*....v 221
foes do sunder, and not k.*.w 221
but my k's bring again*....x 221
of princes, kiss obedience*..z 221
their own kisses sin*.....b 222
when tyrauts seem to kiss*.d 222
truly; I kiss thee*.....e 222
lay I this zealous kiss*.....f 222
with a holy kiss*.....i 222
this kiss take my blessing*..j 222
kiss me, so long but as*....m 222
with one soft kiss*.....k 222
with oue long kiss.....o 222
the kiss snatch'd hasty.....p 222
a kiss from my mother.....q 222
let us kiss and part.....w 220
to k. the image of my death..x 220
the kisses of night.....k 156
did geutly kiss the trees*...w 289
soft as a kiss.....k 410
what is sweetness of thy k...s 238
I will kiss thee into rest.....r 220
kiss the blushing leaf.....m 277
k's should impair their white p 175
like Dian's kiss.....u 242
those kisses he receives.....p 244
so sweet a kiss the golden*..h 243
in that close kiss.....d 250
stolen k's much completer..v 418
kiss his feet*.....d 341
kiss dead Cæsar's wounds*..a 184
to kiss the lady's hands.....d 190
kiss the book's outside.....j 291
k's and welcome you'll find..f 463
did gently kiss the trees*....n 467
kisses till they burn again...s 391
two buds that kiss.....l 449
farewell k. which resembles..l 326
love half regrets to kiss.....i 490
kiss the child asleep.....a 466
kiss her Saviour stung.....w 472
to kiss them all at once.....h 473
Kissed—k. again with tears.....b 68
breeze just kiss'd the lake...n 374
kiss'd each other*.....a 222
kiss'd her lips*.....c 222
very good; well kissed*.....g 222
we have kiss'd away*.....h 222
kiss'd by the dew.....bb 159
kissed her with his beams...d 410
Judas kiss'd his Master*....x 431
smoothly the waters kissed..b 467
Kissing—to eternity of kissing.d 221
k. is as full of sanctity*.....o 221
kissing with inside lip*.....u 221
it was made for k., lady*....y 221
is equivalent to kissing.....p 320
kissing; not ruffling.....e 466
Kissingly—go k. to thine.....g 316
Kitchen—in the kitchen bred..i 117
Kitchen—in whose k. dwells....e 302
the rost in the kitchen.....h 302
wild-cats in your kitchens*.b 478
a fat k. makes a lean will...dd 491
Kite—although the kite soar*....o 29
Kitten—be a k. and cry mew*...u 66
Knave—more knave than fool...o 49
friendship with a k. hath....f 173
knaves as corrupt*.....f 219
whip me such honest k's*..gg 499
where knaves shall minister.h 488
a knave; a rascal*.....p 496
Knavery—all this knavery*.....p 13
Knavish—woman is a k. fool....c 475
Kneading—k. the making of*..n 302
Knee—on my knee, I feel.....a 2
to its idolatries a patient k..s 208
to mend on his knees.....b 319
weakest saint upon his k's..b 344
bow, stubborn knees*.....b 345
than these k's bow to any*..j 345
supple k's feed arrogance*...c 347
now serve on his knees.....u 330
weary k's to your Creator...c 485
Kneel—whereon he k's when...c 440
should kneel for peace*.....y 476

Kneeling-at her evening prayer s 285
Knell-overpowering knell.....s 20
winding-sheets for our last k..r 85
a knell that summons*.....k 92
the curfew tolls the knell...v 105
I nam'd my knell, whilst I*.w 283
knell calls, heaven invites...v 501
so his knell is knoll'd*.....x 311
Knelt-cool and silence he k....e 432
Knew-k. thee but to love thee..w 3
if you knew hut what.....x 309
he knew what's what.....u 489
himself heginning knew.....r 233
nor ever k. great men but...l 186
reflect on what before they k.g 356
Knife-not bear the k. myself*.q 219
blood will follow where the k.z 362
war to the knife.....f 457
k's that makes my wound*..s 485
Knight-scarf the k. the daisy..r 138
accomplishing the k's*.....k 460
no more was this knight*...n 291
hegg'd the knight's advice../ 300
Knit-come, knit hands.....b 303
wide world is knit with ties..v 396
Knock-heart k. at my ribs*....g 121
k. there, and ask your heart*i 379
knocks at our hearts.....t 501
a k. of the trowel-handle....d 309
knock, it never is at home..h 471
knock as you please..... bb 471
Knock-down-a k-d. argument..k 14
Knocker-tie up the knocker....v 87
Knoll-k. of what in me is.....b 422
Knolling-k. a departed friend*y 306
Knot-yon knot of cowslips...m 136
Gordian knot of it he will*..x 340
the certain knot of peace....t 391
in a simple knot was tied....a 384
Know-when I would k. thee....s 38
know but more we dream....u 46
to those who know thee not.w 49
the Lord knows who.....u 86
what, as yet, I know not....aa 88
so much do I know.....l 107
k. then thyself, presume....h 254
the more we k. the better...g 165
knows it at forty.....t 278
know others! k. them well..b 224
fly to others that we k. not*.f 176
we know not what we do... j 482
she knows her man.....m 342
k. more of the Almighty's...e 488
utter what thou dost not k.*.f 443
she helov'd knows nought*..f 480
have the gift to know it*....a 477
who knows most, grieves....r 423
the more I know I know.....e 224
to know thyself—in others..i 224
would'st thou know others..i 224
know naught hut fame* ....n 224
why, that to know, which*..o 224
know thyself.....s 224
learn ourselves to know.....t 224
those who know thee not...m 211
the more we know of any....t 213
behold, we k. not any thing..e 202
not to k. me argues yourself.j 206
I would know.....h 406
k. how suhlime a thing it is.k 408
that I am happier than I k..d 191
to know, to esteem.....r 231
know then this truth.....n 454
k. the world, not love her....z 455
I know not, I ask not.....r 243
I but know that I love thee..r 243
none knows whence or why..e 244
to know her was to love her.b 245
didst thou hut know*.....x 245
I know not why*.....q 246
then let him k. that hatred..z 191
k. our friends in heaven*...g 194
I shall not know him*.....g 194
with Him that all things k's*i 194
not if I know myself.....l 493
we know what we are*.....x 499
I know and love the good....d 462
how little mortals know.....h 463
humhle that he k's no more..v 468
to know that which.....n 469
to k. how little can be known.t 469
all I k. is that I k. nothing..h 470
Knowest-who k. that thou....f 224
Knowing-without k. us.....u 205
scarce knowing if we wish..u 285
if, knowing God.....t 345
Knowledge-share with thee k..v 15
feed my soul with knowledge.c 90
for the book of k. fair.....c 91
what is k. hut grieving.....l 99
too high the prices for k.....d 85
knowledge in excess.....s 52
knowledge leads to woe.....s 55
through k. we hehould.....t 74
knowledge is the hill.....w 98
knowledge heing to be had..z 104
through zeal knowledge is...c 488
knowledge bloweth up.....f 489
profit in k. of myself*.....h 163
knowledge is power.....v 222
in knowledge than in power.r 222
knowledge is indeed, that...s 222
all knowledge and wonder..u 222
pursuit of knowledge.....w 222
knowledge by suffering.....x 222
knowledge is not happiness aa 222
the beginning of knowledge.b 223
what is all knowledge.....c 223
knowledge and wisdom.....e 223
knowledge is proud.....f 223
k. comes of learning.....g 323
k. is but sorrow's spy.....h 223
k. is the antidote to fear.....j 223
k. is the knowing that.....k 223
k. is the amassed thought....l 223
no k. that is not power.....m 223
knowledge doth hut show us..n 223
knowledge may he defined...o 223
the first step to self k.....p 223
a desire of k. is the.....q 223
all that he has to get k.....q 223
he who acquires k.....o 223
knowledge is of two kinds...r 223
an humble k. of thyself.....t 223
will not decay is k.....u 223
the depth of knowledge.....w 223
it is only k., which.....x 223
every addition to true k.....a 224
only hy k. of that which.....c 224
might improve my k.....d 224
half our k. we must.....g 224
k. is wing wherewith we fly*.i 224
hy knowledge we do learn...t 224
no difference hetween k.....r 224
k. alone is the being.....u 224
k. comes, hut wisdom.....v 224
who loves not knowledge...w 224
k., in truth, is the.....x 224
k. is the only fountain.....y 224
who hinds his soul to k.....z 224
hoys mature in k.*.....p 334
sweetly uttered knowledge..i 340
domain of universal k.....i 206
from living knowledge hid..d 406
the literature of knowledge.g 238
for quickly comes such k...d 240
knowledge is the parent.....y 241
k. the sail, and mankind....w 492
reader the most k.....e 298
woman's happiest k.....s 464
spouseless virgin k. flies.....t 468
k. of our own ignorance.....j 470
knowledge comes, hut.....n 470
then is knowledge "good"..p 470
foundation of k. mnst.....p 353
knowledge and reason. .....l 354
not take the place of k.....p 472
without which all k.....t 475
Known-devil where he is k.....l 4
valued where they best are k.f 18
shall I do to he forever k.....j 114
known and loved hefore....n 242
and, having known you....m 243
reasons to himself hest k....i 465

L.

Lahor-to lahour and to wait.....c 3
labour with an age of ease.....x 5
let thy lahors he one by one..a 48
in cheerful labour.....a 66
from lahour health, from.....n 65
ease and alternate labor.....t 67
usefulness comes hy labor.....c 73
and labour's done.....s 82
labor; both by sea and land*.b 259
man awakes to lahor.....e 277
labor is discovered to be.....e 225
the many still must labor...b 225
lahor, wide as the earth.....c 225
l. of an age in piled stones...b 381
day's out and the l. done....s 482
no sin for a man to lahour*.o 483
without l. there were no ease.d 225
honest l. hears a lovely.....g 225
l. there shall come forth rest.j 225
the joy that springs from l..k 225
with difficulty and l. hard...n 225
labor is life.....o 225
lahor is rest.....p 225
my lahor for my travel*.....r 225
l. we delight in, physics*....t 225
l's and endures, and waits...x 331
pangs of a poetic birth by l's.i 335
only l. was to kill time.....q 205
through long days of lahor..g 232
how sweet, when lahours...a 289
genius can never despise l..x 177
every lahor sped.....w 197
little l., little are our gaines.q 356
patient of l. when the end...k 295
a youth of labour with.....i 395
incessant care and l. of*....b 421
Laboring-there's no l. in the*..i 304

Laborious-product of l. years..q 469
Laburnum-hark the l.....h 432
Labyrinth-rolls her wat'ry l..h 390
Laek-love in others what we l..j 94
thou shall not l. the flower*..c 142
what lack you *.....i 220
have a plentiful lack of wit*.t 372
to mourn, l's time to mend..t 427
l. of desire is the greatest...r 462
Lad-lads and lasses all be gay..b 272
Ladder-young ambition's l.*...p 9
golden ladders rise.....t 10
Lady-l. would be queen for life..f 50
fair lady ne'er could win.....i 74
how ladies read.....i 318
ladies call him sweet*.....d 341
a lady with her daughters or..d 473
lords of ladies intellectual...f 473
when a lady's in the ease....h 474
fair l's, mask'd, are roses*....s 476
a lady's verily is as potent*..s 347
if l's be but young, and fair* a 477
ladies whose bright eyes....s 109
pansies for ladies all.....e 148
ladies, like variegated tulips n 122
modern ladies call polite....y 414
a lady tender-hearted.....u 239
here comes the lady*.....w 248
I know where ladies live....m 315
my lady earth .....a 352
lady with a lamp shall stand..s 474
lovely l. garmented in light..c 478
honors more than "lady"...l 478
faint heart ne'er won fair l..a 479
Lady-smoek-all silver white*..f 373
Laid-for comfort should be l..h 67
Lair-rouse the lion from his l.w 12
Lake-pilot of the Galilean lake..q 56
in the dark and silent lake...j 393
the union of lakes.....p 449
dripping over lake.....b 372
just kiss'd the lake.....n 374
twiee seen in their lakes ... f 161
dreamingly out of the lake..h 161
slips into the bosom of the l.l 161
bathing their beauties in the l.j 161
pure bosom of its nursing l..i 364
l. where drooped the willow.h 441
Lake-blossom-fell into the lake.i 434
Lamb-the l's play always.....h 34
one dead lamb is there.....b 82
wind to the shorn lamb.....h 349
snowy lambs, are springing..r 371
are yoked with a lamb*.....n 258
skin of an innoeent lamb*..n 267
we were twinn'd lambs*.....l 211
Lambent-the l. easy light .....c 277
Lame-and impotent*.....w 362
not ugly, and is not lame....q 92
Lament-l. the ceasing of a.....s 488
thou wilt lament hereafter..n 356
weakness to lament, or fear*.x 72
Lamentable-is not this a l.*...r 267
Lamentation-tears of l.*.....t 416
a ery of lamentation .....f 404
Lamp-my copper lamps, at....i 13
lamps of scent and dew.....l 142
bright the lamps shone o'er.cc 121
the sacred lamp of day.....b 411
glorious lamp of heaven.....j 409
glowed the lamp of day .....k 409
lady with a lamp shall stand..s 474
lamps with everlasting oil..q 288
sunk the lamp of light.....e 289
to think those glorious l's..j 403
like hidden lamps.....x 231
set her silver lamp on high..f 406
l's, burnt out, in darkness*..u 187
ready money is Aladdin's l..f 462
taken up thy l. and gone....p 326
to-morrow are as lamps....m 429
Lamplight-o'er him streaming.l 30
Lanee-l. of justice hurtless*..y 384
never eouehed lanee*. .....t 311
Land-l. where my fathers died..g 71
not dare to fight for sueh a l..q 73
though not of lands.....l 67
one's native land reeeding...h 70
a land beyond the sea.....s 70
future's undiseovered land.aa 54
this delieious land.....i 70
my own, my native land.....k 70
my own, my native land.....c 71
land of my sires .....d 71
fame was great in all the l..h 115
spoils from land and water..o 161
I take the land to my breast.n 138
the land of opening flowers..c 371
l. beeause it is heir own...d 251
labor, both by sea and land*.b 259
through the l. in green attire.r 271
who own the l. for many .,...l 276
know ye the land.....a 223
the land is gone.....j 364
in eastern lands they talk...s 129
that never was on sea or l...g 338
violet of his native land.....s 160
one to the land of promise..e 265
the land of darkness.....e 265
the purple land ....o 390
into the bowels of the l.*...w 460
l. to which desire forever ...s 175
a l. where beauty cannot...n 193
plenty o'er a smiling land ..r 492
of thy presenee, and no l*...ll 497
a l. of levity is a l. of guilt..d 189
thriee so mueh land*.....h 293
let other lands, exulting... w 295
pass from land to land.....r 315
l.; set out to plant a wood...e 463
lands were fairly portioned .o 449
praise the sea, but keep on l.h 323
the union of lands.....p 449
God, and your native land..h 329
great history of the land....s 474
my native land—good night.n 430
Landing-on some silent shore..v 80
Landlord-l's hospitable door..p 341
Landmark-l. of a new domain.k 374
life hath set no landmarks ..o 233
temples, at onee, and l's.....h 39
Landscape-the darkened l .....o 59
love is like a landseape.....a 242
landscape of the past .....p 327
on the landseape green.....g 275
will the l. tire the view.....v 225
a soft l. of mild earth .....j 473
Lane-the wonders of the l....b 437
Lang syne-days o' lang syne..j 172
Language-a blush is no l.....q 35
well worth all languages.....i 56
they speak all languages ....c 109
the Eternal's language.....a 165
language wherewith spring..i 137
cruel language of the eye...e 380
language quaint and olden..e 129
on its leaves a mystic l.....s 129
l. was given to us that.....h 226
l's are no more than.....i 226
O, that those lips had l.....j 226
l. is a eity to the building...k 226
language is fossil poetry ....l 226
l. is only the instrument...m 226
his language in his tears*...o 226
l. in their very gesture*....q 226
l., as well as the faculty.....r 226
for its language is song.....a 282
not to know the language*..k 237
speaks three or four l's*.....l 237
you taught me language*...n 237
flowers are love's truest l...o 125
language spoken by angels .h 282
language fades before .....t 282
she speaks a various l.....j 285
I learn'd the l. of another...x 287
tears! the awful language...v 415
language in his tears*.....f 416
silent language of grief.....j 417
kindness—a l. whieh the....c 220
noble and expressive l.....j 314
the wind has a language....p 466
enlargement of the l.....m 351
unkind language is sure to..s 449
at a great feast of languages*.r 351
Chatham's language was his.x 342
language in her eye*.....t 476
aeeords to his language ....o 481
Languid-l. pow'rless limbs....s 388
languid violets love to die...x 160
Languish-how his eyes l.....b 116
Languished-bent and l. as in..h 422
Languor-halt nor l. know.....e 9
languor is a punishment....r 205
Lantern-in the l. of the night..o 274
in thy dark lantern.....q 288
my guide, and l. to my feet*.v 180
our lantern the moon.....a 296
therefore bear you the l.*....a 500
Laoeoon-or say of the L.....n 318
Lap-into thy mother's lap.....m 6
as in my mother's lap.....w 90
drawn from earth's prolific l.o 148
in her full lap the champac's.j 135
upon the lap of earth.....c 260
fall in the fresh lap*.....p 154
your l. and fill your bosom..b 157
from her green lap throws..n 271
autumn into earth's lap....j 376
lap me in delight.....n 321
Lapland-lovely as a L. night....w 7
Lapped-l. in downy dreams,...e 403
Lapwing-Beatriee, like a l.*....j 25
in the spring the wanton l..k 373
Larch-knoll of solemn larches..g 250
Larded-so l. with my matter*.k 316
Larder-keeps our larder elean..k 13
Large-large was his bounty....i 413
everything is twiee as large aa 492
Largeness-l. but th' exactly....m 58
Larger-l. than this we leave....q 79
Lark-the lark at heaven's gate*.g 16
sweetly as the lark*.....h 23
soar above the morning l.*...g 25

and not the lark*.....o 28
raven sing so like a lark*....m 30
no lark so blithe as he.....o 65
above the morning lark*.....g 25
the lark, that holds.....l 25
with the lark to bed.....o 25
lark so shrill and clear.....p 25
lark begin his flight.....q 25
in lark and nightingale.....r 25
the sky poised lark.....s 25
the mounting larks.....a 26
sunrise wakes the lark.....d 26
lark that sings out of tune*..f 26
the lark, the herald of the*...g 26
gentle lark, weary of*.....h 26
I took the lark for a*.....j 26
up springs the lark.....n 26
the lark snng lond.....o 26
watch the early lark arise....q 26
l. that shuns on lofty boughs.p 26
the merry, merry lark.....m 81
hoped to catch larks.....y 162
the larks descending breast.v 138
wak'd by the lark*... .....a 278
not show'rs to larks.....m 244
then lark to shepherd's ear*.e 249
the morning sky the lark....h 313
l., at break of day arising*....c 386
l. becomes a sightless song..l 433
Lark-spur—the l-s. listens.....m 131
Lascivious—pleasing of a lute*.b 163
Lash—their long, fine lashes....u 110
lash the vice and follies.....a 452
waves l. the frighted shores.j 404
l. the rascal naked through*.o 349
Lashed—lash'd into Latin.....d 492
Lass—then she made the l's, O.b 473
Lassitude—a pleasing l.....s 388
Last—love thyself last*.....l 9
I on thee shonld look my last.i 86
where last I saw her face.....x 89
shall live and last for aye....w 79
last at his cross.....w 472
they are the last.....a 131
far off—at last, to all.....e 202
God giveth quietness at last.e 362
last to lay the old aside.....l 170
should the big last extend...a 319
last and best of all God's....m 475
the last, best work.....a 476
l., the best reserv'd of God..d 476
shall be the earth's last man.v 335
man may l., but never lives.o 210
l. taste of sweets is sweetest*.o 411
last words of Marmion.....s 452
though l., not least in love*.r 248
quietly stick to the last.....o 184
the last of all the Romans*.aa 185
last of all our evils fear.....m 200
years together over his last..s 318
heaven's last best gift.....q 464
the last still loveliest.....j 446
although our last and least*.t 496
though last, not least.....o 500
offspring is the last.....k 347
Latch—lifts the latch, and enters.v 5
rural l's to his entrance*.....k 77
leaves it upon the latch.....q 81
the latch is fast.....b 288
hand was at the latch.....l 464
Latchet—unloose the latchets..a 106
Late—late, late, so late.....u 91
too late, too late.....u 91
she is late.....m 131
therefore come not late.....d 369
white rose weeps, "she is l.".h 250
sorrow never comes too late.y 396
love that comes too late*....p 247
better late than never.....p 491
better late than never.....g 501
see thee now, though late..m 324
finds too l. that men betray.k 474
nothing is too late till.....p 424
too late I stayed.....p 427
Latest—espoused, my l. found.q 464
Latin—he speaks Latin*.....i 237
good, my lord, no Latin*....k 237
lash'd into Latin.....d 492
small Latin, and less Greek..i 493
Lattice—through the wreathed l.k 31
round the lattice creep.....e 403
through his lattice peeped..b 252
door; and at the lattice.....d 466
Laugh—l. as I pass in thunder..u 59
laugh, like parrots, at*.....i 51
if I laugh at any mortal thing.k 54
my child's laugh rang.....m 81
in bed we laugh, in bed.....p 19
l. where we must, be candid.p 180
laugh, O murmuring spring.c 140
rejoice, and freely laugh.....s 407
I laugh like a child.....d 150
full of joy laughs the sky...j 374
fair laughs the morn.....t 486
weep, and I could laugh*...m 463
whoever loves a l. must sigh.l 293
laugh when I am merry*...m 445
that laughs away the clouds.d 393
long, loud laugh, sincere....p 222
must l. before we are happy.s 226
the wittie man laughs least.u 226
laugh not too much.....u 226
lesse at thine own things l..u 226
laugh and be fat.....v 226
laugh at your friends.....a 227
you may laugh the more....a 227
to l. were want of goodness..b 227
you shall see him laugh*...d 227
they laugh that win*.....f 227
laugh at the jests or pranks.a 122
on the fields until they l....f 411
the loud laugh that spoke ..d 288
thou wilt not laugh at poets h 243
rejoice and freely laugh.....s 407
l's like a babe just roused...o 270
Laughable—swear the jest be l*.i 51
Laughed—woke up and l. upon.p 137
he's laughed and said his say t 294
blue eyes of heaven laughed.l 436
full well they laughed.....c 304
Laughing—with singing, l.....a 360
l. in the summer sun.....l 109
chased l. sunbeams through.a 141
laughing the clouds away...t 276
Laughter—heaven still with l.....b 9
our sincerest l. with some..m 262
l. holding both his sides ....g 264
o'er the rabble's laughter....j 176
how much lies in laughter ..t 226
O, I am stabbed with l.*.....c 227
his eyes in flood with l.*....g 227
l. almost ever cometh.....h 227
with mirth and laughter*...a 255
when her lovely l. shows....i 303
what l. and what music.....j 429
Launched—l. above a*.....n 477
Laura—L. had been Petrarch's.e 464
Laureate—strew the l. hearse..k 132
Laurel—to grow green forever..n 38
l. shall weave bowers.....o 377
l. sheds her cluster'd bloom..i 432
the l. meed of mightie.....j 433
the overflow of arbutus and l. e 434
wait till the laurel bursts....i 144
laurel for the perfect prime ...s 6
Lave—limbs I wont to lave.....e 366
Law—his will his law.....z 47
to all facts there are laws.....c 43
higher law than the.....n 62
base of things—law and war .p 79
make the laws of a nation....i 17
laws die, books never.....k 39
law, what plea so tainted*...h 88
duty grows, thy law.....y 98
in law's grave study six.....u 490
obey the law of society.....f 394
live obedient to the law, in..s 181
equal law which it had.....z 182
base laws of servitude began h 167
mysterious law; true source g 257
Gods universal law.....f 257
imitations and regard of l...d 367
pity is the virtue of the law* g 333
laws are above magistrates..s 340
sweep of all-embracing laws.e 370
law of all men's minds.....a 285
nice sharp quillets of the l.*f 217
the law; your exposition*..k 217
I charge you by the law*....l 218
who loves God and his law..u 179
civil laws, are cruel*.....i 459
that laws were like cobwebs.c 307
the law of heaven and earth.e 307
where l. ends tyranny.....f 307
just laws are no restraint...i 307
a just law will interfere....i 307
shall the laws dispense.....k 307
the rigour of penal law.....l 307
laws grind the poor.....m 307
rich men rule the law.....m 307
law is a sort of hocus-pocus.p 307
triumph o'er the law.....r 307
with clamour pleads the l's..s 307
nothing is l. that is not.....u 307
convict by course of law*...v 307
old father antick the law*...x 307
but is this "law"*.....a 308
crowner's-quest law*.. .....a 308
do as adversaries do in law*.b 308
I have been a truant in the l.*c 308
frame the law unto my will*.c 308
a subject and challenge law*.f 308
in law, what plea so tainted*.g 308
buys out the law*.....h 308
hath stepp'd into the law*...i 308
o' the windy side of the law*.k 308
the bloody book of law*.....l 308
we are for law; he dies*....q 308
make a scare-crow of the l.*.r 308
when law can do no right*..s 308
that law bar no wrong*.....s 308
laws are most multiplied....v 308
good opinion of the law....w 308

all thy laws forever.....t 250
breathing household laws...f 463
God is thy law, thou mine..s 464
purpos'd more than law.....f 291
the first great law is.....m 292
one sole ruler,—his law.....j 494
commands the l's, and lords.f 448
knows no l. but his caprice.d 449
unvary'd l's preserve each..g 325
laws wise as nature.....g 325
order is Heaven's first law...i 325
statutes, and most biting l's*w 499
thy laws in nature's works..t 343
the Giver of the law.....d 304
l. preserves the earth a.....s 348
law which moulds a tear.....s 348
strain not the laws.....j 349
reason is the life of the law..g 307
of law there can be no less...r 357
law can discover sin.....a 358
many l's argues so many sins.n 384
seven hours to law.....l 424
Lawful–all our l. pleasures.....o 268
Law-giver–poets should be l-g's r 335
Lawn–the l., which, after.....e 434
let us seek the dewy lawns...q 26
is twice a saint in lawn.....i 50
that strew the every lawn....c 150
sinuous paths of l. and moss.c 139
o'er lawns the lily sheds....m 129
through the lawn.....p 286
Lawyer–l's are made in a day..n 307
l's repose, each wrapt up....o 184
scarce hurts the lawyer.....q 307
let's kill all the lawyers*....m 308
breath of an unfee'd lawyer*.o 308
Lay–hapless lover courts thy l..k 25
have throbb'd at our lay.....a 71
as gently lay my head.....t 388
world will listen to my lays.r 368
and listen to my lay.....i 436
makes the sweeter lay.....e 284
delight by heavenly lays....c 338
Lay-figure–must have a l-f....w 334
Lazily–hang from the boughs...k 272
Lea–winds slowly o'er the lea..v 105
cowslip loves the lea.....l 131
of daisies on a flowery lea....i 138
standing on this pleasant l..i 202
over the long dark lea.....n 288
Lead–like molten lead*.....c 5
compound of putty and l...a 198
heave oft the lead.....j 313
why dost thou l. these men*.i 319
lead me where Thou wilt...m 360
Leadest–Thou lead'st me.....l 292
Leaf–sear, the yellow leaf*. .....f 7
my days are in the yellow l....o 5
on the leaf a browner hue....s 105
not a leaf will grow.....h 143
swells the leaves within.....h 269
a white-thorn leaf appears..m 269
wear the crimson leaf.....y 465
when great leaves fall*.....d 107
I wish I were the lily's leaf..r 144
thy huge, high l. of green..d 146
fitting, leaf by leaf.....b 138
violets cover'd up in l's ....u 128
flowers and l's and grasses.h 372
she stopped and culled a l..g 152
not a leaf that falls upon....l 190
sorrow and the scarlet leaf..l 376
leaf by leaf.....b 277
kisses the blushing leaf....w 277
fade away as doth a leaf.....r 278
every leaf its balm receives.k 334
its fanlike l's to the light...k 156
chosen l. of bard and chief..m 156
no leaves it has.....b 158
quivers every leaf.....b 404
there's a soul in every leaf..l 125
nor air, nor leaf is lost.....c 231
falls with the leaf.....q 417
the leaf is dead.....o 433
each leaf a ripple with.....d 435
trembling seized its every l.e 435
cherry hung the crimson l..l 437
one was of the Egyptian l...b 438
Leafless–in his l. bowers.....a 377
Leafy–birds in l. galleries....j 440
Leak–thou spring'st a leak....v 316
Lean–neither l's on this side...t 43
has a l. and hungry look*...s 203
leans for all pleasure.....b 462
black deeds do l. on crutches.a 385
Leap–he that leaps the wide...p 41
look before you ere you leap.j 43
looke before thou leape.....s 43
look ere thou leap.....f 44
going to leap into the dark ..g 96
leap down to different seas.m 365
leaps the live thunder.....a 404
leap to meet thee, leap.....o 242
leaps with delirious bound.q 322
Leaped–l. overboard with.....s 381
Leaping–l. in shady dells.....l 461
Leap-year–leap-year gives it..b 269
leap-year doth combine.....d 269
Learn–but she may learn* ....s 257
no man will learn anything.b 203
living man who dost not l..g 206
princes learn no art truly...e 367
but she may learn* .....j 224
learn to live, and live to l...d 228
I learn to pity them.....w 332
l. now with pity to*.....b 333
l. in suffering what they....i 337
dull but she can learn*.....y 464
shame and misery not to l..a 444
will learn of thee a prayer...e 330
he that will learn to pray ...l 344
to learn to bear is easier.....r 483
Learned–tbe l. compute.....p 109
ask of the learned the way..x 227
contest follows, and much l..g 370
I learnt life from the poets..m 337
judges ought to be more l...c 217
learn'd without sense.....s 406
loads of learned lumber ....u 406
make the learned smile.....g 407
has thou not l. me how*....c 315
that he has learn'd so much.v 468
many less learn'd than he..m 470
which is never sufficiently l.p 351
the learn'd reflect on what..g 356
Learning–l. hath gained most..e 38
without the love of learning.x 47
match his l. and his wit.....t 95
train boys to learning.....a 102
l. turns no student pale....j 209
in learning to form a lily...k 136
learning hath its infancy....j 227
I speak of that learning....m 227
without learning something.e 344
without the love of l.....c 385
enough of l. to misquote....q 350
l. without thought is labor.n 227
l. by study must be won....p 227
whence is thy learning.....q 227
for learning is the fountain.t 227
with l. first must needs .....t 227
the Lord of learning.....u 227
learning is a dangerous....w 227
no man is wiser for his l....y 227
learning is but an adjunct*..a 228
we are, our l. likewise*. ....a 228
O this l.! what a thing it is*.b 228
much l. shows how little....e 228
I seem to inhale learning...u 229
for l. me your language*....n 237
where learning lies.....l 244
much learning shows .....h 463
nonsense, and learning.....e 468
on scraps of learning dote..u 351
pupil would be l. still.....g 355
Least–evils I have chose the l..a 56
what we least can spare ....m 200
although our last and least*.t 496
least erected spirit that fell. n 462
though last, not least.....o 500
Leather–rest is all but l. or.....k 50
he wondered that lether*....c 319
Leave–homes amidst green l's..n 21
his ancient song of leaves....i 22
leaves are waving green.....q 23
the leaves fast fell.....k 30
leave that till to-morrow.....p 43
like the race of leaves is.....a 45
tender leaves of hope*.....n 46
with l's and flowers do cover..j 31
leave behind a voice that.....e 52
light shade for the leaves ....u 59
l. us and find us the same....u 45
flower like, closes thus its l's.q 79
leaves have their time.....i 81
crowding through the leaves..j 27
dark and glossy l's so thick..m 146
the unsunned leaves.....m 146
marigold abroad her leaves..p 146
rows of heart-shaped leaves..o 147
its soft leaves unfold.....p 149
transparent l's scarce cast a..q 132
meal o'er all their velvet l's.d 133
between dead matted leaves.c 150
largest of her upright l's...m 150
l's of the locust and walnut.k 272
dry leaves upon the wall....g 273
the dead leaves their rich...j 273
sat in the chariot of its l's...e 133
among the rustling leaves...l 133
l's are turned to the north..j 136
green l's, opening as I pass..u 371
rose by rose I strip the l's...n 151
pure amang the leaves sae...q 151
yellow rose leaves falling....x 154
leaves are beginning to fade.e 155
its leaves are all dead.....e 155
green l's are whispering to..f 156
shuts up her golden leaves ..s 157
leaves of tender green.....s 159
their own leaves have made..l 160
tender leaves are bursting...q 373
dead leaves fall and melt.....e 375

the sere leaves are flying....p 375
among the withering leaves..d 376
where falling leaves falter...h 376
l's are sear'd and wither'd...k 376
rose's trembling leaves .....m 376
l's are sear, and flowers.....b 378
lusty spring, all dight in l's..g 373
tremulous leaves with soft..d 129
quickly will the pale red l's..j 375
the leaves of memory seemed.e 261
leaves in wintry weather....j 261
the yellow leaves shall have..x 225
poets' l's are gathered one...t 337
rustle of the leaves.....b 281
rose l's fall into billows of...k 410
l's and swelling buds are....q 370
hollow whistling in the l's*..m 467
leaves dead are driven.....q 467
whose gray leaves quiver....i 441
fall'n leaves which kept.....r 316
together like l's in a gust....b 425
that makes the green leaves..c 432
many leaves are twinkling ..i 432
of multitudinous leaves.....d 434
dancing leaves his reed.....c 434
blossoms and l's in plenty...b 435
O leave the elder-bloom.....i 436
perceives its glossy leaves...n 437
leave thee, native soil.....d 326
clothes herself with leaves...i 438
its leaves of velvet green.....l 439
leaves of beauty, his fruit of.r 439
pavement, carpeted with l's..j 440
tear the close-shut l's apart..e 349
stand like midnight leaves..p 488
get l. to work in this world..q 482
Leavening-must tarry the l.*.n 302
Leaving-like the leaving it*....s 84
Led-has led and turned me....g 256
led yellow autumn, wreath'd..g 375
Leda-Leda's love, and cresses..e 146
Ledge-leaning over rocky l's..a 142
Lee-waters of the river Lee....s 365
Leek-mouse's hert not worth a l..f 12
Lees-and the mere lees*.....a 235
Left-'tis better to be left.....u 240
torne up to the lefts.....j 319
cannon to left of them.....f 461
what we left, we lost..... h 60
no rain left in heaven.....t 90
Leg-swan's black l's to white*.h 33
his l's are l's for necessity*..bb 12
his legs cannot*.....j 316
upon his own legs grown...g 301
on three legs upborne.....l 301
with leaden legs and batty*.n 391
his legs bestrid the ocean*..v 367
threadlike legs spread out...b 212
can honour set to a leg*.....u 199
one pair of English legs*...gg 497
there men without legs get..o 184
under his huge l's, and peep*.f 186
Legacy-books are legacies.....f 36
bequeathing it, as a rich l.*.a 184
Legend-strange is told of.....f 31
pine is the mother of l's....k 440
Legerity-and fresh legerity*...e 266
Legible-and makes them l.....t 292
Leisure-peace, immortal l.....i 272
leisure is pain.....h 228
blest leisure is our curse....h 228
no dates in his fine leisure..d 180
and leave us l. to be good...g 228
l., that in trim gardens.....s 176
eyes have l. for their tears..a 428
be better at thy leisure*....nn 497
Lely-Lely on animated canvas..h 314
Leman-by L's waters wash'd..j 256
Lemon-l. and the piercing....p 433
Lemonade-black eyes and l...a 194
Lend-only l. me to the world...l 34
friend to lend a hand.....e 405
he lends out money gratis*..g 192
have money to lend.....t 464
Lending-arrears by l. them...f 424
Length-drags its slow l. along..t 339
Lengthened-l. as our sun.....d 90
Lenity-l. will operate with....q 263
Lent-hand was kindly lent*...r 210
though we're in Lent.....o 293
Leper-how like the leper, with..l 21
Less-of the eagle were the less..q 24
rather than be less.....y 55
of two evils the less is .....o 106
man the l., but nature more..a 334
make less thy body, hence*..x 417
degrees, and beautifully less..e 496
how much less than one....m 231
the less is said the better....y 326
never less alone than when..s 395
Lesser-woman is the l. man...j 478
Lesson-birthday l's are done...h 34
still harder l., how to die.....r 56
enforce great lessons.....j 106
lessons from past errors.....h 108
as just a l. it may speak....a 150
this lesson seems to carry...n 256
perhaps the greatest lesson..p 299
lessons we could read.....l 160
Let-be dearly let, or let alone..c 193
Lethargy-lethargy that creeps.r 388
Lethe-my sense in L. steep*...g 116
L., the river of oblivion.....h 390
Lethean-no Lethean drug.....o 313
Letter-the lover of letters loves..i 8
so old, I can write a letter....h 34
man of letters is more.....r 37
goes by letter, and affection*..d 56
grand army of letters.....j 76
in golden letters should*.....f 79
a good face is a letter.....f 111
sweet l's of the angel tongue..l 125
letters cowslips on the hill...i 137
O blessed l's! that combine..x 237
a new flood called "letters"..i 238
sweet to stammer one l.....a 165
prince without l's is a pilot..c 367
pause awhile from letters...o 405
letters unto trembling- ...n 313
in the bittier letter*....'.....l 308
is in the letter found.....h 315
letter, sent to prove me.....j 315
thy letter was a flash.....k 315
letters from absent friends...l 315
used for written letters.....m 315
l. gushing from the heart....p 315
kind letters that betray.....r 315
letters for some wretch's aid..u 315
too many of your letters....v 315
letters trembling I unclose..b 316
letters, soft interpreters.....e 316
each year a homely letter...f 316
prove a true love-letter.....g 316
it is by the benefit of letters..h 316
if this letter move him not*..j 316
I have a letter from her*....k 316
hear from thee by letters*..m 316
my l's before did satisfy*...n 316
the letter is too long*.....o 316
go, little letter, apace.....q 316
noble letters of the dead.....r 316
thou bringest letters.....s 316
I pray you in your letters*..j 219
zed! thou unnecessary l.*...d 500
Lettered-give l. pomp to teeth..a 338
Letting-l. I dare not wait upon*f 74
Level-in her husband's heart*.g 258
beneath the l. of all care.....h 259
there's nothing l. in our*....cc 452
within the l. of your frown*..o 363
Leveled-l. at our purposes*....b 409
Leven-on L's banks, while free..e 366
Lever-mind is the great l. of..b 214
Levity-land of l. is a land of...d 189
not for l., but for the total..m 241
Lexicography-so lost in l.... .i 481
Liar-him a notorious liar*.....c 51
truth silences the liar.....s 444
Libation-shed l's on his shrine.j 468
Libel-convey a l. in a frown...s 387
Liberal-l. of your loves and*...f 171
very kind; and liberal*.....h 304
Libertine-air, a charter'd l.*...x 340
puff'd and reckless l.*.....r 317
Liberty-subdue rational l.....b 1
true liberty is lost.....b 1
ne'er look on liberty*.....l 91
sweet land of liberty.....g 71
what is l. without wisdom..q 228
liberty's in every blow-.....r 228
love of l. with life is given..v 228
give me l., or give me death..w 228
when they cry liberty.....x 228
this true liberty.....y 228
a crust of bread, and l.....z 228
O l.! l.! how many crimes..aa 228
I must have l., withal*.....c 229
why, headstrong liberty*....d 229
on the light of l. you saw....f 229
largest l. compatible with..m 276
'tis l. alone that gives.....u 228
playing at liberty.....m 364
thee forth, immortal l.....e 229
being pent from liberty*.....i 333
in liberty of bloody hand*...p 400
so loving jealous of his l*....t 248
liberty and law.....a 307
there liberty cannot be.....j 388
imprisoned liberty.....s 389
liberty and union now.....x 329
by consequence, liberty....aa 415
brightest in dungeons, l.....h 317
Library-need not large l's.....g 229
l's are as the shrine.....h 229
a l. is but the soul's burial..j 229
a great l. contains the diary m 230
a library may be regarded...n 229
room of a wise man is a l....b 230
a numerous and select l.....q 229
every l. should try to be.....r 229
I look upon a l. as a kind....s 229
a place to be in is an old l...u 229
take choice of all my l.*.....c 230

l. to the lover of books.....b 230
License–l. they mean when...x 228
l. to outrage his soul.....o 481
Lichen–l. fondly clinging.....j 144
with lichens is it overgrown b 158
Lick–l's the hand just raised..m 334
Lid–with folded lids beneath..b 141
from your golden lids.....a 147
sweeter than the lids of*....i 130
faint as the lids of maiden's..o 439
beneath closed lids and folds q 389
Lie–name upon a lie just made.j 87
lies to hide it makes it two...o 88
dream then, a shadowy lie ...s 98
to lie that way thou go'st*...f 51
his faults lie gently on him* p 53
all compliments are lies.....m 60
the lie with circumstance*..w 67
the lie direct*.....w 67
fear not to lie.....o 75
after all what is a lie.....n 113
a lie may do thee grace*.....q 113
lie, sir, with such*.....r 113
lies are like the father that* v 113
is sorer than to lie for need*.y 113
joy that's awkward at a lie. bb 113
now lies he there*.....u 118
dost thou lie so low* .....j 119
you lie—under a mistake...g 105
the darkest meaning of a lie.a 144
how justly doth a lie.....a 144
they lie about our feet.....i 135
summer lies low.....m 376
yet would I gratefully lie....p 376
lie not down wearied.....p 225
lie itself the inferior gift....v 228
of fleeting lie, its lustre.....u 228
now lie I like a king*.....b 368
in dreams which scarcely lie s 287
lie in honor's truckle-bed...d 199
there all the honour lie.....o 199
some lie beneath the.....c 496
softly lie and sweetly sleep..p 184
blended lie th'oppressor and q 184
a stone tell where I lie.....y 292
to lie heavy upon a friend*..i 308
all ways do lie open*.....t 462
lie still and slumber.....i 392
because they love the lie....v 443
chained down to lies.....x 443
nothing can need a lie.....n 444
severe upon a rising lie.....h 445
never was indebted to a lie..f 446
lies down to pleasant dreams k 360
give the world the lie.....i 399
Lief–I had as lief not be*.....d 235
Liest–thou l. in thy throat*...w 113
Life–base of a good life.....s 4
hesitating wheels of life.....h 5
life's shadows are meeting....r 5
advance in life, we learn.....i 1
the course of my long life.....g 6
little else than life itself.....f 6
life's year begins and.....n 6
vale of rural life, the.....q 6
my way of life is fallen* .....f 7
night of life some memory*...n 7
a glorious life or grave .....j 8
a new life on a ruined life ....o 8
seeks one thing in life.....q 8
his can't be wrong whose l...g 20
middle day of human life....g 34
so that my life be brave.....j 41
a life, which valour could not.h 43
variety's the very spice of l..j 45
see life dissolving vegetate....e 46
life looks through and* .....r 42
care's an enemy to life*.....s 42
life seemeth fast.....q 45
life is arched with.....u 46
in life, the true qnestion.....s 47
human creatures' lives.....h 77
lent us life, as we do a sum ..l 80
death is another life .....q 79
doors to let out life..... ....s 79
conduct themselves in life....o 52
my life, my joy, my food*....j 55
'tis from high life high.....i 50
this floating life hath.....v 65
obscur'd life sets down .....g 66
'tis not a life: 'tis but.....s 54
so runs the round of life.....w 58
a sign it is of evil life*.....o 62
death is the crown of life.....l 86
you take my life.....r 91
set my life on any chance....o 91
when life is rather new.....h 70
life's mid-stage we tread .....p 86
life is more terrible.....l 71
set my life upon a cast*.....o 72
life is not so short but.....b 73
this life's a fort committed ..n 73
balm, what life is in thy ray...a 79
who wast so full of l., or death.r 81
take life too seriously.....c 92
glorious thing human life ....f 92
begin to make a better life*..k 90
the wave of life kept .....j 81
suburb of the life elysian.....a 82
a lily her life did close.....e 82
doors to let out life.....f 82
certain in man's life..... h 82
how short is human life.....q 82
look'd on either life ....b 83
life's poor play is o'er .....f 83
a quantity of life*.....e 84
cuts off twenty years of life*.i 84
nothing in his life*.....s 84
most loathed worldly life*...y 84
bears the name of life*.....i 85
life lie hid more*.....i 85
thy doctrine by thy life.....v 95
on the pulse of life*.....n 92
part I have saved my life*....s 94
dreamed that l. was beauty...s 98
little life is rounded*..... q97
no separate life they e'er can.a 113
a deep l. within, that will*..e 113
life treads on life, and heart..g 117
mankind's life-time.....v 117
life's goblet freely press.....c 118
life is never the same again..e 118
must lie as low as ours.....s 104
God grant when this life....p 105
life to come that we meet...p 105
life inflicts its worst .....e 107
life may change but ....e 108
slits the thin-spun life.....k 115
fancy'd l. in others' breath..t 115
crowded hour of glorious l..u 115
ocean of l. we pass and speak.b 118
up the hillside of this life...k 141
life by the spirit comes.....e 143
creeping where no l. is seen.l 143
aloft shading the fount of l..l 132
fear of death than fear of l.bb 121
there are moments in life...i 122
past sweet of mortal life....u 122
life's mere subsistance.....s 361
our l. alone doth nature live.j 362
to keep l's fever still within.d 363
of l. gives me mystical love.g 363
illuminates the path of life.h 363
human life to endless sleep.n 364
once in each man's life.....m 251
his life a breath of God.....n 252
his life was gentle*.....v 254
as to cast away one's own l..h 168
for a friend is life too short..d 169
to life the grass and violets..q 371
life's alive in every thing...d 373
life in every gale.....o 271
count life bnt little worth...l 273
sounds of busy life.....e 277
so is mortal life.....o 278
life's a short summer.....q 278
into whose hand I give thy l.*j 222
life is perfected by death....x 222
a life of injury and crime...q 224
life is labor and death is rest.g 230
life, which all creatures.....h 230
l. in which nothing happens.j 230
life's as serious a thing as...l 230
life's but a means.....m 230
life ! I know not what.....p 230
l.! we've been long together.q 230
life, believe, is not a dream.s 230
life is a pnre flame.....u 230
whose life is a bubble.....v 230
life is but a day at most....b 231
concentred in a life intense.c 231
life hovers like a star.....d 231
'gainst years of life.....e 231
our life is two-fold.....f 231
way of l., and my pleasnres.i 231
written life is almost as rare.j 231
there is no life of a man.....l 231
the life so short.....n 231
life is but thought.....q 231
makes up life's tale.....r 231
thank God for life.....s 231
still it is life, and l. is canse..s 231
through life we'll go.....t 231
l., I'm sure, was in the right.u 231
life for delays and donbts...v 231
men deal with life.....w 231
a map of busy life.....y 231
life is not measured.....aa 231
life's little cares.....bb 231
take not away the life.....a 232
life's a vast sea.....b 232
life is not all incident.....c 232
now life shall be poetry.....d 232
dost thou love l., then do not.f 232
when life is true to the poles.e 232
how short is life.....h 232
man's life is like unto.....k 232
my life within this band....l 232
alas our life's a dream.....m 232
lives the first life well.....n 232
life is short and art is long..o 232
man's life a tragedy.....q 232
enlarge my l. with multitude.s 231

life protracted is protracted. *s* 232
in life's last scene..... *t* 232
reflect that life..... *u* 232
our whole life is like a play. *a* 233
breathed life in them..... *b* 233
this life ye bear..... *c* 233
life will be lengthened while. *e* 233
life hath quicksands..... *g* 233
life is the gift of God..... *h* 233
life is but an empty dream.. *i* 233
this life of ours is a wild.... *j* 233
forge of life..... *k* 233
to build a new life..... *l* 233
life is a mission..... *n* 233
life hath set no landmarks.. *o* 233
life is good; but not life.... *p* 233
when life leaps in the veins. *q* 233
how human life began..... *r* 233
nor love thy life, nor hate... *s* 233
'tis not the whole of l. to live. *t* 233
life is a waste of wearisome. *u* 233
life let us cherish..... *v* 233
whose life is in the right.... *b* 234
on life's vast ocean..... *d* 234
our life is but a span..... *g* 234
so life but opens now..... *h* 234
half my life is full of sorrow. *j* 234
this life is but the passage.. *m* 234
life's but a span or a tale.... *n* 234
man's life is compared unto. *o* 234
a man's life's no more than*. *s* 234
and this our life, exempt*... *u* 234
I bear a charmed life*..... *c* 235
think of this life*..... *d* 235
let life be short*..... *f* 235
life is a shuttle*..... *g* 235
life is a tedious*..... *h* 235
but life, being weary*..... *i* 235
the time of life is short*..... *k* 235
if life did ride*..... *k* 235
life's but a walking shadow*. *l* 235
make up my life*..... *q* 235
here my life must end*..... *q* 235
the web of our life*..... *r* 235
my life is run his compass*.. *s* 235
thy life's a miracle*..... *v* 235
I do not set my life*..... *x* 235
life, like a dome..... *z* 235
"life is not lost," said she... *c* 236
life as a whole, life in detail. *d* 236
life lives only in success..... *e* 236
our life is scarce the twinkle. *f* 236
I will drink life to the lees... *g* 236
life is not an idle ore..... *h* 236
see here thy pictured life.... *i* 236
my life is like a stroll upon.. *j* 236
that love of life increased... *k* 236
greatest love of l. appears... *k* 236
so life we praise..... *n* 236
our life contains a thousand. *o* 236
that life is long..... *t* 236
and lengthens life*..... *p* 264
in life's low vale..... *l* 454
outlive his life half a year*.. *a* 262
I never in my life did hear*.. *l* 268
integrity of l. is fame's best. *y* 455
under thy own life's key*... *a* 171
ends not but with life..... *c* 172
l. is to be fortified by many. *r* 174
there is a life above..... *u* 175
and all that life is love..... *u* 175
long-rifled l. of sweet can.... *k* 176
my l., my all that's mine.... *s* 241
half so sweet in life..... *a* 244
bringing life's discords into. *v* 244
time is short, life is short... *d* 245
life is sweet..... *d* 245
with l. all other passions fly. *i* 249
coming, my life, my fate.... *h* 250
is none in life but needs it.. *b* 220
nor love thy life, nor hate... *s* 233
the brightness of our life.... *f* 201
all life not to be purer and.. *g* 210
ever I heard in my life..... *j* 281
lives through all life..... *b* 286
pulse of life stood still..... *j* 290
and so make life, death..... *n* 290
full of life and circumstance. *i* 403
drawing out the lines of life. *d* 406
life with wiser youth..... *h* 408
blandishments of l. are gone. *x* 408
life's a fort committed..... *y* 408
no life's dream is done..... *h* 409
think of this life*..... *d* 235
dream in the dawn of life... *m* 235
what is l. when wanting love. *s* 239
man's love is of man's life .. *y* 239
she was his life..... *e* 240
there my life centres..... *t* 261
is life for life..... *e* 307
rainbow to the storms of l.*. *d* 464
is there in the vale of life... *g* 464
all life needs for life..... *v* 465
before us lies in daily life... *n* 469
till wisdom is push'd out of l. *t* 470
a subtle red of life..... *f* 441
life with true believing..... *a* 443
my life upon her faith*..... *g* 443
life were no more than..... *a* 448
unkindness may defeat my l.* *u* 449
with thy favour was my life. *e* 450
save your l. when you fling. *b* 323
in each man's l. appointed.. *g* 324
life and religion are one..... *u* 357
than mine own life*..... *w* 329
travell'd life's dull round.... *t* 303
builds life on death..... *o* 348
life that hides in mead and.. *i* 349
first of human l. must spring *m* 473
something there was in her l. *t* 474
to chase the clouds of life's. *a* 476
life's enchanted cup but.... *h* 423
wheels of weary life at last.. *t* 423
tie my life within this band. *e* 424
time is the life of the soul... *s* 424
life of man less than a span .. *s* 483
life we think long and short. *o* 428
while man is growing, life is. *q* 428
wasted is existence, used is l. *n* 428
of their succeeding life..... *d* 419
the lamp of a man's life..... *l* 192
too much this string of life.. *f* 195
and colour of domestic life.. *c* 198
l. without love can be borne. *g* 199
life without honor never.... *g* 199
hopes have precarious life.. *u* 200
while there is l., there is hope *v* 200
my life lies in those looks... *q* 491
bankrupt of life..... *s* 491
l. is short, and time is swift .. *z* 491
l. is checkered shade and.... *o* 493
a pretty mocking of the l.*. *ii* 497
man than his l. to eternity. *aa* 506
to conquer is its life..... *g* 342
tree of life high eminent ... *m* 432
fresh from life, that bring... *r* 313
it may be of a whole life.... *w* 300
not give the bread of life.... *i* 317
soften'd into l., grew warm.. *p* 318
desert where no l. is found.. *x* 382
who art the very thief of life. *t* 389
water like a thing of life.... *g* 381
into the daylight of life..... *l* 382
measure of life is not length. *f* 385
thin, that life looks through. *b* 421
thy life as thy deeds..... *m* 432
morning of life is like the... *h* 486
life went a-Maying..... *l* 486
life would not yield to age*.. *t* 484
Life-blood-of a master spirit.... *p* 39
l-b. of our enterprise*..... *c* 95
balm and l-b. of the soul..... *l* 200
Lifeless-how sweet, though l.. *k* 392
Lifelessly-with snow and ice l. *o* 372
Lifetime-comes but once in a l. *f* 487
Life-weary-l-w. taker may fall*. *k* 91
Lift-lift not hands of prayer... *t* 345
lifts me above the ground*... *h* 97
Lifting-l. the earth-crushed.. *m* 474
Light-lies forever in the light.. *m* 8
feasting presence full of l.*... *y* 18
meeting of gentle lights..... *i* 19
privacy of glorious light is.... *s* 26
into the light of things..... *m* 33
credit anything the l. gives... *i* 43
extinguish light..... *h* 47
light within his own..... *u* 49
had she been light*..... ...*n* 54
lights who beam'd through.. *p* 37
this book of starres lights to.. *m* 38
darkness is light..... *n* 78
for a light heart lives long*.. *n* 54
star unto star speaks light.... *i* 56
Christ that gives us light..... *l* 56
dim religious light..... *d* 58
light translateth night..... *e* 68
by this good light*..... *s* 73
admire new light thro' holes. *p* 76
prayer of Ajax was for light... *g* 78
blasted with excess of light... *a* 81
from those flames no light... *d* 91
it lasted, gave king Henry l.*. *l* 92
faith beholds a feeble light.. *i* 113
l. resting on the darkness... *k* 231
sun the realms of light... . *g* 245
light is the first of painters.. *u* 236
light, God's eldest daughter. *v* 236
God's l. his likeness takes... *w* 236
hail, holy light..... *b* 237
He that has light..... *c* 237
light from her native east.... *d* 237
teach light to counterfeit.... *e* 237
light seeking light, doth l.*.. *f* 237
ere you find where light*.... *f* 237
'twas a light that made..... *g* 237
steady, lambent light..... *k* 109
weigh the light ..... *s* 163
as if they feared the light.... *c* 164
a foot more light..... *j* 164
she treads on it so light*.... *l* 164
struggling each other's l. to.. *k* 411
in waves of golden light..... *l* 374
unlyned all, to be more l.... *r* 374

warm l. the pillared clouds..f 376
l. that never was on sea or..g 338
shower of light is poesy.....i 339
l. he leaves behind him lies..d 210
how light is thy heart.....v 285
cloud the light of fashion's..b 156
light is thy clement.....m 157
light-enchanted sunflower..p 157
a blossom of returning l.....q 159
of l. to kindle and create....e 290
if light can thus deceive.....f 290
lend thee their l., like tapers.m 402
no light in earth or heaven..q 402
light us deep into the Deity.x 403
yon ever-burning l's above*.s 403
sun, centre and sire of l.....g 409
dispenses light from afar....q 409
l. lifts up its burning head*.v 409
l. through every guilty hole*m 410
fairest of the lights above*..i 410
dazzled by his conquering l.h 410
light of the morning gild....s 124
keeping the gates of light...t 415
in transient light.....w 233
whose lights are fled.....j 261
in the fairest point of l.....r 263
drops of pure and pearly l...v 454
in light ineffable.....x 180
God is truth and light His..m 180
exclude the light.....h 296
the bigger light*.....i 297
God made two great lights..g 297
it brings to light the secret..g 468
truth is easy, and the light..w 443
nature no one track of l.....x 444
there is no veil like light....y 444
sometimes comes to light....z 444
light and shade spring both..v 446
sweet light fair fleeting.....d 447
light of jurisprudence.....h 307
light divine and searching..j 354
l. in darkness, comfort in*..h 343
to light us to the edge.....m 429
fancy l. from fancy caught..k 116
April, with its changing l...o 109
the l. of its tremulous bells..f 146
her golden light was seen....g 372
soft l. of an autumnal day...r 376
the line of yellow light.....i 273
showers of light on earth....a 274
a sadder light than waning..e 274
her veil of light.....o 274
full in her dreamy light.....l 275
pours a lovely, gentle light. j 276
the gates of light.....o 277
with streaks of light*.....d 278
the light that shone.....k 278
not 'till the hours of l. return.i 230
corruption springs from l...k 230
shadow owes its birth to l...i 380
we stand in our own light...l 380
those flowers made of light..d 128
lovely light that sparkles....q 335
dying for their love of light..p 158
l. thickens; and the crow*..q 289
shows his globe of light.....p 410
light that visits there .....t 241
common as light is love.....f 249
heaven will give thee light..b 194
where your l's shin'd never..j 249
out of hell, leads up to l....w 194
giving more l. than heat*...m 497
its light shall linger round..o 311
trifles, light as air*.....u 442
l. shone, and order from....f 325
rainbow;—all woven of l.....n 352
she is its light, its God.....p 470
or with thee find light in...w 395
the biding l. that moves not.g 397
lets in new l. thro' chinks...f 428
golden lights serenely.....e 389
and restore the light.....m 389
spell and the l. of each path..s 475
lovely lady garmented in l...c 478
and unlook'd for light.....b 429
light of her superior smile...s 478
Lighted-l. me the way to death.f 450
Light-house-horrible l-h. of hell e 214
Lightness-such is the l. of*....e 51
Lightning-the l. forms.....c 9
I break the lightning.....w 20
vanish like lightning.....e 52
a lightning before death*.....k 84
the lightning and the gale....o 70
l. in the collied night*.....h 78
brief as the lightning*.....i 289
storm-cloud lurid with l.....f 404
sheeted lightning retreated..f 404
l. and impetuous rage.....h 404
lightning flies, the thunder. j 404
lightnings flash a larger.....a 405
l., 'tis better than cannon...r 458
l. in the eyes of France*.....e 459
too like the l., which doth*..w 191
quick as lightning .....c 199
lightning from her eyes.....z 120
alone exists—like l. fire.....d 363
in thunder, l., or in rain*...a 260
a flash of lightning .....k 315
lightning now is tangled....v 351
l. does the will of God.....q 329
stroke of quick, cross l.*.....f 422
Like-but oh! how different*...e 101
not look upon his l. again*..u 254
now lie I like a king*.....b 368
the one so like the other*...w 284
like each other as are peas..ee 500
like, indeed, to death's own.h 392
like one in prayer stood....o 344
like those within the human.b 422
Likeness-own each quaint l....j 59
take my likeness with you..s 313
where dully rests some l....f 462
Liking-word may empoison l.*s 414
friendships begin with l's...s 172
than to drive likings*.....r 246
faults of his own liking*....q 197
Lilac-l. waves her plumes.....r 131
lilacs tossing in the winds,..l 271
lilacs where the robin built.d 128
l. spreads odorous essence...o 437
lilac-trees that shook.....p 437
purple clusters load the lilac q 437
Lily-thou may'st with l's boast.a 19
lilies face the March winds...m 31
like a lily her life did close...e 82
garland of seven l's wrought...o 55
lilies blossomed in our path..c 97
the fair l's and roses so gay..p 141
l's white prepared to touch m 144
purple lilies which.....n 144
the milk-white lilies.....p 144
I wish I were the l's leaf....r 144
little rain will fill the l's....w 351
keeping green love's lilies..n 474
blooms the l. by the bank...g 126
rosebud with lily glows.....l 126
lily whispers "I wait."....m 131
silver-leaved lily .....n 131
new-blown lilies of the river b 133
lilies of all kinds*.....h 140
the tall June lilies.....a 151
and the stately lilies stand..s 144
fragrance from the lilies....k 144
O lilies, up-turned lilies.....a 145
l's! chosen thus and graced.b 145
lily is all in white.....c 145
we are lilies fair ..... d 145
floating crown of lily flowers.e 145
sweetest are the spotless l's../ 145
I know not what the lilies...g 145
lilies, how they grow.....h 145
for her the lilies hang their..i 145
creamy leaf the pasture lily..k 145
shut in a l's golden core.....j 145
is not this lily pure.....l 145
lilies say. behold how we..m 145
lily, that once was mistress*n 145
and the wand-like lily which o 145
array'd, the lilies cried.....p 145
a pure, cool lily, bending....q 145
but who will watch my lilies r 145
where grow the lowland l's...s 145
observe the rising lily's.....t 145
the l. wraps her silver vest..v 145
the lilies of the field .....w 145
clustered l's in the shadows.a 146
hallowed lilies of the field...b 146
the lily creeps from the cool..g 161
those virgin lilies.....j 161
folds the l. all her sweetness.l 161
to paint the lily*.....o 163
golden l's mingled with the.m 184
the l's nodding on the tide..h 146
in the beauty of the lilies...k 157
lily fair as freedom's flower..l 167
the lily never speaks.....l 167
consider the lilies.....r 278
see lilies spring and sudden..a 226
a lily fair and sweet.....h 127
fragrant breath the l's woo.. k 127
lilies hang their heads.....l 127
four lily stalks did their.....i 128
white-plumed lilies.....s 128
warm tear the lily shed.....t 127
dew upon a gather'd lily*...w 416
l's gleam, the crocus glows...u 325
Lily-bed-all in the lily-bed.....j 148
Lily-of-the-valley-lily of the...c 146
broad-leaved lily of the vale g 146
the naid-like lily of the vale../ 146
the lily of the vale, that loves.j 146
the lily of the vale its balmy..i 146
Limb-every flowing limb in....q 13
O he's a limb that has*.....w 94
foreign hands thy decent l's..a 83
on those recreant limbs*.....u 73
their old l's with sombre....f 272
limbes he hable was to weld.g 378
youthful l's I wont to lave..e 366
trembling l's have brought..x 332
please, they limb themselves./ 401
stretch the tired limbs.....a 289

bnt strong of limb.....k 267
with half their limbs.....l 312
tediousness the limbs*.....g 472
vigour from the limb.....h 423
Limbo–a l. large and broad....a 326
Lime–lime, loiter'd around ns.o 128
lemon and the piercing lime.p 433
on the naked lime trembling.i 432
lookest on the lime-leaf.....s 437
orange with the l. tree vies..m 439
Limit–l. one's love to a pair...u 109
a limit to enjoyment.....c 268
there is however a limit.....t 327
Limpid–limpid and laughing..l 109
torrents stain thy l. source..e 366
tear so limpid and so meek..a 416
Linden–under the linden.....u 28
are the lindens ever chosen..s 437
linden in the fervors of July.r 437
Line–of white across the page..h 10
one line, which dying.....n 336
dry desert of a thousand l's.b 340
and lives along the line.....q 212
you read this l., remember*.h 174
line after line.....t 314
lines which the hand.....t 315
line after line my gushing..a 316
will the line stretch out*...aa 499
Linger–bidding her no longer l.a 373
violets linger in the dell.....p 374
the river l. to kiss thy feet...g 140
a sound which makes us l...l 116
but wisdom lingers.....n 470
Lingered–shadow came and l..j 380
Lingering–l. noon to cheer.....a 2
ling'ring look behind.....f 66
lingering and wandering on.n 284
Linguist–the manifold l.*.....m 237
Lining–turn forth her silver l..p 59
with soft and silver lining..d 129
l. therewith each down nest.d 411
Link–unless a man can link...o 297
silver link, the silken tie....n 245
link of all transactions.....u 316
what links have made.....m 327
links of a broken chain.....m 327
lasting link of ages.....m 480
Linked–and gladness, are l.....g 68
soul is linked right tenderly.j 159
linked with one virtue.....g 490
Linketh–that l. noble minds..w 241
Linnet–the linnet pours his....a 27
as the linnets sing.....b 27
thou, linnet! in thy.....d 27
am old! you may trust me, l.i 34
pipe but as the linnets sing.e 386
green and yellow linnet.....n 435
a listening the linnet, aft...j 435
Lion–the l. is not so fierce as...j 12
the lion is not so fierce as....h 12
lion with lioness, so fitly....m 12
ronse the lion from his.....w 12
in my time heard lions*.....r 41
thou wear a lion's hide*.....u 73
ramping lion slept*.....q 84
let bears and lions growl.....d 68
lion than to start a hare*.....q 72
as the Hemean lion's nerve*.h 119
eyes are bold as lions.....c 109
now the hungry lion roars*.s 225
lord of the lion heart.....e 209
lion in the herd of neat*....b 451
Lion-mettled–l-m.,proud; and*b 209
Lion-standard–l-s. rolled.....g 134
Lip–you so your nether lip* ...f 11
imagination moves in this l.*.a 51
lips must fade.....b 87
ashes on the lips.....u 87
drain'd by fever'd lips.....r 63
and anger of his lip*.....i 65
her lips were red.....b 112
from the looks not the lips..k 108
her feverish lips apart .....g 141
in the death-pale lips.....e 143
spring to her sweet lips.....d 259
looks upon his l's, and they*.u 187
to my two lips life's best ...a 275
the rose's lips grow pale....w 151
the blithe and fragrant lips..i 375
lips when bees have stung..o 129
within your lips*.....c 263
cup, the violet's lips .....a 212
a soft lip, would tempt.....d 221
grow to my lips thou sacred.j 221
that winter from your lips*.r 221
kissing with inside lip*....u 221
take those lips away*.....x 221
their l's were four red roses.*a 222
soul on lover's lips.....l 222
at the touching of the lips..n 222
my lips, as sunlight.....o 222
that those l's had language..j 226
when lips are coy to tell.....f 129
their crimson l's together...f 155
my lips are now forbid.....o 284
within your lips*.....i 219
my tongue within my lips..h 414
lips never err, when she....o 419
to our own lips*.....g 219
lips which kiss the tears...m 220
you feel the l's which press.m 220
wore a troth-kiss on my l's..o 220
lips which spake wrong....p 220
dwells not in lip-depths....a 250
from these lips of mine.....g 316
as the sip of thy lip.....l 461
it inclined to my lips.....v 461
lips upon a thousand tubes.d 466
breathed from the l's of love.m 443
taste of death upon my l's..r 444
poverty to the very lips*....a 342
chance to burn your lips*..n 302
in prayer the lips ne'er act..n 344
play'd on her ripe lip*.....h 393
are taught you from her lips.m 473
Liquid–sage, and venerable l..k 320
glass of liquid fire and .....f 468
extracting liquid sweet.....g 436
Liquor–rebellious liquors in*..m 7
mounts the l. 'til it run*....y 43
nome-made l's and waters...a 198
his orient l. in a crystal.....i 214
liquor, I stoutly maintain ..e 468
l. for boys; port for men....h 468
Lisped–I lisp'd in numbers....j 300
Lisper–minion lispers.....e 387
List–love you not then, to list.l 141
enter on my list of friends..r 168
in the glorious l's of fame....r 368
Listen–to earth's weary voices.a 373
l's, and needs must obey ...h 336
who listens once will listen.o 237
listen, every one.....p 237
for what listen they.....f 288
l., in the breathless silence..i 288
listen, and it cheers me.....q 466
and listen to my lay.....i 436
l. fondly, while the blackbird.i 22
Listened–soul l. intensely.....v 77
air l. round her as she rode...h 54
but yet she listen'd.....o 237
dropped my pen; and l.....v 467
he nearer drew and listen'd..t 415
Listener–for lack of l's are not.v 253
Listening–in midair suspend...a 26
listening than by talking ...k 102
and beseech listening*.....q 237
planets in their station l.....a 403
streams hang l. in their fall..v 385
thirsty beach has listening..g 422
Listless–stroke with l. hand...u 161
Litany–to the solemn litany...i 288
Literary–l. friendship is a.....q 172
let your l. compositions.....h 299
l. men all over the world.....l 351
Literati–and literati laud.....t 318
Literature–l. is the thought...v 237
the beaten paths of l.....w 237
l. is an avenue of glory.....z 237
all l. writes the character....c 238
the literature of knowledge..g 238
the literature of power.....g 238
we cultivate literature.....h 238
l. is that part of thought.....i 238
sort of rule in literature.....o 333
romance is the poetry of l...k 366
is praise enough of l.....j 353
in literature, the oldest.....v 353
Litigation–certain about l.....d 307
Little–blessedness of being l.*...f 4
great that is little in himself..d 49
nor wants that little long.....c 66
little may contrast with.....j 68
little here below nor.....p 89
l. room so warm and bright..l 198
how l. worldlings can enjoy..h 463
l. things are great to l. man.p 442
little rain will fill the lily's .w 351
little said is soonest mended.k 501
l. labour, l. are our gaines...q 355
a little I can read*.....a 348
are pleas'd too little.....o 108
there is a flower, a l. flower..a 139
with little here to do or see..i 139
nor that little long .....u 278
such, who think too little...g 414
nor that little long.....z 455
pray love me little.....e 242
large aggregate of l. things...c 198
Live–man desires to live long....s 7
learn to live well that.....n 43
live till to-morrow.....m 43
he knows to live who.....t 43
strong to l., as well as to.....e 48
then you begin to live.....c 52
for a light heart lives long*...n 54
to teach him how to live.....r 56
back to the same old lives....e 57
cap and bells our l's we pay..j 60
more brave to l., than to die..d 72
the brave live on.....r 73
bnt human creatures' lives...h 77
which shall l. and last for aye..w 79

taught us how to live.....d 86
tried to live without.....j 86
to live would not be life.....l 86
the means whereby I live*....r 91
away may live to fight.....l 73
I shall begin to live.....c 80
all that live must die*.....a 85
live how we can, yet die*.....l 85
cannot live without cooks....l 99
may live without poetry.....l 99
can live without dining.....l 99
to live forgotten.....aa 85
the evil that men do lives*..s 106
lives of great men.....y 106
we live through all things...e 107
l. register'd upon our brazen*y 115
now he lives in fame*.....w 115
lilies of our l's may reassure.o 144
shall rise, shall live in the...n 146
live upon their praises.....b 132
in our life alone doth nature l.j 362
l's the man that has not tried.u 362
live to say, the dog is dead*.w 363
live till I were married*.....l 258
study how to die, not how to l.l 259
l. in hearts we leave behind.o 260
lovely in their lives.....k 161
what once she gave our l's...r 271
but one short moon to live..m 273
learn to live, and l. to learn..d 228
he most lives who thinks...n 230
l. and tell him to his teeth*..s 363
lives not to act another*.....l 219
will break, yet brokenly l.*..g 231
how many lives we live in..m 231
to live long, it is necessary..c 231
to l. is scarce distinguish'd..h 234
one of these lives is a fancy..j 234
hope to live, and am*.....u 201
he cannot l., like woodcocks.r 203
a man may live long.....h 206
surely it shall live forever...c 208
man may last, but never l's.o 210
live by thy light.....a 285
where should the scholar l..a 406
but what thou liv'st l. well..s 233
'tis not the whole of life to l.t 233
learn to live well.....c 234
it is silliness to live, when*..e 235
we have two lives.....a 236
we cannot l. better than in..b 236
our lives are albums.....p 236
yet who would l., and live..o 238
live on vanity must not.....g 451
to live with them is far less.i 261
to live, with her, and live...h 264
get to live; then live.....p 268
may he l. than I have time*.j 174
love is not to live..... o 241
so these lives that had run..w 242
l. with me, and be my love..j 243
without him, live no life...p 243
bear to live, or dare to die..h 191
in that I live*.....e 200
live to please, must please..b 493
live and think.....u 493
age and youth cannot live*..c 497
we love and live in power...g 342
making their lives a prayer.a 346
thus let me live, unseen....y 292
truth should l. from age to*.p 445
while you live, tell truth*...q 445
choose but think he lives....l 323
put men's lives out.....a 448
men's evil manners l. in*...e 360
our two lives grew like.....l 449
live in the woods with thee.w 395
adjust our lives to loss.....u 396
dying l., and living do adore.g 480
would'st thou live long.....q 425
years a mortal man may l.*..l 426
ye live and die on what.....h 489
Oh let me live my own.....n 167
anything but—live for it....g 357
to-morrow you will live.....e 429
to-morrow I will live.....e 429
then let us live to-day.....k 429
could not live in peace if ...j 384
they say, do ne'er live long*.r 487
Lived-such as these have lived.g 10
if he had not lived.....m 56
heav'n that he had lived.....b 83
do I know, as I have lived...l 107
many a man has l. an age too.h 186
I've lived and loved.....p 231
let's learn to live.....z 231
live while you live.....cc 231
that man lives twice.....n 232
live well, how long or short..s 233
I knew who l. upon a smile..j 205
they who lived in history....e 197
I have lived to-day.....t 190
I lived to write.....l 300
Lively-grave to gay, from l. to..u 68
Liver-l. white as milk*.....v 73
let my l. rather heat with*..a 265
Livery-heaven her fairest l.....l 25
gives a frock, or livery*.....c 78
is but death's livery.....r 85
stole the l. of the court of....v 204
livery, that aptly is put on*.x 454
change their wonted l's*....m 370
a good livery of honour*....r 199
in her sober l. all things clad.a 447
Livest—but what thou liv'st..s 233
Living—I call the living.....w 20
living more with books.....r 37
who living had no roofe to..a 115
no l. with thee or without..s 167
among the l. and the dead...j 365
the living, and the dying..k 230
as with living souls.....n 281
good undone for the living.h 483
sickness of health and l.*....b 382
living poets, who are dead..l 336
between the l. and the dead..s 401
from living knowledge hid..d 406
God, the l., the self subsisting f 180
every man gets his living..k 303
daily virtuous living.....w 303
serves to prove the l., vain..j 322
Load-heavily we drag the l. of.h 228
load of splendid care.....j 367
beneath a heavy load.....b 404
loads of learned lumber....u 406
he doth bear two loads.....i 199
nor lift your load.....c 298
poverty is the only load.....r 341
Load-star-your eyes are l's's*.e 249
Loam-gilded l. or painted clay*h 360
Loan-l. oft loses both itself*...d 41
Loathed-l. than an effeminate*q 476
Loathing-l. to the stomach*...b 100
Loathsome-murther in this l.*n 181
Loaves-seven half-penny l*...h 490
Lock-lock up my doors; and*.aa 43
yellow locks lyke golden....c 100
radiance from hew dewey l's h 440
stratagems, the radiant l. to.q 180
the brine on his gray locks..t 323
time wears all his l's before.o 425
her sunny l's hang on her*..w 199
purple changed L. Katrine..n 374
never shake thy gory locks*.s 121
spring! whose unshorn l's..q 370
twine her l's with rose-buds.f 153
his yellow locks, adorning...b 154
wreathe the locks of spring..n 156
golden locks in breezy play..d 271
as the l's of my loved one....r 278
languid l's all dewy bright...o 375
comes with sunny locks....m 377
or lock them careful by.....l 261
combined locks to part*....j 122
twined them in my sister's l's 151
Locomotive-to go with a l....cc 308
Lodge-snmmer l., amid the...d 441
O for a lodge in some vast...i 330
Lodged-place where honor's l.c 199
Loftiness-of thought surpass'd n 335
Lofty-of the lofty daffodil....x 137
lofty and sour to them*.....b 406
Logic-he was in logic a great...n 75
Logical-he by sequel logical..d 316
Loire-beside the murmuring L. 365
London-to me as to go to L....b 280
gone thro' London street....g 301
London doth pour out her*..a 421
Lone-though lone the way.....i 52
l. flower, hemmed in with..o 156
Loneliness-is more lonely.....q 95
delightful is this loneliness.j 395
Lonely-I am l. because I am l..g 334
lonely loves to seek.....p 447
l. and bear of its flowers....f 438
so l. 'twas, that God himself.u 394
Long-and long another for....a 1
what though not long.....j 41
for a light heart lives long*...n 54
nor wants that little long....c 66
l. days are no happier than...l 78
I still should long for more....p 89
I still should long for more...p 89
lives married long*.....s 258
little, so you love me long...e 242
there is love too long for....j 242
how long the sorrowful.....h 424
art is l. and time is fleeting..o 424
they say, do ne'er live long*.r 487
long I to-night for.....a 279
long, long, ago.....m 260
but little, nor that little long.z 455
love me long.....k 243
a long, long kiss.....q 220
long may such goodness live.j 182
short and long of it*.....i 499
words, my lord, it is too l.*..f 294
long time ago.....h 441
if my wind were but long*..n 345
witty and it sha'n't be long..e 396
Longed-ever truly l. for death..a 86
Longer-I stay a little longer..p 326
Longing-ling'ring look behind.f 6

have immortal longings....u 89
a feeling of sadness and l....l 369
l's of an immortal soul.....o 358
secret longings that arise....u 474
songs of love and songs of l..t 385
this l. after immortality.....i 207
Look-far into the service* .....q 41
look ere thou leap.....f 44
a look which hell might.....x 16
eyes, look your last*.....b 84
I on thee should l. my last...i 86
good to l. before thou leape..s 43
beggary and poor looks*.....f 89
ling'ring look behind.....f 66
look cheerfully upon me*....p 54
look for recompense*.....l 40
turned to look at her.....n 112
nobles look backward.....c 116
we ought not to look back..h 108
from the l's—not the lips ...k 108
give me a l., give me a face..e 384
l. upon us with a blushing..c 411
let me look on thee where..m 275
look into the seeds of time*.k 224
spy some pity in thy looks*.i 333
saying, with despatchful l's.l 2 2
clear your looks.....e 406
talk'd, with looks profound.i 414
yet looks he like a king*....n 368
look before and after.....m 262
must look down on the hate.k 452
mortal l's adore his beauty*.v 409
not l. upon his like again*..u 254
looks are nice in chapels....v 418
looks sadly upon him*.....k 194
my life lies in those looks...q 491
puts on his pretty l's, repeat*g 187
who ne'er look'd within.....j 291
look, then, into thine heart..o 299
his looks adorned.....j 317
look at me—follow me.....o 220
look brighter when we come.i 4?3
all, all look up.....r 207
sunshine of kind looks.....c 466
dare to look up to God.....m 360
look where royal roses burn .i 152
the same look which she....o 157
thought, and l., and motion.c 380
hint malevolent, the look ...e 380
calm quiet look she had.....g 277
look within and marvel.....f 279
heaven looks down on earth.w 403
will l. on both indifferently*.o 209
l. here, upon this picture*...o 314
very looks are prayers.....w 344
plants look up to heaven....*i 346
wit invites you by his looks.h 471
ease of heart her every look..t 73
she looks a queen.....e 476
l. a gift-horse in the mouth.w 489
Looked-sigh'd, and l. and.....d 382
no sooner met, but they l.*.v 247
looked unuttered things ....e 501
come when you're l. for .....j 463
Looking-looking on the lines*h 262
Looking-glass-charges for a l-g*g 320
Loom-breaks a thread in the l.m 98
wove on their aerial looms..j 372
the loom of life.....r 230
tissues of the loom.....a 301
days are made on a loom....v 423
tend on looms and spindle..a 483
Loop-hole-loopholes of retreat..u 65
Loose-be sure you be not l.*..f 171
all hell broke loose.....u 194
bind and loose to truth.....x 443
Loosing-l. half the fleeting....f 392
Lord-to give her Lord relief....n 32
my bosom's lord sits lightly*.h 97
the Lord knows who.....u 86
lords of Letbe downs.....k 149
lord of himself.....w 252
thy husband is thy lord*....e 204
that l. whose hand must take*g 204
sae let the Lord be thank'd..q 418
remember what the Lord*...s 418
all look fresh, as if our Lord..o 138
I will be lord over myself....g 379
as from her l., her governor*.s 257
a lord once own the happy..g 283
the almightie Lord.....k 285
the battle is the Lord's.....w 407
Lord, in my views let both..cc 231
day of the L., as all our days.f 369
but, by the Lord, lads*.....t 268
make them lords of truth....y 455
stars, their dying L. could...e 435
good, my . , will you see*....h 294
remembrance of his dying L.c 356
remember what the L. hath*g 345
I lay before thee, Lord.....q 345
lords of humankind pass by .r 346
as potent as a lord's*.....s 347
Lord gets His best soldiers..k 442
commands the laws, and l's.f 448
l. of the fowl and the brute..w 394
lords of ladies intellectual...f 473
time is lord of thee.....k 425
Lore-life gives me mystical l..g 363
Lorenzo-L.! wit abounds.....r 472
Lose-make us l. the good we*..j 96
I l. my patience, and I own..s 76
l. myself in other men's minds.u 38
lose by overrunning*.....c 44
if I must lose thee, to go .....o 90
that he must lose it.....h 82
lose, that care to keep.....h 118
lose thee were to lose myself.i 287
he that will lose his friend..a 215
shall lose his sway*.....p 431
hazard what he fears to lose.u 475
never loses though it doth...c 423
that which it fears to lose*..k 427
if I do l. thee, I do l. a thing*m 235
I lose mine honour*.....b 200
can lose what he never had..i 501
Losing by l. of our prayers*..m 345
by losing rendered sager....b 324
Loss-pined his loss..... .....u 90
loss is worse than common...f 94
losses, that have of late*.....d 311
known so great and little l.*.b 349
but from its loss.....j 428
that loss is common.....i 267
adjust our lives to loss.....u 399
increasing store with loss*..k 427
Lost-think that day lost whose..q 2
no love lost between us.....t 4
by which the printers have l.,e 38
to be lost when sweetest.....b 45
nothing is lost.....l 45
what we left we lost.....k 60
count that day lost.....g 79
I am not l. for we in heaven..i 83
made but to be lost.....c 87
lost and won, than woman's*..231
in the husband may be lost..x 203
l. things are in the angel's..q 207
"Life is not lost," said she..c 236
quiet sense of something lost n 238
tho' lost to sight.....b 261
whatever's l., it first was won s 489
though the field be lost.....q 458
all was lost, but that*.....d 459
we have not lost our dream..a 176
we have only lost our sleep..a 176
one was lost in the other....w 242
if lost, why then a grievous*u 248
better to have loved and lost i 250
whatsoever thing is lost.....i 491
nothing except a battle lost..h 461
all is lost except a little life..s 292
O lost days of delight .....r 356
a lost good name is ne'er....v 359
grass covereth thy lover lost f 450
not at all, are never lost.....h 494
O! lost to virtue.....a 396
lost without deserving*.....f 360
signs of woe that all was l..m 384
lost the immortal part*.. ....g 360
praising what is lost*.....j 343
my painful earnings lost....d 348
who lost Mark Anthony the w 475
Lot-a happier lot were mine....o 90
l. who neither won nor lost..w 117
I wish thy lot, now bad. .....l 165
if want, if sickness be thy l..g 170
with patience bear the lot..k 328
a lot so blest as ours.....e 330
woman's lot is made for her a 474
Loth-yet are loth to part.....j 259
Lotus-l. cups with petals.....l 146
lotus flower is troubled.....k 146
lote-tree springing by Alla's a 438
lotos-flowers, distilling balm t 437
wore a lotus band to deck...b 438
flowering lotos spreads its...c 438
lotos bowed above the tide..d 438
Loud-fame may cry you loud*f 200
Louder-louder and yet l. rise..b 283
Loudest-the silent organ l.....t 382
Love-knew thee but to love thee w 3
no love lost between us.....t 4
chastens whom He loves.....d 5
flowers and fruits of love.....o 5
love a bright particular star*.k 9
youth gave love and roses.....n 6
ambition is no cure for love...f 9
leaving love to feast on.....c 11
love that it had only one.....e 11
fancy when they love.....n 18
sang of love, with.....d 24
welcome and bed of love.....n 25
portend success in love.....f 28
not own a note we do not love s 28
then do I love thee.....s 38
I love to lose myself.....u 38
plead for love, and look*.....l 40
love all, trust a few*.....a 44
when love begins to sicken*.m 44
change old love for new.....x 45
love of wicked friends*.....m 46
love him, that is honest*.....b 51

keep your love trne*.....c 64
guiding with l. the life of all..n 32
and am like to love.....n 64
except the love of God.....w 79
l. in others what we lack.....j 94
love me, it was sure to die ...a 94
between hearts that love.....l 95
and love forlorn.....aa 85
death loves a shining mark..m 86
open murmnrs own their l's..t 23
love lends life a little grace.. w 44
sick, in love, or had not dined a 46
l's should with our fortunes* o 46
his love sincere*.....u 50
love's torments made.....u 53
his love at once, and.....u 56
love towards men of lone.....f 57
ye shall be loved again.....i 60
I do love my country's .....f 71
with all thy faults I love thee..l 70
be constrain'd to love thee....l 70
heart that no l. understands..e 31
who dare to l. their country...b 71
great in war are great in l....q 71
dissemble your love.....p 87
no creatnre loves me*.....l 90
he whom the gods love .....w 82
I was not unworthy to l. her..e 114
bound to serve, l. and obey*.y 476
l. her that she is a woman*..x 477
love has a tide.....j 422
friendship weakens love ....r 422
the test of truth, love.....c 423
time goes on crutches till l*.u 426
will come and take my love.* k 427
love gilds the scene.....d 478
death and love are the two ..c 489
you die with envy, I with l..u 117
our power to love or hate...g 118
doth love us most*.....m 120
l's the man whom he fears..o 120
love repulsed.....e 108
love had he found in huts...i 108
the soft tale of love.....a 110
came to do it with a sort of l.u 161
when l. came first to earth..r 151
love's own earliest sigh it...u 151
love dropp'd eyelids.....y 159
heart is breaking for a little l.n 369
unless a love of virtue light.s 369
you must therefore love me..u 171
in love we see no faults.....g 172
love and friendship exclude..h 172
love them, and they feel you..b 173
friendship, like love, is bnt..d 173
and sometimes admits love..h 173
friendship is l. without either l 173
to l. and to be loved, is the..r 174
the love of the dark ages....s 174
had made me love thee more..d 175
day love shall claim his own..n 175
and all that life is love.....u 175
it loves, even like love.....l 156
the stars are images of love..b 402
if mnsic be the food of love*.o 283
my love to me in dreams....s 287
which love has spread.....b 290
l. united to a jealons thought.i 215
love with bliss.....h 408
virtue to love the true.....v 453
loves braving the same peril.n 413
loves to hear himself talk*...l 414
condnct to mntual love.....b 233
of your loves and connsels*.f 171
heard this simple love.....l 179
he who l's God and his law..u 179
beautiful necessity, is love.ca 180
know the world, not l. her...z 455
greatest love of life appears..k 236
of kindness and of love.....l 220
so dies her love.....m 257
l's him with that excellence*.t 257
no great l. in the beginning*.d 258
but love, fair looks*.....b 259
spring time with one love...i 259
but not for love*.....z 254
they love the better still....w 168
beaming, with unearthly l..i 170
l., once planted in a perfect..o 170
a love that shall not die.....r 249
heaven has no rage like love..a 192
it is only hatred, not love...f 192
with love's divine assurance..h 133
I love it for his sake.....l 134
love I most these floures.....f 138
why in love if not in that...u 122
they l. they know not why*..a 125
are love's surest language...o 125
in love's wreath we both....l 126
I know not which I love....p 126
bend brightly o'er my love..q 126
a rose leaf cull'd by love....o 129
true l's holiest, rarest light..r 129
which love most bl sses.....r 129
tell in a garland their loves..s 129
l. is loveliest when embalmed g 130
May and April l. each other..d 372
that knew how to l. himself*.t 379
daisy, flower of faithful l...r 138
pay the love we owe.....o 139
what were l. or crown to thee..c 152
they love their land becanse.d 251
plighted love endears.....a 253
proves more nnchanging l...e 256
loves filial, loves fraternal...h 256
love and trust.....d 257
paths lead to a woman's l....r 332
pity melts the mind to love..t 332
that's a degree of love*.....c 333
pity's akin to love.....k 333
love has been received a.....j 333
pity swells the tide of love..m 333
I love not man the less.....a 334
a poet not in l. is out at sea..w 334
poets are all who love.....x 334
were temper'd with l's sighs*.f 337
tune the rural pipe to love..e 366
I do l. these ancient ruins...u 368
genins and love never.....a 282
to esteem, to love..... r 231
every love shall abide.....m 234
love and meekness, my lord*.i 203
half my love with him*.....g 204
that l. could change and die..n 208
love is not l. which alters*..p 208
l. prove likewise variable*...g 208
away, you trifler l—love*....n 209
can l., whom none can thank.o 210
I do l. poetry, sir, 'specially.m 339
in love with some woman*..o 412
O excellent! I love long life*.j 235
to have a pnre love to fly to..i 153
the god of love, with roses..b 154
love you not then, to list....l 141
flowery sprays in love.....j 143
sweet and has many loves..u 143
in chants of l. and praise....h 144
which means chiefly love...p 147
l. is something awful which.p 147
now purple with l's wound*n 148
a mighty pain to love it is..a 241
is to love, but love in vain...a 241
I's a woman, it is of nature .e 241
I's a woman, it is of grace..c 241
his l. the life-long sanctuary.e 241
what we l., or how we love..f 241
that we love each other ....g 241
what I l. determines how I l.j 241
women know no perfect l...k 241
l. which is the essence of...m 241
l., then hath every bliss.....o 241
I love her donbting.....p 241
not to know love is not.....o 241
I l. the love she withholds..p 241
I love my love that loveth ..p 241
love, love, my love.....q 241
tender one of love .....r 241
when all else fails l. saves...v 241
love is a lock that.....w 241
the chemist of love.....x 241
wisdom, love itself .....y 241
love understands love.....z 241
love is like a landscape.....a 242
the fonnt of love.....c 242
alas! for love if thou art all..d 242
little, so you love me long...e 242
O love, love, love.....f 242
bnt great loves, to the last..h 242
great I's that have ever died..h 242
love has a tide .....i 242
there is love to long for.....j 242
l. leads to present rapture...k 242
through love in time.....k 242
love is master of all arts....m 242
I do not l. thee less for what.q 242
l. will have a sense of pity...q 242
mysterions love uncertain..o 239
l. once pleads admission....q 238
'tis not a fault to love.....r 238
ask not of me l., what is l... s 238
I l. less, I should be happier.a 239
I cannot L as I have loved..b 239
the truth of truths is love..d 238
l. is the orbit of the restless.e 239
we love only partially.....f 239
for I love thee.....i 239
bnt I love you, sir.....j 239
though he love her not .....j 239
yet l., mere l., is beantiful..m 239
love alone begets love.....n 239
love! who lightest on wealth..o 239
to see her was to love her....q 239
what is life when wanting l..s 239
l. is a boy by poets styl'd....t 239
alas! the love of women. ....v 239
let's love a season.....x 239
man's love is of man's life..y 239
to love again and be again..y 239
oh love! what is it .....a 240
oh love! yonng love.....b 240
love bnt only her .....c 240
love can scarce deserve the..f 240

l's raves—'tis youth's frenzy.g 240
why did she love him.....h 240
is human love the growth..h 240
love indeed is light from....i 240
and sing my true love.....j 240
love lies bleeding..... .....k 240
love is flower-like.....p 240
why l. must needs he hlind.u 240
true love is humhle.....s 240
love me for what I am, love..w 240
thank God for love .....w 240
I love thee as the good love..r 242
at what moment love hegins..t 242
love gives itself, but is not..w 242
love keeps the cold.....v 242
first sound in the song of l..x 242
l. makes us compassionate..a 243
first consciousness of love.b 243
I could not love thee.....c 243
O love, hath she done this...d 243
but love can hope .....e 243
love has no thonght of self...g 243
l. huys not with the ruthless.g 243
to bless the thing it loves...g 243
love thon, and if thy love...h 243
love me for myself alone.....i 243
thou wilt love me with.....i 243
tenfold all that l. repay.....i 243
live with me, and be my lovej 243
love me little.....k 243
love you hetter still.....m 243
love is all on fire and yet....n 243
love is much in winning....n 243
love is ever sick, and yet....n 243
love is ever true, and yet....n 243
love does doat in liking.....n 243
love indeed is anything.....n 243
that woman's love can win..o 243
so dear I love him.....p 243
I hnt know that I love.....r 243
love on through all ills.....s 243
love on till they die.....s 243
tell me, what's love.....t 243
and this is love.....t 243
as truly loves on to the close.u 243
oh tyrant love.....o 244
love's young dream.....a 244
but love, the master.....b 244
tasks of love to stay.....c 244
let those l. now who never..d 244
the moods of love are like...e 244
what thing is love.....f 244
love is a pretty, pretty, thing.f 244
love is a fire, love is a coal..f 244
love will make men dare....g 244
all the world but love.....i 244
a crime to love too well.....j 244
love, free as air, at sight.....k 244
l. seldom haunts the hreast..l 244
O love l for Sylvia.....q 244
their love is always with....t 244
who love too much.....u 244
women love their lovers....w 244
in all the others they love l..w 244
pleasure of l. is in loving....a 245
to know her was to l. her....b 245
love is sweet.....d 245
heavenlier through love.....f 245
l. makes the earth a heaven..f 245
love can sun the realms.....g 245
love, only love, can guide...h 245
did love forsake her.....h 245
can love to love convey.....i 245
firm resolve to conquer love..j 245
love rules the court.....l 245
for love is heaven.....l 245
true love's the gift.....n 245
true l. never did run smooth*p 245
when hut love's shadow*....q 245
and when love speaks*.....s 245
but are you so much in l.*...v 245
by heaven, I do love*.....w 245
the fire of love with words*.x 245
do not, nor I cannot, l. you*.a 246
with all their quantity of l.*.c 246
all hearts in love use*.....d 246
tell this youth what 'tis to l.*f 246
have you not love enough*..g 246
over shoes in love*.....j 246
is this foolish love*.....k 246
I am snre my love's more*...l 246
that ever love did make thee*o 246
I l. this youth ; and I have*.q 246
to the name of love*.....r 246
let thy love he younger*....w 246
love alters not*.....a 247
love is a smoke rais'd*.....b 247
love is merely a madness*...d 247
love is your master*.....e 247
loves knows, it is a greater*.f 247
love like a shadow flies*.....g 247
l. looks not with the eyes*...h 247
love moderately; long love*..i 247
loves not love when it is*....l 247
love's not time's fool*.....m 247
love's tongue proves dainty*o 247
love that comes too late*....p 247
love, therefore, and tongue*.q 247
love thyself last*.....,..r 247
my love as deep*.....t 247
let your l. even with my life*y 247
learn to read what silent l.*.a 248
O spirit of love, how quick*.b 248
but I do love thee*.....c 248
when I love thee not*.....c 248
speak low if you speak love*.i 248
cannot hold love out*.....j 248
and what love can do*.....j 248
I hegin to l., as an old man*..l 248
love that can he reckoned*..m 248
the strongest, love will*.....n 248
this hud of love*.....p 248
though last, not least in l.*..r 248
to be in love, where scorn*..u 248
to he wise, and love*.....v 248
even so hy love the young*..c 249
you know that love*.....d 249
l. is sweet given or returned.f 249
they l. indeed who quake....g 249
they sin who tell us love....i 249
love with gall and honey....k 249
l. is the emhlem of eternity..l 249
love knows no motive.....m 249
where we really l., we often.n 249
love is the life of man.....p 249
I love thee, I love hut thee...r 249
love is hetter than fame.....s 249
love is rest.....t 249
love's humility is love's.....u 249
my true l. has been my death.v 249
l. is hurt with jar and fret...x 249
love lieth deep.....a 250
l. passeth not the threshold.b 250
love reflects the thing.....c 250
love's arms were wreathed..d 250
love drew in her breath.....d 250
said that love would die.....d 250
l's too precious to he lost....e 250
it is hetter to love wisely....j 250
and practise love.....n 250
to love is to believe.....o 250
love has never known a law.p 250
love in a cottage is hungry..q 250
and you must love him.....r 250
he spake of love.....s 250
esteem and love were never..i 181
what graces in my love do*..s 183
we hury love.....s 164
some grief shows much of l.*v 187
all the difference in his l.*...v 189
as some did him love.....g 373
where shall we find such l...a 356
l. which includes obedience..i 358
not enough to make us love..n 358
sigh to those who love me...l 360
dew of languid love.....s 391
silence in l· hewrays more..k 383
ay, so true love should do*..u 383
love the offender yet detest..p 384
of l. and songs of longing....t 385
verses of feigning love*.....d 386
love has spread to curtain..n 386
not long continue l. to him*.j 387
rosy red, love's proper hue..u 392
are of love the food.....a 393
where there is no love.....h 394
converse with that Eternal L.e 395
eyes with love hut sorrow...g 397
it strikes where it doth l.*...d 398
giving l., your sorrow and*.h 398
each time we love, we turn..j 398
l. which heaved her hreast...u 472
I l. the sex, and sometimes..h 473
made for her by the l. she....a 474
smart of love delayed.....n 474
keeping green love's lilies...n 474
l., snpremest in adversity...g 475
every gestnre dignity and l..k 475
lightly turns to thoughts of l.k 373
I love to wander through....r 376
the love of life's young.....k 261
ripens with thy love*.....d 262
eye that wept essential love.y 262
who is it loves me.....d 264
love, hope, and joy.....v 265
an equal yoke of love*.....s 170
l. takes the meaning of l's*..k 211
no kinder sign of love*.....q 221
so much they love it*.....s 221
love is ever the heginning...b 223
and have your love*.....v 170
there is the love of knowing.o 227
love and strive to keep.....h 230
hind love to last forever.....t 220
love's great artillery.....u 220
O love, hath she done this..d 243
l., and joy, and sorrow learn.z 192
where true l. shall not droop.n 193
the l's that meet in Paradise.e 194
love these ancient ruins ....h 197
my home of love*.....j 198
home is the resort of love...m 198
love is principle, and has its.b 242

he was all for love.....n 491
joy rul'd the day, and love..v 491
love is compatible with....aa 491
my true love has been my...v 249
we have not the l. of greatness l 185
love more than they.....s 311
they sing and that they love.o 194
hath not, or is not in love*..c 312
love of hills and trees.....i 314
love of human beauty.....i 314
no longer wilt thou love me..j 315
love's most honeyed kiss....n 315
eternal love, and instant....q 315
now warm in love.....a 316
love breathing thanks.....d 317
I know and love the good ...d 462
not money, but the love of..h 462
love still burning upward...h 465
wise, or else you love not*..g 470
I think I l. and reverence...m 293
your scenes of love.....o 293
friendship, l. philosopher's..x 492
love is sunshine.....o 493
breathed from the lips of l..m 443
farewell then verse, and love.i 445
sincerity and comely love*.dd 496
new life, new love, to suit...o 433
we love but while we may...o 433
new loves are sweet as those.o 433
and the love of sway.....b 327
the very bond of love*.....p 498
pronounce but l. and dove*..z 498
love's pestilence*.....e 500
oyster may be crossed in l *.h 500
l. in its essence is spiritual..w 500
she never told her love*.....v 328
each in my love alike*.....v 329
I do l. my country's good*..w 329
a Briton, even in love.....c 330
invincible love of reading...l 353
love of books is a love.....s 353
we love and live in power...g 342
love, restrain thy will.....h 342
to me that love it not*.....o 302
not to be cured when love...e 479
as love does when he draws.d 479
l. pronounce it faithfully*...q 479
verses of feigning love*.....b 480
cannot fight for l. as men.*. d 480
the proudest love convert...g 480
complimented hy love.....h 480
thou'rt full of love and*.....x 481
we love the play-place of....m 486
we are all horn for love.....d 241
love contending with.....l 242
l. keeps his revels where*...n 247
how want of l. tormenteth*..a 249
civil war is in my l. and*...g 460
world's love is vain.....v 483
l. half regrets to kiss it dry..i 490
never taint my love*.....u 449
my l. thus secret to convey .c 450
no l. is deep that hringeth..m 325
outrun all calendars with l's e 450
love, thou art every day.....e 450
joyous melodies of love.....w 325
now all nature seemed in l..l 450
esteem and l. were never to..r 495
Loved-hy his l. mansionry*....f 27
ye shall be loved again.....i 60
I have lov'd three.....n 64
loved one blotted from.....h 90
never loved a tree or flower..a 94
known and loved before ....n 242
loved the brightest fair.....e 243
who, ever l. that loved not..l 243
I loved you ere I knew you..m 243
give a reason why I l. him..q 243
who never loved before.....d 244
sure to be ever loved.....v 244
those that he loved so long..c 245
loved and still loves.....c 245
thou hast not loved*.....o 246
no sooner looked hut they l.* v 247
I loved you and my love ....v 249
better to have loved and lost..i 250
l. my friends as I do virtue..e 168
the souls we l. that they....d 208
her father lov'd me*.....b 235
never to have been loved....u 240
compliment than to he l....c 443
and I have l. thee, ocean....p 322
I loved the great sea more...c 323
tho poor man l. the great....o 449
I only know wo l. in vain...o 356
speak of one that loved*.....o 385
until I trnly l., I was alone..q 395
angel appear to each lover ..y 475
yesterday I loved .....b 424
honeysuckle loved to crawl.m 142
who that has l. knows not..f 129
I loved home more*.....i 251
to love and to he l. is the...r 174
lov'd needs only to be seen..f 444
if I had a friend that l. her*.r 479
Love-in-idleness-call it l-i-i.*..n 148
Love-letter-prove a true l-l....g 316
have I 'scaped love-letters*..p 316
Lovelier-crown'd 'twould l. he..k 18
lovelier can be found.....l 475
Loveliest-loveliest of the frail..n 127
l. flowers the closest cling...a 129
the last still loveliest.....j 446
Loveliness-the majesty of l....p 17
its loveliness increases.....a 18
loveliness needs not.....k 19
of unfettered loveliness.....g 141
what latent l. it holds.....v 145
my l. is horn upon a thorn..l 154
warm shadow of her l.....d 410
hy her loveliness.....c 241
in thy pure loveliness.....k 135
die of their own dear l.....t 130
show their l. the while.....n 371
Lovelorn-a l. heart pursuing..g 479
Lovely-lovely as the day.....d 18
lovely was the death.....j 56
country ought to be lovely...e 70
lovely, lordly creature.....m 164
lovely in their lives.....k 168
pours a lovely, gentle light..j 276
l. in death the beauteous...m 333
if in death still lovely.....m 333
go, lovely rose.....d 155
she is so lovely.....s 287
were half so lovely as.....g 213
a l. and a fearful thing.....v 239
l. are the portals of the night.l 446
loveliest of l. things are they.o 151
Lover-hapless l. courts thy lay.k 25
hope the l's heart dost fill....d 28
grows familiar to the lover..m 17
all mankind love a lover.....l 241
l. in the husband may he lost.f 243
taught a lover yet.....n 244
to act a lover's or a.....j 244
with the lover past.....t 244
a pressing lover seldoms.....e 245
for lovers love the.....k 245
where shall the lover rest...o 245
a lover's eyes will gaze*.....r 245
sound l's tongues hy night.*t 246
love is blind, and lovers*....c 247
l's, and men in dangerous*..j 247
they say, all lovers swear*...o 248
we that are true lovers*.....x 248
why so pale and wan fond l..o 249
woes of hopcless lovers.....o 281
is a l's staff; walk hence*....s 201
bleeding lover's wounds....a 283
lovers to hed*.....v 289
what mad lover ever dy'd...u 239
some hanish'd lover.....u 315
yet thy true lovers more....q 320
every loyal l. tasks his wit...e 450
grass covereth thy l., lost...f 450
age and whispering lovers...c 437
chosen seats of each fond l..s 437
lover of hooks is the richest.r 353
give repentance to her lover.e 359
her lover keeps watch.....c 390
l's rather more than seamen.t 473
hapless lovers dying.....p 128
that grow for happy lovers..n 140
more hlind than a lover.....k 257
faces like dead lovers.....k 111
that true l. of mine shall be.r 275
Lovesick-the winds were l.*...e 315
Lovest-Hal, an thou l. me*....b 498
Love-star-l-s. sickened and....d 277
Loveth-hest, who loveth hest.z 343
prayeth well, who l. well...aa 343
he loveth gold in special....e 151
Love-thought-l-t's in her. ....o 439
Loving-so l. to my mother* ....w 4
be loving and you will. .....m 4
loving the strong .....k 241
God accepts while l. so ....u 164
to sin in loving virtne*.....f 455
a yonthful, l., modest pair..p 239
loving are the daring.....i 312
loving, though the deed ....y 442
Lour-smile she or lour .....f 257
Low-too low they huild.....d 10
whose low descending sun...g 79
she is of such low degree....m 138
summer lies low... .....m 376
what is l., raise and support .l 348
must lie as low as ours*.....s 104
he that is low no pride.....k 165
a sqnire of low degree .....q 500
speak to me low.....b 357
judge hetween the high and l.t 391
Lower-is down can fall no l.. .v 489
Lowered-clouds that l*. .....e 408
Lowering-the l. element.....o 59
brought in l. night.....o 288
Lowest-the l. build the safest..v 202
the lowest of your throng...j 206
is of all mankind the l.....w 124
Lowland-grow the l. lilies.....s 145
Lowliness-proof, that l.*.....p 9
l. is the base of every virtue..b 292

Lowly-though lowly seated..m 470
better to be lowly born*.....d 67
Loyal-loyal, loving, pure.....p 493
keep ourselves l. to truth...d 385
Loyalty-of human loyalty....v 100
with truth and loyalty* ....h 251
where is l.? if it be banished*.l 251
Lucifer-he falls like Lucifer*..h 94
Lucifer the son of mystery ...s 92
as proud as Lucifer.....k 346
Luck-l. knocks at his door...m 251
they who make good luck ..n 251
good l. befriend thee, son...p 251
there's l. in odd numbers...q 251
good luck, I mean*.....r 251
good luck go with thee* ....s 251
as good l. would have it*....t 251
good l. lies in odd numbers*v 251
not to tell of good or evil!*..x 251
and good l. grant thee thy*..y 251
what ? ill luck, ill luck*... bb 251
good luck shall fling .....cc 251
Luckiest-by the l. stars*.....u 251
Lucky-'twill seem a lucky hit ..o 75
hours were nice and l*.....w 251
and lucky joys*.....z 251
'tis a lucky day, boy* ....aa 251
l. word this same impossible.i 208
Lug-my lugs gies many. .....j 303
Lulled-lulled in the countless.r 261
l. with sounds of sweetest* ..c 213
Lumber-lumber in his head...u 406
Lumber-house-l-h. of books...d 354
Luminary-great l. aloof the...q 409
before the mounting l.....l 410
Luminous-the l. past.....l 49
l., but not sparkling.....k 109
Lump-the powerful was a l .....f 78
a lump of death.....f 78
a lump, seasonless, herbless..d 47
Lunatic-the l., the lover and* .e 207
Lung—lungs receive our air...v 387
Lure-never looks upon her l.*..a 25
Lurk-he l's in every flower....f 81
where l's it ? how works.....q 233
Lurking-l. principle of death.x 233
Lust-urg'd through sacred l...d 343
the narrowing lust of gold...b 428
Lustre-lustre gives to man .....f 5
of fleeting life its lustre.....u 228
did lose his lustre*.....a 382
a higher l. and a clearer calm.d 375
her lustre and her shade.....o 274
ne'er could any lustre see....o 379
the mild sun his paling l....a 411
wave reflected lustre's play..n 411
l., he that runs may read ....a 444
with diminished l. shone ....r 501
Lusty-I am strong and lusty*...m 7
lusty spring, all dight in.....g 373
Lute-lascivious pleasing of a l*b 163
by the warbling lute .....o 281
listened to a lute.....u 281
warbling lute complain.....c 283
little rift within the lute....g 284
musical as is Apollo's lute ...l 332
Orpheus with his lute*.....r 312
she hath brake the l. to me*.w 477
Luxuriance-whose tropical l...k 131
in full l. to the sighing .....g 437
Luxurious-l. by restraint.....j 483
falsely luxurious.....d 501
Luxury-for luxury and sloth....l 5
just disease to luxury.....u 94
a place of luxury to me.....q 19
lead in summer luxury.....l 212
not in luxury nor in gold....l 191
in luxury's silken fetters....m 315
and the wickedness of l. .....b 448
I'll taste the luxury of woe..f 397
such ladylike luxuries.....o 100
learn the l. of doing good ....d 182
fell luxury ! more perilous.dd 251
luxury and dissipation.....a 252
fat luxury, sick.....b 252
l's excelling all the glare.....c 334
Lyciad-where Lyciad lies.....k 132
Lydian-sweet, in L. measures..t 332
lap we in soft Lydian airs...m 282
Lying-'tis as easy as lying*....x 113
men are to this vice of lying*.s 113
how the world is given to l.*..t 113
lying, vainness, babbling*...t 210
steed and the rider are lying..i 457
for long l. make himself.....q 443
Lymph-fair is the virgin l.....l 461
Lyre-to ecstacy the living lyre..n 48
the British lyre.....s 311
formed the seven chorded l..b 301
steal the breezy lyre along...e 467

M.

Mab-I see Queen Mab hath*...g 112
Macadam-dry M. on its wings.q 488
Macbeth-M. does murder*....a 391
Macduff-lay on, Macduff*.....v 459
Machine-very pulse of the m..r 478
for he who gave this vast m..b 233
movements of this nice m...p 392
Machinery-puts to scorn all m.a 309
Mad-religious sects ran mad....j 20
m., which none but madmen.n 211
I am not mad; I would*.....r 211
not mad, but soon shall be..p 211
that he is mad, 'tis true*....l 211
makes men mad*..... .....b 276
not poetry, but prose run m.v 336
their m. approaches to the..n 457
so fast as men run mad.....y 300
drink, and be mad then.....c 468
of madmen is a saint run m..e 358
fools are mad if let alone*...h 477
Madding-m. bay, the drunken.o 143
m. crowd's ignoble strife....k 395
Made-every one is as God m....u 47
m. in every human shoulder.h 67
such as we are made of*....s 166
wretched men were made...n 490
all that's made is mine.....n 138
you were not m. for him....h 292
then she made the lasses, O.b 473
Madly-and m. sweep the sky*..d 25
Madman-chain some furious m.p211
Madmen-buries m. in the heaps.b 9
only the noise of madmen....e 42
which none but m. knew...n 211
worst of m. is a saint run....e 358
Madness-moon-struck m.....d 260
may call it madness, folly...f 260
madness, in great ones*.....s 211
m. yet there is method in it*.u 211
now in madness*.....p 214
his flight was madness*.....h 121
work like m. in the brain ...o 240
fetter strong m. in a silken*.q 211
like m. is the glory of this*.f 179
a madness most discreet*...b 247
love is merely a madness*...d 247
'tis madness to defer .....t 470
great wits are sure to m.....k 471
Madrigal-this m. would be....g 283
woful stuff this madrigal....d 340
melodious birds sing m's....n 365
Magazine-falsehoods for a m..x 305
Magi-the divining rods of M..o 125
Magic-to me, with m. might...v 96
the power of grace, the m. of.k 183
Shakespeare's m. could not.m 335
formed the m. of the song...w 335
by magic numbers.....n 281
around her magic cell.....m 281
the magic of the mind.....g 419
their magic force each silent.l 315
women in the m. of her locks.n 189
morning is flinging a magic.h 450
rainbow burst like magic...q 352
Magician-mighty m. can.....o 103
m. extended his golden.....h 411
Magisterial-hides behind a m..s 369
Magistrate-laws are above m's.s 340
Magnanimity- m. of thought..t 278
Magnificence-boundless in m.x 403
Magnificent-m. his six days....o 74
form and aspect too m... ..m 441
m. and vast, are heaven.....e 290
m. three-tailed Bashaw.....cc 490
Magnificently-m.—stern array.e 457
Magnolia-m's ope in whiteness.q 125
tall m. towers unshaded.....e 438
a languid magnolia showers.f 438
many a broad m. flower....f 350
Mahogany-about the m. tree..g 438
Maid-some captive maid.....u 315
I a maid at your window*..j 450
fair maids o' the spring.....o 132
m. of India, blessed again..j 135
maids must be wives, and...r 474
widowed wife and wedded m.l 476
maid that paragons*.....p 476
wisdom, that celestial maid.b 396
May when they are maids*..i 258
from the sidelong maid.....p 222
heavenly maid, was young.m 281
virtuous maid subdues*.....i 455
maid of smoky war*.....o 460
a maid not vendible*.....q 383
Maiden-m. dreameth her love..q 96
maiden of bashful fifteen....t 428
m's withering on the stalk..t 478
a maiden hath no tongue*...z 420
his true maiden's breast.....o 245
among thy m's clustering..m 146
m's call it love-in-idleness*.n 148
home with her maiden posy.f 139
pleased lake, like m. coy....n 374
m's, like moths, are ever....e 252
m. meditation, fancy free*..p 259
thou knowest the maiden...n 221
m. spring upon the plain...m 373
come hither sweet maiden...l 221
Maidenkirk-Frae M. to Jonny.w 305
Main-points to the misty m...e 352
Tiber rolls majestic to the m.p 364

know the terrors of the m...y 323
Maintain-make and maintain.v 265
Maintenance-and for thy m.*..e 204
Maize-near the sun-loving m..a 149
and the maize field grew....e 295
Majestic-flower! how purely.m 146
start of the majestic world*.j 166
flowing with majestic. .....d 203
while to its low, majestic...v 282
she comes majestic.....l 313
Majestical-all that hath been m.l 420
Majestically-bears her down m.w 312
Majesty-the m. of loveliness...p 17
among white-headed m's.....x 17
ariseth in his majesty*.....h 26
kindness to his majesty.....d 251
majesty of God revere.....c 364
forth controlling majesty*..n 368
in sparkling m., a star.....c 201
rising in clouded majesty...j 411
in rayless majesty.....j 290
rise in majesty to meet.....q 290
virtue alone has m. in death.c 456
bare-pick'd bone of majesty*.x 459
struts in mimic majesty.....l 293
Make-as it seems, m. thee*....i 320
you m. yourselves another*.a 205
ours, to make them Thine..w 465
m's a solitude, and calls it..m 394
Maker-himself, his Maker.....k 485
his Maker's steps of fire*....f 123
mortal to the Maker.....h 245
they would thank their M...d 320
Maker saw, took pity. .....d 476
Making-to the m. up of a man.b 320
Malady-m. most incident to*..i 130
Malcolm-spoke, and Malcolm..e 343
Malebolge-M., of an iron hue.r 194
Malevolent-hint m., the look..e 380
Malice-malice toward none....d 53
malice domestic, foreign levy.n 83
set down aught in malice*..o 385
crooked, m., nourishment*.bb 254
Mallet-of the m's and hammers.a 302
Mallow-m's dead in the garden.n 146
Malt-it favoureth malt.....r 468
Mammet-with m's and to tilt*.n 209
Mammon-m. wins his way....e 252
cursed m. be, when he.....f 252
m. the least erected spirit...g 252
who sees pale m. pine.....h 252
mammon led them on.....n 462
Man-the old man in him, so I...q 5
man cannot cover what God..p 5
old man is twice a child*.....x 6
man then, the image of his*...l 9
m. healthy, wealthy, and wise.r 19
man with soul so dead.....c 71
good man meets his fate.....q 86
a man of courage is.....z 72
man, that runnith awaie.....k 73
a man must serve.....o 75
in the critic let the man be...o 76
man's inhumanity.....f 77
handsome and charming m..q 92
man in the prime of life.....q 92
light to, before a man.....i 43
in a wicked man there is.....o 47
superior man seeks is in.....y 47
old man, broken with*.....l 53
child is father of the man....r 55
to bleed for man, to.....r 56
beautiful it is for a man.....f 86
I have a man's mind*.....k 64
gives light to, before a man...i 43
no man heard the clink.....s 74
these will form the perfect m..o 48
man never falls so low.....a 50
man cannot live all to.....b 50
one man's weakness grows...d 50
see the same man in.....h 50
worth makes the man.....k 50
m. wants but little here below.c 66
childhood shows the man.....e 55
is the highest style of man...c 57
the best man i' the field*.....p 72
from smiling man.....n 77
if m. would ever pass to God..t 82
man delights not me*.....m 89
what is man if his chief*....f 255
surely mortal man .....j 255
and ah for a m. to rise in me.k 255
that the man I am may cease.k 255
man is man, and master.....l 255
I am a man, nothing that is.n 255
the man is dead.....p 255
how wonderful is man .....s 255
thankless inconsistent man..q 255
man is the tale of narrative..t 255
the m. of wisdom is the m..u 255
man that knew how to love*.t 379
man alone, imperial man....a 363
a man's a man .....s 366
with report that old man...w 368
in one respect man is the ...j 252
man and wife.....k 256
so unto the man is woman..c 257
with this holy m. into the*.m 258
reason that in Man is wise...i 259
no man so friendless.....a 170
I saw the man in the moon. p 274
man a flower.....q 278
man wants but little.....u 278
raises one m. above another.s 222
what to m., and what to God.t 224
a man is not a wall.....v 213
sorrows of a poor old man..x 332
I love not m. the less, but...a 334
shall be the earth's last man.v 335
did man compute .....e 231
wicked m. who has written..j 337
tends to make one worthy m.u 339
what are the hopes of man..a 201
m. never is, but always to be.k 201
I am a man, and I have.....t 202
man is a carniverous.....r 203
man nor angel can discern...t 204
what may man within him*.e 205
a man may live long.....h 206
the good man never dies....s 207
m. may last, but never lives.o 210
I have a man.....k 64
how many years a mortal m.*l 426
while m. is growing, life is..q 428
happy the man, and .....u 428
man always worships .....b 485
man; God's latest image.....e 488
the man forgets not.....i 252
one respect m. is the nearest j 252
let each man think himself..n 252
man is the nobler growth...o 252
thou will scarce be a man....q 252
a man's a man for a' that... u 252
m. whose heaven-erected face.v 252
Oh! what were man.....a 253
m. stands as in the centre...c 253
to understand man, however.e 253
the good great man.....g 253
so man, the moth.....j 253
how poor a thing is man....k 253
m. is the whole encyclopedia.n 253
man is his own star.....o 253
the only perfect man.....o 253
worth one's while a m. to be.p 253
man is all symmetrie.....s 253
man is one world.....t 253
the scientific study of man.u 253
m. dwells apart, though not..v 253
m. passes away; his name..w 253
a man of mark.....a 254
before m. made us citizens..b 254
there lived a man.....d 254
man is a falling flower.....e 254
a minister but still a man...f 254
an honest man's the noblest.g 254
so man, who here seems.....i 254
man a microscopic eye.....j 254
such is m.! in great affliction m 254
m's but a blast or a smoak..n 254
world assurance of man*....p 254
a proper m. as one shall see*q 254
give me that man*.....s 254
let him pass for a man*.....t 254
he was a m., take him for*..u 254
this was a man*.....v 254
O heaven! were man*.....b 255
foremost man of all*.....c 255
man is of soul and body.....h 255
education forms the man....q 101
poor man! where art thou...q 112
good man, be not cast down.q 112
a m. whom both the waters*.r 118
where lives the man..... aa 162
what the child is to the m...k 381
man and bird and beast....aa 343
that m. is great, and he alone.y 185
man should be ever better..k 186
a m. is a great thing upon..m 186
to be a woman as to be a m..o 186
m. is more than constitutions.i 431
how can any man be said...g 291
as a dying m. to dying men.d 317
man resolves in himself.....e 317
what a fine m. hath your....c 320
oft proclaims the man*.....f 320
I do present you with a m.*.g 304
good man desires nothing....i 307
let the man who calleth.....x 308
man in the moon.....f 464
things are great to little m..p 442
m. marks the earth with ruin.s 322
habit by the inward man*...d 324
that man, that sits*.....p 324
means for every man alive*.r 324
not then be false to any m.*.u 445
down, and promise man.....r 321
would also read the man....f 353
God directs, in that 'tis m...n 354
formed but one such man...q 356
better spar'd a better man*..t 356
remote from man.....c 358
angels for the good m's sin..h 384
man, so ignorant and blind.u 34

but man, proud man*.....w 346
and man made money.....f 348
m. proposeth, God disposeth.i 348
woman and man all social...s 473
what a strange thing is m...n 473
man his Paradise forego.....u 473
man, the hermit, sigh'd.....p 473
where is the man who has...g 474
sure of man through praise..r 475
made thee to temper man....v 475
m. was lovely woman giv'n..a 476
author, and not man.....a 281
refresh the mind of man*...x 283
a man without a tear.....aa 403
as man, perhaps.....x 233
behold, fond man .....i 236
and man must rest.....m 236
reading maketh a full man..r 237
the man must hear her.....j 239
be made a m. out of my vice*h 452
like man, new made*.....c 263
m. shall have his mare again.m 452
making a man a god-.....e 455
m. was made like God before.s 179
God should be made like m .s 179
not so much of man in me*.k 416
hunter, and his prey was m.t 458
a good m. is the best friend..l 171
ne'er true friend to man....v 171
friendship between m. and m.t 173
man of genius can appear...i 177
makes it glory now to be a m..i 179
m. clings because the being.k 241
to man alone beneath.....n 245
every m's house is his castle.u 197
one man picked out of*.....r 198
Brutus is an honourable m.*v 199
man made the town .....b 491
m's unhappy, God's unjust.p 495
every man is odd*.....e 497
less than a m., I am not for*.w 497
man more sinn'd against*..y 497
a man after death .....t 500
who's master, who's man..dd 500
m. sits still and takes his....c 181
the ambition of a private m.x 342
m's social happiness all rests.d 478
woman is the lesser man....j 478
if m. come not to gather the.b 479
I wish'd myself a man*.....n 479
that m. that hath a tongue*.t 479
had made her such a man*..r 479
though he felt as a man.....i 489
Manager-m., actor, prompter.a 294
Mandragora-poppy, nor m.*...c 391
Mandragore-childhood's m....c 389
Mane-upon the "ocean's m.".p 323
Manhood-m. begins when we.b 253
peace hath higher tests of m.q 196
the measure of manhood....n 342
gives m. more approbation*.p 291
Mankind-m. shall hear in.....b 8
all that mankind has done....b 37
their little set mankind.....a 61
brightest, meanest of m.....p 115
upraised mankind.....u 227
what was meant for m.....t 340
gates of mercy on mankind..v 262
o'erstocked mankind enjoy.w 286
all mankind's concern.....b 234
surpasses or subdues m.....k 452
our friendships to mankind.x 174
all mankind love a lover.....l 241
forsake mankind, and all....i 244
m. are always happier.....m 191
knowledge the sail, and m..w 492
gratitude of base mankind..x 183
m., in conscious virtue.....d 294
that they may mend m.....x 303
mankind would hang*.....c 465
m. must have been lost.....x 355
let mankind say what they..p 478
Man-like-is it to fall into sin...l 384
Manliness-silent m. of grief..w 186
Manly-his big manly voice*....w 6
the erect, the manly foe.....l 168
judicious, manly, free.....b 241
Manna-his tongue dropt m ...e 332
dropped m.; and could make.s 204
m. was not good after.....g 392
Manner-m's with fortunes.....d 46
a system of manners in.....e 70
manners at the court*.....i 68
English mind and manners...l 70
to the manner born*.....y 77
good manners are made up..w 255
state in wonted manner.....c 275
how thy worth with m's*...m 485
that m. one robs poverty.....e 342
catch the manners living....d 286
m's gentle, of affections ...aa 495
and these external manners*p 187
manner is all in all.....h 298
men's evil m's live in brass*.e 360
Manor-my manors that I had*.s 267
Mansion-from infernal m's.....s 97
leave not the mansion*.....j 262
m. shall provide more hearts.b 198
Man-slaughter-infinite m-s....p 458
Mantle-m. their clearer reason*.j 78
falling m. of the prophet....t 446
doe lyke a golden m. her....c 190
nature hangs her m. green..b 371
pure purple m's known.....d 161
daisied m's in the mountain.e 138
in thy scanty mantle clad...j 139
in his mantle muffling up*..d 211
dight with mantles gay.....a 369
in saffron-colored mantle....r 276
rejoic'd I see thy purple m..g 278
how is night's sable mantle.h 290
dark her silver mantle threw.j 411
the prophet's m., ere his....o 178
mantle overveiled the earth* s 289
Manuscript-we love m's better.y 237
Many-has not one too many...b 170
the rule of many is not well.o 366
how m. years a mortal man*.l 426
Map-me no maps, sir.....z 65
a map of busy life.....y 231
Maple-m's gems of crimson lie.j 373
and maple yellow-leaved....m 277
the m. burst into a flush....g 270
maple swamps glow like a..d 435
Mar-to better oft we mar*.....b 105
mar the concord with too*..a 386
Marathon-spares gray M.....m 5
mountains look on Marathon.g 69
Marble-the m. with his name..f 58
marble and granite, with....s 368
a marble to her tears*.....c 416
sleep in dull cold marble*..j 304
his ponderous and m. jaws*.c 185
than this marble sleep.....a 486
through her marble halls....g 288
the more the marble wastes.m 318
cold m. leapt to life a god....o 318
then m., soften'd into life...p 318
March-let's m. without the*..w 459
once a month they march..m 311
let us march away*.....u 311
beware the ides of March*..ff 496
did m. three Frenchmen*..gg 497
the ides of M. are come*....o 426
the March breezes blew.....t 137
M. with grief doth howl....n 370
violets, sweet March violets.g 160
the march of intellect.....a 214
march, and energy divine...c 340
March breaks it.....i 269
March its tree, juniper.....j 269
the stormy March is come...l 269
M. finds throstles pleased...m 269
March; we know thou art...a 270
all in the wild M. morning..e 270
began their march sublime.f 123
winds of M. with beauty*...i 130
Marched-march'd without*...w 460
Marching-m. to the uplands...s 277
God is marching on.....k 167
Mare-shall have his m. again.m 452
mare will prove the better..d 496
Marge-marge enclosing in the..s 40
Marigold-her eyes like m's*...k 110
the m., whose courtiers.....o 146
marigold abroad her leaves..p 146
no marigolds yet closed are..q 146
ye ardent marigolds.....a 147
the sun-observing marigolds.b 147
shall the m. unmentioned die.c 147
graceful and obsequious m..g 147
the fiery-flaming marigold..h 147
clasp in the wild marsh-m...i 147
the m. for pottage meet.....j 147
and statelier marigold.....o 137
they turn like marigold.....b 487
Mariner-ye m's of England....f 124
of mariners, besides sails...d 313
ah! wretched mariners.....u 381
Mark-m. the marble with his..f 58
fouler spite at fairer marks...g 83
death loves a shining mark..m 86
mark, was ever yet*.....o 387
a man of mark.....a 254
O, no! it is an ever-fixed m.*.p 208
God save the mark*.....o 497
nearer, and a broader mark..j 398
did m. how he did shake*...a 382
Marked-melancholy m. him...c 260
Market-and m. of his time*...f 255
Americans to market driven.g 388
that commeth into the m.....r 299
Market-place-pride, the m-p...d 59
poor victim of the m-p.....n 388
Marl-with marl and sand.....e 317
steps over the burning m..m 472
Marlet-the marlet builds*.....e 27
temple-haunting marlet*.....f 27
Marred-thou hast m. her gown.o 258
Marriage-with dirge in m. .....l 88
that m., rightly understood m 256
stamp the m.-bond divine...p 256
summon him to marriage*..o 257

best maker of all marriages*r 257
m. is a matter of more worth h 258
instances that second m.....a 259
ceremonial rites of m.*.....c 259
few marriages are happy is..e 259
m's are made in heaven.....g 259
within the bond of m.*.....f 379
our day of m. shall be yours*k 191
the queen of marriage.....h 465
Married-unpleasing to m. ear-.l 23
m. his washerwoman.....k 106
banns, and when he m.*....a 258
she's not well married that..s 258
best married that dies m.*...s 258
true, I have married her*...k 258
live till I were married*.....l 258
married in haste .....l 256
and then was—married .....a 257
galled eyes, she married*....q 257
kiss before they are m.* .....s 221
wisdom m. to immortal.....p 340
married to green in all the..k 128
married with my uncle*....u 476
Marry-proper time to marry..n 256
if you shall m., you give*...b 258
m. her, sir, at your request*.d 258
would not marry her*.....e 258
if I should m. him I should* c 204
gold enough and m. him*....c 463
Mars-this seat of Mars*.....m 69
the red planet Mars.....j 288
Mars might quake to tread..d 457
Marsh-yonder marshes burns. h 147
in the marsh pink orchid's..u 147
Marshaling-morn the m.....e 457
Mart-from the m's he's.....j 100
busy m's, with tenderness ...d 259
Martial-cloak around him.....h 86
with arts and martial*.....l 181
martial in his air.....l 311
Martin-sacred held a m's.....g 31
Martyr-truth one martyr....aa 255
martyrs! who left for our...a 256
the death, that makes the m.b 256
martyr in his shirt of fire ...c 256
the blood of the martyr.....w 299
fall'st a blessed martyr*.....u 329
Martyrdom-with their m.....h 347
Marvel-tis no marvel, he's so*..n 203
patience unmov'd, no m.*...u 328
Marvellous-Chatterton, the m.e 338
Mary-now of a Bloody Mary....o 45
to M. Queen the praise.....i 339
Mary go and call the cattle. g 365
Mary-bud-winking m.-b's*....e 147
Mask-lift their frowning masks i 10
wear the m. of guilt to hide m 211
kind m's and beaux.....o 293
as he removes the mask.....t 294
Masked-hate is m. but to assail k 444
fair ladies, mask'd, are roses* s 476
Masking-what m. stuff is here.j 320
Mason-the singing mason's*..s 212
the crowded line of m's.....d 309
stronger than either the m* m 322
Masonry-hung his m. pendant.b 179
see the north-wind's m.....n 393
Masquerade-the truth in m...n 113
Mass-fell in m's down her neck.o 189
Massacre-rapes, and m's*.....j 459
Massively-m. doth awful.....r 382
Mast-their masts fell down .....f 78
winds aloud howlo'er the m's i 404
shrouds and masts of ships..n 381
Mastadon-of a m., I nibbled....r 36
Master-every one can m. a*...e 187
my master is of churlish*...o 202
by the master's spell.....h 283
no one who cannot master..g 379
and approv'd good m's*.....k 258
love is master of all arts....m 242
master, goes in and out.....b 244
shakes out his m's undoing*.q 414
when the Master's summons.r 171
m. hath been an honorable*..e 178
the master of all music.....o 312
grave is the Master's look...d 304
a master, or a servant.....c 394
the master's requiem.....t 382
when the M. of the universe.a 180
shows a master's hand.....t 313
m. the devil, or throw him*.i 189
choice and m. spirits of this* c 499
who's master, who's man..dd 500
m. of what is mine own*....b 465
master, master! news*.....o 306
knows the old m's by heart..b 354
most imperious masters.....j 448
wound their master's fame..o 114
master, go on*.....h 251
love is your master*.....e 247
some for hard masters.....l 312
the eternal Master found....f 293
with her divine Master.....d 445
a little model the m. wrought. k 931
Master-hand-when some m-h..h 272
which a master-hand alone..e 283
Masterpiece-m. is writing well.p 300
a masterpiece of art has.....n 318
Matchless-with that m. skill..s 286
Mate-answering thy sweet m's.s 28
leavcs his shivering mates ...i 31
his mate will follow.....p 32
so is no mate for me.....c 145
high and low mate ill.....p 250
birds are dreaming of a m...b 373
come one swallow, his m...m 374
when grief hath mates*.....x 187
birds choose their mates....d 450
Mated-art m. with a clown....f 259
Material-m's lie everywhere...r 177
of such materials wretched..h 490
Mathematic-and the m's*.....g 304
Matin-thy m. o'er moorland...m 25
opened at the matin hour....j 154
glow-worm shows the m.*...k 447
Matin-bell-and the matin-bell...l 26
Matin-chime-at the m-c.....a 369
Matron-as a grave m. would...n 293
matrons flung gloves*.....c 341
Matter-'twas no m. what he...l 490
it matters not what men ...m 252
nothing's the m. with it.....j 277
wreck of m., and the crush..j 207
no matter by what.....r 268
bubbles on the sea of m.....y 495
brought in matter that*.....c 461
the pack of matter to mine*..s 306
a m. from thee; and a birth*.t 306
there was no matter.....l 490
Matutinus-under the title of m.e 269
Maunders-she but m. and.....i 114
Maxim-the m. "Know thyself" b 224
m. be my virtue's guide.....f 454
old maxim in the schools....t 125
truth his maxims draws.....b 299
May-as the month of May*.....s 24
the revels of the May .....d 27
will not when he may.....t 55
than wish a snow in May's*..o 57
chills the lap of May .....f 271
sweet May hath come.....g 271
May, when she came, gave..h 271
is thine, sweet May.....i 271
O May, sweet-voiced one....t 271
and happy May morning ...k 271
in the winds of May.....l 271
the flowery May.....n 271
hail, bounteous May.....n 271
beneath the sky of May.....o 271
darling buds of May*.....p 271
another May new buds.... q 271
May, with cowslip-braided..r 271
May, breathing, sweet.....a 274
the fair month of May.....c 221
Flora in her early May.....m 128
must be done for May.....b 314
spirit as the month of M.*.bb 496
M's warmest sunshine lies..b 466
first pledge of blithesome M.n 139
with May's fairest flowers...n 370
flowers of spring are not M's.c 372
April and May one moment.d 372
M. and April love each other.d 372
M. flowers bloom before M..e 372
the delicate footed May.....s 373
looks abroad for May.....g 154
the young M. violet grows..a 159
waiting for May to call its...b 159
coming with the May.....a 136
'tis no longer May.....a 136
in the merry month of May.c 271
her song of "May"..... ...d 271
what he will do, he may.....f 349
m. soothe or wound a heart.q 481
moonlight colored May.....d 436
May-day-M-d. in morn's.....a 272
May-flower-m-f. pale and lone.h 132
May-wind-M-w's restless .....o 435
Maze-no end, in wand'ring m's.t64
m's, and surrounding greens.b 70
the maze of forests.....a 273
through the verdant maze ..a 156
color, like a maze.....x 316
the maze of eloquence .....v 102
McGregor-where M. sits, there.g 494
Mead-as frosts do bite the m's*.p 51
field or flowery mead.....v 69
even m., that erst brought*.g 137
floures in the mede .....f 138
in the m., it cushions soft...v 138
in yellow m's of asphodel...k 133
about the new-mown mead..l 212
life that hides in mead.....i 349
Meadow-close by the m. pool..f 32
on the meadow.....u 28
o'er the m. road is spreading.w 41
winding meadows wind.....b 466
on the umbered meadow....b 141
to the meadow so sweet.....p 141
kingcup that in m. blows...e 144
in the sunny meadows.....o 131
flame in meadows wet.....e 133

meadows drowned in happy..*l* 133
lifts its head from the m....*j* 136
and by the m. trenches blow.*k* 137
meadows, wide unrolled.....*e* 127
glimmer o'er the meadows..*p* 127
m's roll and swell in billowy.*k* 371
green spread the m. all.....*o* 372
o'er meadow and o'er dale..*q* 372
meadows brown and sere....*f* 374
feet have touch'd the m's....*f* 139
cheeks of the meadow.....*n* 139
meadow and the lin.....*f* 140
paint the m's with delight*.*f* 373
where are the dewy m's.....*p* 377
m. and the heath are.....*q* 377
fireflies o'er the meadow....*n* 212
our native meadow sweet...*q* 156
a vi'let on the m. grew.....*k* 160
infinite m's of heaven.....*o* 402
of lowly meadow growths...*f* 441
down the path to the m's...*a* 303
Meadow-deep–dewiest m-d....*q* 420
Meadow-rue–haunts of m-r....*k* 147
Meadow-sweet–m-s. under the..*e* 128
Meagre–meagre his looks*.....*d* 267
Meal–my evening meal.....*f* 99
week-day meal affords.....*q* 99
m. o'er all their velvet leaves.*d* 133
at least one meal a day.....*r* 203
Mean–scorns to bend to mean..*q* 71
careful what they m. thereby*.*n* 24
m's be just, the conduct true.*t* 76
the means whereby I live*....*r* 91
means to do ill deeds*.....*f* 418
must needs admit the m's*..*n* 266
by any means get wealth....*o* 462
there's place and means*....*r* 324
that which in mean men*...*y* 328
all books else appear so m...*g* 354
the meanest of the mean....*x* 305
cannot say one thing and m.*e* 385
not means, but ends.....*k* 485
fear is cruel and mean.....*v* 120
end must justify the m's.....*t* 362
life's but a means.....*m* 230
but nature makes that m.*...*l* 286
appliances and m's to boot*.*r* 390
Meander–by slow M's margent.*x* 100
Meanest–the m. have their day.*o* 115
the m. flower that blows.....*e* 132
even to the meanest.....*h* 230
Meaning–far than outward m..*h* 133
two m's have our highest....*x* 206
m. of love's conference*.....*k* 211
blunders round about a m...*v* 336
m. on the face of the high...*h* 180
good m's and wishings.....*s* 194
my m. in saying he is a good*.*l* 182
full of great dark meanings..*a* 353
Meant–He m. some tired head..*h* 67
more is meant than.....*t* 87
God meant you to be when..*e* 210
Measure–within the m. of my*..*j* 11
m's of delightful sound*.....*k* 26
measure by the deeds.....*h* 89
could find my measure.....*j* 58
measure, or a dance.....*f* 51
shrunk to this little m.*....*j* 119
beyond all measure*.....*i* 120
that knows no measure.....*j* 253
a full measure with thee.....*l* 221
God hath given me a m.....*g* 214
we'll drink a measure*.....*n* 264
thy delighted measure.....*s* 200
measures, not men.....*h* 492
the m. of an unmade grave*.*b* 185
to tread a m. with you*.....*g* 303
the measure of manhood....*n* 342
God gives wind by the m....*j* 384
and measures back his way.*m* 430
Measured–m. many a mile*....*g* 303
not be m'd by his worth*....*i* 398
Measureless–dark, far, m. orb*.*u* 110
Meat–anger's my meat; I sup*..*h* 11
books are as meats.....*b* 40
very little meat.....*i* 99
too choleric a meat*.....*f* 100
let the meat cool*.....*d* 122
meat was made for mouths*.*t* 203
best seasoning for meat.....*v* 203
nibbles the fallacious meat..*n* 123
the sweetest m's, the soonest.*q* 451
hae meat that canna eat.....*q* 418
upon what m. doth this, our*.*b* 186
heaven sends us good meat..*f* 302
so is all the meat*.....*o* 302
another's meat or drink.....*m* 489
Mechanic–the poor m. porters*s* 212
by mere m. operation.....*m* 412
Medal–man breaks not the m..*m* 449
Meddle–m's with cold iron.....*s* 456
Meddling–of little m. cometh...*j* 66
Medea–a night M. gather'd...*j* 310
Medicinable–griefs are m.*....*w* 187
Medicinal–learn'd he was in m.*f* 309
Medicine–m. for the soul.....*p* 38
medicine to rage*.....*w* 107
residence and m. power*....*g* 134
miserable have no other m.*.*u* 201
no m. for a troubled mind..*d* 285
great griefs, I see, m. the less*.*f* 187
give preceptial m. to rage*..*o* 187
by m. life may be prolonged*c 310
try one desp'rate m. more....*g* 309
m. thee to that sweet sleep*..*c* 391
Meditate–and decay to m.....*a* 411
Meditating–m. that she must*. .*f* 85
whilst I sit meditating*.....*w* 283
Meditation–O fearful m.*.....*k* 426
divinely bent to meditation*o 259
thoughts to nobler m's.....*l* 259
m. may be exercised.....*k* 259
maiden m., fancy free*.....*p* 259
Meek–m. that have no other*..*u* 328
benigne, and so meke.....*r* 473
in meek beauty dost lean...*d* 146
the meek forget-me-not.....*g* 146
how meek, yet beautiful....*a* 150
meek, confiding eye.... .....*s* 161
the meek suns grow brief....*n* 272
I am meek and gentle*.....*m* 280
Meekly–heliotropes with m....*f* 142
Meet–m. and either do or die.....*o* 2
by times that I meet thee.....*n* 78
one day meet again.....*i* 83
good man meets his fate.....*q* 86
more is meant than m's the....*t* 87
meet mortality my sentenee..*w* 90
to meet me at the road.....*v* 41
to m. the eyes of other men...*m* 71
mind where we must meet...*c* 100
life to come that we meet....*p* 105
falsehood and despair m. in..*a* 144
that where they m. they.....*a* 144
when shall we three m.*.....*a* 260
thus may we meet.....*u* 259
ne'er to m., or ne'er to part...*j* 331
why to m. if not to meet in....*u* 122
to meet no more.....*k* 171
to meet their dad.....*t* 197
m. in her aspect and her eyes *k* 473
shall m. him in the court of*.*g* 194
as ships meet at sea.....*g* 195
we only part to meet.....*o* 326
if we do meet again*.....*v* 326
let our thoughts m. in.....*o* 421
m's thee at his journey's end..*o* 389
Meetest–m. for death*.....*h* 91
Meeting–m. were bare without*.*j* 44
joy of m., not unmixed with..*s* 259
m's which seem like a fate....*t* 259
our meeting spots.....*i* 179
m. points the sacred hair....*s* 189
Melancholy–takest thou its m..*d* 22
musical most melancholy....*e* 28
musical, most melancholy...*m* 27
the m. god protect thee*.....*k* 51
and to be melancholy*.....*w* 245
green and yellow m.*.....*v* 328
melancholy sat retired.....*b* 260
melancholy marked him ....*c* 260
moping melancholy.....*d* 260
charm in melancholy.....*f* 260
suck m. out of a song*.....*h* 260
m. is the nurse of frenzy*....*i* 260
curs'd melancholy*.....*k* 260
note of it is his m.*.....*l* 260
the power is felt of m.....*e* 375
the m. days are come.....*f* 375
pleasing fit of melancholy...*n* 259
remote, unfriended, m.....*b* 365
m. as a battle won.....*h* 461
soothe her melancholy.....*k* 474
Mellow–m., rich, and ripe.....*q* 320
nursed in m. intercourse....*l* 142
speeches when half mellow..*y* 340
indeed is too m. for me.....*h* 295
m., as, roving the round.....*p* 422
Mellowness–age a mature m.....*s* 5
Melodious–move in m. time....*i* 57
Melody–soul of melody.....*r* 28
sweet melody rises on.....*c* 33
m's gush from the violets....*q* 131
melody of pleasant thought..*d* 259
as her melody she sang.....*q* 371
air with melodies vernal.....*l* 372
thou'rt singing thy last m's..*h* 374
with sounds of sweetest m*..*c* 213
thought it the sweetest m....*j* 281
heard melodies are sweet....*x* 281
of wonderful melodies.....*g* 282
a thousand m's unheard....*h* 283
all summer long perpetual m.*i* 375
thy voice is a celestial m....*h* 456
joyous melodies of love.....*w* 325
Melon–friends are like melons..*e* 170
melons with odorous flesh..*h* 438
Melrose–view fair M. aright....*l* 366
Melt–too solid flesh would m.*.*n* 91
pity melts the mind to love..*t* 332
white snow in minutes m's..*l* 127
m's for one with sympathy..*q* 202
melts with social sympathy *f* 413

and melts to goodness.....t 413
melt at other's woe.....u 413
melt in soft adoption.....p 415
they melt, and soon.....t 262
good, or melt at others woe..t 346
Melted-m. into air, into thin*..k 46
m. and mingled together....h 411
melted in her depth of hlue..q 159
melted in the evening hue..n 446
Melting-faint, and m. into air..m 23
open as day for m. charity*.y 413
unused to the m. mood*....q 416
each in the other melting...o 352
spoke the melting soul.....h 314
melting heaven with earth..e 447
Memnon-M's singing in the..p 175
Memorial-the first kiss of love.s 220
Memory-will give thee m.*.....l 7
my night of life some m.*....n 7
in every man's memory.....b 38
in pleasing memory of.....d 40
if memory have its force.....g 45
wakes the hitter memory....d 62
sweet the memory is.....s 70
it comes o'er my memory....n 30
pyramids set off his m's....b 114
our memories go back.....q 260
memory like a purse.....x 260
hold the m. of a wrong.....y 164
our m's by monuments.....h 274
like m. ghastly in the glare..m 275
saddest m.—kept alive.....m 222
oh! that the memories.....g 213
in his own page his m.....x 335
with such memories fill'd...j 153
o'er Egypt's land of m.....d 366
nor m. lose, nor time impair.s 173
she sought out memory.....d 250
m. fed the soul of love.....d 250
some call her memory.....j 354
memory yields, yet clings...j 354
dear son of memory.....b 381
hegot in the ventricle of m.*.f 207
thy memory, like thy fate...a 439
m. writes her light-beam....t 292
ohlivion and m. are wise....u 292
to mem'ry dear..... b 261
hut a majestic memory.....c 261
heart hath its own memory.d 261
the leaves of m. scemed.....e 261
m. hrightens o'er the past...g 261
fond memory hrings.....k 261
hail, memory, hail.....q 261
sweet memory, wafted.....s 261
there sits a hlessed memory.t 261
I wept for memory.....u 261
great man's m. may outlive*.a 262
memory, the warder of*.....i 262
leave no memory of what*...j 262
the tahle of my memory*...k 262
the memory of a dream.....l 262
to his m. for his jests.....n 262
a land of memory.....p 262
those memories to me.....q 262
m's dewiest meadow-deeps..q 420
thoughts to memory dear...x 420
soft as the m. of buried love.l 473
Men-men who undertake.....h 1
men would he angels.....a 9
first men that our Saviour....s 11
age when men were men.....j 13
men may come and men.....b 42
men are mere warehouses...m 47
men huild as cathedrals.....n 47
men that are ruined are.....q 47
men, some to husiness.....f 50
this happy hreed of men*...m 69
O friends, he men.....n 71
I doubt our curious men.....s 77
gay cities and the ways of m..a 70
m. are moulded out of faults*.m 51
into the trunks of men*....d 113
how suhject we old m. are*..s 113
the ashes of dead men.....t 114
wise men speak.....g 115
nature, moulding men.....y 119
they say, best men are*.....k 120
bark at eminent men.....r 103
think old men fools.....q 162
men may live fools.....w 163
men smile no more.....p 362
work of many thousand m...s 366
m., by their example, pattern d 367
fortune in men has some....s 165
men over man he made not..b 388
m. in great place are thrice.k 252
what men assume to be ....m 252
most men are bad.....r 252
acquit yourselves like men..t 252
men the most infamous.....f 253
men are hut children.....m 253
ah, tell them they are men..q 253
many men resemble glass...l 254
are you good men and true*.r 254
made men and not made*...w 254
I wonder men dare trust*...z 254
men at some time are*.....y 254
men have died from time to* z 254
men that make envy*.....bb 254
we are men, my liege*.....d 255
men may rise on stepping..m 255
men were deceivers ever*...o 122
great men that have*.....a 125
fortune means to men* .....h 166
forget that they are men....f 280
men are only the players....o 230
hopes that make us men g 202
relished hy the wisest men..o 203
than the best of men*.....f 204
men ennobled by study.....g 406
most wretched men are.....m 408
what you and other men*...d 235
for what are men.....s 236
men of letters occupy.....a 238
men have lost their reason*.p 218
stern men with empires.....r 265
all honorahle men*.....v 199
hearts of oak are our men...a 492
measures, not men.....h 492
forth among a world of men*z 496
m. stand like solitary towers.t 185
nothing of its greatest men..j 186
men are rul'd hy women*...h 186
travell'd men from foreign..r 313
the men who labour.....l 298
we find great men often.....s 298
for hoys; port for men.....h 468
O friends, he men.....n 450
men's evils manners live in*e 360
men die, hut sorrow never..v 396
men talk only to conceal....z 400
men are never very wise and j 342
fate of God and men is.....g 300
a grave for men alive.....i 347
the ways of God to men.....l 348
deaths remember they are m j 349
great men may jest with....a 472
too late that men hetray.....k 474
men as angels, without.....n 475
cannot fight for love, as m.*..d 480
men prize the thing*.....f 480
should have borne men*.....e 477
all the reasoning of men....m 478
is the worst of men.....v 478
men must work and women.d 483
are women, deeds are men..d 481
tongues that syllahle men's..b 490
might touch the hearts of m.r 385
Mend-the nearer they are to m,.s 45
to mend, or he rid on't*.....o 91
his work for man to mend...b 469
and to mend the heart.....d 294
to mourn, lacks time to m....t 427
things always mend.....l 165
heaven mend all*.....q 497
mend when thou canst*...nn 497
we'll mend our dinner here* r 302
Mended-been m. that were.....s 45
little said is soonest m.....k 501
Mender-a m. of had soles*.....h 319
Mental-m. power this eye*.....a 51
Mention-we never m. her.....o 284
Merchandise-of m. of sin.....o 313
Merchant-others, like m's*....s 212
helongs the merchant.....a 311
royal merchant down*.....d 311
a merchant of great traffic*.b 311
the m. to secure his treasure.u 310
some m. hath invited*..... j 100
turn'd crown'd kings to m's* n 477
Merciful-how m. the hlessed..u 262
let us he merciful as well...w 262
in heing merciful*.. .....m 262
so mild, so merciful .....p 493
Mercury-thus the m. of man..o 188
ere Mercury can rise .....l 244
like a Mercury to charm.....d 336
Mercy-angel voices sung the m.p 10
courage and his mercy.....k 53
houndless reach of mercy*...b 75
trust his mercy humhly.....v 98
the brave love mercy.....l 41
the flower of mercy.....i 149
hy mercy, 'tis most just*....o 280
that m. I to others show....m 228
mercy I askt, m. I found....q 217
ere mercy sweeps them out..c 218
and m. then will hreathe*...i 219
mercy stood in the cloud....y 262
lawful m. is nothing kin*...d 263
mercy hut murders*.....e 263
m. is not itself, that oft*....f 263
open the gate of mercy*.....g 263
would not buy their mercy*.h 263
the quality of m. is not*.....j 263
mercy seasons justice*.....j 263
we do pray for mercy*.....k 263
the deeds of mercy*.....k 263
m. is above the sceptred*....j 263
so good a grace, as mercy*..l 263
whereto serves mercy*.....m 263
m. is nobility's true hadge*.n 263
for shame, to talk of mercy*.o 263

who will not m. unto others.p 263
mercie ever hope to have....p 263
a God all m. is a God unjust.a 181
mercy to him that shows it..p 355
withhold in m. what we ask.u 344
in her heart did m. come*...i 263
perseverance, m., loveliness*k 368
temper so justice with m....e 219
rather where his m. shines..q 179
gates of mercy shall he*.....p 460
good unask'd, in m. grant..m 407
O mercy, God*.....j 320
Merit-silence that accepts m...d 14
merit wins the soul.....c 5
displays distinguished merit.h 52
sense of your great merit....t 168
merit or their faults to scan.v 332
one merit of poetry.....l 340
succeeds, the m's all his own.t 490
no sure test of merit.....g 114
nature doth with merit*....m 120
the rest on outside merit....x 162
thy father's m. sets the up..r 263
then deny him merit.....s 263
the merit's all his own.....s 263
on their own merits.....t 263
by merit raised.....u 263
by the merit of the wearer*..v 263
or amplest merit.....o 243
in hope to merit heaven.....i 193
who values the merits.....v 190
bear reproof, who m. praise.r 359
oft got without merit*.....f 360
Meritorious-nothing that is m.p 454
Mermaid-and heard a m.*.....a 264
train me not, sweet m.*.....b 264
who would be a m. fair.....d 264
I would he a mermaid fair...d 264
Merrier-a merrier man, within.j 264
Merriest-men are m. when*...u 264
Merrily-die all, die merrily*...j 72
merrily hent the stile-a*.....s 264
merrily, merrily, shall I live*.t 264
merrily, m., goes the ' ark...h 313
each merrily goes.....y 3 2
merrily, merrily whirled....a 303
Merrimac-the mighty M..... 5
Merriment-n other m., dull..j 41
Merry-m. architects so small....b 34
merry roundelay..... x 45
of such a merry nimble*.....n 54
be merry all, be merry all.....
I'll be merry and free.....j 65
'twas never merry world*.... p 60
have they heen merry*..... 84
ill chances, men are ever m*...r 44
he was nor sad nor merry*...p 108
yet let's he merry.....o 100
a fool to make me merry*....d 163
fortune is merry*.....y 165
merry as a marriage bell....d 281
I am never m. when I hear*..n 283
how oft, with m. heart.....i 322
I am not merry*.....r 397
merry swithe, it is in halle...f 264
if you can he merry then*...k 264
merry as the day is long*...m 264
what, shall we be merry*.....r 264
a merry heart goes all*.....s 264
should a man do, hut be m.*..v 264
goes merry making with....d 393
Mess-other country messes....j 302
Message-bearer of the m.....r 23
from the east glad m. hrings...k 78
carrying a m. that is not.....p 281
kind messages that pass.....r 315
give to a gracious message*.aa 306
message to him every wave..u 107
fair speechless messages*.....i 110
Messenger-his winged m's.....m 10
messengers of God.....t 10
messenger of morn.....n 26
m's of strong prevailment*..b 480
sweeps hy me as a messenger.j 281
distempered m. of wet* .....e 417
Met-when they m. in the way...k 95
we met hand to hand.....q 118
the night that first we met...b 151
met me in an evil hour.....k 139
if we had never met.....e 256
we met—'twas in a crowd....r 259
how, or where we met.....p 230
crook'd ways, I met this*.... 367
a part of all that I have met.. j 210
never met, or never parted...r 239
no sooner met, but they*. ...v 247
know how first he met her...c 501
Metal-barren m. of his friend*.p 174
m's of drossiest ore to.....b 296
here's m. more attractive*...v 497
m. blowing material sounds..x 399
Metaphysic-high as m. wit....u 489
Meteor-the m. flag of England..e 124
m. streaming to the wind....i 124
Method-method is not less.....k 68
into a slower method*.....x 14
he had not the method,.....p 165
which no methods teach.....e 283
madness, yet there is m. in*.u 211
mind s its own method....n 265
in man's wi ke ness.....a 464
Metr not m's, ut a m.-making s 338
Mettle-grasp it like a man of m..t 71
there's mettle ' thee*.....r 51
wench of matchless mettle...j 476
Corinthian, a lad f mettle*..z 497
Mew- he a kitten and cry mew*.k 17
in their secret mews .....b 161
cat on the ' abhath say "m."..i 369
Mice-like tle mice stole in..c 164
Michael-the sword of M.....o 458
Mi roscopic-man a m. eye....j 254
Midas-touched hy the M. finger c 468
Midday-under the m. sun.....v 358
Middle-m. day of human life...g 34
Midge-th summer midges....g 250
Midnight-'tis now dead m.*...b 208
iron tongue of midnight*...v 289
consumed the midnight oil..i 406
the sun stands at midnight .m 409
midnight brought the.....e 457
his might on a wild m.....k 438
at midnight, in the days....p 326
this dead of midnight.....c 265
midnight! the outpost of...e 265
wild and wondrous m.....f 265
m. brought on the dusky. ..g 265
at midnight, while reposing d 466
celestial voices to the m.....g 485
stand, like midnight leaves.p 488
Mien-of so frightful mien.....e 452
Might-no m. nor greatness in*.j 42
hut a woman's might.....k 64
judged, not by what we m..f 218
there is a might in thee.....f 265
in God's own might.....f 405
exceeds man's might*.....v 248
would not when he might...j 495
showeth his m. on a wild...k 438
exceeds man's might*.....g 470
false is no source of might..g 449
it might have been.....v 356
Mightier-man, the m. is*.....d 186
Mightiest-the m. in the m.*...j 263
the mightiest are those often v 185
offered to the M. solemn.....e 432
Mightily-strive m., but eat*.bb 498
Mighty-shrine of the mighty...f 45
well may the m. sycamore...i 136
m. hopes that make us men.g 202
m. contests rise from trivial.s 362
that m. heart is lying still...k 366
how are the mighty fallen...k 393
as he then was, mighty* .. p 347
Mignonette-on hreath of m....l 273
the humhle mignonette.....k 127
sweet-voiccd mignonette....k 127
heart's-ease and mignonette.f 145
the mignonette receives....a 151
Mild-others more m. retreated.k 458
so mild, so merciful.....p 493
Mildness-ethereal m. come....o 373
mildness hath allay'd*.....e 333
m. ever attend thy tongue...l 178
Mile-m's of golden green .....d 157
sad tires in a mile—a*.....s 264
measured many a mile*.....g 303
too long hy half a mile*.....o 316
Militant-the true Church M....t 95
Milk-to feast on milk .....c 11
sweet m. of concord into hell*.i 47
white as m. and perfume....t 159
full o' the m. of human*....j 220
adversity's sweet milk*.....n 332
flowing with the milk.....p 262
oh, milk and water.....o 190
m. foaming fresh from the..h 438
Milkmaid-m. shocks the.....p 260
whistle, and the m's song...e 369
saucy milkmaid's cheek.....r 104
Milk-white-the m-w. lilies.....p 144
Mill-hrook that turns a mill....c 70
God's m. grinds slow but sure b 363
mills of God grind slowly...c 363
water glideth by the m.*....s 461
the mill will never grind....e 494
Miller-there was a jolly miller..o 65
hone and skin, two m's thin.g 203
than wots the miller of*.....s 461
Million-m's of my hrothers.....l 35
million million drops of gold.q 134
millions for defence.....r 329
thanks of millions yet to be.w 347
perhaps, millions, think....m 480
Mill-wheel-m-w. has fallen to..i 437
Milo-rememher Milo's end....r 260
Milton-a rustic M. has pass'd by.r 9
the path of Milton, in.....h 35
orh of song, the divine M...f 338
our wives read Milton.....a 340
mute inglorious Milton.....q 114
morals hold which M. held..r 167
M., in his hand the thing...b 338

Mimic-winged mimic of the ...*i* 27
low mimic follies of a farce..*n* 293
Min-the darkest meaning.....*a* 144
Mind-great mind is a good.....*u* 2
am not in my perfect mind*...*i* 7
books are embalmed minds..*q* 36
man but chang'd his mind....*a* 46
his mind his kingdom .....*z* 47
the quiet mind is richer.....*h* 66
I have a man's mind*.....*h* 64
which only centres in the m..*i* 35
m's are not ever craving for..*l* 37
monument of vanished m's..*m* 37
myself in other men's m's ...*u* 38
the beauty of thy mind*.....*h* 89
ever-restless minds of men...*d* 97
mind's all-gentle graces shine.*o* 19
image yet I carry fresh in m..*x* 89
constancy to change the m...*b* 64
with equal m's what happens.*y* 65
m. from vain desires is free..*e* 66
minds innocent and quiet....*o* 66
noblest mind the best.....*g* 67
where English m. and.....*l* 70
fearless minds climb*.....*k* 72
dauntless temper of his m.*..*t* 72
infirmity of noble minds....*k* 115
th' ignoble mind's a slave...*q* 103
mind as soon out of sight...o 164
also is he out of mind.....*r* 164
the mind never unbends ....*t* 167
his mind a thought.....*n* 252
m., aspire to higher things .*p* 224
true poem is the poet's m...*p* 335
m's made better by their....*a* 210
virtue, but repose of miud...*t* 455
the magic of the mind.....*g* 419
ideas painted on the mind...*t* 42
mind to mind.....*n* 245
minds are as variant.....*m* 361
mind quite vacant is a m...*o* 361
body filled, and vacant m.*.*a* 362
treasure-honse of the mind..*r* 260
own memory like the mind.*d* 261
supports the mind supports*l* 20
haunts the guilty mind*...*j* 412
the new-born mind .....*i* 279
the richest minds need not..*g* 229
commands the mind*.....*v* 211
mind is the great lever of....*b* 214
the m., which is the proper.*e* 218
poetic mind all things are..*m* 336
the m. to virtue is by verse.*p* 336
imagination is the air of m..*u* 206
in stillness the calm mind...*z* 206
no medicine for a troubled m.*d* 285
the mind of the scholar.....*r* 405
mind is bent to holiness*...*p* 197
out of syght, out of mynd...*p* 492
Othello's visage in his m.*..*ff* 497
for minds could then meet ..*l* 315
have in m. where we must*..*c* 100
mind unemployed is miud...*h* 265
measure your mind's height.*i* 265
the m., the music breathing..*j* 265
my mind is my kingdom.....*k* 265
mind was made for growth...*l* 265
mind to me a kingdom.....*m* 265
my mind forbids to crave....*m* 265
mind has its own method....*n* 265
a noble mind disdains.....*o* 265
the mind is like a sheet.....*p* 265
nature of the human mind...*q* 265
the mind is its own place.....*t* 265
balance of the mind.....*v* 265
strength of mind is.....*w* 265
O, what a noble m. is here*...*y* 265
m. to me a kingdom is.....*u* 265
the mind's constrnction*....*b* 266
but a base, ignoble min *....*c* 266
'tis the mind that makes the*.*d* 266
when the m. is quicken'd*....*e* 266
your mind is tossing*.....*f* 266
my m. to me an empire is....*g* 296
it is the mynd that makes....*h* 266
systems exercise the mind....*i* 266
m's th standard of the man..*j* 266
minds that have nothing....*k* 266
mind one end pursnes.....*m* 451
sep'rate mind from mind....*n* 451
m. stoops not to shows of*....*o* 176
where the mind ends.....*j* 480
bend thy mind to feel.....*v* 316
dauntless temper of his m.*..*c* 470
write to the mind and heart..*n* 297
pub c mind is the creation..*r* 298
all minds quote.....*d* 351
glorious throne, and m's the..*r* 352
m., relaxing nto needful.....*c* 353
mind must subdue.....*g* 342
inform the mind.....*x* 303
spirit of the chainless mind..*h* 347
flower the m. has withered...*g* 349
high minds, o'n tive pride..*a* 359
infected m's to their deaf*...*c* 359
to a mind diseas'd*.....*d* 310
sin is a state of mind, not...*r* 384
troubled sea of the mind... *s* 389
thon peace of mind.....*l* 390
converse of an innocent m..*m* 395
tempest in my mind*.....*c* 398
which keeps the m. steady...*c* 399
flowering moments of the m..*k* 400
her mind to evil thoughts...*g* 475
and corrupted minds.....*x* 475
oh the fetterless mind.....*m* 421
m's of a lofty kind wander..*p* 421
years steal fire from the mind *h* 423
gives to her m. what he steals *f* 425
Mindful-m. not of herself.....*d* 220
Mine-mine shall, like my sonl..*c* 64
no Indian mine can buy.....*j* 67
to choose and call thee mine..*e* 450
'twas m., 'tis his, and has*...*r* 387
is none of mine.....*i* 276
what thou art is mine*.....*i* 257
this hand and that is mine*..*b* 258
thy exhaustless mine.....*q* 261
God is thy law, thou mine...*y* 203
his will; it is mine.... .....*l* 407
honrs were thine and mine..*m* 433
Minerva-wise M's only fowl....*j* 29
stalks with Minerva's step...*d* 457
Mingle-m. in the filthy fray....*q* 359
familiar mingle here like ....*e* 184
natures to m, with our own..*m* 413
Mingled-been m. into one.....*q* 279
melted and m. together.....*h* 411
are m's of fate*.....*t* 119
Minister-a m., but still a man.*f* 254
do make their minister*.....*d* 460
all are but m's of love.....*n* 240
never has any minister.....*t* 316
bleed gold for ministers.....*c* 468
must minister to himself*...*d* 310
canst thon not minister*....*d* 310
Minnows-m's sporting in the..*b* 142
this Triton of the minnows* *r* 498
Minstrel-no minstrel needs....*r* 284
hear the m. play and.....*i* 447
m's on their airy harps.....*h* 440
Minstrelsy-brayed with m.*..*o* 264
Mint-from the m. walks forth..*a* 337
m. of phrases in his brain*..*m* 414
Minuet-to the m. in Ariadne..*i* 500
Minute-even in a minute*....*b* 248
every minute now*.....*bb* 306
minntes and charging them *f* 424
see the m's how they run*.. *l* 426
what damned minutes tells* *o* 215
like the watchful m's to the* *i* 220
Miracle-thy life's a miracle*..*v* 235
believer is God's miracle....*l* 266
when miracles have by*....*m* 266
miracles are ceas'd*.....*n* 266
what is a miracle.....*o* 266
Mire-were it made ont of mire *x* 241
ne'er left man i' the mire*..*r* 461
Mirror-as 'twere, the mirror*.*n* 286
thou glorious mirror .....*a* 323
Mirth-m. cannot move a soul*..*aa* 7
glorious grief and solemn m.*m* 57
with mirth in funeral*.....*l* 88
blood inclined to mirth*.....*t* 359
mirth fate turns to sndden*..*t* 397
mirth can into folly glide...*aa* 162
with mirth to lighten duty..*m* 378
m., admit me of thy crew...*h* 264
limit of becoming mirth*....*j* 264
let's be red with mirth*.....*l* 264
be large in mirth*.....*n* 264
to mirth and merriment*...*p* 264
he is all mirth*.....*q* 264
usual manager of mirth*...*w* 264
songs of sadness and of m...*r* 385
with mirth and laughter*...*a* 265
to festive mirth.....*b* 265
fading moments mirth*.....*u* 248
they that love m. let them...*v* 266
mirth can into folly glide...*u* 362
oh, mirth, and innocence.. ...*o* 190
the m. whereof so larded*...*k* 310
waned in its mirth.....*r* 392
onr usnal manager of m.*...*w* 355
Missapplied-vice, being m.*..*o* 455
Miscellanist-m's are the most *b* 306
Mischance-bear ng all m.....*r* 408
Mischief-every deed of m.....*l* 48
sees the m's that are past...*a* 162
Satan finds some m. still....*s* 205
no greater m. could be.....*i* 215
let them call it mischief.....*h* 493
what m. might he set*.....*c* 211
execnte any mischief. .....*p* 266
mischief thou art a-foot*....*q* 266
O mis hief! thou art swift*.*r* 266
there's m. in this man*..... *s* 266
to mourn a mischief.....* *t* 266
next way to draw new m. on* *t* 266
mischiefs and mishaps.....*h* 311
m's might be set abroach*..*p* 324
signs of coming mischief....*u* 347
who do you the most m.....*x* 493

Mischievous-as his kind grow* b 44
Misdeed-more unfortunate m...k 1
Miser-of miser's treasures.....w 16
'tis strange the miser should.b 17
decrepit miser; base*.....c 17
m. filling his most hoarded.n 216
'twixt a m. and his wealth..v 496
in which the m. becomes...k 311
miser who always wants....f 424
Miserable-fool who is not m..v 163
O yet more miserable.....b 267
m. have no other medicine*.u 201
what's more m. than*.....r 187
to be weak is miserable.....c 462
Miserere-miserere Domine....q 313
Misery-covets less than m.*....d 89
kills himself to 'void misery.n 73
m. makes sport to mock*....f 267
thus misery doth part*.....h 267
to misery (all he had) a tear..i 413
body round engirt with m.*.r 187
sharp misery had*.....g 310
what splendid misery.....g 463
shame and m. not to learn ..a 444
world is full of guilt and m..c 432
how deep my misery is.....k 315
half our m. from our foibles.d 380
the worst of misery.....x 266
many real miseries in life...g 266
the child of misery.....a 267
sharp m. had worn him*....d 267
so perfect is their misery....i 214
it is to bear the miseries.....j 367
'tis then delightful misery ..s 215
misery acquaints a man*....e 267
to avoid misery, fears it ....y 408
joy when m. is at hand... ..u 186
Misfortune-misfortune to die...l 80
source of every misfortune..g 122
swift of foot misfortune is..k 267
m's are more supportable..m 267
with me in sour m's book*..t 267
bear another's m. perfectly..p 267
m. had conquered her.....x 267
Mishap-dreaming of any m...u 152
comes oft no small mishap..q 362
mischiefs and mishaps.....h 311
Mislead-than m. our sense....g 300
Misled-most have been m.....n 101
misled and lonely traveller..q 288
Mislike-if thou mislike him...k 317
Misnamed-the things m.....g 389
Misquote-of learning to m.....o 75
Miss-'tis a pain that pain to m.a 241
may miss our name*.....n 387
Missed-not m. by any that....b 357
Mission-life is a mission.....n 233
mission constitutes a pledge.u 98
the few who have a mission.o 309
Mist-the rain to m. and cloud..t 45
each other in the mist.....q 57
mists enfolded me with soft..o 89
mist and a weeping rain ....e 118
as the mist resembles rain...l 369
through such a m. dost show.h 321
mist is dispell'd when a.....j 474
blinding mist came down...k 422
through earth's dull mist....a 336
rose in a m. when his race..q 411
no mist obscures.....c 290
dim with the mist of years..i 342
light crimson mist went up..l 410
eye shall pierce the mists...m 425
Mistake-never making a m....m 94
you lie—under a mistake*...g 105
at the cost of mistakes.....n 107
m's remember'd are not.....c 165
the bottom of all great m's..v 346
m's themselves are often....b 304
Mistletoe-the m. hung in the..d 57
moss and baleful mistletoe..d 433
Mistress-m. of the shade.....l 29
the moon, their mistress.....f 78
are mistress o' the feast*.....u 35
lily, that once was mistress* n 145
thou my mistress shalt be...i 153
mistress of the night.....f 158
from a mistress than a weed.d 321
court a mistress, she denies.i 479
m. dear his hopes convey....e 450
Mistrusted-vicious to have m.* c 125
Mistrustful-to rest m.*.....w 73
Misty-old autumn in the m...o 375
the misty mountain tops*...x 277
Misuse-who first misuse.....w 231
Mix-can truly m. with neither.e 257
Mixture-can any mortal m....j 282
m's of more happy days .. o 190
Moan-rocks moan wildly as it..f 90
look into your moan*.....y 247
why does the sea moan.....q 323
a moan, a sigh.....o 278
send a hollow moan.....q 404
the sweet moan of pity.....k 301
wind here sighs and moans..j 440
Moaned-moaned sadly on.....o 273
Moaning-makes mysterious m.s 466
I love that moaning music..j 466
good-bye to the bar and its m.d 483
Mob-mob of peasants, nobles.q 181
worst of realities—mob rule.c 183
the mob of gentlemen.....h 306
Mobility-is called mobility....s 451
Moccasin-the Indian's m.....m 147
Mock-my achievements m. me*.g 3
do not mock me*.....i 7
did mock sad fools*.....o 97
mock the cry that she.....d 29
mock him outright, by day..c 29
by the mock crown torn.....c 31
mock the hyacinthine bell..b 110
mock the time with fairest*.z 204
mock my hopes no more....j 221
doth m. the meat it feeds on*.o 215
and mock you with me*.....y 247
sport to mock itself*.....f 267
nor will we mock thee.....b 270
m's the tear it forced to flow.t 449
Mocked-m. with a crown of*...f 31
mocked thee for too much*...u 77
who'd be so m. with glory*..g 179
as if he mock'd himself*....g 393
Mockery-what m. will it be*..c 259
from hence the m. of life...d 259
mail in monumental m.*....b 332
Mocking-m. winds are piping.c 477
a pretty m. of the life.....ii 497
smile, mocking the sigh*....e 393
Mocking-bird-m-b., wildest....g 27
Mode-for modes of faith let....d 358
Model-models to be wrought...i 13
draw anew the model*.....d 44
men the models.....x 185
little m. the master wrought.k 381
Moderate-to m. their haste....y 267
be moderate, be moderate*..b 268
how can I moderate it*.....b 268
Moderation-m. is the silken...a 268
tell you me of moderation*.b 268
winds that never m.....l 466
Modern-m. ladies call polite...y 414
Modest-m. as morning when*..t 35
m. looks the cottage might..i 150
m., crimson-tipp'd flower...k 139
it was a modest flower.....k 166
m. stillness and humility*..c 331
modest, lowly violet.....s 159
loving, modest pair.....p 239
modest men are dumb.....t 263
Modesty-your point with m...m 68
in pure and vestal m.*.....b 222
with modesty again*.....i 203
follow your natural modesty.h 454
modesty is to merit.....d 268
modesty is that feeling.....e 268
thy modesty's a candle.....i 268
that m. may more betray*...k 268
o'er the bounds of modesty*.m 268
downcast m. conceal'd.....n 268
he who obeys with m.....g 292
Moiety-robb'st me of a m.*...n 187
Moist-hardly m's the field....w 351
Moistened-and clamour m.*...x 416
Moisture-m. from your golden..a 147
let all their moisture flow ...j 352
Mole-hill-m-h. large and round.n 33
Moloch-like to incarnate M's..d 448
Moly-and sweet is moly.....d 131
Moment-O m. sped too soon...p 78
pay no moment, but in.....w 487
sad moments of her pain....g 422
leave the dead moments to..a 425
a m. from tears to laughter..l 103
there are moments in life...i 122
vision of a moment made...r 255
there are m's when silence..f 383
improve each moment.....q 278
moments or our years.....l 236
a prince, the moment he....p 368
no means, no m. unemploy'd.c 181
happiest m. of my life.....k 320
moments make the year.....v 442
make an eternity of m's.....h 326
when, moment on moment..q 326
always some good moments.c 449
the golden moments fly.....h 324
flowering m's of the mind..k 400
Monarch-fur that warms a m..u 12
m's are too poor to buy.....g 260
Mont Blanc is the monarch..o 279
bright day, like a tired m..k 411
within a monarch's heart*...c 211
the monarch of the brook...d 124
m's seldom sigh in vain.....o 367
gallant monarch is in arms..e 368
gates of m's are arched.....f 368
the monarch of a shed.....w 197
m. of the universal earth*...x 199
living, m. of the wood.....l 438
Eastern m's show their.....f 322
within a monarch's heart*..p 324
monarch of all I survey.....w 394
it becomes the throned m.*.j 263

Monarchy–trappings of a m...b 367
Monday–a Saturday and M....b 369
Money–curse that m. may buy*.c 88
get money, money still.....u 95
m. will buy money's worth.tt 114
as an old man loves money*.l 248
and man made money.....f 348
part with it as with money.w 487
money was made not to.....o 268
m. not a contemptible stone.p 268
m. brings honor, friends....s 268
glad you have the money*...t 268
fill thy purse with money*..v 268
m. is a good soldier, sir*...w 268
he lends out m. gratis, and*.g 192
ready m. is Aladdin's lamp..f 462
not m., but the love of m...h 462
if money go before*.....t 462
so money comes withal*.....c 463
so much m. as 'twill bring..j 485
they are the money of fools..e 481
Money-bag–dreams of m-b's*..k 412
Monger–meter ballad-m's*.....k 17
Monitor–m. of fleeting years...p 156
Monk–m., scarce known beyond.b 72
the devil a monk would be...d 93
dwell in a monk.....s 454
Monotone–m. deep and clear...o 33
Monsieur–comes M. le Beau*..k 306
Monster–poor credulous m.*....s 73
O thou monster ignorance*..o 206
vice is a m. of so frightful...e 452
blnnt m. with uncounted*..x 368
a monster of iniquity.....d 458
that monster, custom*.....x 454
the monsters of the deep....a 323
monster of ingratitudes*....v 426
Monstrous–O m.! but one half*g 214
is it not monstrous*.....m 294
Month–this is the m., and.....j 57
month after month the.....o 69
a little month .....u 476
hail to the month.....a 274
except the second month...a 269
the first m. in the year.....e 269
wild, stormy, month.....k 269
three crabbed months* .....b 249
Monument–m. of vanished....m 37
but monuments of death.....r 85
family's old monument*....i 104
monument becomes a ruin..w 253
thine own fair monument..g 213
let m's and rich fabricks....g 274
extend our memories by m.h 274
m's themselves memorials..i 274
a rich monument is one.....j 274
built thyself a life-long m...l 115
patience on a monument*..k 274
shall have a living m.*.....l 274
m. more lasting than brass.m 274
shall live no longer in m*...e 262
monuments shall last.....b 456
he fill up one monument*...j 174
m's thereof are kept.....s 260
her sense but as a m.*.....f 391
Monumental–as m. alabaster*..x 18
mail in m. mockery*.....b 332
Mood–time, in pleasant m.....u 52
in any shape, in any mood...g 80
m. will give us anything*..y 165
unused to the melting m.*..q 416
put thy harsher m. aside...m 398
Moody–mnsic, moody food*...j 283
Moon–on the horns o' the m.*..g 14
thou wistful moon, make....l 28
the moon glimmers down ...u 36
moon will wax, the moon....t 45
a dog, and bay the moon*....g 65
the man i' the moon*.....s 73
the moon is hid.....q 57
my old m's and my new m's.n 78
the moon, their mistress.....f 78
night that no m. shall break..h 83
midnight m. looks sombred..f 25
to the red rising moon.....c 28
moon no planet is of mine*..j 64
at the bidding of the moon..n 422
maids who love the moon...e 106
kill the envious moon*.....s 103
when the moon begins her..w 105
the slow moon climbs .....h 106
the m., oppress'd with love's.h 161
the m. shines at full or no..c 162
on fishing up the moon.....r 162
whole twelve m's together..d 148
course of one revolving m...l 122
rode brightest till the moon.j 411
but one short moon to live..m 273
doth the moon care for.....n 274
the moon pull'd off her veil.o 274
I saw the man in the moon.p 274
the moon's fair image.....q 274
such a slender moon.....a 275
magic moon is breaking....b 275
it is the harvest moon .....e 275
shines the moon.....d 275
the moon was pallid .....f 275
the rising moon is hid.....g 275
the moon slow rising.....h 275
behold the wand'ring moon.k 275
m., sweet regent of the sky..j 275
the moon presides.....l 275
m. was made of green cheese.o 275
the white moon .....p 275
good even, fair moon .....r 275
dear m., now show to me....r 275
the auld moon in her arm...s 275
the new moon yestereen....s 275
m. is in her summer glow...t 275
very error of the moon*.....b 276
the moon of Rome*.....c 276
the moon, the governess*....d 276
the young moon has fed.....f 276
O moon, thou climb'st.....g 276
the crimson moon.....k 276
broad and golden moon.....l 276
the m. doth with delight ....e 208
O, swear not by the moon*..q 208
great white m. soars high...d 152
the moon above the tops....x 287
silently, the little moon .....j 288
m. look'd forth, as tho' in..m 288
the moon shines bright* ...w 289
m's unclouded grandeur....b 290
wane like the weary moon..m 238
when the m. was setting....e 270
pale-fac'd m. looks bloody*..m 460
and scann'd the moon*.....v 246
nor shines the silver moon*.h 248
moon's an arrant thief*.....a 419
the moon into salt tears*...a 419
from the pale-fac'd moon*..d 200
five m's were seen to-night*j 297
virtue nnder the moon*...m 310
man in the moon.....f 464
stars burn, the m's increase.c 392
the moon's eclipse*.....l 441
beneath the wan cold moon.j 441
Moon-bright–m-b. scenery....b 289
Moonlight–or by m. skies.....j 59
visit it by the pale m.....l 366
how sweet the moonlight*..a 276
sittest in the m. there.....n 242
clusters of blossomed m....g 434
by m. at her window sung*.d 386
Moonrise–m. wakes the.....m 28
Moon-strnck–m-s. madness....d 260
Moor–wails on the moor.....u 33
on these radiant moors.....u 100
falls on the moor.....i 273
gray slopes, and stony m's..s 467
Moral–a moral, sensible and....a 73
to point a m., or adorn a tale.d 115
moral to the feeling heart...k 135
m's holds which Milton held.r 167
some moral let it teach.....b 294
make men moral, good.....b 299
m. when he shall endure*..aa 328
it mends their morals.....v 303
m. system of the universe..o 276
Moralist–rustic m. to die.....d 104
Morality–make m. impossible.l 465
unawares morality expires..g 358
morality is the object of....m 276
m., when vigorously alive..n 276
morality without religion...p 276
More–angels could do no more..m 1
who dares do more, is none*.n 72
I still should long for more..p 89
God is more there than thon.d 364
more thon stir it the worse..q 490
how much m. doth beauty*.n 335
more I'll adore you.....j 463
Morn–to his bridal morn.....v 97
and this the happy morn....j 57
m. not waking till she sings..p 25
lark, the herald of the morn*.g 26
messenger of morn.....n 26
salutation to the morn*.....d 23
I heard from morn to morn..n 33
the dappled morn.....i 53
that knows not morn.....aa 85
beauteous eyelids of the m...j 16
one morn a Peri at the gate..e 260
the morn! she is the source.g 277
morn on the monntain.....m 277
far in the east the morn.....r 277
the grey-ey'd morn smiles*.d 278
the morn is bright and gray*.e 278
morn in the white wake.....j 278
rise, happy morn.....k 278
meek-eyed morn appears...m 278
wet with tears of the first m.d 137
the morn is np again.....t 276
blessed m. has come again..h 277
rich unfolding morn.....i 277
morn, wak'd by the circling.o 277
sweet is the breath of morn.p 277
m. in rnsset mantle clad*...w 277
red morn began to blossom.a 153
m. leaves for the ardent noon.u 154
old autumn in the misty m.o 375
do mislead the morn*.....x 221

morn risen on mid-noon...f 229
m. upon the horizon's verge.d 231
I came at morn.....k 234
imagined morns before.....v 240
night that had no morn.....c 289
led by morn, with dewy feet.h 410
golden sun salutes the m.*..n 410
m. the marshalling in arms.e 457
on the pinions of the morn.v 420
morn of toil, nor night.....r 311
flood may pour from morn..b 352
fair laughs the morn.....o 488
tresses to the morn..... ...a 143
the roseate morn displays...q 149
mischievous m., that smites.v 149
Morning-as clear as m. roses*..c 19
wakes the morning* .....h 26
morning, when my waking..k 31
vault high-domed of m..... e 32
modest as morning*.....t 35
morning shows the day.....e 55
m. steals upon the night*.....j 78
which the m. climbs to find...p 78
go forth at morning's birth..e 277
beautiful is morning.....s 277
m., faintly touched with....u 277
wake of the morning star....j 278
primrose-eyes each m. opc...i 131
still place the m. wept.....e 139
now the bright morning star n 271
a fine morning.....j 277
see how the morning opes*..y 277
m. paints the orient skies....t 153
the day has no morning.....a 376
morning comes and goes.....q 129
the m. pouring everywhere..k 277
still the m. of the hallow'd...c 369
before the morning break....v 240
sons of morning sung.....o 282
m. planet gilds her horns...u 402
light of the morning gild.....s 124
'tis almost morning*.....t 248
never morning wore.....i 267
and did he not, each m.....b 320
come in the morning.....j 463
of morning to climb.....o 446
morning is flinging a magic.h 450
awake ! the m. shines.....g 436
I awoke one m. and found...d 114
the morning lowers.....b 117
every morning she displays.g 147
rose the morning to bring...r 276
at morning sung.....l 317
m., what thou hast to do....f 356
with the m. cool reflections.h 356
m. of life is like the dawn...h 486
Morning-glory-sturdy m-g....n 147
the m-g's blossoming.....o 147
Morning-star-day's Narbinger*v 402
Morrow-part of their good m..l 491
the morrow was a bright....m 272
night for the morrow.....f 500
country does this morrow...e 429
'tis so far fetched, this m....e 429
Mortal-of m's happiest he.....e 66
'tis not for mortals always....n 34
thou could'st mortal be.....i 86
mortal, to cut it off*.....w 94
he raised a m, to the skies...v 209
shuffled off this mortal coil*.q 391
are m's urg'd thro' sacred....d 343
which of ye will be mortal....a 356
feelings are to mortals given.k 122
and know the mortal.....i 252
mortal but themselves.....t 278
how little mortals know.....e 228
amongst my brethren m.*...k 286
love guides the mortal.....h 245
movement m's feel is hope..l 200
smile away my m. to divine.j 360
Mortality-nor greatness in m*..j 42
cannot hold mortalities*.....e 85
meet m. my sentence.....w 90
my frail mortality to know*.u 166
nothing serious in m.*.....s 278
I've shook off old mortality.u 319
claspest the limits of m.....l 427
m's too weak to bear them..u 216
Mortgage-m. his injustice.....s 122
Mortification-to die of m.....g 451
Mortise-in the m's according..a 302
Mosaic-leaves their rich m's...j 273
ye bright mosaics.....x 130
Moses-bending like Moses'....h 134
Moslem-on the M's ottoman..q 320
Moss-and gathered flowers.....a 31
the moss to form her nest....n 33
m's of yonder shadowy height.v 41
rolling stone gathers no moss.p 45
with moss and mould.....c 143
with golden moss.....v 143
m. and ivy's darker green...c 150
flowers amid the dripping m.t 159
bind the moss in leafy nets..z 159
through winter's moss.....r 373
moss and baleful mistletoe*.d 433
drowse on the crisp, gray m.a 436
the moss his bed.....q 395
m's creep to her dancing feet.i 127
green moss shines with icy..f 378
here are cool mosses deep...c 226
mosses grow on these rocks..s 195
moss o'er the gravel spread..l 437
the gray m. marred his rine.h 439
Mossy-the mossy garden-ways.r 150
violet by its mossy stone....s 131
sweet from the green mossy.v 461
Most-but yours gives most.....l 34
Mote-gay m's that people the.p 212
blame the mote that dims..u 217
motes of thought.....j 480
Moth-not a moth with vain.....l 60
m's that eat an honest name.t 387
what gained we, little moth.c 212
moths, are ever.....e 252
moths around a taper.....a 401
you night m's that hover...a 441
desire of the m. for the star..f 500
the young moth flutters by..f 150
Mother-rest on their m's breast.u 59
as in my mother's lap.....w 90
poverty is the m. of crimes..u 74
what the mothers are.....y 54
against their mothers.... .. t 54
and no dear mother.....o 90
Eve, our credulous mother..x 166
a man before thy mother...q 252
mother may forget the child.n 260
mother of dews.....m 278
mother, O mother, my heart.a 279
the mournful mother keeps.b 279
a mother is a mother still...c 279
a mother's heart.....d 279
the aged m. to her daughter.e 279
that is the mother.....g 279
to m's what a holy charge...i 279
happy he with such a m....j 279
children of one m., even love.x 201
m. of your devotion to me..a 206
ignorance is the mother of..s 206
my m. made me a painter...q 222
my m. came into mine eyes*k 416
water is the m. of the vine..p 461
m. of arts and eloquence....o 494
pine is the m. of legends....k 440
mothers from their children.q 388
maids must be wives, and m's.r 474
Mother-wit-or art could work.cc 306
Motion-in its very m. there. ..a 60
end motion here* .....l 91
the motion of my hand.....c 317
breaks the spring and m....p 392
four in wondrous motion*...j 297
motion of a hidden fire.....t 344
a third interprets motions..a 360
joint and m. of her body*...t 476
all his m's trace.....f 157
m. of sweet sound and.....k 161
ever restless motion .....e 271
so we change ; motion so...l 370
moves with pcaceful motion.q 274
motion nor sound was there.l 377
thought, and look, and m. ..c 380
his m., like an angel, sings* k 403
O heart, with kindliest m...e 175
on the motions of the north m 409
chime of restless motion....l 323
Motionless-falter through m...k 376
m. the sleeping shadows....o 330
m. for ever stands the past..v 425
Motive-ten thousand m's to...e 370
is the want of motive.....l 279
interested m's if they can...n 168
m's of their actions are.....m 361
motive that lieth below.....n 217
had he the motive and.....s 294
Motley-m's the only wear*....j 163
Motley-minded-the motley.*..o 463
Motto-its motto, courage and..j 269
the motto of all quarrels .....c 68
Mould-cast into the noble m..k 290
now take the mould.....v 316
becomes a living mould....m 318
be of vulgar mould.....v 300
who is firm in will moulds..m 465
to mould a mighty state's...q 319
the cool, damp mould.....g 161
mixture of earth mould.....j 282
upon its grassy mould.....o 272
mould of man's fortune.....i 165
anew her being moulds.....p 241
will this perishing m.....x 241
Moulded-out of faults.....m 51
made and moulded of*.....m 286
berries m. on one stem*.....c 171
Moulder-piecemeal on the. ....g 41
Mount-I mount to the cause...c 43
make haste to mount.....l 28
mount o'er the vales.....u 336
m's no higher than a bird*..c 266
a mount of consecratiou....j 242
he mount's the storm, and..o 180
mighty mount Olympus....p 366

Apollo mounts his golden...h 410
winged to mount the skies.x 443
m. of God, whence light.....v 446
whether they fall or mount..t 348
Mountain-rise, by mountains...b 9
m. sheep were sweeter.....p 12
blue m's lift their brows.....o 22
waves and mountains meet ..s 70
watches from his mountain..p 24
mountains look on.....g 69
set a huge mountain.*.....k 64
gone on the mountain.....k 83
sitting on the mountain....f 106
m. gorges, do ye teach us....j 141
mantles in the m. dight.....e 138
on moory mountains catch.m 129
queen o'er mountain.....g 372
the voiceless m's.....bb 100
snow is on the mountain...a 378
white with snow each m's ..b 378
come o'er the m. with light.u 371
m's interposed make.....q 279
monarch of mountains.....o 279
watch-towers of the m's.....t 279
m's are the beginning.....v 279
see the mountains kiss .....a 280
mountains big with mines..e 226
and Cintra's m. greets.....j 364
freedom from her mountain.g 167
womb of the mountain.....l 461
sweeping o'er the m's.....f 467
streams from airy m's.....f 467
the green mountains round.c 272
blackness in the m. glen....i 377
one of the mountains.....m 456
high m's are a-feeling.....u 412
on every m. height is rest...r 361
on mountains m's lie.....n 457
howling from the m's.....b 404
fractured mountains wild...q 404
when mountains melt*.....h 467
small sands the mountain ..v 442
climb to the top of the m....o 446
gloom upon the m. lies.....g 447
m's hear the pow'rful call..v 385
chaos-like, mountains and..r 430
Mountainous-m. error be too*..z 77
Mountain-top-that freeze*.....r 312
Mountebank-unction of a m.*,s 349
Mounted-beggars m., run*.....x 19
not m. yet on his pale horse..j 82
ready mounted are they*...n 460
Mounteth-m. with occasion*...i 72
Mounting-m. in hot haste....b 457
Mourn-m's less for what age....x 7
makes countless thousands m.f 77
dies but something mourns..d 80
that always m's the dead... f 156
who thinks must mourn....i 234
m. you for him; let him be*.t 184
eternity mourns that.....t 427
mourn, little harebells.....f 126
nature m's her worshipper..e 337
Mourned-love mourn'd long..d 250
honour'd, and by strangers m.a 83
Mourner-o'er the humblest... i 415
Mournful-in m. numbers.....i 233
Mourning-and m's for the dead.s 81
Mouse-I hold a m's hert not....f 12
the mouse that hath but.....k 12
the mouse that always.....v 12
never be a m. of any soul....v 12
mouse ne'er shunn'd*.....b 13
some small nimble mouse....r 36
not a mouse shall disturb*..j 325
Mouth-shall, with full m.*....g 104
purple violets for the m.....l 137
a mouth all glowing.....c 221
could not ope his mouth ....e 414
more instrumental to the m.*g 368
in their m's to steal away*..r 214
sendeth and giveth, both m.bb 180
look a gift-horse in the m...n 178
mouths without hands.....m 311
his mouth full of news*.....k 306
cork out of thy mouth*.....u 306
speaks it, is the mouth of...x 443
he mouths a sentence.....x 324
had but one rosy mouth.....h 473
made mouths in a glass*....r 477
poor, dumb months*.....t 485
look a gift-horse in the m...w 489
Move-fall, that strive to move..h 118
wheresoe'er thou move.....cc 251
move, under the influence*..b 361
move harmonious numbers..s 420
we know not that we move..l 370
God m's in a mysterious way.p 179
looking well can't m. her....o 249
move but gently on.....y 267
if this letter m. him not.*...j 316
have been known to move*.aa 498
hand which m's the world..w 345
she moves a goddess.....e 476
she moves no queen.....e 478
Moved-he has m. a little nearer.o 312
he m. exulting in his fires...h 409
intervals of rest m. not.....m 392
Movement-m. mortals feel is..l 200
his form and movement.....l 311
m's of this nice machine... p 392
a hundred m's made.....k 254
Mover-the m's of the world, so..i 39
Movest-thou thyself m. alone..n 409
Moving-push on—keep m....bb 331
on golden hinges moving....t 193
spread ensigns moving.....n 124
Much-much may be said on....h 14
too much of a good thing*....t 89
does not have too much of it.v 295
pay too m. for your whistle.g 462
but 'tis how much*.....k 300
if I could say how much*....r 383
so many worlds, so m. to do.w 484
too much of a good thing ...r 490
Muck-too discreet to run a m..b 370
Mud-on Nilus mud lay me*.....d 1
Muddy-m., ill-seeming, thick* r 476
Mulberry-tree-is of trees.....i 438
highest, upon the m-t.....i 438
Multiplied-with theirs the.....j 309
Multiply-their originals.....l 297
Multitude-admiring enter'd.. v 193
the multitude is always.....w 104
to and fro, as this m.*.....p 122
not in the m. of friends.....q 169
fair m. of those her hairs*...t 189
for the m. to be ingrateful*.u 210
discordant wavering m.*... x 368
many-headed multitude.....l 500
the hasty m. admiring.....l 296
Mummied-the m. authors.....e 230
Munching-the grasses.....i 402
Munich-wave M.! all thy.....h 457
Murder-I can smile, and m*...k 88
murther in mine eye*.....q 110
one murder made a villain...f 280
mordre wol out, that seene..c 280
m. may pass unpunish'd ...d 280
murder, like talent, seems..e 280
m's have been perform'd*...g 280
twenty mortal murders on*.g 280
murder most foul, as in*....k 280
murder, though it have*....l 280
thou shalt do no murder*....n 280
is murder by the law.....r 280
to m. thousands takes.....r 280
stab and raise no cry of m..b 192
treason, and murder, ever*. y 431
Macbeth does m. sleep*.....a 391
talk of murders*.....j 459
Ez fer war, I call it murder.b 458
shonld m. sanctuarize*.....c 498
who m's time, he crushes..m 428
Murdered-kill'd, all m.*.....w 367
Murderer-I hate the m.*.....t 62
two such m's as yourself*...i 333
Mure-hath wrought the m.*...r 42
open m's own their loves ....t 23
Murmur-as for m's, mother.....t 4
murmurs, as thou slowly...b 213
and streams, the shallow m.e 327
nor murmur at the load.....k 328
the murmur that springs...y 399
a m. as of water from skies..f 374
in hollow m's died away....k 281
the rudest murmurs.....o 353
m's near the running .....d 338
pearly shell that murmurs.b 339
m's, feel their discontents...j 367
Murmuring-born of m. sound .n 19
beside the m. Loire .....a 365
Muscle-the motion of a muscle..t 3
the muscles and the bones..o 297
Muse-M. first trod the stage...d 294
m's still were in their.....d 336
his chaste muse employed..n 336
with whom my m. began....t 336
m. imparts, in fearless youth.u 336
m., who sought me when...n 337
m. invoked, sit down to.....p 337
at last the muse rose.....g 364
where stray ye, muses .....r 365
tamp'ring with a muse....q 338
for a muse of fire*. .....f 340
to the muses' bowers.....g 287
by the muse he lov'd .....o 319
by turns the muses sing ....e 437
every muse attend her .....h 357
room to muse invite... ... h 300
Music-fled is that music. .....t 27
floods of delirious music ...g 27
thy music doth surpass.....m 26
m. at his heart had called....o 26
full soul of all its music.....n 27
music, but our passing bell ..r 85
from each hill let music.....e 22
music of the brook silenced..a 42
his very foot has music in 't. r 49
music playing far off* .....u 11
soft the m. of those village...t 20
the music at night .....y 100
music in its roar .....a 334

with such stirring m. fills...k 31
are m. for his banquet.....e 80
m. sweeter than their own..d 338
music is the poor man's ....u 338
and natural close like m.*...g 183
poetry is the m. of the soul..m 340
the music of the sea.....i 288
do chime, 'tis angel's m ....d 369
music to the lonely ear.....s 105
music so delicate, soft and..b 143
in sweetness, not in music..n 161
music, sweet music.....e 150
like the warbling of music..k 125
m. through woods sweetly.j 371
the still, sad m. of humanity.u 202
without poetry, m. and art..i 302
m. in the stirring wind.....x 465
I love that moaning music..j 466
their music is no more.....o 433
m. dost from them receive..c 434
woman and music should..n 492
render'd you in music* ....e 325
lovely woman is like music.c 474
ceasing of exquisite music..a 475
rush of blossoms and music.l 372
'tis all the m. of the wind...b 281
music arose with its.....d 281
music in the sighing.....f 281
music in the gushing.....f 281
there's music in all things..f 281
hears thy stormy music.....g 281
music is well said to be.....h 281
nature being everywhere m.i 281
when m., heavenly maid...m 281
m. hath charms to soothe...n 281
music sweeps by me as.....p 281
does not find relief in music.q 281
thunders melt in music.....s 281
music may be divine .....v 281
m. was a thing of the soul..w 281
music's golden tongue.....y 281
spirit of music is near them.a 282
music is in all growing.....c 282
great music is the art.....d 282
oh secret m., sacred tongue.e 282
m. is the universal language.f 282
m. is the prophet's art.....i 282
such music as, 'tis said.....o 282
and music too—dear music..s 282
music! O how faint.....t 282
the soul of music shed.....u 282
music of a dream.....s 282
the mighty music tide.....v 282
sweet music breathes.....v 282
but the music there.....w 282
by music minds an equal....a 283
music, broken and uneven..d 283
music resembles poetry.....e 283
music the fiercest grief.....f 283
music can soften pain.....f 283
the soul of music slumbers..h 283
draw her home with music*.i 283
give me some music*.....j 283
let the sounds of music*.....l 283
am advised to give her m.*.m 283
when I hear sweet music*...n 283
if music be the food of love*.o 283
most excellent music*.....p 283
let music sound while he*..q 283
will whisper music*.....r 283
music crept by me upon*...s 283
music do I hear*.....t 283
how sour sweet music.....t 283
m. oft hath such a charm*...u 283
one who the music*.....v 283
why music was ordain'd*...x 283
choicest m. of the kingdom*.z 283
man that hath no music*..aa 283
the music of the spheres*...a 284
wilt thou have music*.....b 284
music when soft voices die..c 284
musick! soft charm of heav'n d 284
m. revives the recollections.f 284
will make the music mute..g 284
m. of the woodland depths..h 272
m. religious heat inspires...s 280
celestial m. thrilled the air..t 280
music tells no truths.....u 280
waste their m. on the savage g 226
m. that brings sweet sleep..h 284
m. that gentlier on the spiri i 284
soft is the m. that would....l 284
the m. in my heart I bore ..m 284
where music dwells.....n 284
listen to the m. of the sea...p 402
the setting sun, and music*.o 411
temptation hath a music....p 418
m. from ideal thought .....p 419
song, a m. of God's making..a 193
meaning to make such m...f 195
there is no music*.....b 246
softest m. to attending ears*.t 246
the one has music.....a 236
there is m. in the beauty....h 239
music without bars.....l 239
shrill music reach'd them...c 264
m. breathing from her face..j 265
music of a summer bird.....e 456
music in its roar.....t 322
while music flows around..m 359
and natural close, like m.*...g 183
architecture is frozen music.b 297
m. in itself, whose sounds..b 396
consoling, m. for the joys...n 396
what laughter and what m...j 429
their m. seemed to start.....q 385
comes, with m. of all sorts*.x 385
Musical-most musical most....e 28
m. as is Apollo's lute.....l 332
as sweet, and musical*.....s 245
Shakespeare and the m.....j 492
silence more m. than any....l 383
Music-club-a m-c. and music..b 59
Musician-no better a m. than*.n 28
singing birds, musicians*...f 51
Musing-there an hour alone....g 69
a state of musing.....i 103
with a serious m. I behold..g 147
Musk-of the roses blown.....w 161
Must-I do but sing because I m.b 27
thing which must be.....v 98
we are what we must.....j 118
we are now so must you be.k 232
must we part.....y 326
Mustard-piece of beef and m.*n 100
Muster-would m. many a score.p 89
take a muster speedily*.....j 72
Mutation-m's make us hate*..t 484
Mute-m., spoke loud the doer..y 88
mute the choral antiphon...n 375
sweetest sounds, yet mute..a 124
m., and will not speak a*...m 477
say, she be mute, and*.....o 102
mute is the voice of rural...c 369
now hangs as m. on Tara's..u 282
there, save death, was mute.c 457
hear his sighs though mute.g 344
where nature is mute in the.l 421
which hath been mute.....x 382
Mutely-answer m. for them...c 244
Mutiny-that m's in a man's*...g 62
Mutton-as flesh of m's, beefs*.y 496
Mutual-but m. wants this....g 191
Myriad-closer on the m's.....t 159
m. scattered stars break.....t 403
purple m's of her race.....i 438
Myrrh-the mirrhe sweete.....j 433
what drops the myrrh.....g 436
Myrtle-m. which means.....p 147
in the open air our myrtles..q 147
a graceful m. rear'd its head..r 147
m. now idly entwin'd.....s 147
baskets overheaped with m..t 147
stir, the myrtle thicket.....h 373
od'rous m. to the noisome...a 226
myrtle mixed in my path....c 126
wreaths of brightest myrtle.o 129
with the m. on thy wing....c 270
than the soft myrtle*.....a 349
Myself-I will be lord over m...g 379
I to m. am dearer than a*....s 379
you give away myself*.....b 258
save I myself alone.....t 261
but I lose myself in Him .....x 180
were for myself*.....c 325
not if I know myself.....l 493
than when with myself.....h 395
Mysterious-unknown.....j 407
God moves in a m. way.....p 179
makes m. moanings.....s 466
with deep m. accords.....j 354
Mystery-of mysteries.....f 40
Lucifer, the son of mystery...s 92
grandest of all mysteries.....z 111
the whole creation is a m.....s 252
mystery's counterpart.....a 256
mantled with mysteries.....n 376
are full of floating m's.....n 376
explains all m's except.....h 363
that mountain mystery.....u 314
all the rest is mystery.....r 315
m. such as is given of God..m 358
the mystery of folded sleep..d 392
that great m. of time.....j 423
Mystic-its m. splendor rests..e 275
perform their m. rounds.....j 441
you may find a m. flower...d 158
of such a mystic substance..h 255
mighty, m. stream has.....j 365
m. spell, written in blood...h 488
Mystical-life gives me m. lore....p 5

N.

Naiad-like lily of the vale.....f 146
Nail-pin, or fabricate a nail.....r 9
nail to the mast her.....o 70
as nail in door*.....h 85
coffin adds a nail no doubt...b 43
nail by strength drives out*.b 208
Naked-all from heav'n stark-n.c 339
n. earth crouched shuddering l 377
but n., though lock'd up*...v 219
behind his scalp is naked...o 427

have left me naked.....f 251
thy naked beauties.....q 320
to lash the rascal n. through*.o 349
Nakedness-not in utter n.....q 236
Name-in man and woman.....r 50
one name above all.....n 56
to see one's name in print....a 37
a deed without a name*.....a 89
thing with dreary name.....n 80
a fading name.....b 10
gentle lights without a name.i 19
trembled at the hideous n...m 82
is good without a name*.....b 89
were happy, we had other n's*.q 46
my name is MacGregor.....e 71
poems read without a name..d 77
a name, a wretched picture..f 114
he left the name, at which..d 115
bears greatest names in his..i 115
blessed you with a good n.*.d 102
worth an age without a n...u 115
n. denoteth, passion-flower..q 148
names of their fondness.... p 164
wrote her n. upon the strand.t 164
my name be wiped out.....t 164
frailty, thy name is woman*.t 166
others' n's, but left his own.g 203
the Father gave a name.....i 140
dear God, the n. thou gavest.i 140
oh rose! who dares to n. thee.i 151
all these pretty n's are mine.r 155
calls upon my name*.....t 246
my poor name rehearse*....y 247
good or evil name depends..i 169
what is friendship bnt a n..g 173
her name is never heard.....o 284
to win a lasting name.....p 284
the n., that dwells on every.r 284
oh name forever sad.....s 284
the dickens his name is*....t 284
what is your name*.....u 284
may miss our name*.....n 387
filches from me my good n.*.r 387
moths that eat an honest n..t 387
glory, and thy name are his.k 425
o'er with names 'twere sin..u 423
he left a corsair's name.....g 490
then shall our names*.....v 284
distinguish'd but by n's*...w 284
what's in a name*,.....x 284
by any other name*.....x 284
that syllable men's names...k 414
female name unrival'd.....r 368
a name to every fixed star*..k 297
pnt their n's to the books...d 298
if his name be George*.....p 199
honor doth forget men's n's*.p 199
pledge of a deathless name..i 420
lost good n. is ne'er retriev'd.v 359
commodity of good names*..d 360
your name is great*.....g 186
know, my name is lost*.....o 431
n. remains to the ensuing*..t 431
that well-known name.....b 316
name blisters our tongues*.a 449
great is thy n. in the rubric.g 450
both mine office and my n.*.p 499
redeem thy name.....m 324
n's were to blot out the sun..s 473
a woman's highest name....l 478
call things by their names...f 468
no name to be known by*...p 468
Named-thee but to praise.....w 3
Nameless-in worthy deeds....w 202
Nankin-yonder by N., behold.x 316
Nap-to nap by daylight.....g 157
Napkin-n's in his sacred blood* a 184
Narcissus-sweet n. closed.....v 127
Narrowed-for the universe, n..t 340
Nation-the tuneful nations....n 26
nation should have a correct.m 50
corner-stone of a nation.....p 70
make the laws of a nation....i 17
this nation, under God.....m 329
the nations echo round.....g 421
world in all doth but two n's,f 484
awake the n's under ground.aa 362
nation shall not quarrel.....d 458
subdne nations.....p 458
their history in a n's eye....c 197
is the work of nations.....n 296
men the models of nations..x 185
preserves us a nation.....p 329
peace among the nations....n 330
Native-one's n. land receding..h 70
my own my native land.....k 70
my own, my native land.....c 71
though I am a native here*...y 77
things to their proper n. use.k 335
my native land—good-night.n 430
native in the single heart...o 420
head is not more native*....g 368
north gleams with its own n.s 410
Nativeness-not to dark-blue n.i 109
Nativity-n., chance or death*.m 119
hope smiled when your n...a 132
Natural-'twas n. to please.....l 183
almost the natural man*....p 314
natural alone is permanent..s 493
grace, but I do it more n.*...s 497
Naturalist-so, n's observe.....f 213
Naturally-must come n.....k 421
Nature-pitying nature signs the.c 6
nature in you stands on*.....q 7
art is the child of nature ....n 15
nature reproduced in art.....o 15
art is nature made by man...s 15
from n's temp'rate feast..... b 83
of nature's gifts thou*.....a 19
nature up to nature's God....i 20
fools who value nature.....p 22
nature's own voice.....f 25
nature's prime favourites....a 30
let nature be your teacher...m 33
same with common natures..t 48
bore in nature's quire.....o 26
let nature guide thee.....q 29
ancestors of nature.....g 47
a nature wise with.....l 49
my nature is subdued*.....h 51
nature hath framed*.....i 51
nature's own creating.....h 52
'tis their nature too.....d 68
nature hath meal and*.....h 68
tone of languid nature.....s 69
beauty was lent to nature...w 17
universal blank of n's works c 91
death which nature never....o 86
n. in him was almost lost.....t 75
nature runs back and.....u 79
the stamp of nature*.....e 78
man makes a death which n..o 86
nature equal good produce...b 46
fortress built by nature for*.m 69
nature love's to weep.....k 93
the least a death to nature*..v 84
blind nature cannot shun...j 113
nature was her guide.....i 107
stores laid up in human n...k 107
n. lies disheveled, pale.....g 141
n. doth with merit*.....m 120
quickly n. falls into revolt*.l 181
the n. of bad news infects*..x 182
nature hangs out a sign.....l 162
stood I, O n.! man alone ....p 253
great nature made us men .b 254
that n. might stand up*.....v 254
thought some of nature's*..w 254
to nature and himself.....q 255
n. that is kind in woman's..i 259
n. is the master of talent....o 177
genius is the master of n....o 177
n. in learning to form a lily.k 136
how like a prodigal doth n...o 139
n. hangs her mantle green...b 371
nature's holiday.....b 272
there's naught in n. bright...t 153
nature's noblest gift.....k 331
yet do I fear thy nature*.....j 220
man the less, but nature....a 334
spring upon the bosom of n's.q 372
loves a woman it is of n.....c 241
nature's swift and secret....n 373
nature was frozen dead.....l 377
great n's second course*....k 391
remain longer than nature..f 392
nature made a pause.....o 392
tired nature's sweet restorer q 392
most solemn things in n....r 393
nature's observatory.....l 395
wonderful sweet face of n...v 395
fit who conquered nature....z 71
massively doth awful n. pile r 382
nature's great law.....a 285
the course of nature seems..b 285
nature, too unkind.....d 285
n. is not at variance with....f 285
art is the perfection of n.....f 285
nature hath made one world.f 285
nature is the art of God.....f 285
rich with the spoils of n.....g 285
list to nature's teachings....i 285
in the love of nature holds..j 285
nature, the vicar of the.....k 285
yet to nature true.....l 285
all nature wears .....m 285
where nature is sovereign..n 285
the voice of nature cries.....o 285
n. can soothe if she cannot..p 285
wise is nature's plan.....q 285
nature with folded hands....s 285
sweet look that nature wears t 285
so nature deals with us.....u 285
O n., how fair is thy face....v 285
where n's heart beats.....w 285
accuse not n., she hath done x 285
whose body nature is.....b 286
all nature is but art.....c 286
eye nature's walks.....d 286
see plastic nature working..e 286
nature's genial glow.....f 286
diseased nature oftentimes*.g 286
how sometimes n. will.....i 286

in nature's infinite book*...j 286
n. does require her times of* k 286
nature is made better*.....l 286
an art that nature makes* ...l 286
one touch of nature*.....m 286
to her mother n. all her.....o 286
nothing in n. is unbeautiful q 286
O nature ! enrich me with ..r 286
nature is always wise .....t 286
eye of nature he has lived...u 286
nature never did betray.....v 286
nothing in n., much less....v 286
the course of nature.....a 287
I linger yet with nature.....x 287
nature hung in heaven .....q 288
is the reflection of thy n.....l 290
his nature is too noble*.....r 290
how n. paints her colours...g 436
human n's highest dower...k 312
n's sun and showers .....o 313
where art so nearly touches n. f 481
God and n. do with actors..b 484
nature feels decay.....c 378
the nature of the gods*.....n 263
'tis nature's fault alone.....s 263
nature is sinned against.....l 265
God and n. hath assigned...u 265
a n. framed for noblest.....x 266
nature paints her colours...g 129
nature seems but half alive.:i 129
the floor of nature's temple.x 130
force of n. could no further. n 335
trace the naked nature.....w 336
n. mourns her worshipper..e 337
external shows of n. have...n 412
we pine for kindred n's.....m 413
shall waken their free n.....p 413
dewdrops, nature's tears....a 415
nature's mark to know.....p 415
so long as nature will bear*. p 416
great n's second course*....p 235
God and n. met in light.....h 237
sprights have just such n's..c 401
when nature ceases, thou...r 401
wherefore did nature pour..o 451
exalts great n's favourites...c 453
nature doth nothing so great. y 455
n's sweet and kindly voices..a 458
n. is a revelation of God.....i 363
it lays the breast of n. bare..e 370
friendships are made by n..a 175
n's difference keeps all n's...g 191
by study, than by nature...g 406
radiant sun is nature's eye..j 409
circling all nature, hush'd...t 410
nature might stand up*.....a 291
studies nature's laws.....b 299
solitary side of our nature...c 356
sighing that nature formed..q 356
foster-nurse of n. is repose* .p 359
n. never sends a great man..n 185
n. and fortune join'd to*...bb 185
n. never stands still nor souls. l 188
and view the haunts of n....c 432
in his true nature*.....h 308
n. from her seat sighing....n 384
n., oppress'd and harrass'd..r 388
thy laws in nature's works..t 343
n's infinite book of secrecy*. a 348
nature is but art unknown..n 348
fair defect of nature.....n 475
n. made thee to temper man. v 475
nature, drawing of an attic*. d 477
God of n. alone, can revive..g 349
where nature is mute in the. l 421
I'll say of it, it tutors n.*....n 314
n's zeal for friendship's laws. t 315
not art but nature traced....j 440
n., hushed, assures the soul. g 441
nature no one track of light..x 444
converse with nature.....p 447
nature there's no blemish*..v 449
now all n. seem'd in love....l 450
art may err, but n. cannot..r 491
nature fits all her children. ee 493
ancestors of nature.....p 494
sad sounds are n's funeral..m 466
n. thought beauty too rich..f 494
times to repair our nature*..i 499
and nature swears.....b 473
laws wise as nature.....g 325
of opposed nature*.....p 308
the rest on nature fix.....u 490
Naught-venture, naught have..u 44
having n. else but hope.....e 201
naught shut out the soul...u 262
you could do naught.....y 442
nay doth stand for naught*. w 476
everything is naught.....n 421
Naughty-good deed in a n*...k 182
Navigator-of the ablest n's....c 313
Nay-doth stand for naught*.. w 476
I'll say her nay, and hide....a 352
Near-ever absent, ever near.....c 2
near a thousand tables pined. f 68
art far from or art n. to me..n 78
authority be near her still...n 16
too near, that comes.....f 454
how n. to good is what is fair f 182
she is near, she is near.....h 250
even-tide wander not n. it...i 441
near, so very near to God....b 358
one so near the other is.....l 449
near to their eternal home...f 428
Nearer-brought thee n. to me. q 242
wisdom is oft times nearer..q 470
nearer I cannot be.....b 358
nearer, and a broader mark. .j 398
Nearest-best things are n. him..t 34
acted on by what is nearest..s 451
Neat-still to be n., still to be..m 13
Nebula-it seems a pale, gray n. k 378
Necessary-foundations of the n. t 17
it is a necessary evil.....o 464
Necessity-can inspire with wit. b 471
n. or chance approach.....k 118
have surrendered to n.....b 253
in necessity we are free.....b 253
be hours for necessities*....i 499
necessity invented stools...m 301
necessity the tyrant's plea..g 448
empires, n. and freewill.....u 398
necessity is stronger far.....b 287
virtu of necessité.....c 287
to make a virtue of n.....d 287
stronger than necessity .....e 287
necessity, the mother of.....f 287
severe necessity.....g 287
necessity is the argument...h 287
necessity—thou best of.....i 287
necessity's sharp pinch*.....k 287
teach thy n. to reason*.....m 287
make a virtue of necessity*..n 287
n. seems to bear a divine....o 287
shall bite upon my n.* ....f 361
God, from a beautiful n....aa 180
twins his n. to glorious.... k 312
Neck-between her white wings. f 33
swan with arched neck.....f 33
arching proud his neck.....k 33
wilt needs thrust thy n.*...n 257
about his n., yet never lost*. t 257
round the neck once more ..k 221
bride about the neck*.....c 222
round a young man's neck..n 189
one n., which he with one...h 473
Nectar-smooth and slow .....h 5
bare, and vines yield nectar. u 193
draws nectar in a sieve.....r 200
vines yield nectar.....c 326
of Jove's nectar sip.....o 461
nectar that Jupiter sips.....v 461
with her n. Hebe autumn...h 376
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip...o 379
nectar, drink of gods.....e 364
the water nectar*.....d 465
Nectared-perpetual feast of n..l 332
Nedjidee-next to the fearless N. r 439
Need-when our n. was the sorest k 83
when did I not need her.....n 337
yield them to thy bitter n...b 212
he must needs go that*.....j 287
deserted at his utmost n....m 210
pity and n. make all flesh kin. r 412
who not n's shall never lack* g 171
need and oppression*.....c 267
ever but in times of need...m 311
be all the books you need....g 354
in his dearest need*.....m 448
Needful-n. for you in a book...o 39
in all things n. to be known. h 315
Needle-needle to the pole.....r 122
touched n. trembles to the..f 380
plying her n. and thread....h 225
thread the postern of a n's*..l 208
every drop hinders my n....q 415
Negative-than n. a score.....f 496
Neglect-all neglect, perforce....c 40
n. God's ancient sanctuaries a 485
Negligence-sweet n. unheeded. a 384
Negotiate-eye n. for itself*.....z 43
Neigh-high and boastful n's*. aa 12
Neighbor-his n. with himself..g 66
its neighbor to embrace.....e 286
practices it will have n's....n 453
nearer n's to ourselves ....gg 494
Neighborhood-n. of the great..e 199
Neither-neither night or day..c 447
'tis neither here nor there*. t 449
to neither a word will I say . i 474
Nelly-none so fine as Nelly....h 478
Neptune-as Neptune's park*...n 69
now Neptunes month.....k 273
will all great N's ocean*....p 280
would not flatter Neptune*. r 290
Nero-will be tainted with*....x 476
Nerve-n's shall never tremble*. w 72
my firm nerves shall never*..o 121
shake the firm nerve.....k 404
tearing my n's wi' bitter... j 303
Nerveless-from his n. frame...e 388
Nest-a n. is under way for.. j 22
little nest on the ground....s 25

thy nest, which thou .....r 26
a nest, for thy love.....t 26
boy disturbs her nest.....c 31
the building of the nest.....h 31
robin has flown to her nest ..u 33
I took the wren's nest.....b 34
downy quiet of their nest....t 23
on the ground her lowly nest.r 25
to build her humble nest....p 26
n's of budding cinnamon....m 29
n. of a pigeon is builded well.g 30
out of thy nest in the eaves..o 32
moss to form her nest .....n 33
nest with the young ones ....i 34
her nest, against the owl* ....c 34
the ground bird's hidden n..f 136
beholds it by his nest.....v 138
no birds in last year's nest.m 271
neighboorhoods of nests ....e 275
therewith each downy nest..d 411
Nestling-violet beds were n..aa 153
before new nestlings sing..d 373
Nestor-smile though N. swear*. i 51
Net-fisher droppeth his net....q 96
net of the fisher the burden .q 96
slow bending net we.....i 25
time in making nets .....e 259
bind the moss in leafy nets..z 159
Nettle-tender handed stroke a n.t 71
out of this nettle, danger*...l 498
Never-within him burn'd .....c 71
never to have loved at all....i 250
better late than never.....p 491
never say "fail" again*.....y 493
better late than never.....g 501
never less alone than when.h 395
they are never alone that....j 421
what ne'er was, nor.....r 331
never, never comes to pass..j 208
before was never made.....o 282
never dejected while .....r 413
poetry of earth is ceasing n..j 339
and never brought to mind ..j 172
will never come back to me..t 183
Nevermore-hope dead lives n..q 201
New-life itself win new .....k 31
new to something strange....r 45
presage some joyful news* ...h 97
the nature of bad n's infects*.x 182
no n's but health from their*.o 192
what's the news*.....t 198
first by whom the new.....b 123
the n. is older than the old..p 169
n's much older than their...i 414
cold news for me*.....q 267
the welcome news is in.....h 315
new leaf, new life, the days.o 433
n. loves are sweet as those..o 433
and these news*.....i 310
news from all nations.....y 305
ill news is winged.....c 306
for evil news rides post.....f 306
shall we be news-crammed*.k 306
this news, which is called*..l 306
drown'd these n's in tears*.m 306
if it be summer news*.....n 306
old news, and such news*...o 306
till thy news be uttered*....p 306
news fitting to the night*...q 306
with his horn full of news*.x 306
bringer of unwelcome news*y 306
villainous news abroad*.....z 306
good to bring bad news*...aa 306
what n's, Lord Bardolph*..bb 306
news which corrupts.....u 305
Newest-sins the n. kind of*...s 384
New Jerusalem-of the N. J.....s 74
New-spangled-ore flames.....w 492
Newspaper-office of a good n..s 305
n's always excite curiosity..e 306
four hostile newspapers.....g 306
News-writer-reach of a n-w...t 305
n-w. lies down at night.....u 305
Newton-soul of N. and of.....q 332
Next-n. to ye both I love the..r 439
in her right, the next.....s 358
Nibble-n's the fallacious meat.n 123
Nice-I am not so nice*.....j 46
more nice than wise .....f 491
Nicer-affection hateth n. hands r 215
Niche-God keeps a niche in...p 175
passing in porch and niche.g 446
Nickname-a n. a man may.....f 42
Niece-daughters or her n's....d 473
Niggard-n's of advice on no ....n 4
Night-scale thy wall by night...e 2
nights bright days when*.....g 2
lovely as a Lapland night.....w 7
the empty-vaulted night.....n 10
night before some festival*..n 13
n's ghastly glooms asunder..e 16
night's swift dragons cut*...f 16
night came on apace.....b 22
the nights are wholesome*...i 26
voice I hear this passing n...a 28
n. when the woods grow.....c 29
startle the dull night.....q 25
singeth all night*.....i 26
many a watchful night*.....t 42
night of darkness and.....e 47
of night, to blot out.....h 47
silver lining on the night....p 59
that noonday night.....g 78
in the collied night*.....h 78
night is a stealthy.....k 78
eyes in endless night .....a 81
stars from the n. and the sun.m 90
the night before Christmas...k 57
morning steals upon the n.*. j 78
shadow of a starless night....t 91
through the shade of night*..t 62
n., when evils are most free*..r 63
'tis light translateth night ...e 68
night that no moon shall.....h 83
kingdom of perpetual night*.o 84
passed a miserable night* ....l 97
spend another such a night*.l 97
hov'ring shades of night.....d 97
the night comes on that....aa 85
at night when he is gone.....k 93
blot the day and blast the n.aa 93
blissful dream, in silent n....v 96
the night is descending.....c 106
this dark and stormy night..i 113
come n., day comes at last ..q 118
the moon and the stars by n.r 145
a brilliant night of June....r 162
as the night the day*.....k 251
she shall watch all night*...r 258
in love with night.....h 275
n's gray and cloudy sheath..b 277
night is fair.....s 137
brown night retires.....l 278
n. darkens the landscape....x 169
the night has no eve.....a 376
a sound of revelry by night.cc 121
the scowl of night*.....b 195
night is without sleep.....l 405
as darker grows the night..w 200
nor night of waking.....r 311
night comes, world-jewelled..t 287
the witching hour of night.w 287
n. wears away, and morn ...v 287
two-thirds of n. are past.....v 287
most glorious night .....w 287
n. drew her sable curtain...a 288
the dread of listening n.....b 288
the witching hour of n.....f 288
trailing garment of the n....g 288
n. is calm and cloudless.....i 288
night is come, but not.....j 288
the night is holy.....k 288
quiet night, that brings.....l 288
n. with her sullen wings....p 288
sable-vested night.....r 288
n's hemisphere had veiled...s 288
the night is come.....n 288
night is the time for rest....a 289
blessed night is this.....b 289
there never was night.....c 289
the cloudy vale of night.....e 289
oh night, most beautiful.....f 289
on dreary night let lusty....g 289
a fair good night.....h 289
come gentle night*.....j 289
come, seeling night*..... k 289
dark night, that from*. .....l 289
yield day to night*.....n 289
become a borrower of the n.* o 289
middle of the night*.....p 289
whiles n's black agents*.....q 289
making night hideous*.....r 289
night is fled, whose pitchy*..s 289
'tis a naughty n. to swim in*t 289
in such a night as this*.....w 289
the night is long that never* x 289
this is the night*.....y 289
this night, methinks*.....z 289
how beautiful is night.....c 290
dead sounds at night.....d 290
now black and deep the n...e 290
mysterious night! when....f 290
brings night to man .....g 290
how is night's sable mantle..h 290
mine is the night.....i 290
eyes of the spring's fair n...o 371
look around for night.....a 375
night is far off.....a 375
the n. is humid and cold....l 375
'tis autumn, the n's dark...m 375
gossamer that fell by night...o 375
n's grow longer—nightly....a 378
oft in the stilly night.....h 261
by Sylvia in the night*.....b 246
will be in love with night*...e 246
watchful, weary, tedious n's*.u 248
within the arms of night....q 120
heard in the still night.....e 456
massacres, acts of black n.*. .j 459
the foul womb of night*....k 459
now it is the time of night* m 401
rising glitter through the n..u 401
who in n's arms is asleep....l 402

n. is calm and cloudless....p 402
last in the train of night.....t 402
blessed candles of the n.*...m 403
night I saw the Pleiades.....u 403
night ten thonsand shine...x 403
bosom of old night on fire...y 403
when night hath set.....f 406
night brings out stars as....j 408
fire that severs day from n.*.x 409
awful n., submissively retire.h 410
the less by night altern.....g 297
at night astronomers agree..h 297
'tis a fearful night.....t 312
black n. and driving rain....g 313
illuming night with sudden.k 315
eldest night and chaos .....p 494
heard at night, made all.....l 317
at n. we'll feast together*...h 198
honor into the terrible n....d 431
in the watches of the night..s 356
summe up at night, what....f 356
lovely are the portals of the n.l 446
night for the morrow.....f 500
but n. itself does the rich...q 304
she disappears, begins the n..j 464
n. itself brighter than day...m 464
sister of the mournful night.d 447
night was drawing and.....h 447
n. followed, clad with stars..o 447
day and n. keeping weary...a 392
contagion of the night*.....c 382
by night an atheist half.....c 396
reign of chaos and old night.x 399
night and all her stars.....l 347
walks in beauty, like the n..k 473
n., and clouds, and thunder.b 422
n. of an nnknown hereafter.m 423
n. congratulating conscience j 424
the frown of night starless..g 484
genial n., wi' balmy breath..a 374
night from day is straying..l 374
the night that first we met..b 151
day brought back my night.cc 186
amid the falling night.....c 135
when n. darkens the street..j 214
twixt night and morn.....d 231
unwelcome nights follow....s 231
I laid me down at night.....k 234
the other dipt in night.....a 236
sacred queen of night.....j 276
beauteous night lay dead...d 277
dreaming night will hide*..a 278
smiles on the frowning n*..d 278
tempestuous n. streaming..r 279
night's devoid of ease.....g 282
n. is a stealthy, evil raven...r 287
I love night more than day..s 287
I love night the most.....s 287
son of the sable night.....m 389
calmest and most stillest n*.r 390
maketh two n's of ev'ry day.m 344
day nor n. unhallow'd pass*.g 345
defining night by darkness..g 489
Nightfly-with buzzing n's*....c 213
Nightingale-leave to the n.....s 26
ah, the nightingale.....j 27
as nightingales do upon.....k 27
nightingale's high note.....l 27
the merry nightingale.....n 27
sings the nightingale, the....p 27
the nightingale appear'd.....q 27
nightingales are singing.....r 27
nightingale's sweet music....s 27
nightingale doth sing, not a..b 28
nightingale is singing.....c 28
nightingale, that on.....d 28
nightingale now wanders.....g 28
in lark and nightingale.....h 28
I said to the nightingale.....i 28
yon nightingale, whosc.....j 28
the nightingale, telling.....k 28
wake the nightingale.....l 28
wakes the nightingale.....m 28
the nightingale, if she*.....n 28
the nightingale, and not*....o 28
one nightingale in an.....p 28
O nightingale, cease.....q 28
your song, ye nightingales...r 28
the nightingale sings.....t 28
sang the nightingale.....u 28
n. singing so lowde.....i 435
the n. appear'd the first.....q 371
leave the nightingale.....h 373
one nightingale for twenty..h 151
the nightingales being over..j 151
n. sings round it all the day.s 153
merrier than the n .....p 237
the nightingale was mute..u 281
the sweet n. sings.....a 282
twenty caged n's do sing*..b 284
pause the n. had made.....d 288
no music in the n.*.....d 246
the nightingale, with long..g 251
all about us peal'd the n.....c 177
nightingale's high note.....s 105
sweetly as a nightingale*...m 477
n's among the sheltering....k 479
Nile-startled giants by Nile's...e 69
all the worms of Nile*.....q 387
Nile, forever new and old...j 365
the prostrate Nile or Rhine..q 365
they are thine, O Nile.....d 366
the higher Nilus swells*.....b 366
Nimrod-N. first the bloody....l 458
Nine-ye sacred Nine.....b 70
Niobe-the niobe of nations....u 266
like Niobe, all tears*.....u 476
No-want an animated "no"..m 68
is no such word as—fail....y 331
you can read no more.....g 354
I'm no the the thing I.....e 357
Noah-since before Noah was*.n 308
Nobility-us still our old n....cc 182
nobility is thine.....l 290
all historic nobility rests....b 295
Noble-is a noble of nature's...h 52
divine insanity of n. minds.x 331
noble for the strong.....h 230
'tis only noble to be good....s 182
do noble things, not dream..n 290
be noble in every thought...o 290
noble by birth, yet noble....p 290
be noble! and the nobleness.q 290
his nature is too noble*.....r 290
what's brave, what's noble*.d 451
to be noble, we'll be good...n 199
the man was noble*.....t 431
thrills n's' hearts with fear..s 329
n. souls, through dust and..c 442
nobles bended, as to Jove's*.c 341
utter noble thoughts.....d 419
with noble thoughts.....j 421
work is alone noble.....u 482
Nobleness-than n. and riches*.a 208
be noble! and the n.....q 290
endowments greater than n.*e 455
Nobler-nobler in the mind, to*.u 72
something nobler we attain.q 107
nobler than a brave retreat..v 456
Noblest-n. spirit is most strongly.e 8
honest man's the n. work...o 193
her n. work she classes,.....b 473
earth's n. thing, a woman...b 475
with the n. grace she ow'd*.o 183
epidemics of noblest.....m 290
noblest Roman of them all*.a 291
the n. occupation of man...z 445
Nobly-a scar nobly got*.....r 199
genius borrows nobly.....f 351
nobly he yokes a smiling*...e 393
perfect woman, n. planned..s 478
Nobody-if nobody cares for me.o 65
I'll be sad for nae-body.....q 65
everybody's business, is n's.k 293
wind that profits nobody*...j 467
I care for nobody, no, not I..l 209
n., I believe, will deny.....q 265
nobody with me at sea but..i 492
there's nobody at home....bb 471
Nod-seem'd resting on his nod.p 29
Saturn gave the nod.....p 366
and gives the nod.....l 367
if she chance to nod*.....r 258
tells where the wild rose n's.e 156
nods and becks and.....g 264
with nod important shall....k 307
grove nods at grove.....b 433
emerald scalp n's to the storm.f 440
long n's from side to side..dd 495
nod by the drowsy pool.....n 141
nods in dewy slumbers.....b 141
that nod in the breeze.....d 144
withered tufts of asters nod.o 133
lucky buttercups did nod...p 134
poppies n. upon their stems.p 125
Nodding-wreath'd with n. corn.g 375
O, we're a' noddin'.....k 390
the lilies n. on the tide.....h 146
all the nodding daffodils....p 137
nodding tempt the joyful...j 295
Noise-shunn'st the n. of folly..e 28
let there be no noise made*.r 283
they did make no noise*....w 289
the isle is full of noises*....d 215
more the noise astounds....a 405
with such discordant n's....a 458
dire was the n. of conflict...g 455
they did make no noise*....n 467
I hear the noise.....n 312
noise of ancient trees falling.j 432
forth the noise and rumour*.k 350
Noiseless-and n. foot of time*...a 7
n. as a feather or a snowflake.m 183
None-named thee but to praise.p 48
n. but the brave deserves the.o 71
there is n., in all this cold...d 279
none will force their way....s 401
and none shall ever die.....n 193
ill wind turns none to good.u 467
none but God can satisfy.....o 358
some believe they've n. at all.c 473
none so fine as Nelly.....h 478
Nonsense-a little n. now and..o 203

nonsense, and learning.....e 468
with a little n. in it.....r 396
pleasure, and its n. all.....x 484
Nook–small nook of earth.....j 137
every nook and bower.....a 157
in its lone and lowly nook..a 159
in wayside nooks.....j 160
sunned and sheltered nooks.z 160
seat in some poetic nook....l 330
Noon–dark, amid the blaze of n..f 35
O sweet, delusive noon.....p 78
float amid the liquid noon..u 486
shadow, before its noon....m 238
by noon most cunningly....l 232
is the noon of thought.....c 265
which he treads on at noon*.f 347
has not attained its noon....n 137
in his journey bates at noon.v 361
darkly circled, gave at noon.e 274
and the loud noon.....q 285
Noonday–the service of n.....y 20
blackness of that n. night....g 78
n. quiet hold the hill.....i 350
Norman–simple faith than N..s 182
North–are turned to the n.....j 136
the north cannot undo.....b 274
the frozen regions of the n..e 229
on the mountains of the n..m 409
n. gleams with its own.....s 410
frozen bosom of the north*..o 467
Northern–to n. lands, again...k 269
Northward–n. o'er the icy....m 377
North-wind–sees the n-w's....n 393
Nose–often wipe a bloody n....q 67
wearing our own noses*.....k 69
nose was as sharp as a pen*..o 83
assert the n. upon his face...c 96
led by the nose with gold*....o 16
may have crooked noses*....p 167
must have bloody n's, and*.n 209
down his innocent nose*...u 416
the organ of the nose.....b 321
Nosegay–n. which he pulled...c 389
poor Peggy hawks nosegays.o 152
n's ! leave them for the.....j 132
n. of culled flowers.....n 351
Nostril–breath of life his n's..k 321
Not–'tis not for mortals always,n 34
not what you seem but.....l 204
rule of not too much.....u 417
it is, and it is not the voice..j 456
not what we wish.....m 407
canst not then be false to*...u 445
he shall not when he wold-a.j 495
for what has been and is not.m 466
among them, but not of.....k 394
sigh for what is not.....p 369
I am not what I am*.....j 385
Note–clear n's in the quiet air..l 25
thy n. is more loud and free..s 25
no sweet notes are ringing...c 26
one weak n. is her only chirp.l 22
notes of liquid utterance.....p 22
done a deed of dreadful note*g 75
raptures swell the note.....a 27
nightingale's high note is....l 27
notes well tuned to her sad...j 28
not a note we do not love.....s 28
love, with its brooding note..h 30
n's through the noon of the..r 30
thy liquid notes that.....f 28
with his note so true*.....l 33
prolonging every note.....r 100
their small notes twitter....f 273
with shrill notes of anger....p 457
n's angelical to many a harp..k 458
dreadful note of preparation*k 460
amang yon taking notes....w 305
tune his merry note*.....g 433
note this before my notes*...e 498
we take no note of time.....j 428
in dying notes discovers....o 281
swells the note of praise.....t 281
in notes, with many a.....m 282
play me that sad note*.....w 283
n's by distance made more..b 260
mermaid with thy notes*...b 264
trills her thick-warbled notes i 439
horrid, hideous notes of woe v 347
when found make a n. of it..s 350
simplest n. that swells the..v 325
in your notes his praise....a 343
to be of n. begins betimes*..s 487
Noteless–n. as the race from...g 203
Nothing–although there's n....a 37
nothing but our country.....i 71
n., can touch him further*..n 83
nothing that is can pause....t 45
having nothing, yet.....l 67
O mighty nothing.....m 74
I am nothing if not critical* a 77
n. certain in man's life but..h 82
'tis made by nothing now...m 74
n. canst thou to damnation*.g 91
n. can exist without a cause..v 44
but nothing is lost.....l 45
where nothing wants, that*..w 89
nothing but sorrow.....o 90
world was made of nothing..m 74
of nothing you can.....o 490
make only nothing.....o 490
n. brings me all things*.....b 382
'tis something, nothing*....r 387
think and n. more nor less..e 385
and nothing long.....l 122
nothing's so hard but searchv 331
do nothing but that*.....h 303
n. comes to us too soon.....s 396
starve with nothing* .....k 100
nothing is too late till.....p 424
nothing but a rose.....v 154
give to airy nothing a local* a 207
is nothing left me bnt*.....s 267
there's nothing half so sweet a 244
n. can seem foul to those*.. x 452
nothing else that we may do.n 220
such labour'd nothings.....g 407
nothing now is left.....c 261
you gave me nothing for't*..o 308
nothing comes amiss*.....c 463
nothing good or evil save...k 465
all I know is that I know n...h 470
those who have n. to say...dd 493
I was worse than nothing*.ee 499
refuse n. that pleases Thee..m 360
as he now is, nothing*.....p 347
Nothingness–never pass into n. a 18
n. the whole substantial....b 285
hell is more bearable than n. q 194
my nothingness, my wants.q 345
Noting–that's worth the n.* ...e 498
Nourish–contain and n. all* .f 110
Nourisher–chief n. in life's*..p 235
Nourishment–have their n.*...i 346
Novelty–n. of a thought.....y 420
this novelty on earth.....n 475
November–the bleak N.....d 273
no leaves, no birds, N.....h 273
the brief November day.....i 273
in these dark November days l 273
wild N. comes at last.....m 273
N. thundering from.....a 274
thirty days hath November..c 269
April, June, and November .d 269
Now–eternal now does always.o 423
not now that which I have...e 45
be not now, yet it will come*d 349
Nudity–hooted for his n's and..z 484
Number–the n. of the chosen..aa 19
a very small number play....v 40
divinity in odd numbers*..m 119
nnmber of a man's friends..b 170
welcome, make my n. more*g 122
hark ! the numbers soft.....b 283
more harmonious numbers..s 420
his numbers flowed.....p 312
n's who will serve instead...i 464
for the numbers came.....j 300
teach me my days to n.....w 470
Nun–shy as a nun is she.....l 22
pensive n., devout and pure.d 203
the violet is a nun.....x 159
Nuptial–to the n. bower I led..h 257
Nurse–n. of manly sentiment..e 95
sleep, nature's soft nurse....v 300
melancholy is the nnrse of*.h 260
attend my hnsband, be his n.*d 204
will scratch the nurse*.....k 246
thou nurse of young desire.n 200
foster-n. of nature is repose*p 359
the nurse and fountain ....p 461
the nurse of arms.....m 492
being pnt to nnrse*.....c 309
best nurse, contemplation..o 469
n. and breeder of all good*..b 4.7
Nursed–he nursed the pinion.p 356
she had nursed in dew.....p 374
Nursing–nnrsing her wrath....u 10
Nut–sweet is the nnt.....d 131
with nuts from brown.....c 273
brown nuts were falling....a 296
Nutmeg–graters–rough as n-g's.t 48
Nutrition–to draw nutrition..a 234
Nymph–like a qniver'd nymph.a 54
the wood-nymphs, deck'd...u 133
the rose like a nymph.....t 154
beloved nymph, fair dove..m 364
haste thee, nymph.....g 264
sweetest n. that liv'st.....x 100
his loved nymph in thanks.c 434

O.

Oak–brow-bound with the oak*.p 72
oak trees roar with joy.....l 409
opening roses knotted o's...d 154
oaks from little acorns.....o 362
an oak that grew thereby....j 275
bend a knotted oak.....n 281
twisted round the barren o..n 377
fell the hardest-timber'd o.*.g 225
oaks that flourish for a.....q 177
the mail-clad o. that gnarls..d 404
have riv'd the knotty oaks*.o 404

unwedgable and gnarled o.*.p 404
there stretches the oak.....a 440
what ribs of oak.....h 467
ruins of their ancient oak...i 447
ships were British oak..... b 329
hearts of oak our men.....b 329
hearts of oak are our ships..a 492
oaks, sole king of forrests all.j 433
ye venerable oaks... .....b 434
young oak! when I planted..j 438
a song to the oak.....k 438
English oak, which dead....l 438
the oak, when living.....l 438
o., the patriarch of the trees.b 439
tall oaks, branch-charmed..d 439
sturdy oak shakes that ne'er.e 439
tall o., towering to the skies.f 439
broad oak of snmmer-chace..g 439
a goodly oake sometime.....h 439
Oar-ply every oar, and.....i 25
spread the thin oar and.....d 36
the oars were silver*.....e 36
golden o's the silver stream*.w 11
rest on your oars.....h 331
like a pair of oars.....k 309
fish cnt with her golden o's*.a 480
Oary-rows her state with o. feet f 33
with oary feet bears forward.k 33
Oat-a field of drooping oats...n 149
man has sown his wild oats.z 162
Oath-oaths are oracles*.....u 50
the strongest o's are straw*..g 251
I'll take my oath on it*.....u 246
oaths were not purpos'd....f 291
break an oath he never made.g 291
oaths terminate, as.....i 291
with oaths like rivets.....i 291
borrowed mine o's of him*..l 291
an oath, I have an oath*....m 291
that a terrible oath*..... p 291
not ask thine oath*.....q 291
too hard-a-keeping oath*....t 291
'tis not the many oaths*.....a 292
lose an o. to win a paradise*.c 292
to curtail his oaths*.....d 312
with the oath blushed.....e 292
full of strange oaths* .....d 312
many oaths that make the*..t 445
sin, to keep a sinful oath*...v 384
unsphere the stars with o's*.s 347
Oatmeal-literature on a little o.h 238
Obedience-allow obedience*.....h 7
who blind obedience.....q 75
true obedience, too little*...b 259
obedience is the key.....k 292
to tyrants is o. to God.....i 355
obedience to the will of.....c 357
o., we may remember.....i 358
o., bane of all genius.....r 342
Obedient-live o. to the law, in.s 181
Obey-she obeys him.....c 257
whom avenging pow'rs obey.v 164
and will obey.....c 251
when she obeys.....l 257
he who obeys with modesty.g 292
o. him gladly, and let him...h 292
obey the guiding hand.....i 292
great law is—to obey.....m 292
obey, and be attentive*.....p 292
obey thy parents*.....q 292
thou bidd'st unargued I o...s 464
courage to endure and to o..h 465
bound to serve, love, and o.*y 476
they first or last obey.....b 327
subjects to their power obey f 349
we must time obey.....o 425
Obeyed-a dog's o. in office*.....r 16
let example be obeyed.....v 106
Obeying-o. with my wind*....e 51
Object-men of age o. too much..i 5
ojects that we have known...o 58
object be, our country.....i 71
no great o., satisfies the mind.r 421
when gold becomes her o.*..l 181
by a newer object quite*....o 208
hope without an o. cannot..v 200
the object of His eye.....r 352
Oblige-o. her, and she'll hate..c 476
Oblivion-sleep and o. reigns...e 390
Lethe, the river of oblivion.h 390
kisses honeyed by oblivion..a 221
to lie in dead oblivion.....f 392
veil by dark o. spread.....m 425
and raznre of oblivion*.....g 426
puts alms for oblivion*.....v 426
Obscure-o's the show of evil*..h 88
the palpable obscure.....aa 494
Obscurely-to be o. good .....w 292
Obsequy-celebrates his o's....e 337
Observance-than the o.*.....y 77
Observation-of the heavenly...p 276
o.'s which ourselves we.....r 379
a man's own observation....e 309
Observatory-nature's o.....l 395
Observe-seen thee careful to o.*.v 62
made him o. the subject....f 300
Observed-of all observers*....x 116
Observer-for the o's sake.....r 379
common observer of life.....q 318
Observing-without o. power..h 109
Obstacle-one full of obstacles*.q 62
obstacles its course oppose..n 461
o. to progress is prejudice..d 346
Obstinacy-and self-sacrifice....h 476
Obstruction-cold o., and to rot* d 176
Occasion-offer choice and o... p 88
in occasions and causes*....bb 14
occasions do not make.....q 58
mounteth with occasion*....i 72
frame my fall to all o's*.....k 88
until occasion tell him.....j 324
flog them upon all o's.....v 303
o's forelock watchful wait..ee 494
Occident-is the o. with purple.e 411
Occupation-Othello's o's gone*.y 459
absence of o. is not rest.....o 361
the noblest o. of man.....z 445
Ocean-who heaves old ocean....c 9
all the water in the ocean....h 33
an ocean of dreams.....r 97
on ocean's foam to sail.....j 117
o. of life we pass and speak.b 118
progress of rivers to the o...h 105
o. and all its vassal streams..i 109
great ocean hath no tone....b 145
rolls and heaves the ocean...e 271
the raging waves of ocean..q 276
smooth deep ocean stream..s 274
ocean with his beams*.....c 278
shed, while ocean shrouds..g 415
now deep in ocean sunk.....e 289
ambitious ocean swell*.....o 404
o'er land and o. without rest.k 180
his legs bestrid the ocean*..v 367
on life's vast ocean.....d 234
o'er ocean, with a thousand.q 234
o. to the river of his thoughts.e 240
tossing on the ocean*.....f 266
grasp the ocean.....j 266
bosom of the ocean buried*.e 408
gilt the o. with his beams*..n 410
truth makes on the ocean of.x 444
pow'r who bids the o. ebb...o 348
o., at the bidding of the moon n 422
not a ship that sails the o..m 381
interminable ocean wreath..n 322
old o's gray and melancholy.o 322
and I have loved thee, ocean.p 322
dark blue ocean—roll.....s 322
many-twinkling smile of o..l 323
signs of love old o. gives....l 323
to the ocean now I fly.....n 323
hand upon "the o's mane".p 323
o. with the brine on his gray.t 323
ocean into tempest.....a 324
hungry o. gain advantage*..k 427
blends with the o. of years....s 427
now the blue ocean.....r 430
Ocean-wood-the o-w's may be..i 433
O'clock-his being, what's o'c..k 254
October-sunshine of O., now..o 272
October day is a dream.....p 272
October's gold is dim.....q 272
October! the foliage becomes.b 273
from brown October's wood.c 273
Odd-say comparisons are odd....b 60
makes these odds all even*...i 85
divinity in odd numbers*..m 119
the people's voice is odd....j 456
every man is odd*.....e 497
o's and ends of free thoughts.q 443
Odious-comparisons are o.....c 60
Odor-o's of ploughed fields.....v 69
odor of the human flowers...a 90
like an o. within the sense..b 143
no odours sweet proclaim...p 149
the amorous odors.....j 131
roses pour exquisite odors..g 127
the rose blendeth its odor...q 128
gives forth an odor sweet....t 157
stealing and giving odour*.,m 160
shed their nightly odours...b 288
covering the earth with o's.o 451
virtue is like precious o's...e 453
bind its odor to the fily.....t 220
wind, in odors dying.....e 467
odor of newly-mown hay....h 438
abroad her daintie o's threwe.c 436
o's crushed are sweeter still.e 442
nor morning o's from the...s 488
Odorous-comparisons are o.*..f 60
with her odorous foot.....q 474
Of-among them, bnt not of...k 394
Off-off with his head.....o 431
Offence-wonld appear o. in us*.l 51
not o., that indiscretion*....r 496
whenever the o. inspires ....l 307
offender yet detest the o ....p 384
tongue did make offence*...h 110
forgave the offence.....x 164
soon for man's offense.....l 132
by self offenses weighing*...h 217
in giving them no offence...z 213

small unkindness is a great o.*d* 380
o. from am'rous causes.....*s* 362
what is my offence*.....*j* 217
dismiss'd o. would after gall*.*l* 219
o's and strips others bare....*s* 369
at every trifle scorn to take o.*r* 442
sufficient ransom for o.*....*o* 397
Offend–to o. and judge distinct**i* 217
offend her and she knows ...*c* 476
to o. and judge are distinct*.*p* 308
Offender–she hugged the o....*x* 164
the offender never pardons..*z* 164
love the offender yet detest..*p* 384
Offending–hath this extent*...*k* 258
most offending soul alive*...*s* 199
Offensive–comparisons are o....*d* 60
Offer–o. choice and occasion ...*p* 88
of all who o. you friendship.*y* 169
Offering–offerings unto God...*j* 296
spare not the little o's.....*s* 469
Office–a dog's obeyed in office*.*r* 16
ill o's, to cross their wooing.*g* 402
save in the office and affairs*.*f* 174
seekers of office are sure of a..*o* 184
stolen both mine office*.....*p* 499
o., and custom, in all line*..*k* 325
men's o. to speak patience*..*aa* 328
hath but a loosing office* ...*y* 306
Officer–'gainst the officers*.....*c* 74
fear each bnsh an officer.*...*j* 412
Offshoot–o. of goodness and of..*j* 54
Offspring–mild o. of a dark and..*k* 150
source of human offspring ..*g* 257
her shadowy offspring. .....*o* 288
jealousy is said to be the o...*s* 215
o. of shame is shyness.....*f* 381
time's noblest offspring is...*k* 347
Oft–o., familiar with her face..*e* 452
oft does them by the* .....*j* 218
Oftener–the o. you come here.*j* 463
Oggling–og'ling, and all that .*a* 360
Ogle–o. might become a saint.*d* 303
Oil–consum'd the midnight o..*q* 227
our wasted o. unprofitably .*x* 231
oil, Edward Confessor's*....*a* 368
"incomparable" o.,Macassarv 314
the o. that is in me should*.*d* 195
oil thy head and hair.....*o* 321
poure oyle upon the stones.*v* 345
Oily–a little round, fat, oily...*b* 318
Old–old man do but die.....*b* 6
grown old before my time.....*s* 6
old friends are best .....*v* 6
old man is twice a child* .....*x* 6
you are old and reverend* ....*y* 6
we are old, and on our*.....*a* 7
old man, broken with* .....*g* 7
if you do love old men*.....*h* 7
foolish, fond old man* .....*i* 7
I look old, yet I am*.....*m* 7
when we are old as you* .....*o* 7
you are old, nature in*.....*q* 7
a poor old man, as full*.....*r* 7
no man would be old.....*s* 7
old wood to burn, old wine...*e* 13
old friends, old times.....*f* 13
old friends to trust.....*g* 13
old authors to read .....*g* 13
old, because they're new.....*i* 13
I am old, so old, I can write...*h* 34
old! you may trust me linnet.*i* 34
a chip of the old block .....*r* 47
thou had'st grown old.....*r* 81
young may die, the old must.*c* 82
to make an old man young ..*j* 19
growing old in drawing..... *y* 93
the last to lay the old aside..*b* 123
report that o. man eloquent.*w* 368
old but she may learn*.....*y* 464
when onr old pleasures die..*o* 334
ages cannot make it old.....*v* 154
thorn, it looks so old.....*b* 158
it looks so old and gray.....*b* 158
when thou art old and rich*.*u* 235
in the brave days of old.....*o* 449
true old times are dead .....*u* 356
o. till thou had'st been wise*.*b* 470
the soul never grows old....*e* 399
ere those shoes were old*...*u* 476
hugged by the old .....*g* 424
something of the o. man in. *i* 486
Oldest–is o. friend in this ....*p* 169
Old-fashioned–o-f. poetry.....*n* 340
sake of old-fashioned folks..*m* 125
old-fashioned conntry seat...*w* 69
Olive–o. and gold and brown..*j* 273
the fruitful olive.....*j* 433
the o. grove of Academe ...*i* 439
Olympiad–the long o's ride ...*e* 254
Olympns–mount O. trembled.*p* 366
Omission–o. to do what is* ...*d* 105
Omnipotence–to span o .....*j* 253
o. of God shine.....*y* 500
Omnipotent–the O. has sown .*t* 180
Omniscience–short of an o....*g* 215
On–on Stanley, on.....*s* 452
on ye brave who rush.....*h* 457
Once–comes but once a year...*s* 57
rising all at once was as....*n* 458
but go at once*.....*u* 191
never, gone once for all.....*s* 425
youth comes but once in a..*f* 487
One–death never takes one.....*q* 81
never one of a household.....*q* 81
were one in nature's plan....*o* 48
they are only one times one..*h* 34
two angels issued, where but o.*t* 81
covenant between all and o..*r* 352
formed but one such man...*q* 356
not one quite happy, no, not.*u* 474
one must be chief in war....*o* 366
how many lives we live in o..*m* 231
have a friend is to be one....*g* 169
many, and be beguil'd by o.*.*l* 418
one but goes abreast*.....*a* 200
one sole God..... .....*j* 494
one that was a woman, sir*..*j* 477
two hearts that beat as one..*n* 449
I owe you one.....*bb* 490
gentlemen, rolled into one.*aa* 490
Onion–tears live in an o.*.....*y* 416
o. will do well for such a*....*s* 178
Only–the o. one of my friends.*a* 168
Onward–o. thou must press.....*e* 9
my course be onward.....*r* 98
bear up and steer right o....*w* 112
my grief lies onward*.....*a* 108
Ope–irrevocable Hand that opes.*i* 92
begin to ope their golden*...*e* 147
primrose each morning ope.*i* 131
come to ope the purple*.....*p* 459
heaven's gates stand ope.....*e* 369
the golden key that opes.....*c* 445
opes the palace of eternity...*p* 469
Oped–ev'ry window to.....*r* 23
Open–o. afresh your round of..*a* 147
open your folded wrapper...*a* 136
o. as day for melting*.....*y* 413
sentence is for open war.....*j* 458
what's o. made to jnstice*...*u* 219
heaven surely is open when.*n* 352
all ways do lie open*.....*t* 462
heaven's gate opens when...*g* 302
Opening–o. the violet eye.....*p* 148
green leaves, o. as I pass.....*u* 371
Operation–surgical o. to get a..*v* 460
Ophincus–fires the length of O..*v* 92
Opinion–purchase ns a good o.*.*c* 7
had a good o. of advice.....*k* 4
our speculative opinions.....*i* 48
I give opinion on.....*y* 76
hold o. with Pythagoras*....*d* 113
stiff in opinions.....*l* 122
diversity of opinion raises..*a* 230
flatterer has not an opinion..*u* 124
own opinions by a wager....*b* 324
opinion's bnt a fool*.....*d* 324
golden o's from all sorts*....*e* 324
is of his own opinion still...*i* 465
good opinion of the law.....*w* 308
Opium–rivals o. and his.....*q* 320
Opportnnity–age is o.....*d* 6
beckoning his skill with o...*a* 418
wink on opportunity.. .....*k* 324
Opposed–of opposed natnres*..*i* 217
Opposing–by o., end them*....*u* 72
Opposite–to be thus o. with*..*r* 210
Opposition–miue eyes in o.....*i* 82
Oppress–o's with too great....*x* 383
Oppressed–o., but not subdued.*l* 253
oppress'd with wrongs*.....*i* 121
while one man's oppress'd..*r* 413
nature, o. and harass'd.....*r* 388
Oppression–rumor of o. and...*x* 394
Oppressor–blended lie the o...*q* 184
Optic–o's sharp it needs.....*w* 110
Oracle–oaths are oracles*.....*u* 50
the oracle of God.....*z* 61
in doubt, my oracles.....*i* 170
each man is a hero and an o..*h* 196
fast by the oracle of God....*u* 324
the oracles are dnmb.....*v* 324
Orange–from its glossy green..*w* 295
o. glowing throngh the green.*p* 433
fragrant orange flowers.....*k* 439
o. with the lime tree vies...*m* 439
Orange-tree–o-t's whose fruit..*n* 439
o-t. has fruit and flowers ....*j* 439
sing the song of the o-t.....*l* 439
if I were yonder orange-tree.*p* 439
Orange-bloom–love-sick o-b's..*n* 375
Orange-bnd–hnng languid.....*o* 439
Orator–plagiarism of o's is....*n* 333
the orator persuades.....*w* 324
no true orator who is not....*y* 324
the capital of the orator....*aa* 324
thy own shame's orator*....*a* 325
no orator, as Brutns is*.....*d* 325
I'll play the orator*.....*c* 325
Oratory–the object of o. alone.*z* 324
speedier flight than loudest o.*s* 344
Orb–orb after orb, the.....*f* 57
changes in her circled orb*..*q* 208

of all these shining orbs.....i 484
still eyes the orb of glory....i 157
as it moves, the orb of day..h 157
to such endless orbs.....f 290
quail and shake the orb*....v 367
mighty orb of song, the.....f 338
spacious orbs numerous....y 403
Orbed-orbed is the moon.....f 288
that orbed continent*.....x 409
Orc-orcs, and seamews clang..c 215
Orchard-branches are fair.....h 31
from the o., he pours.....a 435
sleeping within mine o.*....i 391
nnder the orchard-trees.....a 303
and dripping orchards.....k 375
Orchid-in the marsh pink o's.u 147
the orchids cling, in rose...b 148
Orchis-purple o. variegate the p 374
Ordain-so God ordains.....j 257
Ordained-we ordained festival* h 46
He who o. the Sabbath.....k 341
since thus ordained to die..d 287
Order-how to order without...b 14
to blot out order.....h 47
act of order to a peopled*....s 212
order in variety we see.....p 451
order confounded lies.....e 290
stand not upon the o. of*...u 191
order from disorder sprung.f 325
where order in variety.....h 325
order is heaven's first law...i 325
in all line of order*.....k 325
th'Almighty's o's to perform b 348
Ordnance-heard great o. in*....s 72
Ore-life is not as idle ore.....h 236
a shining ore, and called it..q 181
Organ-of heaven's deep organ..i 57
the keys of some great o.....h 272
with most miraculous o.*...l 280
o. from one blast of wind....k 282
the organs though defunct*.e 266
indeed, the o. of the soul....f 456
the silent organ loudest....m 312
no o. bnt the wind here....j 440
Organically-I am incapable...b 282
Organ-pipe-and dreadful o-p.* e 422
Orient-all the o. into gold....j 278
transform'd to orient pearl* v 416
the rose, of orient glow.....n 129
lo, in the orient when*.....v 409
Original-their great Original..t 401
reading all my books in o's..i 353
Originality-o. provokes o.... g 492
will be found most o.....t 350
Originate-as by what he o's...k 351
Orion-sheds unwholesome dews c 378
Orison-my midnight orisons...g 97
Ornament-foreign aid of o.....k 19
deceived with ornament*....h 88
grossness with fair ornament*h 88
the ornament of life*.....f 74
her native ornament of hair a 384
with ornaments of rhyme..aa 117
silver, purple, are thy o.....g 148
true ornaments to know*...v 317
sweet o. which truth.....n 385
o's their want of art.....w 336
as ornaments oft do*.....h 262
not be a single ornament....o 296
a moment's ornament.....u 478
Ornamentation-is the.....r 296
Orphan-wronged o's tear.....e 458
Orpheus-sing and rival O.....v 385
Orpheus' self may heave*...n 282
Orpheus with his lute*.....r 312
Orthodox-their doctrine o.....t 95
Orthodoxy-is my doxy.....k 20
Ostrich-plume of ostrich.....j 322
Othello-O's occupation's*.....y 459
I saw O's visage in his* ... ff 497
Other-I was born to o. things ...s 9
the o. fling it at thy face*..h 65
unto o's as he would that o's.g 220
others fall; and soon or late.s 355
best thought came from o's..i 351
shall be honest with each o. g 385
all other things give place ..h 474
Ounce-or o. or tiger, hog ... i 214
Our-our wills are ours.....w 465
God's will and ours are one.aa 19
all this is ours.....c 484
Ourselves-and in o. our safety.cc 497
ourselves the cause of.....w 47
in o. are triumph and.....i 49
remedies oft in o. do lie*....k 498
they steal us from o .....p 425
if we be honest with o.....g 385
but in ourselves*.....y 254
we are not o. when nature*.v 211
we judge ourselves by what.a 218
o. in every place consign'd..w 190
we are devils to ourselves*..v 166
kept by ourselves in silence.i 197
making us truthful to o....o 408
nearer neighbors to o.....gg 494
Out-grin, so merry, draws one o.b 43
world can't find me out.....j 58
as soon as out of sight.....o 164
their candles are all out*....j 194
Outbuild-o's the Pyramids ...b 456
Outface-outface the brow of*.x 360
Outlaw-the outlaw's day.....l 288
Outlived-have o. the eagle*....h 433
Outlook-one's o. is a part.....b 453
Out-post-of advancing day....e 265
Outrage-license to o. his sonl.o 481
Outrun-we may outrun, by*...c 44
Outside-goodly o. falsehood* .u 113
Outvenom-o's all the worms*.q 387
Outward-our o. consciences*..y 102
Oven-the heating of the oven*n 302
Overcame-I came, saw, and o*.u 452
Over-canopied-with lush*....m 130
Overcast-the sky is overcast..c 404
Overcome-o's by force.....o 452
to overcome in battle.....p 458
is else not to be overcome...q 458
Satan o. none but by.....b 418
o. us like a summer's cloud*.a 497
Overflowing-without o., full...b 48
Over-full-that it cannot.....s 260
Overlook-o's the highest*.....n 410
Overpeer-overpeer the petty*.f 266
heap'd for truth to o*.....z 77
Overpoise-o. of multitudinous.d 434
Overrunning-and lose by o...*c 44
Overtake-fail to o'ertake. it... i 429
Overthrow-his o. heap'd*.....f 4
triumph in his overthrow...o 265
Overthrown-mind is here o.*. y 265
Overwhelm-all the earth o.*....c 75
Owche-pearls, and owches*...g 305
Owe-we owe God a death*.....p 83
o. the most to a good index..h 209
owes its high prerogatives...x 443
I owe you one.....bb 490
Owing-there is more o. her*...o 219
Owl-his woeful dirges.....b 22
a mousing owl hawk'd at*....v 24
the large white owl.....a 29
an owl was seen.....b 29
spectral owl doth dwell.....c 29
screech-owl overhead .....d 29
owl, for all his feathers. .....e 29
screech-owl with ill-boding..f 29
it was the owl that shriek'd*.g 29
sings the staring owl*.....h 29
the clamorous owl, that*.....i 29
O thou precious owl..... j 29
the white owl in the belfrey..k 29
fashionable owls, to bed.....l 29
I couch when owls do cry*...l 112
never was owl more blind...k 257
owls, that flit continually ..w 382
Owlet-o's larum chill'd with..d 457
Owl-song-sadder than o-s's....v 347
Own-my own, my native land..c 71
I lose my patience, and I own.s 76
she is mine own*..... .....q 258
all I dare now call mine o.*..h 455
master of what is mine o.*..b 465
pauper whom nobody owns.n 341
to die by one's own hand....t 408
Owner-and makes his owner*.h 187
Ownself-to thine o. be true*...k 251
Oxen-feed like oxen at a stall*..r 83
drives fat o. should himself..c 493
Oyster-transform me to an o.*.u 246
in their names to eat an o....l 123
found too in an oyster-shell.p 304
two trav'lers found an o.....s 307
o. may be crossed in love....h 500
'twas a fat oyster.....s 307
then the world's mine o.*...s 484

P.

Pace-following pace for pace...j 82
swiftness, but of silent pace.d 83
require slow pace at first*...g 408
mend his pace with beating*.n 328
Pack-as the pedler does his p..e 405
Packthread-remnants of p.*...g 310
Padlock-p's on truth's lips....u 444
Pagan-suckled in a creed.....g 56
are after such a pagan cut*..y 116
Page-preservation in the pages.b 37
unfold these pages, and.....j 39
page having an ample marge.s 40
loved one blotted from life's p.h 90
living pages of God's book..o 139
few of pages joyful.....r 241
oblivion is the dark page....t 292
the pages of our years.....p 236
history's purchased page...u 196
pages white be not the worse.p 297
Pageant-insubstantial p. faded*.k 46
p. fill the splendid scene....g 376
are the black vesper's p's*..p 412
the pageant of a day.....t 346
presents more woeful p's*...r 484
Paid-ambition's debt is paid*...g 9
he is well paid that is*.....s 66
paid the worth of our work.p 482

he has paid dear, very dear..j 162
more owing her than is p.*..o 219
Pail-great p's of puddled mire*.e 322
Pain-it stings you for your p's.t 71
sleep that no pain shall wake.h 83
fraught with fear and pain...i 60
p. of death would hourly die*.t 84
ease the pain that he must..f 31
too much pain to feel.....b 11
farthest from pain.....z 55
pleasures to another's pain..g 77
cries of pain are music for...s 80
years of rankling pain.....j 95
to sigh yet feel no pain.....g 94
when p. can't bless heaven..w 91
the place, but keep the pain.d 95
opine they feel the pain.....q 120
breathe their words in pain*.c 482
beating pulse of p. to calm..u 153
with a great pain.....k 284
look'd forth, as tho' in pain.m 288
consoles us, even in our p's.c 452
a pain that only seems*.....t 460
glad for sense of pain.....q 361
mitigates every pain.....g175
p's in a due hour employ'd.n 176
longing that is not akin to p.l 369
do hate him as I do hell p's*.h 192
little pains refuse.....bb 231
laughter with some pain....p 369
a mighty pain to love it is..a 241
as of souls in pain.....j 233
that never feels a pain.....e 397
taken great pains to con it*..t 400
pain is not the fruit of pain.v 483
when p. and anguish wring.k 476
sad moments of her pain....g 422
bent and languished as in p.h 422
when pain grows sharp.....k 236
hast thou more of pain.....o 238
nnfold them without pain...l 261
with some pain is fraught..m 262
In company with pain.....k 312
never mind the pain.....v 303
till taught by pain.....j 461
woman's pleasure, woman's p.e462
sweet the pleasure after pain.l 325
bringeth not forth pain....m 325
there is purpose in pain....n 325
its pains are many, its foes..h 377
turns the past to pain..... u 260
turns, with ceaseless pain.. v 260
meeting not unmix'd with p.s 259
pleasure that is born of pain.i 334
turnes to pleasing paine....q 334
is a pleasure in poetic pains.h 335
of gladness and so full of p..k 374
the pains and penalties.....o 205
we delight in, physic's p*...t 225
must I finde a pain in that..g 214
you purchase pain with all..o 325
no longer p. when it is past.p 325
painful part of onr bodily p.q 325
p. purchased, doth inherit*.r 325
is a man of pains.....s25
to know the pains of power.k 342
are according to his paines..q 355
who for me didst feel such p.d 359
error, wounded, writhes in p.p 443
breathe their words in p.*...s 445
with like weight of pain*...u 328
patience conquers pain.....t 437
make friends with pain.....u 396
common brotherhood in p..v 396
Painful-p. pleasure turnes to.q 334
Paint-no words can paint .....w 49
dewdrop paint a bow.....s 93
be such a sin to paint.....d 303
paint the meadows with*...f 373
cowslips p. the smiling field.o 127
nature paints her colours...g 129
who can paint like natnre...s 286
those that p. them truest....p 313
I must invent and paint....b 314
he best can paint them.....g 314
Painted-the skies are p. with*.n 403
p. is the occident with .....e 411
he well that painted it*.....r 314
p., like his varnish'd friends*.g 199
but gilded loam or p. clay*..h 360
p. fair to look like you.....v 475
Painted-cup-flower the p-c....c 148
Painter-curious p. doth pnrsue.c 42
painters have painted.....q 48
painter's gems at will.....k 488
poets like painters.....w 336
my mother made me a p....q 222
if, being a landscape p.....i 314
dumb poet or a handless p..s 314
I would I were a painter....u 314
the painter's art, to me.....r 262
Painting-painting can express.n 18
painting with all its.....j 314
the painting is almost.....p 314
painting is unchanged.....b 232
he colored it, and that was p.m 293
Pair-happy is that humble p .h 259
Palace-the gorgeous palaces*...k 46
a palace and a prison.....x 58
in snch a gorgeous palace*...e 88
then tower'd the palace.....n 74
key to golden palaces.....s 389
near the palace door.....k 239
in his palace of the west....k 411
that opes the p. of eternity. c 445
desolate walls of antique p's.w 382
not heard in p. chambers...b 392
the p. as the cottage gate....t 117
the wide palace of the sun...i 109
keeps the palace of the sonl.m 320
Palate-p's both for sweet and*.f258
Pale-pale in her anger*.....a 95
so p. and wan, fond lover....o 249
to p. his uneffectual fire*... k 447
the world grew pale.....d 115
blue eyes are pale.....y 110
few pale Autumn flowers ...a 131
look'd deadly pale*.....q 121
art thou p. for weariness....e 276
pale, and lean, and old.....s 313
Paled-sky, purpled and paled.m 411
Palissy-O P.! within thy breast.x331
Pallas-on the pallid bust of P..l 30
Pallet-uneasy p's stretching*..c 213
Pallid-the moon was pallid....f275
Palm-at the p. of my hands....h 74
like some tall palm.....n 74
clustered palm trees.....e 99
the flow'ring p's succeed...a 226
shaded with palm.....d 371
be as the palm alone*.....j 166
who ronnded in his palm....y 403
fold thy p's across thy breast.d 362
palm and southern pine....m 433
p. tree standeth so straight.q 439
next to ye both I love the p..r 439
on his rival the palm.....a 440
palme trees, with branches.b 440
of palm was the carpet.....c 440
the palm is a gift divine.....c 440
Allah, who gives the palm...c 440
as the p. of the plonghman*.g 190
thy p. with entertainments*.t 188
for authors nobler palms....d 300
harper lays his open p. upon.r 424
have an itching palm*.....g 418
Palpable-the p. obscure.....aa 494
a hit, a very palpable hit*...o 496
clothing the p. and familiar.v 490
Palpitate-shall cease to p.....i 324
Palsied-heads as p. as their...a 448
heaven and hell I p. stand..d 484
Pamphlet-small p's to war....y 237
Pane-slumberer's window p..k 277
arm through every open p..d 466
zephyrs thro' the broken p..r 488
Panegyric-drags at best.....y 342
Pang-more pangs and fears*....n 9
long hold ont these pangs*...r 42
no fnture pang can deal.....y 61
p. as great as when a giant*..t 83
pangs, of hope and fear.....r 89
sweet p's of it remember me*h 64
the pangs of absence.....e 316
congealing p's which seizes.k 431
pang shoots through the....m 359
hopes in pangs are born....d 442
sharpest pang of sorrow.....l 326
keen were his pangs.....p 356
biting p. the while she sings.p 385
pangs of a poetic birth by...i 335
parting pang may show.....c 212
sickening pang of hope.....q 201
this life is bnt a pang.....m 234
every p. that rends the heart.y 200
my nerves wi' bitter pang..j 303
Panope-P. with all her sisters.t 381
Pansy-p's, lilies, kingcups....b 132
the purple pansies lie.....a 151
pansies, that's for thoughts*h 156
p's chill in velvet robes.....l 273
pansy in her purple dress...p 126
pansies, quaint and low.....s 127
and beds of pansies.....o 315
the little purple p. brings...d 148
pansies for ladies' all.....e 148
p's bloom not in the snows..f 148
flamy p. ushers summer in..g 148
p's while the year is young..h 148
for the p's send me back a..h 148
pansies on their lonely stems k 148
the beauteous pansies rise...l 148
pansies in soft April rains..o 148
early pansies, one by one....p 148
Pant-who p's for glory, finds..c 179
till we meet shall p. for you.v 220
Panting-and pale, and bleeding q202
Panza-Sancho Panza am I.....h 45
Paper-from your folded p's ...b 336
a sheet of white paper.....p 265
thou hast built a p. mill*..f318
p. to be punctually served..o 305
papers in each hand ... .s 495

yonr p's let me have them*..g 315
my papers out so nearly ....s 315
that ever blotted paper*.....i 316
when p.,even a rag like this.m 480
Paradise–to p., the Arabs.....r 29
his body as a paradise* .....f 63
walked in paradise.....l 79
paradise, to what we fear*....y 84
fool's paradise.....f 97
'tis writ on p's gate.....y 117
this mount of paradise .... m 118
paradise, fast by the tree....l 132
a paradise below.....m 256
how grows in paradise.....r 169
blooms nowhere but in p ...t 415
what p. islands of glory ....y 201
paradise knew no other.....p 338
the loves that meet in p.....e 194
p. hath room for you and me.e 194
full in the sight of.....aa 194
blasting all love's p.....s 215
p. from which we cannot be.p 261
lose an oath to win a p*....c 292
what a paradise it is.....p 303
fool's paradise, he.....t 325
to him an open paradise....v 325
the paradise of fools.....a 326
must I leave thee, paradise..d 326
man his paradise forego.... u 473
e'en in paradise unblest....d 476
Paradox–too strict a paradox*.b 500
Paragon–of animals*.....e 255
an earthly paragon*.....s 331
that p's description*.....p 476
Parallel–can be his parallel ....g 52
from their parallel decline...p 67
bnt herself, admits no p.....i 494
the p's in beauty's brow*....t 426
Paralysis–all dread a bodily p..v 381
Paralyze–the faculties.....a 49
Paramour–to call forth p's....g 373
worne of forlorn p's.....j 433
Parcel–a p. of their fortunes*..m 218
distract p's in combined*. ..s 351
Parchment–should be made p*r 267
Pardon–for paying it .....n 60
fools demand not pardon.....s 76
p. who have done the.....w 164
the offender never pardons..z 164
I pardon him as heaven*....f 165
pardon, not wrath, is God's.h 165
to pardon or to bear it .....t 168
O, pardon me, thou piece*..m 280
he paints the skies gay.....q 411
like a p. after execution*....o 195
pardon is still the nurse*...f 263
p., but will never praise....i 298
Pardoned–all except her .....o 473
Pardoning–p. those that kill* .e 263
Parent–p's, living yet or dead..m 71
when the parent rose decays..f 154
p. of golden dreams, romance.i 366
glorious works, P. of good ..j 180
thought is parent of the deed.k 419
parent of sweetest sounds...a 124
unless the p. makes haste...j 215
childrens arms round the p's.d 198
event, parent of all others..j 419
of p's passed into the skies..h 491
p., and he is their grave*....e 427
Parentage–of his birth and p*.c 309
Paridel–my P.! she mark'd,...o 205
Paris–perfumed Paris turn....a 72
Park–the range of lawn and p..h 22
at the park gate* .....aa 308
no park—no ring.....h 273
my parks, my walks* .....s 267
Parliament–sad breaking of P.w 368
honest by an act of p.....bb 442
Parlor–prison'd in a parlor....e 491
bells in your parlours*.....b 478
Parnassus–dream upon P.....j 335
music is the poor man's P...u 338
Parole–quotation is the parole.l 351
Parrot–laugh, like p's, at a* ....i 51
Parsley–ah ! the green parsley.n 146
while our wreath of parsley.j 468
Parson–the parson own'd his...l 14
bless thee, master parson*....c 35
the parson-gown'd.....s 165
gentleman born, master p.* a 178
Part–he that parts us shall*....f 64
for mine own part.....r 66
body and soul must part.....u 79
better part I have sowed..... s 94
better part, I have saved my* s 94
alas must part.....n 326
part to meet again.....o 326
two lives that once part....q 326
if we must part forever.....r 326
must we part.....y 326
dearest friends must part...z 326
dreary p. performed on thee.i 322
immortal p. with angels*....j 399
and part this body and my*.h 350
part with it as with money.w 487
let no man part.....a 113
each p. may call the farthest s 253
'tis but a part we see.....i 254
he is the half part* .....u 257
yet are loth to part.....j 259
all the better part of me*...m 485
ne'er to part, is peace.....j 331
'tis hard to part when .....q 230
done her part, do thou but..x 285
all are but parts of one.....b 286
I am a p. of all that I have met.j 210
act well your part.....o 199
let us kiss and part.....w 220
shall never, never part.....s 241
guesseth bnt in part.....q 240
part at once.....h 326
lost the immortal part*.....g 360
therefore I part with him*...t 390
Parted–never to be parted with l 171
parted, forever.....o 245
never met, or never parted..r 239
when last we parted.....s 262
we two parted in silence....j 326
they say he parted well* ...w 326
Partial–we grow more partial.r 379
Particular–for my p. grief*....s 187
Parting–thoughts at parting...u 76
where parting is unknown..w 193
such p's break the heart.....i 326
in every parting there is....k 326
'tis grievous parting.....m 326
p. is such sweet sorrow*....t 326
this parting was well made*.v 326
at the parting all*.....c 222
Partition–from bad find no p...o 92
thin p's do their bounds....k 471
p's sense from thought.....x 379
yet a union in partition ....q 449
Partner–is judged a p. in the..f 173
p., boastful of her hoard....w 197
Partridge–nut-brown p's .....n 29
who finds the partridges in*..o 29
Party–to p. gave up what was..t 340
therein tax any private p.*..g 347
join ourselves to no party...e 329
promised p., to enjoy its....h 375
justice discards party .....t 218
party has no doubt its evils.e 183
none was for a party .....o 449
Pass–earth shall wholly p. away w 79
never pause, but p. and die..e 164
straight and treacherous p..j 202
never, never comes to pass..j 208
on earth that soonest pass...o 151
p. by me, as the idle wind*..s 198
pass silently from men.....c 466
but let that pass*.....e 345
Passage–to world repeats the p's.i 56
p's that lead to nothing....h 296
Passed–through glory's.....l 79
being p. returned no more...p 88
passed over white sands.....o 382
it pass'd o'er empty fields...e 375
with God he passed the days.c 358
she had passed, it seemed...a 475
Passer–the passers in the city.m 272
Passing–passing away.....m 45
solitude of p. his own door ..l 394
passing tribute of a sigh.....e 382
passing few are they who...k 269
'twas passing strange*.....v 499
marks the p. of the trial.....o 441
Passion–bloody passion shakes..f 11
eternal passion.....j 27
her passion is to seek roses...g 28
whate'er the passion.....q 66
what is passion but pining...l 99
free from the gust of passion.z 206
in their first passion.....w 244
happier in the p. we feel . .a 245
fierce storm of passion torn.q 469
passions in his craft of will*.e 430
noblest passions to inspire..n 336
poetry begotten of passion..f 339
passion, I see, is catching*.aa 416
passion is the gail.....d 234
the passions oft, to hear her.m 281
name denoteth; p-flower....q 148
search then the ruling p.....s 244
their fury and my passion*..s 283
above those passions that....t 455
of all the passions, jealousy.e 215
one sole desire, one passion.d 363
our interests and our p's....u 173
something with p. clasp.....z 192
in whose heart one passion..a 196
the only eternal passion ....l 406
a fiction, in a dream of p.*..m 294
counsel turns to passion*...o 187
take heed lest passion sway.aa 326
feel your ruling passion.....a 327
various ruling passions find.b 327
the ruling p., be it what.....c 327
passion conquers reason still.c 327
may I govern my passions..d 327
passions are likened best....e 327
on passion's changeful tide..f 327

O! when passion rules.....*f* 327
'twixt two extremes of p.*..*h* 327
when passions are no more..*i* 327
p's and remorseless hate....*g* 475
fruits, successful passion....*e* 479
did relieve my p. much*.....*l* 396
dark with passion.....*c* 135
felt every passion.....*r* 380
passion shall have spent....*f* 324
Passionate-sweet and p. wooer.*m* 277
and passionate pain.....*a* 279
Passion-flower-from the p-f...*h* 250
Passport-him depart; his p.*..*q* 459
Past-no past so long as books...*l* 39
weep not for the past.....*f* 67
drink to the solemn past.....*g* 86
the giant fossils of the past...*r* 36
in eternity no past.....*q* 105
we read the past by the.....*o* 107
the irrevocable past.....*q* 107
strong, though p. their prime.*s* 117
fruits of all the past.....*f* 107
wise to talk with our p.hours.*q* 259
turns the past to pain..... *u* 260
that whisper of the past....*a* 131
to spare thee now is past....*k* 139
no past is dead for us.....*q* 207
past sweet of mortal life....*u* 122
p. appear a troubled dream..*l* 233
sum-total of the whole past..*h* 362
comes to me ont of the past.*f* 261
memory brightens o'er the p.*g* 261
amid the ruins of the past..*h* 365
let the dead p. bury its dead.*r* 175
dies not, and the grief is p..*w* 178
count the billows past.....*a* 408
the past unsighed for.....*s* 250
memorial of the past.....*u* 292
what's past, and what's to*...*v* 292
to come, and nothing past..*m* 105
which is past never to have.*j* 327
overstate our debt to the p..*k* 327
the past is for us, but sole...*k* 327
voices of the past.....*m* 327
what's past is prologue*....*n* 327
the past hours weak.....*o* 327
landscape of the past.....*p* 327
the yearning past away.....*o* 433
with the water that is past..*e* 494
hallowed quiet of the past..*a* 494
p., and to come, seem best..*n* 498
past all comfort here, but*...*i* 345
enough of the past for the..*d* 423
and nothing past .....*o* 423
forever stands the past.....*v* 425
should be past grief*.....*o* 360
four first acts already past..*k* 374
mighty secrets of the past...*g* 428
once p. thou never wilt come.*i* 487
Pastime-and our happiness....*y* 40
away whatever the past.....*v* 424
Pastor-some ungracious p's*..*r* 317
Pasture-the p's rude embrace.*g* 141
creamy leaf the p. lily shows.*k* 145
open p's, where you scarcely.*c* 138
change has made the p. sweet *o* 138
low flats and pastures bare..*h* 376
pastures dry and brown.....*a* 158
Patch-p. up thine old body*...*aa* 6
stitching p's, or pegging....*b* 319
patches set upon a little*....*j* 120
to patch, nay ogle, might...*d* 303
Pate-paunches have lean p's*.*k* 497
beat your p., and fancy wit.*bb* 471
Path-adversity is the first p...*aa* 3
fell around the p. of Milton..*h* 35
but a path that must be trod.*t* 82
the woodland p. is broken..*g* 142
thick about her path.....*d* 149
p. is dusky thro' the night..*b* 136
sinuous p's of lawn and moss *c* 139
around his path are taught..*i* 277
p's lead to a woman's love...*r* 332
it were a journey like the p..*j* 334
through p's of the primitive.*u* 224
walked in every p. of human.*r* 380
hard the path to go.....*w* 266
upon the paths of men.....*d* 210
on lonely p's, through mist.*h* 171
paths which reason shuns...*u* 334
damp fell round the path...*b* 338
its checker'd paths of joy....*t* 231
illuminates the path of life..*h* 363
smooth his p. from earth to.*b* 176
p's of glory lead but to the..*z* 178
the same old p's where love.*d* 250
along the p. that duty marks.*q* 357
the paths of righteousness. *o* 317
shine by the side of every p.*a* 444
spell and the light of each p.*s* 475
path of sorrow and that....*w* 396
in a path unseen by thee....*l* 421
lamps set in our path.....*m* 429
Pathless-pleasure in the p....*a* 334
Pathway-cut p's east and west.*i* 167
thy p. lies among the stars..*t* 405
Patience-and the faith.....*k* 49
I will with patience hear*....*g* 63
I lose my patience, and I.....*s* 76
the patience to endure it*....*f* 85
tyranny tremble at p.*.....*j* 211
patience is good, but joy....*p* 216
patience he stands waiting..*c* 363
p., courage, fortitude*.....*h* 368
talk him out of patience*....*r* 414
to tire our patience.....*g* 300
my master preaches p.*.....*e* 322
p. and sorrow strove*.....*o* 498
lain' with patience dumb ...*g* 422
let him have patience.....*r* 327
p. which is almost power....*s* 327
p. and shuffle the cards .....*v* 327
this flonr of wifly patience..*a* 328
patience is sorrow's salve...*b* 328
patience is the strongest....*d* 328
patience is powerful.....*f* 328
rule by patience .....*g* 328
p. as with triple steel.....*i* 328
with patience bear the lot...*k* 328
God grant us patience*.....*l* 328
a drop of patience*.....*o* 328
that have not patience*.....*q* 328
oppose my p. to his fury*...*r* 328
I will with patience hear*....*s* 328
like patience, gazing on*....*t* 328
p., unmov'd, no marvel*....*u* 328
she sat like patience on a*...*v* 328
p. to endure the load*.....*w* 328
we entitle patience*.....*y* 328
men's office to speak p.*...*aa* 328
we must be p., but I cannot* *a* 188
with painful patience trace..*t* 314
patience conquers pain.....*l* 437
p. and gentleness is power..*o* 342
Patient-fury of a p. man.....*a* 11
passing at home a p. life .....*n* 22
with patient expectation*...*c* 107
patient in such extremes*...*s* 108
patient of thirst and toil ....*c* 375
the patient lingers.....*k* 309
his p. soul endnres what....*c* 328
I must be patient, till*.....*z* 328
therein the patient*.....*d* 310
how does your p. doctor*....*f* 310
after his patient's death*....*k* 310
p., and simple, and childlike.*j* 469
Patine-inlaid with p's of*.....*k* 403
Patriarch-guileless held.....*q* 6
oak, the patriarch of trees...*b* 439
the patriarch-pupil would be *f* 228
p's old among their shining *m* 365
Patriot-if the pulse of the p....*a* 71
worthy patriots.....*v* 101
fell from the p's heaven.....*d* 431
true patriots all; for be it.....*c* 329
the patriot's boast, where'er.*g* 329
Patriotism-p. is the last refuge.*l* 329
protection and patriotism..*m* 490
Patten-on elinking p's tread..*f* 322
Patter-pit, pat, p , clatter.....*j* 270
Pattern-in himself, to know*..*q* 197
of thyself the pattern see....*l* 169
the p. which was weaving...*r* 230
be a p. to others, and then...*u* 209
by their example, pattern...*d* 367
Paul-observes, all strife.....*i* 291
by robbing Peter he paid P..*y* 162
Paunch-fat p's have lean*.....*k* 497
Pauper-whom nobody owns...*n* 341
Pause-pause where we may....*p* 58
and fill'd each pause.....*d* 283
pause awhile from letters ...*o* 405
without a pause, without...*c* 317
p's on the paths of treason..*g* 431
nature made a pause.....*o* 392
puff and speak, and pause...*a* 321
never p., bnt pass and die...*e* 164
an awful pause.....*j* 290
I pause for a reply*.....*ee* 497
must give us panse*.....*q* 391
Paved-were all p. with daisies..*c* 139
paved hell with their good..*p* 194
Pavement-clanging, to the p...*b* 21
in wall and roof and p.....*d* 489
on the rain-wet pavements..*j* 273
p., carpeted with leaves....*j* 440
heaven's p., trodden gold...*n* 462
Pavilioned-'mongst bonghs p.*l* 395
Pawn-their experience to*.... *p* 334
Pawned-hath p. an open hand*.*w* 73
Paw-paw-shade blossoming...*a* 149
Pay-cap and bells our lives we p.*j* 60
if I can't pay, why I.....*k* 66
he that dies, pays all debts*..*j* 84
base is the slave that pays*.*g* 388
pay no moment, but in.....*w* 487
wants wherewith to pay....*x* 163
we pay for its counterfeit...*k* 190
p. too much for your whistle.*g* 462
the devil to pay*.....*e* 495
Paying-to others paying*.....*h* 217
Payment-for so great a debt*..*b* 259
not aware that payment.....*b* 210

Pea-like each other as are p's.*ee* 500
the p. is but a wanton witch.*b* 149
sweet p's on tiptoe for a flight.*c* 149
Peace-worth retire to peace.....*c* 6
uproar the universal peace*..*i* 47
peace that he brings.....*o* 56
repeat of peace on earth.....*g* 57
lives at peace, within.....*e* 66
thrice my peace was slain....*n* 86
a peace above all earthly*....*u* 62
work us a perpetual peace....*j* 57
and slept in peace*.....*g* 84
peace, and virtue pure.....*c* 90
very blessed spirit of peace*.*c* 24
to gain our peace, have sent*.*p* 62
be blest with health and p....*f* 70
should kneel for peace*.....*y* 476
wheel shall rest in peace...*m* 105
life's best joys consist in p..*d* 380
a pattern of celestial peace*.*h* 258
depths of heavenly peace...*m* 259
in peace provides fit arms...*t* 165
there can never be deep p...*a* 173
O sacred bond of blissful p..*i* 173
smooth-faced peace*.....*e* 176
rod, and bird of peace*.....*a* 368
keeps all nature's peace.....*g* 191
peace hath higher tests of...*g* 196
in peace, love tunes.....*l* 245
my peace is turned to strife.*m* 238
peace counts his hand.....*x* 407
in peace a charge.....*m* 311
live in peace—adieu.....*s* 307
ways of preserving peace....*g* 461
peace, our fearful innocence.*f* 463
lead to tranquility and p....*s* 470
peace in thy breast*.....*f* 248
a good war or a bad peace..*ee* 491
p. of you I hold such strife*.*v* 496
pledge of p. and sunshine...*r* 352
health, p., and competence..*o* 354
an element of peace.....*i* 358
prince whose approach p....*n* 389
p. is wounded, not in war*..*p* 485
the wound of p. is surety*..*v* 485
peace, immortal leisure.....*i* 272
conducting them to peace..*j* 276
arts of war and peace.....*c* 374
peace is of the nature*.....*a* 331
in peace, there's nothing*...*c* 331
carry gentle peace*.....*e* 331
p. the offspring is of power.*g* 331
ne'er to part, is peace.....*j* 331
the stillness of our peace....*h* 331
Christ is whispering "peace" *i* 331
p. and transport to my soul.*h* 201
p. and rest can never dwell..*j* 201
may hold his peace.....*y* 228
whisper'd of p., and truth...*t* 152
peace with her victories....*n* 452
peace its ten thousands.....*v* 458
in peace, there's nothing*...*t* 459
the gentle eyes of peace*....*x* 459
for gentle peace in freedom's.*d* 330
a solitude and calls it peace..*f* 330
tribes in peace unite.....*g* 330
p. rules the day, where reason *h* 330
nothing can bring you peace.*j* 330
we love peace as we abhor..*m* 330
not peace at any price.....*m* 330
peace among the nations....*n* 330
peace hath her victories.....*q* 330
if there's peace to be found..*s* 330
for peace do not hope.....*t* 330
time's blest wings of peace.*v* 330
expecting to get p. in heaven.*x* 330
peace more destructive.....*m* 330
could not live in peace if....*j* 384
as, without piety, for peace.*r* 358
told me words of peace.....*p* 360
first in war, first in peace....*t* 329
breast its long forgotten p,..*q* 357
peace in thy breast*.....*h* 391
sleep! the certain knot of p..*t* 391
sweetly, tender heart in p...*c* 392
peace; sit you down*.....*y* 397
with the set phrase of p.*...*v* 400
in the thousand years of p..*b* 428
a man of peace and war.....*x* 489
thou peace of the mind.....*l* 390
Peaceful-so p. shalt thou end.*w* 330
surely then a peaceful life...*i* 291
Peacefully-how p. the broad...*l* 276
Peace-maker-are the p-m's*...*b* 331
best of peace-makers... ....*i* 287
Peach-the ruddy-cheeked p...*h* 438
Peacock-imperial p. stalk.....*p* 29
the peacock's plumes thy ...*q* 29
the peacock led him in.....*r* 29
Peak-p's of perpetual snow..*o* 212
along from peak to peak.....*a* 404
Peal-tuneful bell's responsive p.*q* 20
the loud peal dies.....*k* 21
deep thunder peal on peal...*b* 457
peal crushed horrible.....*a* 405
Pealing-let the p. organ blow..*q* 282
Pear-pear trees that with.....*d* 440
a pear tree planted nigh.....*i* 295
p. lies in a soft profusion..*u* 295
Pearl-p's that were his eyes*...*i* 46
pearl in every cowslip's*.....*r* 93
for p's must dive below.....*x* 104
as pearls from diamonds* ...*t* 110
if all their sands were p's*..*q* 258
and orient p's from ev'ry...*g* 278
hath the p. less whiteness ..*e* 160
p. that leaves the broken...*m* 173
pearl-chain of all virtues....*a* 268
transform'd to orient p.*....*v* 416
of orient p. a double row....*i* 303
a p. may in a toad's head...*p* 304
not of pearl and of silver....*t* 394
if all their sands were p*....*d* 465
p's from diamonds dropp'd*.*h* 393
she is a pearl whose price*..*n* 477
Peasant-'tis no sport for p's...*h* 375
Alpine p's two and three ...*a* 369
hard hands of peasants*.....*t* 199
peasants flocked to hear.....*i* 447
dread that stirs the peasant..*s* 329
Peasantry-a bold peasantry....*v* 86
Pebble-polished p's spread....*e* 366
as children gathering p's ...*c* 354
o'er p's glancing in the sun..*u* 41
the small pebble stirs the....*i* 58
into its depths like a pebble.*i* 122
Peck-for daws to peck at*.....*j* 385
Peculiar-heathen Chinee is p ..*n* 87
Peddler-the p. does his packe 405
peddler overpressed unloads.*e* 405
Pedigree-lass wi' a lang p.....*e* 495
Peep-to peep at such a world..*u* 65
the jessamine peeps in.....*r* 143
p's from last year's leaves...*e* 159
I see the blue violets peep ..*i* 159
treason can but p. to what*.*i* 368
p. through the swelling....*m* 269
Peeped-they p. so fair to view.*d* 132
Peeping-pluck the daisy p....*x* 138
peeping from the ground...*v* 159
p. through my lattice-bars..*r* 131
peeping in at morn.....*a* 261
Peer-blooms without a peer ..*f* 149
among his peers unread ....*v* 253
above their peers refined....*x* 300
Peeress-proud as a peeress....*q* 384
Peereth-in the meanest* .....*i* 200
Peerless-unveiled her peerless.*j* 411
Peevish-more from peevish...*q* 359
something peevish that way*e 345
Peg-drink down to your peg...*f* 98
Pelf-for neither praise nor p ..*y* 185
Pelican-the p.; high fed .....*a* 30
Pelting-between the pelting ..*j* 410
Pen-pen from lender's books*. .*j* 40
matchless his pen.....*e* 50
who pens a stanza when....*c* 337
never doth poet touch a p.*f* 337
poet's pen turns them to ...*a* 207
employs a poet less pointed.*t* 318
make thee glorious by my..*a* 405
sad words of tongue or pen..*v* 356
a pen whose task shall be...*k* 297
the pen is mightier than the *s* 299
bring the pen.....*r* 299
dropped my p. and listened.*v* 467
quirks of blazoning pens*..*p* 476
hands that ply the pen quit.*o* 456
parent bird to form a pen...*k* 331
pen became a clarion.....*l* 331
the feather, whence the pen.*m* 331
Pence-take care of the pence..*g* 101
common as bad pence.....*j* 291
Pencil-his unrivall'd pencil...*b* 127
figures by his p. wrought...*u* 237
figures from his pencil flow.*q* 313
Pencilled-figures are ev'n*....*p* 314
Pendent-round about the p.*..*c* 85
this pendent world.....*k* 484
Pendulum-man! thou p.....*x* 252
clock of time, giving its p...*q* 424
Penetrate-and p's the glades.*cc* 383
they say it will penetrate*.*m* 283
Penfold-cattle in a penfold....*f* 291
Penned-poets who have never.*b* 335
and so I penned it down....*w* 297
it is excellently well p'd*....*t* 400
will I trust to speeches p.*..*p* 479
Penniless-p. lass wi' a lang....*e* 495
Penny-p. in the urn.....*i* 53
penny in the way of trade....*j* 87
a penny saved is two.....*h* 101
Pensioner-p. on the bounties..*r* 105
cowslips tall her p's be*.....*f* 137
Pensive-sun withholds her p..*j* 146
if you knew the p. pleasure.*g* 260
child with pensive eyes.....*b* 279
Pent-to linger but with*.....*h* 263
Pentameter-in the p. aye.....*m* 338
Penthouse-hang upon his p.*..*f* 391
Penticost-that pentecost when..*e* 53
Penury-chill p. repress'd their *i* 341
Peony-p's blushed with all...,*l* 129

at the roots of peony bushes *g* 128
People–high in all the p's*.....*l* 51
I love the people, but*.....*e* 14
motes that p. the sunbeams.*p* 212
p. take for want of heart....*s* 451
the people's voice is odd....*j* 456
based upon her people's will *q* 368
the people's prayer.....*g* 196
the people's right maintain.*a* 307
the people are the city*.....*g* 499
from all sorts of people*.....*e* 324
by the people, for the p.....*m* 329
the people never give up.....228
safer to affront some people..*f* 387
Peopled–the world must be p..*l* 258
Perceive that thou wast blind *o* 179
not once perceive their foul.*i* 214
find little to perceive.....*k* 266
perceives before the other.*q* 36 0
Perch–on the leafy p. aloft.....*r* 27
bright-eyed perch.....*b* 124
their perch and not*.....*r* 308
Perched–cliffs they p. at ease...*b* 30
Perdition–p. catch my soul*..*c* 248
Perennial–opens with p. grace.*a* 139
Perfect–to the perfect would'st..*e* 9
constant, he were perfect*....*l* 64
white so perfect, spotless....*l* 145
most perfect dies.....*d* 151
the only perfect man.....*p* 252
perfect, in a hair as heart...*b* 286
to perfect judgment.....*o* 217
a most perfect wife .....*h* 465
pray to be perfect.....*x* 343
a poem round and p. as a....*j* 340
perfect in the use of arms*..*c* 460
p. woman, nobly planned ...*s* 478
Perfected–how things are p.*..*n* 266
noblest thing, a woman p...*b* 475
Perfection–of art is to conceal art *t* 15
art is the perfection of.....*d* 15
perfection of art consists.....*h* 15
very pink of perfection .....*q* 331
p., hearts that scorn'd*.....*u* 331
idea of p. in another.....*d* 350
perfection in this world.....*q* 444
whose fullness of perfection* *u* 257
Perform–Almighty's orders to p.*b* 348
Performance–p., as he is now*..*b* 88
performance is ever*.....*b* 107
Performed–and days well.....*n* 66
dreary part p. on thee.....*i* 322
Perfume–summers exalt the p..*g* 70
all the perfumes of Arabia*..*f* 190
p's and jewels are mine.... *d* 374
p. which on earth is not.....*t* 128
how sweet a p. it will yield..*e* 155
summer's ardent breath p...*n* 156
the violets rich perfume.....*l* 159
puss–gentleman that's all p.*w* 314
rich, distill'd perfumes.....*x* 314
perfume hits the sense*.....*b* 315
how to make perfumes*.....*c* 315
perfume for a lady's*.....*d* 315
to find the perfumes.....*b* 466
finds everywhere perfume...*c* 486
a stronger perfume unto me.*a* 144
flowers no p. is like mine...*a* 144
flood you with a faint p... .*k* 147
sweeten with their rich p...*r* 150
and perfume shed.....*u* 145
a perfume half so grateful...*w* 145
petals faint with strange p..*f* 134
breathing perfumes west....*l* 137
perfume which on earth.....*p* 138
gardens floated the perfume.*j* 127
the lily sheds perfume.....*m* 129
primrose sweet is flinging p.*q* 372
perfume on the violet*.....*o* 163
her spring perfumes.....*a* 274
no rich p's refresh the.....*s* 488
Perfumed–powder'd, still p....*m* 13
p. Paris turn and fly.....*a* 72
purple the sails, and so p.*..*q* 381
so p. that the winds*.....*e* 315
very well perfumed*.....*g* 315
p. chambers of the great* ...*c* 213
smell the air shall be p.*....*q* 154
Perfuming–a' the moorlands p..*d* 70
Perhaps–p. turn out a sermon..*c* 45
Peri–one morn a P. at the gate.*e* 260
Peril–thro' p's both of wind...*w* 63
more peril in thine eye*.....*c* 110
brave any imaginable peril..*n* 413
how many perils doe enfold.*m* 418
what perils do environ.....*s* 456
perils past, what crosses*...*w* 397
Perilous–more p. to youth....*dd* 251
on the p. edge of battle.....*i* 458
in their p. fall shall thunder.*n* 179
Perish–survive or p., I give...*a* 330
so perish all whose breast...*t* 346
that where they met they p.*a* 144
I'll hang my head, and p.*..*n* 145
within our bosoms but to p.*a* 240
shared its shelter, p. in its..*t* 368
to perish never.....*d* 446
bodies p. thro' excess of....*w* 471
not perish from the earth...*m* 329
Perishable–of a p. home.....*b* 98
Perished–are the flowers.....*q* 377
Periwig–such a colour'd p.*...*v* 189
Periwinkle–p's interlaced.....*b* 138
Perjury–p's are common as...*j* 291
at lover's perjuries*.....*t* 245
shall I lay perjury upon my*.*m* 291
Perked–up in a glistering grief*e* 398
Permanent–nature alone is p..*s* 493
Permission–there only by his p.*d* 364
Permissive–by his p. will.....*t* 204
Perpetual–feast of nectar'd.....*l* 332
Perplexed–once p. with thorn.*a* 226
perplexed and troubled.....*y* 166
Persecution–is a bad and.....*a* 357
Perseverance–p. keeps honour*b* 332
p., mercy, lovliness*.....*h* 368
Persian–shower of P. roses....*j* 131
P. tale for half a crown. ....*x* 336
Persist–as if his life lay*.....*x* 385
still persist to read..... *g* 354
Persistence–with their mild p.*a* 210
Person–her own p., it beggar'd*.*x* 18
few persons have courage....*s* 71
in the person of his Son.....*b* 358
Personally–I lay my claim*....*f* 308
Perspective–of vegetable.....*g* 296
Persuade–she can persuade*....*z* 14
force of reason, can p.....*v* 106
Perturbation–O polish'd p.*...*d* 391
Peru–race from China to Peru.*t* 334
Peruvian–richer than P.....*z* 470
Pervert–perverts the prophets.*p* 350
pervert with bad advice.....*u* 473
Pestilence–shakes p. and war...*v* 92
come rather pestilence.....*v* 266
sign of the fatal pestilence..*k* 433
love's pestilence and her....*e* 500
like a desolating pestilence..*r* 342
Pestilence–stricken multitudes *q* 476
Pet–a pet of temp'rance.....*s* 417
Petal–tender p's from the moon.*g* 105
soft petals' silvery light.....*u* 145
lotus-cups, with p's dipped..*l* 146
p's, trembles in possession..*i* 148
drop half their p's in our....*k* 400
tulip's petals shine in dew.*m* 158
petal by petal.....*b* 277
all fair p's, all good sense....*h* 256
delicate petals which glow..*m* 127
white p's from the flowers...*k* 393
Peter–robbing P. he paid Paul.*y* 162
scarce to wise P. complaisant.*c* 370
I'll call him Peter*.....*p* 199
Petition–of soft petitions*....*s* 324
first petition that we are....*y* 344
Petrarch–Laura had been P's..*e* 464
Petticoat–bo-peep under her p's *y* 163
feet beneath her petticoat...*c* 164
Petting–never, never petting..*b* 274
Phantom–shadows and p's.....*e* 111
she was a p. of delight.....*u* 478
Pharaoh–arose forgotten P's....*e* 69
Pheasant–whirring p. springs..*d* 30
ah, brilliant pheasants.....*h* 375
Phenomena–frown at these p..*k* 378
Philosopher–to whom the.....*j* 370
he was a shrewd philosopher.*h* 332
that stone p's in vain.....*m* 332
p. is the lover of wisdom....*p* 332
to the eye of the philosopher.*i* 296
friendship, love, p's stone...*x* 492
philosophers have judged...*c* 199
was never yet philosopher*..*l* 303
Philosophise–tendency is to p.*t* 468
Philosophy–p. inclineth a.....*g* 332
p. can teach by experience..*i* 332
philosophy lies in two words.*j* 332
charming is divine p.....*l* 332
dreamt of in your p.*.....*o* 332
adversity's sweet milk p.*..*n* 332
what does philosophy impart.*q* 332
philosophy becomes poetry..*j* 177
the philosophy of tears.....*l* 417
p. teaching by experience...*v* 106
history is philosophy.....*g* 197
Phlox–in meadow-grass the p..*r* 271
Phœbus–the wheels of P.*.....*h* 16
Phœbus' gins arise*.....*e* 26
P., fresh as brydegroome.... *i* 16
the youthful Phœbus*.....*t* 35
she Phœbus loves.....*c* 147
when Phœbus peeps in view.*p* 151
bright Phœbus did avow....*i* 215
bright P. in his strength*...*i* 130
to quench the drought of P..*i* 214
P. himself could nay travel..*i* 369
shooting their sparks at P..*m* 352
Phœnix–the long-lived P.*.....*f* 426
Phrase–whose meaning kills...*e* 386
thy high sounding phrasese.. 114
a mint of p's in his brain*.*m* 414
with the set p. of peace*....*v* 400
phrase "I told you so".....*v* 347

Phyllis-neat-handed P. dresses.*j* 302
Physic-p. to preserve health...*e* 309
physic of the field.....*t* 309
throw physic to the dogs*...*d* 310
in poison there is physic*...*i* 310
he brings his physic*.....*k* 310
take physic, pomp*.....*n* 310
'tis time to give them p,*...*o* 310
gentle p., given in time*....*o* 195
Physician-death is our p.*....*e* 235
physicians mend or end us..*h* 309
physician, like a sculler.....*k* 309
only a travelling physician..*o* 309
last night of my physician.*w* 309
physicians, of all men, are..*y* 309
use three physicians.....*a* 310
trust not the physician*....*p* 310
a physician who, having....*s* 310
the divine than the p.*.....*c* 359
Picked-out of two thousand*...*r* 198
Pickle-smarting in ling'ring p.**q* 849
Picture-p's suit in frames as...*t* 63
pictures when they are shut..*s* 96
dost thou love pictures*....*m* 314
this picture, and on this*...*o* 314
for the sake of a sweet p....*u* 314
faces are but a gallery of p's.*h* 394
you are p's ont of doors*....*b* 478
little picture, painted well..*b* 339
a name, a wretched pictnre..*f* 114
sweet p-frames of bloom....*k* 131
eyes with p's in the fire.....*g* 123
man who did this p. draw...*s* 313
pictures must not be too....*u* 313
a picture is a poem.....*c* 314
let's see your pictnre*.....*l* 314
Picturesque-not be too p.....*u* 313
Piece-dash themselves to p's*.*f* 408
Piecemeal-on the rock .....*g* 41
p. they win this acre.....*t* 307
Pierce-the deed might pierce..*y* 442
pigmy's straw doth p. it*...*y* 384
p. through pride and fear....*l* 339
Pierced-the fearfnl hollow*.....*o* 28
Piercing-piercing eloqnence*..*o* 102
Pierian-taste not the P. spring.*w* 227
Piety-in art—poetry in art.....*l* 15
plain roofs as piety.....*e* 58
as, without piety, for peace..*r* 358
happy but be so through p..*n* 191
in this vicions world than p.*t* 451
piety, like wisdom, consists *m* 357
piety, whose soul sincere...*k* 358
Pigeon-wood-pigeons cooed....*e* 30
where the wood-pigeons.....*f* 30
the nest of a pigeon.....*g* 30
the pigeon's bill and coo....*f* 374
as pigeons feed their young*.*k* 306
Pigmy-p's straw doth pierce*.*y* 384
Pike-the puissant pike*.....*x* 11
desire in killing a pike.....*k* 123
when the pike is at home ...*k* 123
p's, the tyrants of the wat'ry *b* 124
Pilate-with P., wash your*....*r* 431
Pilaus-roast-meats and pilaus. *c* 302
Pilgrim-pilgrim of the sky.....*r* 26
land of the pilgrim's pride....*g* 71
do pilgrims find their way..*d* 365
a rest for weary p's found...*p* 184
the weary pilgrim oft.....*l* 234
still I am a pilgrim.....*r* 262
day, like a weary pilgrim...*a* 106
Pilgrimage-on his golden p.*..*v* 409
Pill-you gave me bitter pills*.*q* 310
Pillage-went agin war an p....*c* 458
which p. they with merry*..*s* 212
Pillar-pillars of the palm tree..*b* 148
pry aloof atween the p's...*aa* 159
you are a well deserving p.*..*l* 218
Pillow-beat nnder my pillow...*r* 36
to their deaf pillows will*.....*k* 75
he lays for us the pillows....*f* 252
sloth finds the down p. hard**w* 361
gold-fringed p. lightly prest..*b* 392
Pillowed-on the waveless.....*f* 25
the baby sleep is pillowed ...*r* 391
Pilot-if the pilot slumber.....*q* 44
pilot of the Galilean lake.....*q* 56
on board the Lnsian p's leap.*j* 364
pilot without eyes.... .....*c* 367
O pilot ! 'tis a fearful.....*t* 312
here's to the pilot.....*a* 313
the best pilots have need....*d* 313
Pimpernel-blossoms of the p..*d* 149
pimpernel dozed on the lee..*i* 434
Pin-to monld a pin, or.....*r* 9
shows, on holidays, a sacred p.*b* 116
pins extend their shining...*w* 495
at a pin's fee*.....*x* 235
cares not a pin what they...*m* 209
Pincer-quiver where the p's...*z* 362
Pinch-necessity's sharp p.*...*k* 287
lifts a pinch of mortal dust..*n* 405
where the shoe pinches.....*e* 319
Pindaric-boast Pindaric skill..*s* 319
Pine-was cradled in the pine ...*t* 24
have left the shivering pines.*n* 375
p's a noxious shade diffuse..*c* 378
we pine for kindred natures.*m* 413
pine for what is not.....*m* 262
eastern p's, darts his light*.*m* 410
palm and southern pine....*m* 433
ye lofty pines! ye venerable.*b* 434
pine-tree looks down on his.*a* 440
shade of desert-loving pine..*f* 440
thy silent sea of pines.....*g* 440
O solemn pines, now dark..*h* 440
pines grow gray a little.....*i* 440
pines uplift their fretted....*j* 440
p. is the mother of legends..*k* 440
that Sylvan loves, of pine...*l* 440
grew the rougher rinded p..*m* 440
ancient p's ye bear no record.*m* 440
Pined-saw and pined his loss.*u* 90
Pine-grove-ye p-'s, with your.*n* 179
Pinewood-white-stemmed p..*g* 250
Pinion-borne on buoyant p's...*x* 2
a pinion for the deeper sky ..*a* 10
spread those pinions grey...*a* 22
pride, nor ample pinions.....*f* 24
waving thy silver p's o'er...*c* 201
on the p's of the morn.....*v* 420
he nursed the pinion.....*p* 356
from his hoary p. shades....*l* 425
seen but his broad pinions..*l* 428
Pink-very pink of courtesy*...*e* 73
improve it to a garden pink.*e* 149
p., the emblem o' my dear ..*f* 149
she's the p. o' womankind..*f* 149
pink in truth we should not.*g* 149
pink crown the garden wall.*h* 149
p. with the faintest rosy..*r* 150
very pink of perfection.....*q* 331
pink with cheek of red.....*p* 126
Pinnacle-desert's ice-girt p's...*o* 69
Pinned-pinned it with a star..*a* 288
Pioneer-the eyes are the p's ..*a* 110
Pious-bird with scarlet.....*b* 31
that which pious fathers....*a* 416
Pipe-p's the mounted thrush..*q* 33
pipe but as the linnets.....*e* 386
a pipe for fortune's finger*. *f* 166
therefore, ye soft pipes .....*x* 281
pipe to spirit ditties.....*x* 281
to many a row of pipes.....*k* 287
is a p. blown by surmises*..*x* 361
the pipe, with solemn.....*a* 321
pipes do love long cases ....*b* 321
in a pipe delighteth .....*b* 321
Piping-mocking winds are p..*c* 467
Pirate-and corrupts the.....*j* 181
Pit-fill a pit, as well as better*.*x* 460
Pitch-touch p. will be defiled*.*q* 64
voice of dolorous pitch.....*l* 341
pitch, with weary*.....*v* 409
Pitcher-disabled p. of no use. .*u* 79
Pitiful-you see fair hair be p.*m* 189
who should be pitiful*.....*a* 313
'twas wondrous pitiful* ....*v* 499
Pity-me, open the door*.....*w* 19
challenge double pity .....*t* 19
to p. distress is but human..*g* 53
soft-eyed pity once led.....*r* 56
no soul shall pity me* .....*i* 91
find in myself no pity* .....*i* 91
now moved with pity.....*h* 41
it was a great pity*.....*y* 73
or sigh with pity ....*a* 122
to pity, and perhaps forgive.*o* 256
p. melts the mind to love ...*t* 332
p. that will not forsake us..*u* 332
pity gave ere charity began *v* 332
I learn to pity them.....*w* 332
that Power that p's me.....*w* 332
O sleep! in p. thou art made.*q* 389
pity the sorrows of a poor...*x* 332
pity warm'd the master's...*a* 333
now with pity to dispense*..*b* 333
I pity you*.....*z* 333
no p. sitting in the clouds*.*d* 333
p. hath been balm to heal*..*e* 333
p. is the virtue of the law*..*g* 333
pity dwells not in this eye..*h* 333
spy some pity in thy looks*.*i* 333
prince what beggar p's not*.*i* 333
soft pity never leaves.....*j* 333
pity's akin to love.....*k* 333
I p. the man who can travel.*l* 333
pity swells the tide of love.*m* 333
where pity is, for p. makes..*h* 230
'tis pity; and pity 'tis*.....*t* 211
goodness, out of holy pity.**p* 182
then pity, then embrace.....*e* 452
p. and need make all flesh...*r* 412
a tear for pity, and a hand*.*y* 413
pnre—from pity's mine.....*k* 415
and know what 'tis to pity*.*l* 178
I pity those I do not know*..*l* 219
a sense of pity in it.....*q* 242
lov'd her, that she did pity*.*w* 248
pity and remorse*.....*s* 324
pity is it that we can die....*a* 329
pity religion has so seldom..*h* 357

nor pity's eye more dreary..a 397
p. lovers rather more than ..i 473
pity, by sweet sympathy....g 475
Maker saw, took pity.....d 476
pity scarce can wish it less..i 490
showing an outward pity*.bb 384
Place-from lowest place when*.b 89
change the place, hut keep...d 95
edifice by mistaking the p*..g 163
have left their p's vacant*...r 246
place that does contain.....i 229
I will ask him for my place*.o 214
can fly hy change of place...x 194
God attributes to place no...o 197
get wealth and place.....o 462
there's place, and means*...r 324
one in all doth hold his p.*..n 403
place and time are subject..g 261
adorn'd the venerable p.....j 317
there is no place like home..e 198
everywhere his place.....ff 490
get place and wealth.....o 462
all other things give place..h 474
the vacant place may be.....s 329
Plagiarism-p. of orators is....n 333
Plague-of plagues, of dearths*.x 251
of all plagues, good heaven...l 168
the red plague rid you*.....n 237
plague upon such backing*.d 174
come the eleventh plague...v 266
lawful plague of life.....v 464
p. of sighing and grief*.....j 397
Plain-plain without pomp.....c 48
purple orchis variegate the p.p 374
cowslips deck the plain.....o 136
the p's are everlasting as the.k 185
p. living and high thinking.f 463
flocks, and p's I may remove.i 244
Plainess-sets off sprightly wit.w 471
Plaints-hear, and see, her p's*.x 476
Plan-were one in nature's plan.o 48
the good old plan.....m 52
God's plan's like lillies pure.e 349
should he to the larger plan.k 381
Planet-no planets strike*.....i 26
fleeting moon no planets*... j 64
to which the planets roll....v 282
p's in their station list'ning.a 403
all planets of good luck*.....r 251
born under a rhyming*.....o 479
guides the planets on their..s 348
Plank-the yielding planks.....s 312
carpenter dresses his plank.u 301
Planned-woman, nohly p.....s 478
Plant-p's in mines, which.....a 8
aromatic plants bestow no...b 4
leaves of plants, pursuing...o 23
confidence is a plant of slow..i 61
most naked plants renew.....s 46
a plant sprung up to.....n 38
more roses we must plant...e 152
fixed like a plant.....a 234
other plants, more rare.....c 285
friendship is a plant of slow..i 175
tend plant, herb and flower..f 295
plants, herbs, stones, and*..r 183
I would the p. thou graft'st*.q 188
plant divine, of rarest virtue.f 321
while the earth hears a plant.c 388
p's look up to heaven, from*.i 346
careless, unsocial plant.....j 441
fame is no plant that grows..j 115
oh, a dainty plant is the ivy.l 143
a rare old p. is the ivy green.l 143
look at this vigorous plant..j 136
how sweet a plant have you*.h 280
Planted-to remind us of the...b 139
Planter-born than the poor, p..q 469
Plaster-should bring the p.*....r 310
Plate-'tis plate of rare device*.j 305
Platform-half the p. just.....t 176
Plato-P. thou reasonest well...i 207
Plato's retirement, where...i 439
Platter-cleanly p. on the board.w 197
Plaudit-shouts and p. of the....i 49
Play-cannot play upon me*....d 65
he sleeps, and life's poor p... f 83
play and make good cheer....s 57
scene wherein we play in*..r 484
praise of god to play and...f 485
I doubt some foul play*.....i 412
our whole life is like a play.a 233
is there no play*.....w 264
saint when most I play*...aa 452
holdeth children from play.m 366
places that the eye of heaven*.f 194
play the good husband*.....k 198
have a play extempore*.....r 264
plays are like suppers.....o 293
a play there is, my lord*.....f 294
good play needs no epilogue*.j 294
creatures, sitting at a p.*... k 294
is there no play, to ease*....n 294
the play's the thing*.....r 294
the play is done.....t 294
a play made for delight.....u 294
that heard him play*.....q 312
breeze at its frolicksome p...h 438
play to you, 'tis death to us.m 493
better at a play.....c 495
plays such fantastic tricks*.w 346
Played-you've play'd, and lov'd.c 234
and played familiar with....p 323
Player-the p's well bestowed*.h 294
monstrous, that this player*.m 294
players that I have seen* ...p 294
p's in your housewifery*....b 478
Playing-playing at liberty....m 364
year were playing holidays*.k 197
playing with flowers.....n 270
playing celestial symphonies.r 466
tired of all the playing.....e 389
Play-mate-young p-m's of the.v 128
Play-place-we love the p-p. of.m 486
Plaything-takes away our p's.u 285
Pleached-steal into the p.*....n 142
Plead-who plead for love*.....l 40
for which I plead*.....c 325
Pleasant-'tis p. through .....u 65
through p. and through ....q 230
lies down to p. dreams.....k 360
pleasant too, to think on....g 478
Pleasantest-p. things in the...f 419
Please-studious to please, yet....l 8
hooks cannot always please...l 37
clouds he what you please....j 59
remember, if you mean to p..m 68
if thou desire to please.....c 73
who p's one against his will..u 75
please thy gods thou didst ..g 488
few can serve, yet all may p.d 380
themselves must always p...s 334
as they please, they limb....f 401
charm, the certainty to p....g 198
live to please, must please...b 493
coy, and hard to please.....k 476
please myself with, while....r 326
refuse nothing that p's Thee m 360
p. some men, some women..k 102
him alone 'twas natural to p.l 183
Pleased-do what I pleased.....r 65
are pleas'd too little.....o 108
who are pleased themselves..s 334
pleased to the last .....m 334
p. am I to be displeased.....q 361
Pleasing-most when most.....a 101
fiction rises pleasing to.....v 443
Pleasure-of the fleeting year*....h 2
pleasures fade away.....u 6
doubling his pleasures.....q 10
pleasure to the frame.....r 53
well-spring of pleasure.....n 55
vertue and pleasure both.....x 55
pleasure and revenge.....s 88
long years of pleasure.....t 79
first our pleasures die.....o 85
we'll have our pleasure o'er..l 96
object of delicious pleasures..p 37
pleasure and glory of my life.g 38
pleasure to delight in harm..v 17
business, some to p. take.....f 50
p. own your errors past.....x 76
sport, that owes its p's.....g 77
attended with the pleasures*.e 79
refined and delicate p's.....f 102
when pleasure, like the.....e 106
we will know your p's*.....b 119
if you knew the pensive p...g 260
p., and thy golden sleep*....j 260
good, pleasure, case, content.h 191
the little p. of the game.....m 201
you have an immense p. to..t 206
in their pleasure takes joy..v 190
it was pleasure to live.....k 271
p's newly found are sweet...i 135
my heart with pleasure fills.w 137
with pleasure forward led....j 433
with pleasure dignified.....j 436
may give a thrill of pleasure.u 461
leans for all pleasure.....b 462
the love of pleasure.....b 327
woman's p., woman's pain..e 462
a man of pleasure is a man*.s 325
his pleasure praise.....q 395
youth and pleasure meet....v 302
sunken p's to make room....c 389
idleness and take fool's p....q 430
there is a pleasure sure.....n 211
when our p's are past.....s 220
sooth'd his soul to p's.....t 332
doubtless the p. is as great..t 333
pleasures are like poppies ...u 333
p. in the pathless woods.....a 334
pleasure admitted in undue..b 334
sweet the pleasure after pain.d 334
pleasure never is at home...e 334
I fly from pleasure because..g 334
pleasure the servant, virtue.h 334
pleasure that is born of pain.i 334
joyous time, when p's.....k 334
roses of pleasure seldom.....l 334
new p's dost thou bring.....r 372
an impression of pleasure...u 222

those call it pleasure.....x 227
with all the p's prove.....j 243
every season hath its p.....i 376
unreprov'd pleasures free.. h 264
fair p's smiling train.....v 265
the choicest p's of life.....c 268
flowers are like the p's*.... j 130
p's are ever in our hands....n 334
when our old pleasures die..o 334
their present pleasure*.....p 334
painful pleasure turnes .....q 334
pleasure howe'er disguis'd..t 334
death treads in pleasures ..u 334
when p. treads the paths ...u 334
and take the pleasures.....cc 231
I live in p. when I live.....cc 231
fresh revolving p's flow ....m 451
is by far the longest p....aa 191
there is unspeakable p.....m 405
they take such pleasure ....k 270
whisper'd promised p .....s 200
reason's whole pleasure.....o 354
p's, harmlessly pursued.....i 357
all his pleasure praise.....c 358
where youth and p. sport...t 358
our p's and our discontents.m 188
p's lie thickest where.....l 190
pleasure at the helm.....t 486
p., and its nonsense all .....x 484
youth is full of pleasance*..o 487
Pleasure-house-lordly p-h.....r 334
Pledge-kiss, and solemn pledge.i 259
they slight the pledges .....t 244
pledge of a deathless name..i 420
p. of peace and sunshine....r 352
Pleiades-night I saw the P....u 403
Plenteous-joys, wanton in*....x 216
Plentiful-a p. lack of wit*....i 472
Plenty-with her flowing horn.g 375
with simple p. crowned ....a 122
with smiling p., and fair*...e 176
plenty o'er a smiling land...r 492
plenty makes us poor.....g 341
showering p. her feet adown.i 438
plenty made him pore.....d 342
fields with p. crowned.....a 483
Pleurisy-growing to a p*....o 182
Pliant-clay is p. to command.v 316
Plied-quick and strong.....l315
Plight-plight me the full.....m 258
Plighted-we p. our troth .....b 242
Plod-plougman homeward p's.v 105
Plodder-have continual p's*..p 406
Plodding-universal p. prisons*p483
Plot-we first survey the plot*..d 44
plot, the manners, passions.f 300
souls that cringe and plot .aa 493
Ploughboy-the p's whistle.* ..c 379
Ploughed-with pains thy .....a 295
p. for, sow'd and scatter'd*..j 355
Ploughman-homeward.....v 105
Ploughshare-o'er creation.....v 368
the spade, the ploughshare aa 300
Plow-of the laborious plow. ..c 485
following the p. along the...e 338
the sacred plow employed...t 295
seized the plough.....t295
Pluck-there's a man of pluck..v 71
do I my judgment pluck*...x 251
pluck the daisy, peeping....x 138
appetite to pluck and eat..g 295
we p. this flower, safety*....l 498
pluck from the memory*....d 310
hand may p. them every day.r 152
pluck up drowned honour*.g 199
pluck bright honour*.....d 200
I did p. allegiance from*....n 431
Plucked-I p. a honeysuckle....l 142
the violet is plucked.....c 160
Plumage-his snowy plumage..k 33
glossy p., dark and sleek.....b 23
smit with her varying p.....u 24
Plume-of painted p's that.....c 25
in snowy plumes was drest..j 30
jets under his advanced p's*.u 64
their glossy plumes expanded e 35
birds of gayest plume.....g 24
nocking in our plumes*.....y 87
rowan waves his scarlet p....l432
with the nodding plume of..j 322
she plumes her feathers.... o 469
tossing plumes of glowing..i 141
lilac waves her plumes.....r 131
hoar p's of the golden rod...o 133
fan the air with scented p's.n 375
Plumelet-rosy p's tuft the.....q 33
Plummet-did ever p. sound*...h 40
cast forth thy plummet.....h 399
Plump-he looked p. and fair..j 205
see how plump my bags are i 462
Plunge-plunge, soul forward...s 36
then p. to depths profound..r 176
a p., a bubble, and a.....w 408
Plural-cut off my tail, and p..a 124
Pluto-of Pluto to have quite..n 282
Po-Scheld, or wandering Po...b 365
Poacher-and ah! ye poachers.h 375
Pocket-put it in his pocket*..w 418
Poem-p's read without a name.d 77
no heroic poem in the world c 335
true poem is the poet's mind t 335
every word was once a poem r 338
a p. round, and perfect as a..j 340
argument that makes a p....s 338
heroic poem of its sort.....l 231
if I publish this p. for you..j 318
and pay for poems.....s 319
Poesy-was ever thought.....i 338
the more we feel of poesie..j 338
shower of light is poesy.....i 339
p, appear so full of heaven...l 339
poesy, drawing within its..p 339
golden cadence of poesy*...g 340
is in poesy a decent pride...q 340
Poet-p's fancy when they.....n 18
poets live upon the.....k 27
like the soul of the poet.....e 33
I chanced upon the p's.....r 36
good poets are bad critics.....l 76
fann'd the poet's fire.....r 76
sour ferryman which poets*..o 84
poet's vision of eternal.....f 97
society the poet seeks.....c 42
poor rose and poet too.....f 151
p. in a golden clime was....u 337
poets lose half the praise....v 337
Homer who inspired the p..w 337
p's who on earth have made.c 338
consecration and the poet's.g 338
He made his prophets poets.j 338
their poet, a sad trimmer...y 340
a great p's hidden ecstacy...b 339
like hidden p's lie the hazy.n 376
maintain a poet's dignity...n 167
there lies the p's native land u 213
poets find gods to help them s 180
here a wandering poet sings.i 365
better to have the p's heart.a 193
be so sublime a poet.....m 319
poets are the cooks.....o 293
poets like vintners.....o 274
can poets soothe you.....f 341
sages said, all poets sung...p 474
poets heap virtues.....k 488
a p. not in love is out at sea.w334
poets are all who love.....x 334
the beautiful, these p's were.y 334
O brave poets, keep back....a 335
p's who have never penn'd..k 335
p's, accustom'd by their.....e 335
p's by death are conquer'd..f335
spare the p. for his subjects.g 335
which only poets know.....k 335
best can judge a p's worth...i 335
p's which did never dream..j 335
those made not poets, but...j 335
poets, the first instructors..k 335
three p's in three distant....n 335
all men are poets at heart...p 335
properly belongs to the p...q 335
poets should be law-givers..r 335
the dying earth's last poet..v 335
in his own verse the poet...x 335
call those p's who are first..a 336
where go the poets lines.....b 336
was ever p. so trusted before.c 336
best in the great p's of all....g 336
next to being a great poet is.k 336
dead poets, who are living...l 336
poets alone are sure of.....o 336
true poet is a public good...p 336
p's utter great and wise.....q 336
poets like painters.....w336
when the poet dies mute....e 337
pensive p's painful vigils...b 337
never durst p. touch a pen*.f337
poet's eye, in a fine frenzy*.h 337
poets only deliver a golden..k 337
I learnt life from the poets.m 337
p. in his art must imitate...o 337
unjustly poets we asperse..q 337
no such thing as a dumb p...s 337
p's leaves are gathered one..t 337
Poetic-fields encompass me...v 334
is a pleasure in p. pains.....k335
poetic mind all things are..m 336
p. itch has seiz'd the court.a 340
finest perfection of p. genius.l 293
scans with poctic gaze.....g 287
seat in some poetic nook....l 330
Poetical-hath made thee p.*...e 340
Poetry-live without poetry.....l 99
angling is somewhat like p...y 11
piety in art, poetry in art....l 15
language is fossil poetry.....l 226
stars are all the poetry.....a 406
philosophy becomes poetry.j 177
romance is the p. of literature k366
p. in the eighteenth century.d238
without p., music and art...i 302
poetry the thing signified...v 492
heaven of p. and romance...r 493
the poetry of speech.....d 396

p. was first experienced.....s 335
not p., but prose run mad...v 336
cradled into p. by wrong....i 337
where his poetry is not p....j 337
p, is itself a thing of God....j 338
poetry, above all.....l 338
poetry is the blossom and...n 338
poetry is older than prose...o 338
poetry is unfallen speech...p 338
that is p. which cleanses....t 338
poetry their garments gave..c 339
poetry is the key to.....d 339
poetry begotten of passion..f 339
p. is the breath of beauty...g 339
essence of p. is invention ...h 339
p. of earth is never dead.....j 339
p. of earth is ceasing never. .j 339
I do loves p., sir, 'specially..m 339
speak as one who fed on p..n 339
the merit of poetry.....o 339
poetry, like the world.....q 339
the world is full of poetry...r 339
poetry very subordinate....h 340
sovereign art and poetry....k 340
one merit of poetry.....l 340
p. is the music of the soul..m 340
old-fashioned poetry.....n 340
Poignard–she speaks p's, and*.p 477
Point–to press your p. with...m 68
the thorny point of bare*.....f 73
from the entire point*.....l 247
points to the misty main....e 352
Pointing–still, in cleansing*...a 253
Poise–equal p. of hope and fear.v 49
then p. not thus 'twixt earth.r 132
Poised–poised on the curb....v 461
Poison–let me have a dram of p..k 91
power to poison sleep.....v 119
p. hath residence, and*.....g 134
worse poison to men's souls* n 181
sell thee p., thou hast sold*.n 181
p's spring where'er thou....d 366
poison.draught for ours-....o 313
what's one man's poison....m 489
Poisoned-transports his p.shot*n387
but poison'd flattery*.....h 125
poisoned by their wives*...w 367
till it has p. the parent.....j 215
Pole–wide asunder as the p's...h 48
dancing round the pole.....i 276
to reach the pole.....j 266
icing the pole, or in.....a 323
tropics or chill'd at the pole.s 475
needle trembles to the pole..f 380
true as the needle to the pole.r 122
the soldier's pole is fallen*..e 460
Policy–policy sits above*.....b 333
honesty is the best policy...u 198
policy of civil society.....w 218
of being no policy at all....w 218
tyrants from policy when...v 447
Polished–by an intercourse....l 335
polish'd by the hand divine.k 415
society is now one p. horde.u 339
Polite–mentions hell to ears p.a 195
modern ladies call polite....y 414
in a polite age almost.....m 353
Politic–mistaken zeal in p's...d 488
Politician–like a scurvy p.*....e 65
politicians chew on wisdom.u 340
makes the politician wise...v 417
wine had warm'd the p.....w 309
Polity–their polity shall long..h 213
Pollen–the blossom, nay, the p.k 445
Pollute–whate'er it touches....r 342
Polluted–and is not polluted...o 64
Polyanthus–of unnumbered...p 131
Pomegranate–red p. falls.....f 434
Pomona–to thy citron groves.p 433
Pomp–plain without pomp.....c 48
what is pomp, rule, reign*...l 85
grinning at his pomp*.....m 85
give lettered pomp to teeth.a 338
tongue lick absurd pomp*...e 125
why, what is pomp*.....s 267
all the pomp to flight.....r 244
to have his pomp and all*...g 179
sweet than that of painted p.*.e 433
Pompey–pass the streets of*...c 107
Pond–over the pond are sailing.c 33
Ponder–p. well your subject...c 298
Pool–close by the meadow pool.f 32
the slimy pool, to build.....b 33
the swan in the pool is.....d 33
nod by the drowsy pool.....n 141
petals, fallen in the pool....p 150
stream, and not a stagnant p.x 190
shaking on the dimpled pool.j 352
flag flaunts from the pools...g 371
Poop–the p. was beaten gold*.q 381
Poor–poor in abundance.....k 94
love their country, and be p.b 71
drove the poor away.....x 16
art, most rich, being poor*...n 51
and makes me poor indeed*.r 387
so poor to do him reverence*.u 118
can make us poor.....v 144
steward for the poor.....h 252
God's suffering poor.....aa 255
poor make no new friends..w 168
those troops of poor.....p 341
I'm poor enough to be a wit.g 471
apt the p. are to be proud*..b 347
it may be poor.....w 487
how poor, how rich.. ..... s 255
pity the sorrows of a poor..x 332
closed to the wayworn p....s 126
a poor little violet.....b 160
p. too often turn away.....p 287
should the p. be flatter'd*...o 125
poor, but honest.....u 247
plenty makes no poor .....g 341
found'st me poor at first....h 341
simple annals of the poor....j 341
the Sabbath loves the poor..k 341
I am as poor as Job* .....t 341
he's p., and that's revenge*.w 341
p., and content, is rich*...x 341
not so well that I am poor*..v 341
whose plenty made him p ..d 342
by showing himself poor...e 342
if thou art rich, thou art p*.u 462
great man helped the poor..o 449
rich gifts wax poor when* ..a 450
how p. are they that have*..g 328
the poor man's wealth.....t 391
Poorest–may be had by the p...j 60
poorest man may in his .....t 228
Pop–pop that will not foam...a 198
Poplar–trees their shadows.... w 69
rock your poplars high.....e 288
quivering p. to the roving..d 432
the poplar never dry.....j 433
p's, in long order due.....n 433
trees, that like the poplar...p 440
Poppy–red poppies grown with.r 35
poppies hung dew-dabbled..l 149
through the dancing p's....m 149
find me next a poppy posy..n 149
the poppy's bonfire spread..r 149
flame from the poppy's leaf..s 149
striped the balls which the p.t 149
p's show their scarlet coats.u 149
p's cheek's among the corn.v 149
pleasures are like poppies..u 333
not p., nor mandragora*....c 391
the poppy hangs in sleep ...c 226
p's nod upon their stems...p 125
bide thou when the poppy.p 161
I sing the poppy.....i 149
we are slumberous poppies.k 149
Popular–word of p. applause..y 340
Popularity–he that seeks p....d 314
popularity is as a blaze.....a 341
p. is always suspicious.....b 341
Populous–and the powerful....f 78
they have made so populous.d 448
because the world is p.*.....j 347
Porcelain–the p. clay of.....r 202
the tower of porcelain.....x 316
Porcelained–have p. their*....k 294
Porch–round the porch.....o 142
across the p. thick jasmines s 143
before the porch itself.....e 195
passing in porch and niche.g 446
Porcupine–upon the fretful p.*j 121
Port–wafts us towards the p....q 44
life hath but this p. of rest...v 65
bound unto the same port....f 170
draws into port the old.....q 234
to a wise man ports and*....f 194
port after stormie seas.....b 362
liquor for boys ; p. for men.k 468
p's of slnmber open wide* ..d 391
pride in their port.....r 346
Portal–whose p's we call.....a 82
p's of our earthly destinies...i 92
at the portal thou dost.....aa 54
friendship is a wide portal..h 173
arching portals of the grove g 269
lovely are the portals of the..l 446
Portance—thence, and p.*....u 430
Portend–success in love.....f 28
portends strange things.....f 29
Portentious–phrase, "I.....v 347
Portico–across its antique p ...w 69
through the long porticoes..r 430
Portion–best p. of a good.....l 220
Portrait–death's portrait true..s 86
the glowing portrait's .....r 313
Portraiture–very p. of death...t 389
Positive–one single p. weighs.f 496
Possess–friendship that p's the r 173
if ought possess thee from*.w 195
Possessed–possesses or p'd a...g 90
p. with thought too swift...e 421
Possession–chosen p. of men...b 37
at ease in his possessions.....t 79
virtue, that possession*.....c 108
no possession can surpass...b 230
fie on possession.....h 453
past joys are a possession...k 188
we cease from its p.....j 425

where it gets possession*....i 387
Possible-the glories of the p..h 176
holds it possible to turn.....b 296
Post-maintain your post.....o 98
post of honor shall be mine..f 199
p. is the grand connecting..u 316
the department of the post..t 316
the post of honour is.....y 198
tell him there's a p. come*..x 306
twopenny post 's in despair.h 450
Posterity-to p. as a pattern...x 106
style alone by which p.....b 407
retail'd to all posterity*.....p 445
Postern-thread the postern of* l 208
Posthumous-the p. papers....f 450
Postman-daily packet of the p.q 315
Postscript-here is yet a p.*....l 316
Posy-thousand fragrant p's...w 152
posie, while the day ran by..e 424
offers her dew-spangled p's..g 150
a thousand fragrant posies*.s 154
home with her maiden posy.f 139
Pot-from an earthen pot.....k 317
Potency-their changeful p.*...v 166
with wondrous potency*....i 189
Potent-by p. circumstances*.w 102
p. thns beam not so fierce...a 375
is as potent as a lord's*.....s 347
Potion-soon as the p. works...i 214
Pottage-marigold, for p. meet.j 147
Potter-centre of the potter's...d 59
a potter near his modest....w 316
easy to the potter's hand....v 316
like a potter's wheel*.....bb 420
Pouch-by his side a p. he wore.f 309
Pound-p's will take care of....g 101
may claim a pound of flesh*.p 219
six hundred pounds a year..e 463
two hundred pounds a year.f 317
a pound of man's flesh*.....y 496
three hundred p's a year*...a 463
Poverty-poverty is in want of..g 17
penny in the urn of poverty.i 53
men rich in greatest poverty.j 67
content with poverty.....w 65
rich in poverty, and enjoys..a 66
even poverty is joy.....m 66
all poverty was scorn'd*.....n 89
poverty is the mother of.....u 74
oh poverty is disconsolate..h 377
poverty or chains.....dd 251
poverty, hunger and dirt....l 341
slow rises worth by poverty.m 341
poverty is the only load.....r 341
an age of poverty*.....u 341
poverty, but not my will*...y 341
steep'd me in poverty to*...a 342
that manner one robs p.....e 342
sharp-edged rock of poverty.r 455
oppressive grasp of poverty.g 468
shadows poverty.....i 470
heart she scorns our p.*.....e 347
Powder-crows is p. flung away.f 23
keep your powder dry.....aa 442
Power-of letters loves power too..i 8
what amends is in my power..k 1
had I power, I should*.....i 47
a soul of power.....w 48
power in excess caused.....s 52
blessed power deliver*.....a 88
is the power to fulfill another.p 98
no p. yet upon thy beauty*..a 84
how power could condescend.p 29
a little power.....b 10
art is power.....m 15
upon the past has power....q 117
power and skill to stem the.g 474
no grief can thy soft power..c 428
a power ethereal.....m 428
our power to love or hate....g 118
will and the p. are diverse...j 118
all enjoy that power which..d 103
power confronted power*...p 104
against the p. that bred it*..n 142
who stands supreme in p....e 143
ocean hath no tone of power.b 145
p. that bronght me there....p 150
unmanly loosens every p...aa 121
the ensigns of their power..k 124
or deems that he hath p's...h 379
is loss of vital power.....b 385
the p. is felt of melancholy..e 375
peace the offspring is of p...g 331
whose p's shed round him...l 210
power exercised with.....i 448
patience which is almost p..s 327
we love and live in power....g 342
p's deny us for our good*...m 345
it receives from human p....s 296
now is past my power.....k 139
Hymen's gentle powers.....m 256
that Power that pities me..w 332
knowledge is power.....v 222
an addition to human p.....a 224
p. to charm down insanity..o 211
a power behind the eye.....o 211
whose odours were of p.....o 155
'tis the supreme of power...i 339
I found no power to vie.....g 287
power of concentration.....o 420
emblems of the sovereign p..p 368
the literature of power.....g 238
effort of his pow'r.....l 454
tempt the frailty of our p's*.k 418
rough p. have uncheck'd*..a 419
art ever present, p. snpreme.l 180
power that dwelt within....e 364
p,that brought on this union.q 243
never lacks power*.....i 235
force of temporal power*...j 263
earthly p. doth then show*..j 263
doth exercise a power.....k 312
death's pow'r were mean....l 315
the thirst of power.....t 493
candor in power.....s 500
thy power, O rain.....x 351
whose power will close*.....p 359
have power to raise him*....q 445
I have power to shame him*.q 445
chief p. of honest men.....aa 445
hath no power that hath.....f 342
God-like to have power.....h 342
gray flits the shade of power.i 342
exercise of a new power.....j 342
to know the pains of power.k 342
p's by deepest calms are fed.l 342
power, in its quality.....n 342
patience and gentleness is p.o 342
contracts your powers.....p 342
the devil hath power to*..`.q 342
power, like a desolating.....r 342
shonld take who have the p..s 342
the birth a power ethereal...t 342
only, is the power to save....k 357
valor consists in the power..p 450
clothes itself with sudden p..s 360
Powerful-populous and the p...f 78
powerful was a lump.....d 47
patience is powerful.....f 328
Practice-better than the p's....i 48
reduce it to practice.....p 112
thou know'st the practice...t 244
bold in the practice of.....u 309
Practise-p. what he preached..h 63
dost loudly vaunt, not p....n 204
Prairie-wanderers of the p....c 148
Praise-named thee but to p.....w 3
of envy and of praise.....p 6
praise they that will.....i 61
great in itself not praises ....q 71
praise the evening clouds....s 59
to their right praise*.....n 28
justly praise or justly blame.d 77
do deeds worth praise*.....c 89
I e'er took delight in thy p's.e 114
conjunction with praise ....b 115
envy is a kind of praise.....n 103
in chants of love and p.....h 144
red roses, used to p's long...j 151
live upon their praises.....b 132
praise of which I nothing...i 135
thy beauty passeth praise...i 136
brown bees, humming p's...b 138
uplift in praise their little..k 138
burning words and praises..u 126
poets lose half the praise....v 337
his worthy p., and vertues ..c 208
deserves high praise .....y 228
too short to speak thy p.....d 181
our praises are our wages*..m 182
pay not thy p. to lofty things.k 185
own praise reward enough...j 405
season her praise in*.....a 417
p. is, that I am your friend..j 171
mean to profit, learn to p....l 176
they p. my rustling show...n 369
honesty for vulgar praise...n 198
life is cause for praise.....l 231
praise and blame.....i 243
grasp at praise sublime.....s 236
neither the p. nor the blame.d 491
a seller's praise belongs*....f 311
praise them most.....p 313
breathing thanks and p.....d 317
pudding against empty p...bb 495
swells with the praises.....k 298
is p. enough of literature....j 353
all his pleasure praise.....c 358
bear reproof, who merit p...r 359
p. the sea, but keep on land.h 323
praise me not too much.....u 342
thousand voices, p's God....v 342
three kinds of praise.....w 342
praise enough to fill.....x 342
praise is only p. when well..y 342
in your notes his praise.....a 343
damn with faint praise.....b 343
p. undeserved is scandal.....c 343
urg'd thro' sacred lust of p..d 343
delightful praise.....e 343
our praises are our wages*...i 343
good men will yield thee p..m 343
the love of praise .....n 343

is vain who writes for p .... o 343
praise no man e'er deserved.o 343
sweetest of all sounds is p...p 343
heard others praise*.....p 294
that gathers praise.....k 300
his pleasure praise.....q 395
devours the deed in the p.*..y 346
reserve is woman's genuine p.f 474
p. to mine own self bring*..m 485
mine own when I p. thee*..m 485
praise him each savage.....c 485
p. of God to pray and sing...f 485
Praised-prais'd, unenvy'd, by.o 319
hymning praised God.....z 342
now, God be prais'd*.....h 343
Praising-rose that all are p....e 151
high-day wit in p. him*.....l 343
praising what is lost*.....j 343
Prancing-p. to his love*.....y 277
Prate-p. and preach about....o 204
Prating-shalt think on p.*... o 258
Prattle-violets p. and titter...w 159
prattle to be tedious*.....l 294
Pray-work and read and pray ..i 23
if I could pray to move*.....g 64
pray thou for us*.....y 251
prays God that winter.....h 377
pray they have their will*..i 192
remain'd to pray .....l 444
therefore let us pray.....r 343
yet will I pray, for thou.....t 343
be not afraid to pray.....w 343
pray in the darkness.....w 343
pray to be perfect .....x 343
wish thou darest not pray...x 343
p. to God to east that wish..x 343
pure as He to whom they p.y 343
seraph may p. for a sinner..e 344
who p's without confidence.f 344
came to seoff remain'd to p.k 344
to pray, let him go to sea....l 344
goes to bed and does not p..m 344
with what words to pray ...q 344
when I would p. and think*.o 345
to pray together, in ....r 345
O, pray let's see 't* .....d 305
p., though hope be weak ...w 343
p,, thou who also weepest...o 441
I can't p., I will not make ..e 385
thine to work as well as p...q 483
I pray my heart is in my....e 385
Prayed-p. and felt for all.....h 413
prayed heartily without ....e 344
Prayer-thy p's aseend for me...a 2
prayers would move me* ....g 64
to breathe a prayer.....u 69
p. of Ajax was for light.....g 78
possession to my holy p's*. ..i 78
every wish is like a prayer...q 89
to my holy prayers*.....i 78
devil cross my prayers*.....e 93
have faith, and thy prayer...s 112
eyes are homes of silent p..v 110
swears a prayer or two*.....f 121
is one with prayer.....e 362
and say my prayers.....f 203
I might set it in my p's* ...u 284
p's, with gentle helping...q 401
prayer follows after prayer.h 396
sermons, but to p's most ...e 485
four spend in prayer.....u 490
in the confidence of prayer..q 343
atone for crimes by prayer..u 343
folly's pray'rs that hinder..d 344
cannot hope that his p's ....f 344
a good prayer though.....g 344
ejaculations are short p's...h 344
in extemporary prayer.....i 344
shoot out his prayer to.....j 344
in prayer the lips ne'er act .n 344
like one in prayer I stood...o 344
prayer is innocence, friend .o 344
if by pray'r incessant I....r 344
spirit of pray'r inspir'd .....s 344
prayer is the soul's sincere..t 344
whole earth rings with p....v 344
very looks are prayers.....w 344
first let thy prayers ascend .x 344
get him to say his prayers* .e 345
he is given to prayer*.....e 345
my prayers are not words*..h 345
prayers and wishes are all*..h 345
all comfort here, but p's*....i 345
true prayers, that shall be*.l 345
profit by losing of our p's*.m 345
enough to say my prayers*.n 345
prayers are heard in heaven.p 345
heaven with storms of p....s 345
are wrought by prayer.....t 345
with us is prayer.....u 345
prayer moves the Hand ....w 345
making their lives a prayer.a 346
prayers ardent open heaven.b 346
where prayers cross* ..... h 418
to p.—lo! God is great....m 179
the people's prayer .....g 196
that same p. doth teach*....k 263
p's do afterwards redress...k 762
book of prayer in his hand*.v 317
prayer all his business.....e 358
will learn of thee a prayer ..e 330
feed on prayers.....u 330
yet this will prayer .....p 344
prayers one sweet sacrifice*.d 345
they lift not hands of p.....t 345
prayer should dawn with...g 392
prayer-book in your hand*.h 485
Prayeth-best, who loveth.....z 343
prayeth well, loveth well...aa 343
Praying-souls are purged.....y 343
p's the end of preaching.....e 485
Preach-preach as I please I.....s 77
because they preach in vain a 468
both please and preach.. ...b 294
preach without words of...m 145
flowers preach to us.....e 130
forth and p. impostures.....e 444
Preached-practic'd what he p..h 63
he preached to all men.....n 317
Preacher-is no mean preacher.m 33
the sacred preacher cries...ce 231
Preaching-praying the end of p.e 485
Precarions-hopes heave p. life u 200
Precariously-our scene p.....c 294
Precept-her glorious precepts.a 307
Precious-were most p. to me* c 262
much themselves more p....l 189
two rich and precious stones* 305
p. as the vehicle of sense ...r 472
Precise-precise in promise*...o 347
Predecessor-illustrious p.....c 490
Predestination-p. ! is thy....aa 19
Pre-existent-knows his p-e....o 118
Prefer-let none prefer vice....a 456
Preferment-goes by letter*.....d 56
Pregnant-'tis very pregnant*.u 212
pregnant with all eternity..m 428
pregnant quarry team'd.....i 232
Prejudice-to progress is p.....d 346
prejudice renders a man's...e 346
the prejudice is strong.....f 346
Prelate-the lawn-robed p. and.e 184
Prelude-play the p. of our fate x 242
Prelusive-prelusive drops.....j 352
Prepare-if you have tears, p*. .j 416
Prepared-to be p. for war.....g 461
Prerogative-owes its high p's.x 443
Presage-p., as it were of future o 207
Presbyterian-true blue.....t 95
Prescribe-apply and eall.....u 309
methinks you prescribe to* .l 310
Prescription-have a p. to die*.e 235
Presence-feasting p. full of*....y 18
presence beautifies the.....e 150
his presence we no longer...j 333
presence of those we love ...a 243
for your presence again.....a 279
the presence of the love.....r 240
better by their presence ... a 210
whose presence had infused.e 364
majestic presence becomes.m 365
from whose unseen presence.q 467
thy presence and no land*..ll 497
felt presence of the Deity ...e 396
Present-act in the living p.....d 3
the present is enough.....g 92
in time there is no present..q 105
light of the present.....o 107
p. is the living sum total....h 362
the p. hour alone is man's.. v 232
the present we fling from us.b 236
what's our present..... t 468
things present worst*.....n 498
present yon with a man*....g 304
the present is onr own.....j 425
the glistering of this p.*.....q 429
the present is all and it .....e 486
Preservation-our preservation.u 379
her times of preservation*..k 286
Preserving-ways of p. peace..g 461
Press-enough to press a royal*.d 311
press not a falling man*.....j 308
press too close in church....g 117
press a suit with passion....b 479
here shall the press.....a 307
Pressed-between these pages..v 154
pillow lightly pressed.....b 392
Pressure-feel the p. of a hand..r 315
pressure of the heavy .....r 444
Presuming-thou art too p.....k 154
Presumption-pay for their p.*.u 460
most it is p. in us, when*....i 194
Pretence-loathing pretence....m 52
Pretend-can direct, when all p..o 492
Pretended-a p. friend is worse .q 204
Pretender-who that pretender.b 35
Prettiest-p. thing in the world.h 31
Pretty-pretty her blushing.....b 36
she is pretty to walk with...g 478
Prevailment-of strong p.*.....b 480
Prevaricate-dost prevaricate...g 87
Prevent-the ways to wail*.....y 72
Prey-alive and wriggling.....b 30

shark and tiger must have p..r 203
to their prey do rouse*.....q 289
valour preys on reason*.....e 451
soon preys upon itself*.....j 451
hunter,and his p. was man...t 458
wrought preys on herself...m 419
soon preys upon itself*.....s 191
the birds of prey*.....r 308
he deem'd his prey.....e 320
sick of prey, yet howling....l 427
wrens make p.where eagles*aa 384
Price–for what earth gives us...j 60
high the p's for knowledge...d 86
all are of different prices....h 489
she is a pearl whose price*..n 477
friend above all price.....i 168
the price of one fair word*..h 263
Prick–I have no spur to prick*..i 9
cause, to p. us to redress*....n 379
honour, the spur that pricks.m 199
honour pricks me on*.....y 199
sew, prick our fingers, dull..p 482
Pride–wretched was his pride...v 52
eternal soul of pride.....j 109
they are rich in their pride..p 141
it is the gardener's pride....g 149
modest unaffected pride.....c 150
the eagle, at his pride of....v 138
the rose with all her pride..x 153
is in poesy a decent pride...q 340
pauses of reluctant pride....n 422
pride of these our days.....t 487
rose is wont with p. to swell.h 152
he that is low no pride.....k 165
forest world,stripped of its p..j 375
May was then in its pride...c 221
my high-blown pride*.....e 179
price, fame, ambition, to fill..y 239
outworks of suspicious p....h 465
or simple pride for flatt'ry...p 319
sin is p. that apes humility.m 346
pride in their port.....r 346
in reas'ning p., our error....s 346
pride still is aiming at.....s 346
pride, the never-failing vice.u 346
pride is at the bottom of....v 346
pride is his own glass*.....y 346
pride at length broke*.....a 347
pride hath no other glass*...c 347
who cries out on p., that*...g 347
humility is love's true p....u 249
pride that licks the dust....o 495
glory, as we sink in pride...w 501
more disguises, than pride..j 346
shows great p. or little sense.r 442
pride often guides.....b 299
pride made the devil.....f348
and spite of pride.....n 348
Priest–by this meddling p.*....c 88
the priest attends to speak*.c 259
priests, tapers, temples.....r 244
priests pray for enemies*...ii 498
priest, beware your beard*..v 363
Rabbi and p. may be chained.x 443
Prime–of the joyous prime...m 112
year's fresh p.; her harvests.a 371
violets were past their p....d 160
reach'd her prime.....l 293
Primeval–this is the forest p..k 432
Primrose–makes a splendid....m 31
pale p's look'd their best....l 129
primrose pale and violet.....f 130
himself the primrose path*..r 317
primrose to the grave is gone.a 437
primrose down the brae.....g 126
p. our woodlands adorn.....h 126
primrose-eyes each morning.i 131
primrose by the river's*.....s 131
p. stars in the shadowy.....u 371
p. sweet is flinging perfume.q 372
and the pale primrose.....n 271
the reach of primrose sky...e 288
the p's are awaken'd.....j 128
primroses deck the banks...c 129
'tis the first primrose! see..a 150
the primrose banks, how fair.b 150
welcome, pale primrose.....c 150
p's burst where I stand.....d 150
song greets the p's birth.....e 150
the primrose opes its eye....f 150
bunches of penny, p's.....g 150
the p. and the daisy bloom..h 150
p. peeps beneath the thorn..i 150
bountiful primroses.....k 150
p. for a veil had spread.....m 150
evening primroses o'er.....o 150
Prince–sweet aspect of princes*.n 9
a prince's delicates*.....c 67
the prince of darkness is*....h 93
the death of princes*.....j 85
prince who nobly cried.....j 79
many princes at a shoot*....u 84
but princes kill*.....ii 498
women, like p's, find few....e 475
prince whose approach .....n 389
made proud by princes*....n 142
p. what beggar pities not*.. i 333
if you were a prince's son*..i 333
thou for a true prince*.....m 213
prince without letters is a...c 367
p's that would their people.d 367
princes learn no art truly...e 367
a prince the moment he is..p 368
and sat as princes.....l 296
the prince my brother hath*.r 188
prince who neglects or.....c 448
Princess–any princess*.....r 104
a princess wrought it me*...i 220
p. of rivers, how I love.....m 364
and sat as princess.....v 193
Principal–seems p. alone.....i 254
I don't believe in principal.m 176
why is the p. conceal'd.....h 322
Principle–with times .....d 46
subjects are rebels from p...q 366
'tis a principle of war.....r 458
p. is not an honest man.....u 198
Print–said, "John, print it."...t 36
see one's name in print.....a 37
I'll print it, and shame.....e 318
and, faith, he'll prent it....w 305
he that commeth in print...r 299
Printer–by which the printer..e 38
belong to the art of the p....c 318
the jour. printer with gray..g 318
Printing–the art of printing ..u 101
caused printing to be used*.f 318
employ our artisans in p....r 305
p. is the transcript of words.i 480
Priority–priority and place*...k 325
Prison–walls do not a prison...o 66
a palace and a prison on.....x 58
to me it is a prison.....c 421
a prison is a house of care...i 347
compare this prison, where*.j 347
universal plodding prisons*.p 485
Prisoned–in a parlour.....e 491
Prisoner–the p's release .....i 391
p. in his twisted gyves*.....t 248
Prithee–prithee, why so pale..o 249
prythee, say on*.....t 306
Privacy–p. of glorious light is..s 26
Private–takes no private road...i 20
God enters by a p. door.....p 213
what p. griefs they have*....c 188
the p. wound is deepest*...m 431
Privilege–should nothing p.*..k 219
privilege of speaking first...n 479
Prize–contend till all the prize ..c 8
I prize above my dukedom*..k 40
we prize books, and.....d 38
prize not to the worth*.....c 108
let me gain the prize.....q 244
we prize the stronger.....l 454
prize the flowers of May.....y 195
excels in what we prize.....k 304
the wicked prize itself*.....h 308
p. the the thing ungain'd*..f 480
p. is hardly worth the cost..e 479
Probability–large range of p's.b 206
keep probability in view....k 444
Proboscis–wreathed his lithe p.n 12
Proceed–more they proceed the.p 67
'tis impossible you should p.o 98
I did proceed upon just*....m 219
proceed to judgment*.....l 218
will proceed no further*.....e 324
I thus suddenly proceed*....f 477
Prodigal–strange the p. should.b 17
the generous prodigal.....k 311
yet prodigal of ease.....s 491
was p. of summery shine...d 392
like a prodigal doth nature. o 139
Prodigy–what p's surprise.....t 232
Produce–too slowly ever to....m 441
Product–of His hands forgot... e 370
Production–mere p's of the.....s 97
Profanation–foul profanation*.a 472
Profane–so old, and so p.*....g 216
hence ye profane, I hate.....h 291
Profess–I do p. to be no less*...b 51
Profession–in limited p's*.....z 418
every man a debtor to his p.a 293
Profit–and calculating profits...s 36
gained the most profit.....l 38
profit by his errors*.....d 108
king to the profit of all.....q 447
p., by losing of our prayers*.m 345
profits small, and you have..q 338
to profit, learn to praise.....l 176
hour employ'd great p. yield.n 176
no profit grows, where is no*.p 176
title and profit, I resign.....f 199
hop for his profit I thus.....r 468
Profitable–good, as to be p.....g 40
profitable to reckon up.....t 47
revenge is profitable.....k 363
not so estimable, profitable*.y 496
Profound–p. of love to man...d 181
the most profound joy has..r 216
profound this solitary tree..m 441
Progeny–contain a p. of life...a 40
a progeny of learning.....e 228

Progress–p. gains the goal.....e 9
fever'd the progress.....v 261
begins his golden progress*.l 447
Progressive–reason's p.....g 355
Prohibition–root of all our....x 166
there is a p. so divine*.....a 409
Project–their project cross'd..w 117
Prologue–the p. is the grace...o 293
what's past is prologue*....n 327
Promethean–the right P. fire*..f 110
Promise–p's of youthful heat....s 5
beyond the p. of his age*.....t 72
keep or break our p's to pay..c 79
his promises were, as he*....b 88
where most it promises*....a 107
we promise—hope—believe..m 116
leaned on her wavering p....e 201
zeal outruns his promise....o 156
a land of promise.....q 362
thy p's are like Adonis'*....r 347
buds the p. of celestial.....t 347
a voice of p. they come.....w 127
precise in promise-keeping*.o 347
promise constantly redeems.l 250
swells the more it promises*b 366
spring! whose simplest p...p 370
the future keeps it p's.....i 191
promise, and red lips.....q 270
mild arch of promise.....o 352
in hues of ancient promise..q 352
all her promises are sure....p 358
knowing your p. to me.....i 434
who broke no promise.....o 319
the promise of the dawn....i 446
p's were, as he then was*...p 347
keep the word of promise*..q 347
Promised–whisper'd p.....s 200
Promising–is the very pair*..b 107
Promontory–I sat upon a p.*..a 264
around the promontory.....o 440
Prompt–one alone, however p.q 360
Prompter–falling to the p's bell.t 294
Pronounce–it faithfully*.....q 479
Proof–no sadder proof can be..d 253
and proof of arms*.....l 268
it is no proof of a man's.....o 213
all proofs sleeping else*.....l 215
as proofs of holy writ*.....q 215
nor needing p. nor proving..v 244
which is incapable of proof..o 307
p. is called impossibility*...t 465
proof to pass her down.....v 443
he pnt in proof.....cc 306
Prop–that doth sustain*.....r 91
Propagate–propagate and rot..a 234
thou wilt propagate, to have*.i 187
Propensity–the least p. to jeer.h 309
Property–what property he has.e 49
thought is the property.....o 333
a property of easiness*.....k 322
whose violent p. fordoes*...q 248
Prophet–sounds like a p's....w 347
perverts the prophets.....p 350
p. descending from Sinai...g 411
mnsic is the prophet's art...i 282
prophets of fragrance.....n 127
God's p's of the beautiful...y 334
He made His prophets poets,j 338
p's whisper fearful change*.m 460
jesters do often prove p's*...i 216
champions are the prophets*p 197
falling mantle of the p.....t 446
p. of evil! never hadst.....u 347
Prophetic–hear the voice p...x 242
O my p. soul! mine uncle*..h 498
Proportion–needs a like p*....s 170
in just p. envy grows.....d 116
and no proportion kept*....t 283
Propose–man proposes, but God.e 92
Proposeth–God disposeth-.....i 348
Proposition–of a lover*.....s 246
Proprietor–p. of just applause..x 300
Propriety–standard of p.....r 48
Prose–p. her younger sisters..q 340
verse will seem prose.....g 354
unattempted yet in p. or...bb 494
p. in the seventeenth, poetry.d 238
prose is a walk of business..e 238
not poetry, bnt p. run mad..v 336
verse what others say in p..d 337
florid prose, nor honied lies.k 338
poetry is older than prose...o 338
in fewer words than prose...l 340
Prospect–the noblest prospect..i 69
though but in distant p.....j 193
all the lawny p's wide.....l 278
when in act they cease, in p.u 334
distant prospects please....w 225
thy prospect heaven.....m 157
his prospects brightening...n 360
Prosper–treason doth never p..f 431
pronounc'd the name of p.*..e 422
Prospered–is past, and p.....h 493
Prosperity–prosperity conceals..f 5
swells in pnff'd prosperity,..t 165
a jest's prosperity lies in*..f 216
hath been in prosperite.....l 267
prosperity with a little more.l 496
p's the very bond of love....p 498
Prosperous–hope a p. end.....x 344
Prostitution–the loathsome p..g 243
hate the p. of the name.....w 172
Prostrate–fire with p. face.....f 157
Protect–and I'll protect it.....o 432
Protecting–thy p. power.....c 434
Protection–p. and patriotism.m 490
in thy protection I confide..v 343
Proteus–P. rising from the sea.g 56
Prototype–bright p. on high...d 403
Protracted–howe'er p. death....r 82
Proud–their race in Holy Writ...i 32
death, be not proud.....o 80
all the prond shall be.....y 82
made proud by princes*....n 142
too proud to importune.....p 165
p. be the rose, with rain....h 155
proud, as proud as Lucifer..k 346
unlamented pass the prond..t 346
he is so plaguy p., that*.....x 346
I do hate a proud man, as*..z 346
apt the poor are to be proud*.b 347
proud Jack, like Falstaff*...z 497
instruct my sorrow to be p.*.u 397
is proud eats up himself*...y 346
oft make women proud*.....s 477
proud as a Peeress.....q 384
Prouder–I'm the prouder for it.t 346
p. than rustling in unpaid*.d 347
proud as a punk.....q 384
Proudly–p. rising o'er the.....t 486
Prove–they nothing prove.....s 14
to prove her strength.....f 275
he shall prove a friend.....c 168
prove which is the stronger.d 458
Proverb–books like proverbs...r 40
is a p. old and of excellent...d 201
Provide–p's a home from.....x 163
the goods the gods p. thee...w 491
Providence–whate'er kind P....s 65
of P. foreknowledge, will.....t 64
to P. resign the rest.....z 453
behind a frowning P.....e 348
assert eternal Providence....l 348
P. all good and wise.....q 348
eye me, bless'd Providence..n 407
Providence their guide.....l 484
Provoke–good p. to harm*.....u 283
Provokest–that thou oft p.*...o 391
Provoketh–p. thieves sooner*...v 18
Prow–speed on her prow.....w 312
youth on the prow, and.....t 486
Prudence–and prudence folly..m 73
imagines p. all his own.....h 379
Prudent–be p., and if you.....u 43
a prudent man must*.....e 44
'tis prudent to enjoy it all....s 65
pushes his prudent purpose.t 278
choice of the prudent.....b 396
Prunella–is all bnt leather or p..k 50
Pruning–all for want of p.*...w 195
Pry–aloof atween the pillars..aa 159
pry on every side*.....i 294
Psalm–purloins the P's.....p 350
Public–all actions are public...r 2
to speak in p. on the stage....g 76
having to advise the public.y 228
unknown to public view....q 395
Publican–fawning p., he looks*g 192
Publish–did I p. all I admire..j 318
to p. what you please.....b 307
Publishing–of his own.....h 318
Pudding–solemniz'd the .....q 99
sweets of hasty pudding .....j 99
two puddings smok'd.....p 99
p. against empty praise....bb 495
Puff–p's, powders, patches...w 495
solemn interposing pnff....a 321
pnff and speak and pause....a 321
Pulleth–down, he setteth.....f 349
Pulpit–to the p., where it.....j 102
called to stand in the pulpit.i 317
dew of pulpit eloquence....p 317
Pulse–pulse of the patriot.....a 71
day by day the pulse's fail...g 141
have pnlses red.....h 242
a pulse of air that mnst.... c 282
in pnlses come and go.....n 212
very pulse of the machine ..r 478
general p. of life stood still..o 392
restless pulse of care.....h 396
Pumpkin–onr chair a broad p.a 296
Pun–puns of tnlips.....n 315
Punish–by crime to p. crime..d 448
welcome which comes to p*.p 463
Punishment–first constant p...b 62
languor is a pnnishment ...r 205
sin let loose speaks p.....i 384
object of pnnishment is....m 349
back to thy pnnishment....n 349
Punk–prouder as a pnnk.....q 384
Puppet–have their p. plays....e 264
church, bnt are bnt puppets.i 204
Purchase–p. us a good opinion*.c 7

but in p. of its worth .....w 487
Purchased-with pain p. doth* .l 89
Pure-time hath made them p..n 39
as pure as snow* .....h 42
to the pure all things.....g 54
eloquence along, serenely p. l 102
too pnre and too honest.....r 109
is not this lily pure .....l 145
a pure, cool lily bending....q 145
pure and perfect, sweet.....i 133
heart whole, pure in faith..p 168
in p. and vestal modesty*...b 222
can be p. in its purpose....g 210
pure—from pity's mine ....k 415
p. mind sees her forever....p 470
pure in thought as angels...b 245
peaceful, loyal; loving, p ..p 493
naughty that was not. p and.y 442
who kept thy truth so p..b 445
p. as He to whom they pray.y 348
as pnre as snow*.....g 387
pure, as the prayer which...l 473
the real Simon Pnre.....p 490
Purer-purer than snow.....a 134
Purgatory-thou wilt go to p...l 114
Purge-p. it to a sound*.....h 310
Puritan-the day, like a P.....n 273
Purity-soil her virgin purity..a 54
holiness and her purity.....f 275
preach, without words of p.m 145
emblem of stainless purity..d 153
Purling-in purling streams...u 239
Purloin-purloins the Psalms..p 356
Purloined-a tithe p. cankers..g 359
Purple-the purple land.....o 390
the thyme her purple.....d 132
born in the p., born to joy...f 140
the pnrple oak-leaf falls.....o 272
everywhere the p. asters nod.b 376
with p. sanguine bright.....e 411
evening's growing purple...l 411
chambers p. with the alpiue.l 365
see the purple trilliums.....e 158
come to ope the purple*....p 459
purple the sails, and so*....q 381
Purpled-sky p. and paled,....m 411
Purpose-the flighty p. never*..g 89
purposes mistook fall'n*....e 105
thus for purposes benign...m 150
to be happy is not the p.....u 190
there is purpose in pain....n 325
trumpet to his purposes*...m 467
p. in the glowing breast.....l 304
fitting for your purpose*....t 317
ages one increasing purpose.t 421
life can be pnre in its p.....g 210
p. and his conscience*.....d 368
vows to every purpose*.....s 291
Purse-steals my p. steals trash*.r 50
shut not thy purse-strings....c 53
pnt but money in thy p.*...v 268
as thy purse can buy*.....f 320
memory, like a purse.....t 260
Pursne-yet the wrong pursue..x 49
seem to fly it, it will pursue.k 380
what shadows we pursue....g 380
each pursues his own....n 451
the worst pursue .....d 462
Pursning-p. that that flies*...g 247
achieving, still pursuing....h 328
Pursuit-of knowledge under..w 222
Pursy-fatness of these p.*.....b 455
Push-p's up the sward already.m 137
push on—keep moving.....bb 331
to push with resistless way.cc 308
we push time from us.....o 428
Put-never p. off till to-morrow.l 423
Putty-compound of p. and....a 198
Puzzled-rather p. him to do...j 203
p's the will, and makes us*..f 176
Pyramid-shook within their p's.e 69
p. set off his memories.....b 114
the pyramids themselves....p 164
the tap'ring pyramid.....f 274
regal elevation of pyramids.m 274
virtue alone outbuilds the p's b 456
Pythagoras-great P. of yore...b 301

Q.

Quack-despairing q's with... r 349
Quail-and pipings of the quail..i 30
q. clamors for his running ..t 467
incessant piped the q's.....d 376
quail and shake the orb*....v 367
makes the strong man quail b 442
Quaint-daisies q., with savour t 138
pansies quaint and low.....s 127
Quake-Mars might quake to..d 457
who quake to say they love..g 249
Qualify-q. the fire's extreme*m 246
Quality-but personal qualities.l 52
best in quality..... ...t 101
dearth or seasons quality*..x 251
do draw the inward q*.....m 218
hitting a grosser quality*a..s 218
give us a taste of your q*....b 350
Quantity-infinite in quantity.t 101
Qnarrel-nothing but q. and....a 32
we quarrel in print*.....m 40
a very pretty quarrel.....a 68
motto of all quarrels.....c 68
in quarrels interpose.....q 67
a quarrel, ho, already*.....t 67
to find qnarrel in a straw*...u 67
in a false quarrel there is*...v 67
quarrel with a man*.....x 67
no other q. else to Rome*...n 459
a q., but nothing wherefore* f 262
nations shall not quarrel...d 458
sudden and quick in q*.....d 312
fill the court with qnarrels*.a 431
q. about a hoop of gold* ....a 305
Quarry-teem'd with human...i 232
breaks the quarry-ledge.....l 318
Qnarter-I show you but a q....i 276
Qnarto-a beantiful quarto page q 40
Queen-the rose, the queen of.. j 18
every lady would be queen...f 50
furnish crowns for all the q's.t 108
an undisputed queen.....a 141
a q. for all their world of...u 151
blush, the queen of every...u 151
what queen so fair.....t 145
O virgin queen of spring ...u 145
a high-born forest queen...m 146
cactuses, a queen might don.b 135
daffodil is our doorside q...m 137
came the fair young queen..g 372
I'm to be queen o' the May..s 271
the silver-footed queen.....r 274
queen and huntress.....c 275
follow their q. leader from ..i 275
fair queen of night.....q 275
heaven's chastest queen ....h 276
sacred queen of night.....j 276
that queen of secrecy.....k 128
queen of the garden art thou c 152
queen rose, so fair and sweet c 152
the tulip is a courtly queen.t 158
queen unveiled her peerless.j 411
royal makings of a queen*..a 368
a queen might stop at.....k 239
lie in a great queen's bosom k 239
the queen of marriage.....h 465
q. of all, the glorious orange l 439
glory of the British Queen..a 360
she looks a queen.....e 476
she moves no queen.....e 478
queen of childish joys.....i 366
mulberry tree is of trees the q.i 438
flaunting extravagant q.....t 428
Quench-quench your blushes* u 35
quench not the dim.....q 280
as seek to quench the fire*..x 245
do not seek to quench*.....m 246
rivers cannot quench*.....h 123
scarce serves to quench*...m 187
Qnest-what lawful q. have ....j 217
Questant, the bravest q.*.....f 200
Question-ask me no q's and....q 77
he will answer the questions v 81
hurried question of despair..p 90
that is the question*.....u 72
questions we ask of him.....e 169
question our necessities*....l 287
q's answerless, and yet.....t 468
arguments and q. deep*.....e 430
Quotation-q's from profane...m 350
collections of Latin q's.....n 350
where there is no quotation..t 350
qnotation, like much better..u 350
q. requires more delicacy....v 350
may be preserved by q.....x 350
q. gives completeness.....a 351
q. is good only when.....g 351
q. confesses inferiority.... .j 351
classical q. is the parole.....l 351
every q. contributes .....m 351
not to suffer a quotation ....o 351
Quote-who is the first to q.....j 350
to q. copiously and well.....k 350
Pineda q's more authors....l 350
as occasion serv'd would q..o 350
those who never quote.....t 350
grow immortal as they q....u 351
he can q. Horace, Juvenal...b 354
a great man q's bravely.....c 351
all minds quote.....d 351
quote not only books and....e 351
we q. temples and houses....e 351
able to quote another's wit..a 471
Quoted-in return are seldom q. t 350
Quoter-q's who deserve the.. w 350
is the first quoter of it.....h 351
Quick-qniet to q. bosoms is a..w 61
more quick than words*.....e 480
how q. and fresh art thou*..b 248
quick as lightning .....c 199
Quickly-well it were done q.*...h 3
Quickness-q. ever to be taught.b 496
Qnicksand-a q. of deceit*.....bb 87
Quicksilver-of such q. clay...m 208
Quid-he turns his quid of.....g 318

Quiet–keep a bower q. for us...a 18
q. to quick bosoms is a hell..w 61
life with quiet hours*.....r 66
rural q., friendship, books....i 67
sweet delight a q. life affords.e 350
noonday q. holds the hill....i 350
hallowed quiet of the past...a 494
in such a bright, late quiet..c 466
still—first Dr. Quiet.....a 310
constant quiet fills my.....z 394
such songs have power to q..h 396
thou come to start my q.*...p 214
quiet which crawls round...i 437
Quietness–a q. of spirit*.....r 328
God giveth q. at last.....e 362
like indeed to death's own q.h 392
Quietude–delight and q. of....a 390
Quill–wren with little quill*....l 33
my gray-goose quill.....k 331
Quip–quips and cranks.....g 264
Quire–full voiced q. below....q 282
Quirk–light quirks of music...d 283
quirks of joy, and grief*....bb 403
quirks of blazoning pens*...p 476
Quit–quit your books.....e 406
for we must quit ourselves..j 311
Quiver–back into his golden q.i 411
flesh will q. when the pincers,z 362
in all his quiver's choice....d 456
quivers every leaf.....b 404
stakes his quiver, bow.....d 243

R.

Rabbi–R. and priest may be...x 443
Rabbit–timid r's lighter tread..l 133
Rabelais–R. or the fathers.....k 318
Race–two twins of winged race.d 83
auspicious day began the race,j 34
their race in Holy Writ.....i 32
as girt to run a race.....g 59
the race is won.....s 82
we follow, and race.....z 323
of a time-honour'd race.....n 394
attorneys now an useless r..r 349
backward, and so lose the r..c 116
winding-sheet of Edward's r.x 117
differ in the r. of their lives.k 162
of her beauteous r. the last..g 140
the latest of her race.....m 273
bird r. quicken and wheel..m 374
race's, better than we.....e 201
as the race from which he...g 203
all the race of men obey....n 241
human r. from China to Peru.t 334
within the limits of its race.e 239
the race by vigour.....c 408
Rack–leave not a rack behind*.k 46
nor leave a rack behind.....n 105
on the r. of a too easy chair.o 205
Racking–r. o'er her face, the...t 275
Radiance–of glowing r. rare...q 149
was laughing with r. bright.p 371
radiance and odour are not..l 156
radiance of eternity.....z 235
take r., and are rainbow'd...b 193
r. from her dewey locks.....h 446
with radiance insincere.....t 304
Radiant–r. bow of pillared fires.e 16
radiant with thy presence...f 140
by her own radiant light ...d 454
r. as the air around a star ..p 401
r. rulers, when they set.....u 401
front and r. eyes of day.....o 447
Rafter–sheds with smoky r's...d 73
Rag–it in r's, a pigmy's straw*.y 384
sat, in unwomanly rags.....h 225
though in rags he lies.....i 252
away, thou rag*.....o 258
one flaunts in rags.....s 165
in rags, will keep me warm.u 453
paper—even a rag like this.m 480
Rage–in rage deaf as the sea*...l 11
strong without rage.....b 48
with rage doth sympathise*..r 72
here brib'd the rage of.....e 58
what ill-starr'd rage divides.b 174
qualify the fire's extremer.*.m 246
nothing but a rage to live...o 325
your own native rage.....c 294
what rage for fame attends..a 116
preceptial medicine to rage*.o 187
factions bear away their r...s 458
swell, and rage, and foam*...o 404
lightning and impetuous r..h 404
heaven has no r. like love.. a 192
emotions both of r. and fear.k 490
Rail–I'll rail and brawl*.....r 258
I will rail, and say*.....b 463
equal strength to rail.....h 481
say, that she rail, why*.....m 477
Railed–and r. on lady fortune*.x 165
Raiment–wear them like his r.*.a 451
outshine the r. of a king....p 126
in raiment white and gold..a 151
Rain–the r. to mist and cloud...t 45
gather'd rains descend.....o 69
as frank as rain on.....m 42
down comes rain drop.....m 32
I dissolve it to rain.....u 59
no rain left in heaven.....t 90
dewdrop and rain drop.....o 93
we knew it would rain .....v 351
little r. will fill the lilly's...w 351
the power, O rain.....x 351
all day the rain bathed.....b 352
how beautiful is the rain...d 352
ceaseless rain is falling fast.e 352
it rains and the wind is.....f 352
tell their beads in drops of r.g 352
befriend thee more with r.*..i 352
some droppings of rain.....q 411
black night and driving r...g 313
is there not rain enough in*f 359
rain, rain, and sun.....p 352
the more the rain falls.....q 439
on the rocks a scarlet rain...e 133
it never rains roses.....e 152
thunder, lightning, or in r.*..a 260
oft a little morning rain.....s 230
rain scented eglantine.....t 155
shrunk before the bitter r...v 160
the weary r. falls ceaseless..g 272
came in a sunlit fall of rain.m 373
refuses ae wee drap o' rain..a 374
the rain, to see them dying..l 374
with r. and tempest above..m 375
as the mist resembles rain...l 369
gentle rain from heaven*....j 263
rain the thistle bendeth.....e 404
come when the rains.....g 269
shining ranks of rain.....y 270
his grave r's many a tear*...d 185
r. whose drops quench kisses.s 391
mist and a weeping rain.....e 118
bright eyes rain influence...s 109
seen sunshine and r. at once*t 110
ground with warm rain wet..v 130
all silent save the dripping r..z 382
Rainbow–hue unto the r.*.....a 16
a rainbow's warning.....b 271
beautiful as the r., and as...p 272
rainbow, based on ocean....y 287
rainbow shines to cheer ns..e 404
her smile was like a r.....s 392
expanded high, the rainbow.l 352
rainbow;–all woven of light..n 352
a rainbow in the sky.....p 352
r. to the storms of life.....d 464
with tints of rainbow, hue..l 148
rainbow galaxies of earth's..w 130
rainbow comes and goes....e 208
Rainbowed–and are rainbow'd.b 193
Rain-drop–listen to the r-d's..a 373
rain-drops, are pierced by...b 415
Raineth–rain it r. every day*..h 352
Raised–which the soul stand r..q 71
Rake–in the sands, thee I'll r.*u 497
Rally–rally here, and scorn to..m 71
Ram–thou thy fruitful tidings* v 306
Rambling–to write at a loose r.t 298
Rampart–to the r. we hurried..y 312
Ran–he on ten winters more...t 423
Rancor–which no r. disturbs...j 99
gradual rancor grows.....q 359
Random–some r. bud will meet.l 138
many a shaft, at r. sent.....q 481
a word, at random spoken...q 481
Range–with humble livers in*..d 67
Rank–between different r's....f 102
swiftly forming in the r's...b 457
O, rank is good, and gold is..p 250
r. is but the guinea stamp..a 350
Ransom–sufficient r. for*.....o 397
Rapid–r., exhaustless, deep...p 312
Rapine–while avarice and r...q 450
Rapture–r's swell the note.....a 27
sing hymns of rapture.....n 33
dear as the rapture thrill....u 54
rapture warms the mind.....q 76
whose raptures fire me.....b 70
rapture of repose that's there,f 80
r.; but not such true joy....n 216
died of a sweet rapture .....v 216
smile with r., delicions.....h 271
O, what r. can compare.....a 272
love leads to present r.....k 242
rapture on the lonely shore.t 322
Rare–is thought rare which...s 116
Rarest–pearls are the r. things.p 217
she is the r. of all women*..x 477
Rarity–alas for the rarity.....w 52
Rascal–the r. naked through*..o 349
Rash–let no r. hand invade...d 177
too rash, too unadvis'd*....w 191
I tell thee be not rash.....l 355
Rashness–r. attends yonth....j 486
Rat–I smell a rat.....g 87
two rats for her team.....a 296
Rate–the article at highest r. is. k 4
Rather–rather than be less.....y 55
rather be a Pagan.....g 56
Rational–to be r. is so glorious.k 354
Rattle–pleas'd with the rattle..f 55

rattles of the man or boy....i 445
r. his bones over the stones..n 341
Rattling-rattling the blinds...d 466
Rave-let them rave.....d 362
she r's, and faints, and dies.p 238
rave, recite, and madden....s 495
Raven-the r. once in snowy....j 30
the raven was screeching....k 30
the raven, never flitting.....l 30
did ever raven sing so like*..m 30
raven o'er the infectious*...n 30
the croaking raven doth*....o 30
raven himself is hoarse*.....p 30
the raven cried.....u 53
than snow on a raven's back*f 54
stealthy, evil raven .....r 287
may bare the raven's eye*..v 191
He that doth the r's feed*...v 348
Ravish-it ravishes all sense...i 456
Ravished-hearings are quite r*p 102
r. with the whistling.....p 115
Ray-swift their prisoned rays.a 145
slant rays are beaming.....a 143
borrows all her rays.....c 252
spear like rays in the west..d 411
roseate rays of wind.....k 273
each ray seemed bound.....a 274
r's of happiness, like those..b 191
emits a brighter ray.....w 200
with many a lovely ray.....o 252
the last red ray is gone.....m 446
purest ray serene.....s 304
drinks thy purest rays.....m 305
ray what glimmering sail.. u 381
with new rays .....s 276
hailed the morning ray.....h 153
roses do not shed their ray..t 153
their disk with golden rays.m 157
his rays are all gold.....q 411
bathed in the rays.....f 290
sun with all diffusive rays..l 454
thee the r's of virtue shine..v 454
hide your diminished rays..f 403
thou living r. of intellectual.s 213
Raze-raze out the written*..d 310
Razor-are r's to my wounded*b 482
the r's edge invisible*.....d 370
Reach-I cannot r. thee, dear....c 2
above the reach of wild.....t 455
in that voice that reaches...g 456
reach not to seize it before..l 199
Reaction-attack is the reaction.a 3
Read-the sun would let me r...r 36
may r. that binds the sheaf...t 56
book in hand, to r. it well....r 38
may read strange matters*..x 111
to write and r. comes by*...d 102
read what books I please....n 167
read thyself—and learn.....i 224
with attention have I read..r 241
O, learn to read what silent*.a 248
that never read so far*.....x 283
read not to contradict and...t 352
some few to be read wholly..t 352
rests with those who read...a 353
not read an author till we...b 353
will not r. a book, because..f 353
would also read the man....f 353
ask him what books he read.h 353
first time I read an.....n 353
with works to lie and read...o 353
what is twice read is.....q 353
in science, r. by preference.v 353
we burn daylight;—here, r.*.f 354
still persist to read, and.....g 354
learn to read slow.....i 354
respect for a well-read man..j 353
wherein to read, wherein....l 198
I read of that glad year.....r 316
deepest truths are best read.j 443
lustre, he that runs may r..a 444
read to doubt, or r. to scorn.i 449
who is't can read a woman*.i 477
you shall yourself read*.....l 308
you need not read one letter.x 309
a little I can read*.....a 348
r. the future destiny of man.m 425
Reader-r's may be classed.....q 298
good r. that make the good..k 353
every person becomes a r...m 353
many readers judge of.....u 353
catch the reader's eye.....q 305
oh, reader, then behold.....k 232
Readiness-of doing doth.....o 465
the readiness is all*.....d 349
Reading-not walking, I am r...u 38
help by so much reading.....s 36
there is an art of reading ....e 15
reading is to the mind.....s 352
worth reading were but read.d 353
new course of r., imparts...g 353
r. all my books in originals..i 353
invincible love of reading...l 353
to his reading brings not....c 354
reading, never to be read....d 354
various readings stored .....s 406
reading maketh a full man..k 227
Ready-as you grow r. for it ...c 170
ready for the way of life*....q 407
all things ready.....j 270
honor comes to you be ready.l 199
Real-the real Simon Pure.....p 490
Realm-to farm our royal r.*..m 368
wide r. of wild reality.....g 389
growth our realms supply ..o 252
I roam, whatever realms....v 260
in nature's realms.....n 278
dark is the realm of grief....e 188
have returned from that r...o 193
the youth of the realm*....f 318
in her realm, as in the soul.q 285
whom three realms obey....l 320
runs through the r. of tears.s 427
Reap-reaps from the hopes.....q 8
sow, y'are like to reap.....j 43
is ripe 'tis time to reape.....s 43
reap the things they sow.....r 46
He reaps the bearded grain..u 81
seed ye sow another reaps...u 119
Reaped-thorns which I have r.c 441
Reaper-there is a R. whose.....u 81
the ruddy reapers hail thee..p 275
gaze upon the reaper's toil..l 276
tempt the joyful r's hand....j 295
weary reapers quit the sultry.l 295
Reaping-who left for our r....a 256
Reason-theirs not to r. why.....r 3
reason not impossibility.....q 14
right reason for their law.....r 14
reason upon compulsion*....v 14
but a woman's reason*.....w 14
play with reason and*.....z 14
strong reasons make*.....aa 14
taught the world with reason.v 76
mantle their clearer reason*..j 78
monarch reason sleeps.....u 96
a higher faculty than reason.o 112
reason, or with instinct.....d 103
you cannot reason almost*..w 121
when valour preys on r.*....e 451
reason wills our hearts*.....c 460
it is not r. makes faith hard.r 232
in reason, is judicious.....b 241
neither rhyme nor reason*..v 245
above the bounds of r.*.....m 246
love's reason's without r.*...q 246
reason the card, but.....d 234
reason thus with life*.....m 235
I have heard of r's manifold.q 240
reason is the life of the law..g 307
let us consider the reasons..u 307
r's is himself best known ...i 465
asked one another the r.*....v 247
passion conquers r. still.....c 327
to ask the reason why*.....o 292
where r. rules the mind.....h 330
for the same r. he pleases....q 298
reason is our soul's left.....z 398
it is the fever of reason.....m 487
lamp our angel reason.....j 354
knowledge and reason.....l 354
reason, however able, cool..m 354
reason raise o'er instinct as .n 354
reason's whole pleasure.....o 354
the feast of reason.....p 354
let's r. with the worst*.....q 354
a reason on compulsion*....a 355
good reasons must, of force*.b 355
capability and god-like r.*...c 355
that brutes have reason.....d 355
reason drew the plan.....e 355
reason is upright stature....f 355
reason's progressive.....g 355
slow reason feebly climbs...g 355
in erring reason's spite.....n 348
direct his ways by plain r..m 472
sense would r's law receive..i 421
r. foil'd would not in vain...i 421
paths which reason shuns ..u 334
reason would despair.....e 243
being demanded a reason....c 319
reason thus with r. fetter*..d 248
smiles from reason flow.....a 393
loathe to prove reason with*.g 482
that well by reason men....g 138
aught other reason why.....d 251
how noble in reason*.....e 255
could he with r. murmur....l 165
worst appear the better r....s 204
takes the reason prisoner* w 211
then have I r. to be fond*...g 187
Reasonably-thinks he writes r.s 227
Reasoned-high of Providence..t 64
Reasonest-Plato thou r. well...i 207
Reasoning-the r's of men.....m 478
Rebel-use 'em kindly, they r...t 48
disobedience and rebel*.....n 95
deliberately, rebel against...h 355
subjects are rebels from.....v 447
deem noner's except subjects c 448
Rebellion-r. to tyrants is.....i 355
senate the cockle of r.*.....j 355
unthread the rude eye of r.* k 355

rebellion must be managed..e 431
r. in this land shall lose*....p 431
Rebellious-liquors in my blood*m 7
Rebound-hit hard unless it r's..a 3
Rebuked-my genius is r.; as, it*t 177
Rebuking-be thou, in r. evil..o 228
Recalled-spoke can never be r.a 481
Receding-one's native land r...h 70
Receive-r's what heaven has...a 66
ask till ye receive.....aa 331
much r., but nothing gives..o 210
we r. but what we give.....j 362
Recess-the innermost recesses.g 456
deep recesses, of the ages....a 383
Recite-rave, r., and madden...s 495
Reck-little r's to find the way*.o 202
recks not his own read*.....r 317
Reckless-incens'd that I am r.*n 355
Recklessness-fling them into r.s 90
Reckoning-so comes a r. when.v 217
oh, weary reckoning* .....y 248
a kind of dead reckoning..p 276
no reckoning made*.....o 218
r. when the banquet's o'er..p 362
Recoil-back on itself recoils...l 363
Recollect-fame r. articulately..i 114
who does not r. the hours...u 126
Recollection-r. is the only.....p 261
recollection is a dream.....v 261
recollections of things past..l 327
Recompense-to r. my rash.....k 1
toil without recompense.....g 5
look for recompense*.....l 40
heaven did a recompense....i 413
thy true love's recompense*.d 262
recompense injury with....o 355
recompense kindness with..o 355
swiftest wing of r.*.....r 355
perfect recompense to all....s 355
study's god-like recompense*o 224
Reconcilement-can true r.....e 192
Record-the record of time.....u 107
r., written by fingers ghostly.c 210
all trivial fond records*.....k 262
r's that defy the tooth of....s 501
record of the years of man..n 440
weep to record, and blush...h 384
Recording-r. angel as he wrote.e 292
Recover-though you recover..x 309
Recreant-a mere r. prove* ....c 312
Recreation-r. than angling.....c 12
of recreation there is none...r 11
Red-dyed her tender bosom r...c 31
O rose, my red, red rose.....d 152
quickly will the pale r. leaves.j 275
down sank the great red sun.g 411
a subtle red of life.....f 441
the last red ray is gone.....m 446
rosy red, love's proper hue..u 392
Red-bird-come his plumes to..p 150
reason that in man is wise..i 259
Redbreast-the readbreast oft...a 31
redbreast loves to build.....b 31
readbreast, sacred to the.....i 31
the robin-red-breast and.....j 31
Redeem-late, r. thy name.....m 324
if thou can'st not recall, r...q 425
redeem man's mortal crime..a 356
Redeemer-R's throbbing head..c 31
Redemption-r. from above.....j 57
everlasting r. for this*.....b 497
without r. all mankind.....x 355
kin to foul redemption*.....d 263
r. thence, and portance*....u 430
Redress-to prick us to r.*.....n 379
how to redress their harms*.l 238
Reed-tall flowering r's.....q 150
dancing leaves his reed.....c 434
crutches made of slender r's.a 385
the green reed trembles.....a 226
among the trembling reeds*u 365
tunes the shepherd's reed...l 245
what the balmy reed.....g 436
Reef-round the coral reef.....t 56
Recking-r. neck to draw the..a 295
Reeleth-like feeble age he r.*..v 409
Refine-how the style refines..d 340
Refined-as r. as ever Athens... h 63
his taste is refined.....b 354
so strong, yet so refined.....r 454
Reflect-r's in joy its scanty....o 139
reflect on what before they..g 356
Reflected-summer dawn's r...n 374
wave r. lustres play.....n 411
Reflecting-sun r. upon the....f 410
Reflection-r. how allied.....n 261
with the morning cool r's...h 356
a soul without reflection....j 356
Reform-reforms his plan.....t 278
Reformation-my r., glittering* l 356
plotting some new r.....k 356
Refrain-we hear the wild r....k 284
Refresh-was it not to refresh*.x 283
Refreshed-r. where one pure..d 259
Refresher-adorner and r. of...p 461
Refreshing-r. that they always.c 133
Refuge-the shrine of refuge...p 234
a solitude, a r., a delight.....q 174
last refuge of a scoundrel....l 329
Refusal-one r's no rebuff.....o 237
Refuse-nothing that pleases..m 360
Refute-who can refute a sneer,h 495
Regal-what r. vestments can...t 145
r. bloom disclose a mantling j 152
him who wears the r.....g 367
Regalia-looked the field's r....k 378
Regard-preserving a due r....aa 218
regards that stand aloof*....l 247
should be without regards*.d 421
Regent-moon, sweet r. of the..j 275
Region-out of the powerful r's.n 195
regions where our fancies.. n 105
in regions clear and far.....f 334
rage within those regions...u 325
Regret-harvest of barren r's....q 8
here saw nothing to regret...b 83
regrets to kiss it dry.....i 490
if in recollection lives regret h 148
regret becomes an April.....t 160
love is made a vague regret.x 249
Regretful-who without r.....i 374
Regularity-r. abridges all....p 500
Rehearse-rehearse your parts*g 294
Reign-better to r. in hell than..r 8
to wrestle, not to reign.....r 482
awful eternity shall reign...n 105
keep a stiff reign.....y 267
while Anna reigns, and sets..r 368
sweet is thy reign, but short q 370
r. in this horrible place.....y 394
reigns more or less.....n 343
Reigned-jovial star r. at his*..l 403
Reignest-in thy golden hall...q 273
Rein-too much the rein*.....g 251
r. the charger on the battle..o 456
Rejoice-r., and freely laugh....s 407
r. at friends but newly found*b 171
r. in the joy of our friends..t 171
Rejoicing-singing and r.....v 335
rejoicing in the east.....o 410
Rejourn-r. the controversy*...t 308
Relation-friends and dear r's.m 198
Release-nature signs the last r...c 6
long before I find release....p 360
Relent-r., or not compassion*.f 333
to shake the head, relent* ...h 361
washed with them but r's*..c 416
Relic-sad r. of departed worth..f 69
pure relics of a blameless life.g 213
Relief-for this relief, much*....o 53
longed to give her Lord r.....n 32
Relieve-to relieve it is God-like.g 53
Religion-for his r. it was fit.....t 95
indirect way to plant r.....a 357
all true religion consists....c 357
religion is the basis of.....d 357
religion, the pious worship..f 357
will wrangle for religion....g 357
pity religion has so seldom..h 357
religion does not censure....i 357
r., if in heavenly truths.....j 357
first element of religion.....n 357
but two possible religions...o 357
life and religion are one....u 357
religion, blushing, veils.....g 358
religion to make us hate....n 358
r's all descending from.....s 358
religion is no way of life....u 357
in r., what damned error*..j 358
pledged to r., liberty.....a 307
religions are the bands of...w 174
r. breathing household laws.f 463
as the Christian religion....w 356
Religious-thou art religious*..v 62
a dim religious light.....d 53
holy and devout religious*...v 64
r., as it ought to be.....e 370
a r. life is a struggle.....l 358
Relish-r. of the saltness of time*.j 7
relish with content.....s 65
you may relish him*.....h 312
a relish that inviteth.....b 321
I have no relish of them*....h 368
Relished-r. by the wisest men..o 203
Relive-can I but r. in sadness..q 369
Rely-I r. on him as on myself.z 172
Remain-this is all r's of thee ...f 45
thou ever wilt remain.....b 286
till naught remain.....x 407
r. longer than nature craves..f 392
Remedy-no remedy for time..r 205
r. is worse than the disease..t 362
r's oft in ourselves do lie*...k 493
extreme remedies are.....n 309
found out the remedy*.....b 356
remedy for every wrong.....h 348
things without all remedy*.d 421
Remember-I r. now I am*.....q 50
sweet pangs of it r. me*.....h 64
r., if you mean to please.....m 68
I do not remember my birth..f 34
r., whatsoe'er thou art.....k 185
no greater grief than to r ...u 186

r's me of all his gracious*...g 187
remember Barmecide.....j 407
remember what the Lord*...s 418
without a sigh r. thee.....o 365
briefly thyself remember*..w 261
let guilty men remember...a 385
deaths r. they are men.....j 349
oh! still remember me.....m 115
pray you, love, remember*.m 148
I r., and will ne'er forget....i 170
some I remember.....j 170
I remember the roses.....d 128
I remember, I remember....a 261
to remember thee.....i 261
when I remember all.....j 261
I remember, I remember....n 261
briefly thyself remember*..w 261
cannot but remember*.....c 262
I r. a mass of things*.....f 262
remember thee*.....k 262
Remembered-times when I r..u 160
freshly remember'd*.....v 284
remember'd joys are never..s 216
better remembered than.....q 353
to hear themselves r.*.....d 381
remember'd or forgot.....p 394
Remembering-is r. happier...p 398
Remembrance-r., ever fondly.h 148
remembrance wakes.....u 260
in my remembrance blossom.w260
rosemary, that's for r.*.....h 156
r. of my former love*.....o 208
send tokens of remembrance.z172
the dearest r. will still.....s 220
r. and reflection.....m 261
sharp the point of this r.*..b 262
remembrance of the just....o 262
r. of his dying Lord.....c 356
is no remembrance possible.u 292
makes the r. dear*.....j 343
Remembrancer-r's of our lost..l 13
Remorse-O, that the vain r.....l 75
farewell remorse; all good....b 91
would have stirr'd up r.*....h 280
rivers of r. and innocency*..b 417
hath bred a kind of r.*.....r 218
cruel remorse! where youth..i 358
deeply feel thy pangs, r.....a 359
abandon all remorse*.....b 359
Nero will be tainted with r.*..x 479
Remorseful-and r. day*.....u 289
like a remorseful pardon*...p 247
Remote-what is r. and difficult..s 34
is virtue a thing remote....m 453
r., unfriended, melancholy..b 365
r. from man, with God.....q 395
Remover-or bends with the r.*.p 208
Rend-he strove to rend.....r 260
Renew-most naked plants r....s 46
renews the life of joy.....u 461
Renounce-r's earth to forfeit..u 408
Renown-r. even in the jaws*..s 459
endless renown.....c 236
renown, and grace is dead*..a 235
the poor r. of being smart...h 193
here's health and renown to.k 438
some, for renown, on scraps.u 351
Renowned-no less r. than war.n 452
Repair-repair and health*.....b 310
such frequent periods of r..p 392
Repast-never finding full r....r 427
Repeat-to world r's the passage.i 56
at every close she would r..h 138
Repeated-never too often r....p 351
Repent-repent what's past*....s 60
we may repent; which doing.h 10
thou tyrant! do not repent*.p 91
we may repent at leisure....l 256
his transgression doth r.....h 359
well, I'll repent*.....l 359
say my prayers, I would r.*.n 345
Repentance-for which r. dear..i 243
give repentance to her lover.e 359
r. rears her snaky crest.....m 359
try what repentance can*..cc 384
Repentant-with my r. tears*..j 359
Repented-r. o'er his doom*...k 359
Reply-theirs not to make r.....r 3
methinks I hear his faint r..o 136
sneer equivocal, the harsh r.e 380
deign'd him no reply.....b 444
I pause for reply*.....ee 497
reply to calumny and.....g 382
Report-rumour may r. my.....o 63
ill report while you lived*...e 104
who knows how may he r...u 182
if my gossip r., be an honest* w182
by your own report*.....j 237
thee by report, unseen.....f 290
killed with r. that old man..w 368
their ill r. while you lived*..h 294
report they bore to heaven..q 259
sell me your good report*..m 181
bring me no more reports*..j 306
report me and my cause*...w 306
Repose-between truth and r...w 55
without a breath to break r..p 82
never feels repose.....r 89
rapture of repose that's .....f 80
beauty is repose.....l 108
sheds a halo of repose.....e 161
sweet repose and rest*.....p 248
I repose, I write, I think.....i 231
virtue, but repose of mind...i 455
repose than all the world....b 198
dissolve in soft repose.....s 388
wretched giv'st wish'd r....p 389
sleep, thou repose.....l 390
O partial sleep! give thy r.*..r 390
from wasting, by repose....n 359
toils of honour dignify r.....o 359
foster-nurse of nature is r.*.p 359
men have ever loved repose.q 359
sheathes in calm repose.....d 330
Reposing-at midnight, while r.d 466
Repress-to r. it, disobeys the..s 453
Reprieve-neither glory nor r...n 450
Reprisal-to hear this rich r.*..h 208
Reproach-r. and everlasting*...y 87
'tis a reproach .....o 266
reproach is infinite.....h 481
Reproof-the reproof valiant*...w 67
reproof on her lip.....v 493
bear r., who merit praise....r 359
Republic-gave the r. her.....p 329
Repulse-take no r., whatever*.s 479
so Satan, whom repulse.....z 331
take no repulse, whatever*..f 125
Repulsed-love repulsed.....e 108
Reputation-r. being essentially c 115
winks a reputation down....s 387
reputations, like beavers....x 359
ever written out of r.....y 359
at every word a r. dies .....a 360
I have offended reputation*.b 360
my reputation at stake*.....c 360
reputation is an idle* .....f 360
I have lost my reputation*..g 360
spotless r.; that away*.....h 360
thou liest in r. sick*.....i 360
reputation is but a.....w 359
Request-ruin'd at our own r..u 344
Requiem-come, and my r. sing.n 31
sing sage requiem*.....g 85
the master's requiem.....t 382
Requital-in requital ope.....p 309
Requite-with deeds r. thy*.....e 89
Resemblance-express r. of the..i 214
r., such as true blood wears..e 190
r. of things which differ.....o 472
Resemble-when I r. her to thee.d 155
resembles sorrow only.....l 369
Resembling-r. strong youth*..v 409
Resent-swift to resent.....j 49
Resentment-with one r. glows.u 173
Reserve-r. thy judgment*.....i 218
r. is woman's genuine praise.f 474
Residence-angels held their r.v 193
Resign-vile earth to earth r.*...l 91
how soon must he resign....u 278
resign the stage we tread on.j 425
resigne, the whole unto him.v 345
Resignation-r. gently slopes..n 360
Resist-to resist with success....k 5
who shall r. the summons...u 82
resist both wind and tide*..p 119
nor solid might r. that edge.o 458
Resisted-that so stoutly r.*....o 181
know not what's resisted ...y 222
Resolute-r. in most extremes*q 108
serene, and r., and still.....q 465
Resolution-native hue of r.*...b 63
dauntless spirit of r.*.....x 360
resolution thus fobbed*.....x 307
Resolve-r. itself into a dew*...n 91
a suppressed resolve will....a 109
firm resolve to conquer love.j 245
resolves more tardily and...q 360
resolve, and thou art free...u 360
Resolved-is once to be r.*.....k 96
Resort-home is the r. of love.m 198
in the various bustle of r...o 469
Resounded-back r. death.....m 82
Resource-r's of the scholar...k 405
men have all these r's.....y 239
Respect-with a r. more tender*.f 71
respect neither poverty .....c 109
respect and rites of burial*.w 454
a fellow of good respect*....h 200
respect for a well-read man..j 353
Respectful-whilst the r., like..e 245
Respirator-through a r.....p 320
Resplendent-r. rose! to thee..l 153
Respond-r's unto his own.....j 90
Responsibility-r. prevent.....v 74
Responsible-single in r. act...a 473
Rest-ambition has no rest.....p 8
the rest is yours.....h 10
angels sing thee to thy rest*.r 10
the beautiful rests on thee....i 17
to their lasting rest*.....p 23
veriest wicked rest in peace..n 39
so may he rest*.....p 53

rocked to r. on their mother's *u* 59
dost thou safely rest.....*k* 65
life hath but this port of r....*v* 65
mercy humbly for the r.....*v* 98
and rest in heaven.....*f* 86
a warrior taking his rest.....*h* 86
sinless, stirless rest.....*m* 79
pale feet cross'd in rest.....*s* 82
I'll turn to rest and dream...*g* 97
set your heart at rest*.....*h* 112
the rest on outside merit....*x* 162
my soul has rest, sweet sigh.*f* 382
so full of rest it seemed.....*a* 383
the rest is silence*.....*t* 383
day and of approaching r...*h* 386
with care, sinks down to r..*r* 388
sweet father of soft rest.....*n* 389
rest, rest, a perfect rest.....*o* 390
work first, and then rest.....*l* 483
it dreams a rest.....*a* 486
choose their place of rest....*l* 484
take all the rest; but give...*n* 435
so sweet to rest*.....*h* 391
thy best of rest is sleep*....*o* 391
a perfect form in perfect rest.*b* 392
deep rest and sweet.....*h* 392
intervals of rest, moved not.*m* 392
joy, uninterrupted rest.....*z* 394
bitter toil; achieve its rest..*u* 395
rest her soul, she's dead*....*j* 477
hours must I take my rest*.*m* 426
silken r., tie all thy cares up.*n* 361
rest is not quitting the.....*p* 361
rest is the fitting of sclf.....*p* 361
r. not here, there's r. behind.*q* 361
every mountain height is r..*r* 361
all are seeking rest.....*s* 361
hour of rest hath come.....*t* 361
rest is sweet after strife.....*u* 361
rest, that strengthens unto..*c* 362
fold thine arms, turn to thy r.*d* 362
O day of rest, how beautiful.*f* 369
here rests his head.....*c* 260
no rest—no dark.....*n* 275
peace and r. can never dwell.*j* 201
were no ease, no rest.....*d* 225
labor there shall come forth r.*j* 225
labor is rest.....*p* 225
r. from all petty vexations...*p* 225
r. from sin-promptings.....*p* 225
rest on your oars.....*h* 331
where e'en the great find r..*q* 184
leads us to rest so gently....*u* 285
rest to the laborer.....*l* 288
might sit and rest, awhile...*e* 405
science that gives us any r..*k* 407
gay as he sinks to his rest...*q* 411
in its motion there was rest.*a* 412
ill a brewing towards my r.*.*k* 412
tongue one moment's rest...*y* 414
land and ocean without r..*k* 180
heaven is above, and there r.*d* 194
where sinners may have r., I.*c* 194
I will kiss thee into rest.....*r* 220
and all the rest have xxxi....*c* 269
all the rest have thirty-one.*d* 269
soldiers! still in honored r..*i* 312
atmosphere breathes rest....*k* 463
to r., the cushion and soft..*q* 317
the Turckman's rest.....*q* 320
sweet the old man's rest.....*j* 493
trust! O endless sense of r..*b* 443
r. and twilight prevailed....*r* 446
just before the time of rest..*b* 447
brave who sink to rest.....*f* 329
Restless-on their r. fronts.....*p* 501
r. thoughts this rest I find..*q* 361
in vain I sighed, and r. turn.*a* 375
restless sunflower, cease....*q* 157
Restorative-man's rich r.....*p* 392
Restore-r. to God his due in...*b* 180
Restorer-nature's sweet r.....*q* 392
Restrain-restreine, and kepen.*i* 453
Restrained-r., a heart is broken.*l* 480
Restraint-unconfined r.....*s* 389
luxurious b~ restraint.....*j* 483
Result-r's insufficient remain.*r* 362
Retentive-be r. to the strength.*i* 235
Retire-night, submissively r..*h* 410
Retired-apart sat on a hill r....*t* 64
retired amidst a crowd.....*k* 259
gentle, though retired.....*t* 473
Retirement-C blest r.! friend....*x* 5
r. urges sweet return.....*b* 394
Retort-the r. courteous*.....*w* 67
retorts to those who dare....*s* 100
Retreat-'tis sweet, in some r...*q* 23
nobler than a brave retreat..*v* 456
from out the garden's cool r.*b* 152
sacred solitude! divine r....*b* 396
noblest station is retreat....*d* 475
Retribution-had been just r...*u* 358
Retrieved-name is ne'er r....*v* 359
Return-the year seasons r.....*c* 91
being passed return no more.*p* 88
shall no more return.....*p* 326
and semblance of return....*n* 422
seasons have no fixed r's....*k* 370
return to his former fall....*w* 267
my love had no return.....*v* 249
thought that she bade me r..*x* 326
retirement urges sweet r.....*n* 395
Returned-one r. not lost.....*aa* 342
Revels-our r's now are ended*..*k* 46
what revels are in hand*....*w* 264
looks for other revels*.....*i* 442
love keeps his r's where*....*n* 247
Revelation-makes growing r..*q* 419
revelations of a dream.....*k* 420
r's satisfies all doubts.....*h* 363
nature is a revelation of God.*i* 363
Reveller-you moonshine r's*..*e* 112
Revelry-sound of r. by night.*cc* 121
Revenge-settles into fell r.....*q* 11
pleasure and revenge*.....*s* 88
raven doth bellow for r.*.....*o* 30
sweet as my revenge*.....*v* 221
he's poor, and that's r.*.....*w* 341
r., at first though sweet.....*l* 363
revenge is profitable.....*k* 363
sweet is revenge.....*j* 363
if not victory, is yet revenge.*m* 363
Christian example? why, r.*.*p* 363
else it will feed my revenge*.*r* 363
with whom revenge is virtue.*b* 364
forgiveness is better than r..*d* 165
revenge with Até by*.....*g* 459
Revenue-r. whercof shall*....*m* 368
duke's r's on her back*.....*e* 347
Reverberation-r. of cloud.....*f* 404
tread was a reverberation...*a* 383
Revere-majesty of God revere.*c* 364
Reverence-from a due r. to God.*h* 59
thyself all reverence and fear.*d* 364
with blind feelings r.....*q* 181
none so poor to do Him r.*..*u* 118
Reverend-r., should be wise*....*y* 6
Reverential-with r. tread.....*u* 314
Reverie-from reveries so airy..*y* 93
Reversion-bright r. in the sky.*j* 244
Revive-for whom all else r's...*a* 363
God of nature alone, can r...*g* 349
Revolt-nature falls into r.*....*l* 181
all good seeming by thy r.*..*j* 258
still revolt when truth.....*m* 167
Revolution-r's of the times*...*i* 119
Revolve-r's the sad vicissitudes *p* 385
Revolving-with the r. year....*f* 188
Reward-sure reward succeeds..*r* 34
rewards his deeds with*.....*d* 89
ambition has but one reward.*b* 10
reward of one duty is.....*p* 93
only r. of virtue is virtue...*w* 453
virtue is its own reward....*bb* 453
virtue is her own reward....*t* 453
virtue is to herself the best r.*g* 454
virtue is its own reward....*u* 454
virtue, a reward to itself....*w* 455
r. with glory or with gold...*d* 401
own praise reward enough...*j* 405
genius and its rewards.....*m* 177
its own exceeding great r....*i* 370
Rhetoric-for r. he could not...*e* 414
odorous r. of carnations.....*o* 315
sweet smoke of rhetoric....*ee* 498
Rhetorician-a r's rules.....*l* 68
the rhetorician can prove...*w* 324
Rheum-a quarter in r.*.....*e* 262
Rheumatic-diseases do*.....*d* 276
Rhine-wide and winding R...*k* 364
river R. it is well known.....*i* 364
henceforth wash the river R.*l* 364
beneath me flows the Rhine.*h* 365
a blessing on the Rhine.....*k* 365
the prostrate Nile or Rhine.*q* 365
Rhine, ancient river.....*g* 366
dwelleth by the castled R...*e* 129
Rhinoceros-the arm'd r.*.....*w* 72
Rhodora-fresh r. in the woods.*p* 150
Rhone-rushing of the arrowy R.*i* 364
or like the Rhone.....*j* 256
Rhyme-with ornaments of r.*aa* 117
streets their merry rhymes..*c* 274
r., can blazon evil deeds.....*k* 338
r., being a kind of music....*u* 338
rhymes are difficult things..*v* 338
turn o'er some idle rhyme..*q* 205
as yonr rhymes speak*.....*v* 245
it hath taught me to r.*.....*w* 245
yet in prose or rhyme.....*bb* 494
speak bnt one rhyme*.....*z* 498
barren flattery of a rhyme...*f* 341
truth in studious r's to pay.*e* 450
I will rhyme and print.....*h* 300
Rhyming-under a r. planet*...*o* 479
Rhythm-with a faultless r.....*s* 427
Rhythmic-r. beat with tinkling.*y* 351
Rialto-fathom under the R....*e* 281
the soul's Rialto hath its....*r* 489
Rib-nnder the ribs of death...*l* 282
dainty bits make rich ther's* *k* 497
Riband-me but what this r...*m* 250
Rich-gst riches first, get wealth.*u* 8

no sin but to be rich*.....y 19
rich without a show.....c 48
most rich, being poor*.....n 51
rich in greatest poverty.....j 67
best riches ignorance of.....b 66
riches he can ne'er enjoy.....b 17
therefore, if I could be rich.m 134
rich man in his jovial cheer.h 377
than nobleness and riches*..a 208
grow rich in that.....p 224
I am the one r. thing that...u 154
so rich she cannot hide.....s 159
vainly r. the miserable proud.q 181
r. with the spoils of nature.g 285
rich men look sad*.....m 460
with Thee rich, take what...i 407
rich gifts wax poor, when*..u 178
mind that makes the body r.*.i 200
when thou art old aud rich*.u 235
infinite r's in a little room...s 265
tempts by making rich.....c 418
rich, not gaudy*.....f 320
riches grow in hell.....m 462
admiring more the riches...n 462
many of the r. are damned*.v 341
poor, and content, is rich*..x 341
riches spring from economy.m 491
tone could reach the rich....l 341
here sleepe, there richesse...a 392
rich with the spoils of time.c 424
youth is not rich in time...w 487
faults that are r., are fair*...g 120
sleep, riches, and health.....e 102
they are rich in their pride.p 141
God only, who made us rich.o 144
what riches give us let.....p 462
is the greatest riches.....r 462
if thou art r., thou art poor*.u 462
thou bear'st heavy riches*..u 462
r., my virtue then shall be*.b 463
rich in having such a jewel*.d 465
remain in a r. gen'rous soil..q 469
wisdom adorns riches.....i 470
r's purchased wisdom yet...k 470
Richard-to the soul of R.*.....p 380
Richer-is richer than a crown..h 66
richer and richer; so higher.k 410
richer than Peruvian mines..z 470
Richest-love of books is the r.r 353
richest without meaning....o 296
Richness-on the clustered trees f 376
violet shed a richness round.o 159
Rid-to mend it, or be rid on't*.o 91
Ride-ride out to church from.a 369
'tis time to ride.....g 372
you may ride us*.....k 222
and rides upon the storm...p 179
rides in the whirlwind.....b 348
rides on posting winds*.....q 387
Rider-steed and r. are lying...i 457
as a steed that knows his r..r 322
Ridicule-ever-ready notes of r..i 27
sacred to r. his whole life....r 336
Ridiculous-sublime and the r.d 407
ridiculous, and dead, forgot.e 234
they be never so ridiculous*.w 116
Riding-near her highest noon.k 275
Rifle-rifle in hand, I roam'd....u 53
Rift-sunshine r's of splendor..a 135
little rift within the lute...g 284
Right-right alone teaches.....w 2
if I am right thy grace.....h 20
I see the right and I.....x 49
of right and wrong he.....h 63
foul, fair; wrong, right*.....j 88
wrong whose life is in the r..g 20
with firmness in the right...d 53
wrong all things come right..s 45
our country, r. or wrong....m 70
now and then be r. by chance h 162
not from that right to part..f 257
my treasures, and my rights*j 260
right and not to do it.....o 331
r. divine of things to govern.d 183
then all shall be set right...m 452
some day r. ascend his throne n 175
grandest things in having r's.b 219
being your r's, you may give.b 219
and do him right*.....l 219
that it may still go right*...b 305
cannon to right of them.....f 461
seizes the right, and holds...y 470
God defend thy right*.....n 497
rights by rights fouler*.... q 498
right is more beautiful.....aa 491
r. there is none to dispute..w 394
sometimes a place of right...i 347
r. we hold by his donation..b 388
right onward, O speed it....p 388
the beautiful seems right....q 489
Rigol-this golden r. hath*....m 391
Rigor-'tis r., and not law*.....l 215
long protracted r. of the.....d 377
Rill-by shelter'd rills.....l 128
sunshine, broken in the r...s 409
O fateful flower beside the r.q 137
torrents gush the summer r's.r 373
household rill murmurs.....b 288
Rind-within the infant rind*.g 134
from us like the rind.....l 236
Ring-ring in the valiant man..h 21
ring out wild bells to.....i 21
ring out, ye crystal.....i 57
green and silky rings.....n 147
clasps her r's on every hand.b 149
them all about with tiny r's.c 149
the first young hare-bell r..m 377
the ring of moderation.....c 268
now rings the woodland.....l 433
ring out old shapes of foul..b 428
whole earth r's with prayers.v 344
ring, blue-bells, ring.....c 140
rings put upon his fingers*.d 252
a paltry ring*.....a 305
give me the ring of mine*...c 305
your ring first*.....l 305
Ringing-in the silence r. for...y 20
Riot-fierce blaze of r. cannot*.k 103
without any danger of a riot.q 443
could not withhold thy r's*..a 460
Ripe-when corn is r. 'tis time..s 43
because the time was ripe....r 36
r. for exploits and mighty*..q 487
hour to hour, we ripe and*..i 234
scholar, and a ripe*.....b 406
world is ripe for spring.....c 270
blossom first, will first be r.* n 295
her years were ripe.....f 486
Ripened-honeysuckles, r. by*.n 142
field grew and ripened.....e 295
ripened thro' delay.....a 136
Ripest-ripest fruit first falls*...e 87
Ripple-now they r. with the...l 313
each leaf a ripple with.....d 435
grain, that slowly ripples...d 393
r. of wave and hiss of spray..i 422
Rise-r's upward always higher.v 59
scarce seen they r., but gather p 67
early to bed and early to rise.r 19
r. with the lark, and with ...o 25
who in this world would r..a 144
with him r's weeping*.....d 147
that they may r. more fresh..j 161
some rise by sin*..... .g 166
humble buds unheeded r...a 139
but now, they rise again*...g 280
red wine first must rise*...w 414
and ever seeks to rise .....h 152
that rise and fall.....s 236
stars—they rise and set.....o 368
crushed to earth shall rise..p 443
they rise, they break.....y 495
through dust and heat, rise.c 442
Rising-her rising sweet.....p 277
sad, with all his r. train.....i 378
foretells a bright r. again....q 411
rising all at once was as....n 458
Rite-rites of marriage*.....c 259
Rival-books are without r's....a 39
jealous look out as a rival...b 120
thy r's thou might'st scorn.g 148
can admit of no rival .....r 173
know no r's but themselves.f 493
Rive-rive your concealing*...b 263
River-the r's murmuring base..l 25
flow to join the brimming r..b 42
foam on the river.....l 83
great r. to the opening gulf.m 118
the river is dead .....c 106
progress of r's to the ocean.h 105
r. that bears on its waters...u 107
never seen a r. imagined ...n 108
she saw the r. onward glide.h 146
blossoms on the r's banks...v 138
the river's trembling edge ..c 140
the river from the lake.....j 256
like the r., swift and clear...j 336
r. glideth at his own sweet.h 366
rivers of remorse and*.....b 417
river of his thoughts.....h 420
friendship is like rivers.....u 174
make r's, r's run to seas ....g 189
rivers cannot quench*.....h 123
a rushing river.....a 124
vast river of unfailing.....p 312
the r's did the trees excel ...j 436
sate I by a goodly river's....j 436
earth's full r's cannot fill....q 323
river in the meadow lands ..s 446
rivers cannot quench*.....g 327
river at my garden's end....e 463
smooth the gliding river....o 336
gloomily to yon pale river...i 441
stream is the river Time.....s 427
sees a r. rushing swiftly...m 430
the brook and river meet ...e 487
princess of r's, how I love...m 364
see the r's, how they run...n 364
beautiful r.! golden shining.o 364
O lovely river of Yoette . ....i 365
r., born of sun and shower..l 365
two ways the rivers leap...m 365
shallow r's, to whose falls...n 365

primrose by the r's brim ...s 131
new-blown lilies of the r....b 133
along the r's summer walk ..o 134
deepest r's make least din...y 383
Lethe, the river of oblivion .h 390
River-child–its r-c. to sleep.. j 256
Rivet–closing rivets up*.....k 460
Rivilin–r. wildest! do I not ...o 364
Rivulet–the merry rivulet ....d 273
in little r's of light. .....h 275
the waves of the rivulet ....h 212
bring r's to their springs. ..l 417
myriads of r's hurrying.....p 286
Road–takes no private road.....i 20
o'er the meadow road is.....w 41
road, winding slow .....a 141
the unfrequented road.....q 156
the road would open.....t 222
violets hiding from the r's..b 126
no r. or ready way to virtue.f 453
roads are wet where'er.....e 404
I block the roads.....f 269
answer where any roads....k 494
through life's dark road.....d 463
a broad and ample r. whose.r 193
see your r., another to cut..y 491
Roadside–golden rod of the r..f 141
a waft from the r. bank .....e 156
Roam–ever let the fancy roam .f 116
I roam, whatever realms... v 260
Roar–in my time heard lions r.* r 41
mnsic in its roar.....a 334
r. of red-breathed cannon...w 458
loosened aggravated roar....a 405
oak trees roar with joy.....l 409
Roaring–r's around the coral...t 56
Roast–her that ruled the rost .h 302
yet smelt roast meat.....d 302
Robs–r. me of that which*.....r 50
would not rob one of a.....g 260
robs the vast sea* .....a 419
rather than rob me of the*..k 215
thief which sourly r's from*.g 460
he robs himself that*.....aa 418
robs poverty of its sharpest..e 342
Robbed—the r. that smiles*..aa 418
Robbing–by r. Peter he paid..y 162
Robe–new robes, and may not..n 13
cast our robes away.....p 82
winter robe of purest white.y 378
in a robe of clouds..... o 279
azure robe of night..... g 167
in a robe of darkest grain...d 203
my robe and my integrity*.h 455
nor the judges robe*.....l 263
robes loosely flowing.....e 384
robes ye weave another....u 119
unfold thy robes of purest..u 145
r. she neither sew'd nor.....c 146
summer gathers up her r's..r 376
r. and furr'd gowns hide*...y 384
Robin–sang the robin, the.....k 22
poor robin sits and sings.....q 30
the wood-robin sings at.....r 30
robin, hunger-silent now ....d 31
poor robin, driven in by.....e 31
the robin red-breast till.....g 31
robin and all the rest.....h 31
there sits a robin on the .....k 31
robin is yet flowerless.....m 31
little cheerful robin.....n 31
Joan and goodman Robin....i 63
sing, robin, sing.....c 140
the robin, the forerunner ...l 271
r. whistles far and nigh.....h 373
upon the robin's breast.....k 373
robins call robins through..n 270
sweet Robin is all my joy*.gg 496
Rock–piecemeal on the rock ...g 41
come all! this rock shall fly .h 72
with r's unscaleable*.....n 69
to the Plymouth Rock.....p 70
rocks moan wildly as it.....f 90
calling 'mong the rocks.....t 100
where yon rocks the stream c 141
weed flung from the rock....j 117
low-brow'd r. hang nodding q 143
about the lichen'd rocks....i 144
some rude interposing rock .e 184
the rocks pure gold*.....q 258
the dark r's whose summer..e 273
skirting the r's at the forest.g 136
daisy blossoms on the rocks v 138
on the rifts of the rocks.....q 131
we find but desert rocks....n 225
on rifted rocks.....a 226
a secret at home is like r's..a 379
on the rock or sand.....h 207
on each rifted rock.....i 129
forced by the rising rocks..m 123
rocks rich in gems.....e 226
to soften rocks, or bend.....n 281
sharpened rocks of poverty..r 455
main rocks of diamond.....m 352
streams the rock did.....j 436
as to a rock against which...g 317
from rock to rock leaps.....q 322
r's whereon greatest men...x 494
down from the rifted rock...s 467
founded on a Rock.....p 358
minor spots of r. and verdure.c 30
and between the rocks.....o 382
living rock, like some,.....r 382
the gaunt r's all were bare...h 422
brown rocks left bare.....l 422
cradles rock us nearer to the.q 428
towns like the living rock...r 430
Rocked–swell-rocked Europe...b 72
rocked by the impulse.....a 34
when rocked to rest on.....u 59
Rocky–search the rocky.....d 32
pursue through r. passes.....c 42
Rod–r. of empire might have...n 48
rod twelve feet long, and....k 123
rod and bird of peace*.....a 368
spare the rod and spoil.....t 293
Latin by the tingling rod...d 492
all humbled, kiss the rod*...k 246
Rode–she rode forth.....h 54
Roger–Roger's my dog.....c 431
Rogue–rogues obey you well....t 48
the rogue and fool by.....y 50
inch that is not fool, is r....t 491
what a frosty, spirited r. is*..z 499
place of rogues and thieves..i 347
busy and insinuating r.*....k 387
Roll–I am not in the roll of*....f 61
idly bnsy rolls their world..m 205
will roll us shoreward soon.bb 323
the great ages onward roll...c 392
r. of your departing voices..b 422
so rolls the changing year...l 370
as they r. grow deep and...m 365
swells and rolls away.....f 407
rolls its awful burden.....a 405
r. back the sound of.....e 432
Rolled–snake, roll'd in a*.....cc 87
mighty, mystic stream has r.j 365
Rollest–thou rollest now.....f 423
Rolling–flood of time is r. on..m 427
Roman–Romans, countrymen*.y 14
than such a Roman*.....g 65
are yet two R's living such*.aa 185
a Roman's part.....j 244
after the high R. fashion*...d 451
let rather Roman come.....v 266
'twas glory once to be a R...i 179
this Roman grandeur.....t 314
above all Roman fame.....n 115
noblest Roman of them all*.a 291
Romance–of their own r..... n 376
parent of golden dreams, r...i 366
border-land of old romance..j 366
r. is the poetry of literature.k 366
heaven of poetry and r.....r 403
Rome–when R. falls—the world.a 59
R. her own sad sepulchre.....x 59
I am in Rome! oft as the....g 59
thou art in Rome.....g 59
from Rome's far-reaching....b 72
of Cato, and of Rome.....b 117
Pompey pass the streets of R*.c 107
I loved Rome more*.....i 251
R., R.! thou art no more.....c 365
keep his state in Rome*.....j 368
no other quarrel else to R...n 459
that our renowned Rome*...b 184
Romeo–R., press one heavy.....l 91
tongue that speaks but R's*.n 102
give me my Romeo*.....e 246
R.! wherefore art thon ,R*...i 498
Romney–cousin R. gathered...l 151
Roof–no r. to shrowd his head..r 67
roof of gold, or r. of thatch...q 81
wild-rose r's the the ruined.c 155
that consecrated roof*.....m 258
r. was dry with oaths of*....k 248
beneath the roof of love.....b 250
an under-r. of doleful gray..d 226
green roof of trees.....a 406
spread the roof above them.e 432
on the roofs of the living....p 393
thro' the arched r. in words.v 324
beneath this r. at midnight.p 326
roofs of tile, beneath.....x 316
roofs that our frail hands...a 485
wall and r. and pavement...d 489
Rook–the building r. 'ill caw ...b 32
rook who high amid the .....c 32
Room–hushed and darkened r...l 81
fill another room in hell*....d 84
heart with r. for every joy ..j 65
into my little room above....v 96
like other fools to fill a r ..x 162
round my room my silent...l 229
give her larger room ..... q 156
infinite riches in a little r...s 265
r. can there be for friendship.k 175
paradise hath r. for you.....e 194
I have a r., whereinto.....t 261
every room hath blaz'd*....o 264
room so warm and bright....l 198
fills the r. up of my absent*.g 187

there is no room for wit.....l 471
snnken pleasures to make r.c 389
Root–deeper their vile root....y 7
with more pernicions root*..f 17
beneath the tangled roots..d 124
is principle, and has its r...b 241
nips his r., and then he*.....t 235
the root of all evil .....h 462
root away the noisome*...x 195
shaken to their roots.....g 421
thy r. is even in the grave.m 152
the tree of deepest root.....k 239
humility, that low sweet r..e 203
is the root of misfortune....k 206
flowers took thickest root...q 474
Rope–dancer, climbs the rope.f 303
Rose–r's for the flush of youth ..s 6
rose, where all are roses....j 18
the rose, the queen of roses..j 18
a garland for the rose.....k 18
with the half-blown rose*....a 19
r's newly washed with dew*.c 19
her passion is to seek r's.....g 28
r. looks out in the valley.....t 28
rose with much of hope.....g 34
r's kindled into thought .....s 35
must fade and r's wither ....b 87
I no more desire a rose*.....o 57
the rose and the thorn.....g 68
as soon seek roses.....p 75
the rose distill'd* .....d 94
wild roses on the spray.....c 97
and the roses bloom alway..t 143
the musk of the r's blown..w 161
roses red and violets blew...b 131
r. in a mist when his race ..q 411
roses, roses, all the way.....c 126
I the lily he, and thou the r..l 126
the herries of the hrier rose.n 126
or the royal-hearted rose....p 126
plant a white r. at my feet..h 127
the rose is fragrant.....l 127
r. her grateful fragrance....o 127
rose-red heaps or snowy....g 128
r. leaves herself upon the...r 128
roses knotted oaks adorn....t 129
rose is fairest when 'tis.....g 130
sweet is the rose.....d 131
shower of Persian roses.....j 131
the red rose cries.....m 131
the white rose weeps.....m 131
with r's musky-hreathed....n 131
she wore a wreath of roses..b 151
rose that all are praising....c 151
a rose as fair as ever saw....e 151
Oh r.! who dares to name....i 151
smell a r. throngh a fence..m 151
r. that lives its little hour ..o 151
O heautiful, royal rose.....c 152
O rose, my red, red rose ....c 152
it never rains roses.....e 152
it is written on the rose ....k 152
rose, with heauty fraught...l 152
O Wells! thy r's came to me .t 152
I will make thee a hed of r's.w 152
the fairest is the rose .....c 153
r's on one slender spray ....h 153
rose of the garden.....n 153
Graces love to wreath the r..q 153
r's do not shed their ray ....t 153
'tis the last rose of summer.v 153
O, give the hreathing rose..a 154
r's that in deserts bloom and.e 154
when the parent r. decays..f 154
rose is sweetest washed ....m 154
as sweet as damask roses*...o 154
lap of the crimson rose*.....p 154
was nothing but a r. I gave..v 154
how fair is the rose.....e 155
his hlood to the rose .....r 125
rose, what has hecome of..j 126
heneath the unrivalled rose.i 126
my rose, so red .....m 126
the roses were all in bloom..l 159
for happy hours the rose....i 149
pluck that rose for me .....k 239
roses are not of winter .....w 240
the rose of thine own being..f 279
that which we call a rose* ..x 284
will there not he more r's...i 375
rose's tremhling leaves.....m 376
roses of pleasure seldom.....l 324
the scent to the rose.....q 262
for women are as rose's*....w 246
the rose and the lily.....c 242
a r., vast as the heavens ....k 410
all as rich as a rose can be...k 410
r. leaves fall into billows of..k 410
tincture of the roses* .....f 315
a fabric huge rose like .....n 494
sweet r's haunt the hedges..g 371
winds on hreathing r's hlow..s 372
summer is crowned with r's.y 374
too rough, for r's to stay after.l 151
a wreath of dewy roses.....b 152
the fairest is the rose.....c 153
hring r's, heautiful fresh r's.h 154
within the hosom of the r...a 155
r. has hut a summer-reign..a 139
where roses and lilies and...x 211
that opening roses yield.....t 271
so sweet, so sweet the roses.g 272
a rose upon the wall.....k 239
as a dream the fahric rose...p 382
fair ladies, mask'd are roses*s 476
he wears the r's of youth*...p 487
hees aronnd a rose.....a 401
r's hlossom'd by each rustic..k 441
rose was awake all night for..i 434
hloom and budding rose.....l 435
roses, fair and brief .....b 438
the first r's of the year shall..r 184
r's fade, and shadows shift..z 491
Roseate–no longer r. now, nor..i 151
Rose-hud–a white r-b. for a....g 151
r-b's in the morning dew...q 151
I wish I might a r-h. grow ..a 152
gather ye r-h's while you....n 152
sweet is the rose-hud.....e 153
r-b's scarcely show'd their..g 153
rose-bud set with little.....i 478
no rose-hud is nigh.....k 153
I watched a r-h. very long...j 154
O happy rose-bud hlooming..k 154
like r-h's fill'd with snow....i 303
Rose-grove–hlushing in pride..c 155
Rosemary–dreary rosmarye....f 156
r., that's for remembrance*..h 156
Rose-scented–daisies are r-s...p 138
Rose-thought–for God's r-t.....v 152
Rose-tree–pretty rose-tree.....i 153
Rosy–and left the daisies rosy.f 139
Rot–we rot and rot*.....t 23
cold obstruction, and to r.*..d 176
hetter rot heneath the sod...i 431
Rotation–vain r's of the day...p 392
Rote–words learn'd hy rote....f 414
he understood by rote.....o 350
Rotten–apple r. at the heart*..aa 87
r. in the state of Denmark*.w 340
Rottenness–turned to r.....u 200
Rotting–ships sailorless lay r...f 78
mean and mighty, rotting*..q 104
Rough–r. winds do shake*.....p 271
distance, rough at hand.....a 242
though he was r., he was....e 220
Roughen–hard toil can r.....m 483
Rough-hew–them how we will*c 349
Rouleau–how heauteous are r's f 462
Round–r. these, with tendrils...y 40
largeness, but th' exactly r..m 58
r. of life from hour to hour..w 58
a little round, fat, oily.....b 318
once circling in its placid r..t 444
r. every windward stake ....n 393
round and round the sand..k 422
Rounded–little life is r.*.....q 97
who rounded in his palm....y 403
Roundelay–a woodland r.....a 23
Rouse–r. the lion from his lair.w 12
stirs to rouse a lion*.....q 72
Rout–that keep a mighty rout..g 135
where meet a puhlic rout...q 256
Routed–r. the whole troop.....r 456
Rove–hanks, while free to r....e 366
Roved–I have r. from wild.....r 262
Rover–shoots at r's, shooting..g 321
Rowan–waves his scarlet plume l 432
R's were like hrothers .....o 449
Royal–look where r. roses burn.i 152
royal clouds are they.....d 411
r. river, horn of sun and....l 365
royal makings of a queen*..a 368
O heautiful, royal rose .....c 152
enforc'd to farm our royal*..m 368
our purposes, and, heing r.*.b 409
Royalty–do I assume these r's..i 367
frame them to r. unlearn'd*.s 367
Ruh–there's the ruh*.....q 391
Rubhish–the r. of a throng.....a 48
Ruhric–is thy name in the r...g 450
Ruby–ruby of your cheeks*...y 121
those be r's, fairy favours*..f 137
the vineyard's r. treasures...i 376
like a r. from the horizon's..f 411
is all with ruhies as it were..e 411
Rudder–soul, like bark with r.f 327
Ruddy–hird of ruddy hreast....c 31
dear, as the ruddy drops....k 169
dear to me as are the ruddy*.e 465
Rude–thy hreath be rude*.....i 476
Rue–shall be filled with rue...b 155
Ruff–that touched the ruff....b 116
Ruffian–r's dance and leap*...m 460
ancient r., sir, whose life*...c 322
Ruffle–like sending them r's..k 492
Ruffling–r., the hlue deep's....e 466
Rugged–ahout the r. places....d 158
the r. trees are mingling.....j 143
Ruin–would ruin a person or a..d 42
whom God to r. has design'd.p 117
the ruin that it feeds upon..k 143
creepeth o'er ruins old.....l 143

how lovely yet thy ruins....j 165
fires of ruin glow.....d 167
ruins of their ancient oak...i 447
lures men to their ruin.....j 313
man marks the earth with r.s 322
what numbers ruin shun...q 472
in green ruins, in the.....w 382
ruin hath taught me*.....k 427
the r's of the noblest man*.m 280
sitting amid their ruins.....r 262
behind it r. and desolation..g 404
amid the ruins of the past..h 365
prostrate the beauteous ruin.t 368
I do love these ancient r's...u 368
ruin fiercely drives her.....v 368
temple in ruin stands.....s 368
without inhabitant, to ruin.j 356
atoms or systems into ruin..r 348
adorner of the ruin.....c 423
Ruinate–r. proud buildings*..c 427
Ruined–that are ruined are r...q 47
me with thee hath ruined ..a 167
new life on a ruined life.....l 233
be r. at our own request.....u 344
Ruinous–lest growing ruinous*j 262
Rule–Brittania r's the waves...q 69
and slaves to rusty rules.....q 75
when I read rules of.....m 75
what is pomp, rule, reign*...l 85
derive his rule of action .....u 98
the earth, and r. the night...s 402
friendship's laws are by this r.a174
the rule of many is not well.o 366
rule of not too much.....u 417
gospel of the golden rule....n 317
to follow rule and climb....m 199
and loving, may his rule be*.j 174
beneath the rule of men.....s 299
apron, and thy rule*.....t 301
rule by patience .....g 328
old rule sufficeth them.....s 342
head with strongest bias r's.u 346
woman rules us still.....p 475
seek for rule, supremacy*...y 476
fashion, the arbiter and r....t 116
ill can he r. the great that..j 183
by the scanty rule.....j 353
declared absolute rule.....h 367
imagination r's the world...y 206
winter rules the year.....b 378
winter comes, to rule the....i 378
worthy to r., and only he....g 379
if she r's him, never shows..l 257
he over thee shall rule.....aa 203
Ruled–in all things ruled.....x 77
when men are r. by women*.h 183
hath r. in the greenwood ...k 438
Ruler–winter ! ruler of the....e 377
one sole ruler,—his law.....j 494
gaze of the r. of heaven .....o 446
Ruling–search then the r.....s 244
shall feel your r. passion....a 327
the r. passion, be it what....c 327
Rumble–r's reluctant o'er our..c 422
Ruminate–me thus to r.*.....k 427
Rumor–that pitiful r. may*....o 63
forth the noise and rumour*.h 356
r. is a pipe blown by*.....x 368
r. of oppression and deceit..x 394
Run–so r's the round of life....w 58
it runs as runs the tide.....q 45
he that fights and r's away...p 73
so runs the world away*.....l 119
not poetry, but prose r. mad..v 336
conquer love, that run away.l 240
three that run away, and fly.u 456
r. through woods and meads.n 364
they stumble, that run fast*.x 191
luster, he that runs may....a 444
run to meet what he would.dd 494
run, rnn, Orlando*.....l 477
runs through the realm of...s 427
should still run gold dust...i 424
runs for ages without.....h 430
Rung–no ponderous axes rung.n 74
Rupert–the Rupert of debate .w 493
Rural–r. sounds exhilirate.....s 69
mute is the voice of rural....c 369
Rush–on ye brave, who rush..h 457
there rushes between .....q 326
r's strewed, cobweb-swept*.q 302
Rushed–r. together at last....w 242
Rushing where the r. waters..o 141
r. now adown the spout.....t 461
Russet–the r. leaves obstruct..f 273
Russian–the rugged R. bear*..w 72
Rust–sacred rust of twice ten..h 13
which never taketh rust....p 224
the dark rust assaileth..... o 225
better to wear out than to r.b 483
Rustic–r. arbor, which the....k 131
Rustle–in the autumn wind r..l 375
a mournful rustle.....e 261
Rustling–r. in unpaid-for silk*.d 347
Rusty–fighting was grown r...a 457

S.

Sabbath–the S. of my days .....p 6
let a cat on the S. say "mew," i 369
Christians, Jews, one S. keep..j [illegible]
the Sabbaths of eternity ....x 369
the Sabbath loves the poor..k 341
Sable–I'll have a suit o 's*....f 93
drew her sable curtain down.a 288
Sabean–s. odours from the....y 314
Sacerdotal–thou s. pain.....b 412
Sack–this intolerable deal of s.*p 214
Sacramental–God pours like s...f 31
Sacred–all sacred deem the bird.c 31
sacred held a martin's nest...g 31
a s. and home felt delight....k 35
daisies upon the s. sward....q 128
our chosen sacred hours.....i 170
sacred joys of home depend..c [illegible]
sacred because our hands...a 237
more sacred than the blood.w 299
sacred in my eyes.....m 327
all true work is sacred.....x 482
Sacredness–upon its s.....k 443
Sacrifice–the law of s. takes....q 98
a solemn sacrifice, performed.o 99
made up of petty sacrifices.w 255
forbade the patriarch's s....q 280
sacrifice is the first.....n 357
prayers one sweet sacrifice*.d 346
as from fires of sacrifices....l 135
conscious virtue and s.....k 445
Sad–what makes old age so sad..r 6
your sad tires in a*.....m 54
I'll be sad for nae-body.....q 65
he was nor sad nor merry*..p 108
experience to make me sad*.d 163
maketh the light heart sad..p 372
sad, with all his rising train.i 378
at the close of each sad.....aa 206
sad when he sets.....s 157
rich men look sad*... .....m 460
sad unhelpful tears*.....r 416
sad when I have a cause*...m 445
twilight is sad and cloudy..u 446
s. by fits, by starts 'twas wild.z 490
sad stories of the death of*..w 367
be sad good brothers* .....o 369
impious in a good man to be s.r 369
which now is sad.....l 262
sad words of tongue or pen.v 356
the world was sad.....p 473
Saddened–s. with a shower....c 352
Sadder–a s. and a wiser man...h 107
sadder than owl-songs.....v 347
Saddest–s. of the year.....f 375
those that tell of s. thought.p 369
the saddest are these.....v 356
Sadly–in s. pleasing strain...c 283
looks sadly upon him*.....k 194
Sadness–cheer, a little, April's s..e 372
lasting s. of an aching heart.h 202
feeling of s. and longing.....l 369
can I but relive in sadness...q 369
I with sadness wept.....k 234
beauty and sadness always go.f 494
mirth fate turns to sudden s.* t 397
songs of s. and of mirth.....r 385
Safe–lie safe in our hearts.....c 55
safe bind, safe find.....g 44
safe and sound your trust...o 474
be silent and safe.....i 333
who shrink from shame are s,n 450
Safely–through these wonders.i 292
Safest–the lowest, builds the s.v 202
s. and seemliest by her.....z 203
Safety–a pot of ale, and s.*.....z 73
always safety in valor.....o 450
valour to act in safety*.....e 470
them, and in ourselves, our s*cc 497
we pluck this flower, s.*.....l 498
Saffron–the s. flower clear as...i 156
Sage–wits and musing sages...p 37
holy sages once did sing.....j 57
was a sage 'tis true.....b 204
with the old sages.....i 229
said by ancient sages.....k 236
let sage and cynic prattle....b 240
just less than sage .....p 311
sage, and can command.....x 469
the dozing sages drop.....a 321
sages have seen in thy face.y 394
we thought as a sage.....i 489
s. is no better than the fool..l 379
you homely, make you sage.i 425
sages said, all poets sung...p 474
Said–much may be said.....h 14
what you have said*.....g 63
never to himself hath said...c 71
'twas no matter what he s...l 490
little s. is soonest mended...k 501
easily be thought than said.g 188
cares not a pin what they s.m 209
already s. what shall betide.j 407
Sail–whirring sail goes round..k 29
than bear so low a sail*.....h 65
sail on O ship of state-.....r 70
set every threadbare sail.....o 70

sea-mark of my utmost sail*.*h* 84
sail forth into the sea .....*d* 257
as we sail through life.....*f* 170
let them s. for Porto Rique..*e* 212
rigged out with sails of fire.*d* 411
I turn my sail.....*s* 261
sails with him as he sails...*a* 311
ray what glimmering sail...*u* 381
fills the white and rustling s.*k* 466
spread the sail.....*j* 313
behold the threaden sails*...*k* 313
with her swelling sails.....*l* 313
not a ship that s's the ocean.*m* 381
bigotry may swell the sail...*h* 488
Sailed-that s. for sunny isles..*i* 381
Sailest-s. wide to other lands...*a* 22
Sailing-cloudlets are lazily s...*m* 59
s. with supreme dominion...*f* 24
Sailor-a sailor when the prize.*n* 216
sailor at the wheel.....*n* 313
sailors freeze with fears.....*i* 404
the sailor to his wife.....*n* 313
winds that sailors rail at*...*e* 393
Sailorless-ships s. lay rotting..*f* 78
Saint-the faith of saints.....*k* 49
crape is twice a saint in lawn *i* 50
no silver saints, by.....*e* 58
by all the saints in heaven*..*i* 78
crew of errant saints.....*l* 95
s's doth bait thy hook*.....*x* 102
all in white, like a saint.....*c* 145
saint abroad, an a devil.....*k* 204
relics of the ancient saints..*h* 229
this no s. preaches, and this..*l* 179
images of canoniz'd saints*.*p* 197
wandering s's, poor huts....*j* 333
s. when most I play the*...*aa* 452
the saint sustained it.....*r* 454
worst of madmen is a s. run.*e* 358
s's will aid if men will call..*a* 344
weakest s. upon his knees...*b* 344
great men may jest with s's*.*a* 472
saints in your injuries*.....*b* 478
Sake-not for sake of some.....*v* 240
to love truth for truth's s...*q* 444
for whose sweet sake that...*c* 356
would be for your sake.....*p* 482
Sale-to things of sale*.....*f* 311
smiling at the sale of truth..*j* 200
Sally-noble sallies of the soul. *a* 396
Salmon-seeks a fresher stream.*m* 231
does the s. vault.....*m* 123
Salt-call it attic salt.....*o* 75
universal salt of states.....*p* 79
ere yet the salt of most*.....*q* 257
wit is the s. of conversation.*m* 471
why dost thou shun the salt *g* 330
an island salt and bare.....*c* 215
the salt of human tears.....*l* 427
Saltpetre-that villainous s*....*y* 73
Salutation-twice done s. to*...*d* 23
loud shout's and s's*.....*n* 431
Salute-s's the smiling guest....*e* 12
golden sun s's the morn*...*n* 410
thee to salute, kindly star...*o* 446
Salvation-fee-simple of his s*.*k* 163
tools of working out s.....*m* 412
should see salvation.*.....*k* 263
Salve-patience is sorrow's s. .*b* 328
Same-leave us and find us the s.*u* 45
never the s. for two..... .*l* 386
still I think of them the s...*r* 171
Sancho Panza-am I.....*h* 45
Sanctified-high purpose s. by *p* 315
Sanction-to sanction vice,....*v* 451
sanction of the God.....*l* 367
Sanctity-kissing is as full of s.*o* 221
God attributes to place no s. *o* 197
Sanctuarize-should murder s.* *c* 498
Sanctuary-in hell, as in a s.*..*e* 258
desire to raise the s.*.....*k* 268
his love the life-long s.....*e* 241
taking s. in the crowd.....*k* 298
neglect God's ancient s's....*a* 485
Sand-on the flat s's hoard your.*n* 21
as stairs of sand*.....*v* 73
seas, if all their s. were pearl*.*q* 258
the sands are numbered*....*q* 535
silent s's hast wandered.....*f* 366
passed over the white sands.*o* 382
o'er and o'er the sand.....*k* 422
with petals, dipped in sand..*l* 146
latest s's are its s's of gold..*b* 182
stems a stream with sand...*j* 245
Andrew dock'd in sand*.....*g* 262
when my latest s. twinkled..*c* 466
in the s's, thee I'll rake up*.*u* 497
small sands the mountain...*v* 442
round and round the sand...*k* 422
a handful of red sand.....*n* 424
Sandal-with winged s's shod...*t* 10
Sandal-shoon-upon my "s-s".*r* 262
Sandy-here and there, on s...*n* 132
Sang-danced and s. from morn*.*o* 65
s. in tones of deep emotion..*t* 385
as her melody she sang.....*q* 371
that sang of trees.....*v* 467
Sanguinaria-s. from whose....*e* 134
Sank-down s. the great red sun.*g* 411
Sap-stalks with honeyed sap..*o* 148
I wonder if the s. is stirring.*b* 373
without their sap, how.....*d* 214
infect thy sap, and live on*.*w* 195
Sapless-the s. habit daily.....*h* 5
Sapphire-like s., pearl*.....*k* 130
Sappho-burning S. loved and..*c* 374
Sat-the tyrant never sat.....*s* 86
troublesome it s. upon my*.*u* 367
Satan-s., hous'd within this*...*i* 78
satan stood unterrified.....*n* 92
satan exalted sat.....*b* 93
satan, so call him now.....*c* 93
s. finds some mischief still..*s* 205
so satan, whom repulse.....*z* 331
satan o'ercomes none but by.*b* 418
met the sword of satan.....*o* 458
satan trembles when he sees.*b* 344
Satire-let satire be my song...*f* 162
obvious satire, or implied...*e* 380
satire is more than those....*s* 369
satire's my weapon.....*b* 370
my satire seems too bold....*c* 370
implicit satire on mankind..*o* 266
s's the sauce, high-season'd.*o* 293
to-morrow is a s. on to-day..*r* 429
Satirist-s. of nature's school....*i* 27
a would-be satirist.....*x* 305
Satisfaction-s. for every soul..*h* 348
Satisfied-paid that is well s.*...*s* 66
jealousy is never satisfied...*g* 215
this world never satisfies...*u* 474
Satisfy-before did satisfy you*.*n* 316
none but God can satisfy....*o* 35
no great object s's the mind.*r* 421
and while it satisfies.....*o* 266
Saturday-betwix a S. and.....*b* 369
Saturn-Saturn gave the nod*..*p* 366
Satyr-to this, Hyperion to a S.*.*c* 368
Sauce-cloyless s. his appetite*..*v* 13
rich sauces are worse.....*m* 99
what is sauce for the goose..*k* 104
sauce to meat is ceremony*..*l* 100
satire's the s., high-season'd.*o* 293
Saucy-many s. airs we meet...*c* 492
Savage-no s. fierce, bandite.....*a* 54
we feel our savage kin.....*m* 147
to sooth a savage breast.....*n* 281
somewhat of the s. beast.....*t* 393
Savageness-sing the s. out of*.*b* 386
Save-desire to shield and save..*h* 41
and delight to save .....*l* 41
s. me from the candid friend.*n* 42
God s. our gracious king....*u* 250
just th' unjust to save.....*a* 356
only, is the power to save...*k* 357
but once to s. our country..*a* 329
if a world could save me....*r* 444
Saved-part I have s. my life*...*s* 94
s. all when he nothing said..*m* 74
be souls must not be saved*.*h* 194
what's saved affords.....*j* 238
all Europe sav'd, yet Britain.*n* 319
saved others' names .....*g* 205
Savings-bank-should be a s-b.*u* 487
Saviour-S. was born this..... *l* 57
season comes wherein our S's*.*i* 26
crimsoned with thy S's.....*f* 31
thus the S. said, that we....*h* 145
not he who scorns the S's....*y* 204
O s. of the silver-coasted....*b* 501
head upon the S's breast....*b* 443
kiss her Saviour stung.....*w* 472
Savor-were sette of swete s....*t* 151
as they came a genial savour,*c* 302
Savory-s. latter-mint and.....*v* 128
Say-if I could say how much*.*r* 383
can I s. better than silence..*c* 383
Saw-saw and pined his loss....*u* 90
he saw; but blasted with ....*z* 93
they s., and thitherward....*i* 138
I came, s., and overcame*...*u* 452
his saws are toothless .....*r* 301
Maker saw, took pity.....*d* 476
or of saw was there.....*p* 382
Sawing-squaring, s., mortising *a* 302
Say-not afraid to say his say...*v* 71
live to say, the dog is dead*.*w* 363
I should s. my tears gainsay*.*d* 417
does or s's, I must be good..*a* 199
what will Mrs. Grundy say..*c* 324
put what they have to say..*d* 299
I had a thing to say*.....*s* 400
say, that she frown*.....*m* 477
let mankind s. what they...*p* 478
say one thing and mean.....*e* 385
I say just what I think.....*e* 385
you could s. Jack Robinson.*dd* 492
who have nothing to say..*dd* 493
say they should have been..*t* 304
kind of good deed to s. well*.*d* 482
what may words say .....*l* 482
Saying-s. something sweet...*m* 270
not mine this saying .....*e* 287

Saxon-S., Norman, or the Dane. v 26
Scabbard-glued to my s. . . . . e 458
Scaffold-forever on the s. . . . . v 444
Scale-scale thy wall by night. . . e 2
it were good to scale. . . . . j 242
s's bedropped with gold. . . . . b 124
man should s. the heavens. . q 179
to s. their flinty bulwarks*. . u 180
held the scale of Empire. . . . . t 295
while scale in hand. . . . . s 307
Scalp-behind his s. is naked. . . o 427
Scaly-no beauty in the s. folds. v 145
Scan-scan your brother man. . j 228
presume not God to scan . . . h 254
if unprejudiced you scan. . . k 254
Scandal-give virtue scandal. . u 339
greatest s. waits on greatest*. d 186
praise undeserved is s. . . . . c 343
s. of men is everlasting . . . . . d 387
Scar-a scar nobly got*. . . . . r 199
semblance of a s. appall'd. . . d 457
and dishonest scars. . . . . u 458
closed without a scar. . . . . o 485
s's, that never felt a wound*. q 485
Scare-crow-a s-c. of the law*. . r 308
Scared-out of his seven senses. c 121
Scarf-s. the knight the daisy. . r 138
skarf up the tender eye*. . . . k 289
Scarlet-pious bird with s. breast. l 31
scarlet creeper loves the elm. l 131
sorrow and the scarlet leaf. . . l 376
far and wide, in a scarlet tide. r 149
poppies show their s. coats. u 149
Scattering-s's of the hills. . . . h 149
s. wide the blaze of day. . . . . g 410
Scene-good man's shining scene. f 5
bear me to sequester'd s's. . . . b 70
to own dear native scenes . . d 70
pageant fill the splendid s. . . g 376
gay gilded s's and shining. . v 334
scenes at distance hail. . . . . s 200
and shuts the scene. . . . . i 236
view the whole scene. . . . . t 263
each scene, a different dish. . o 293
in every scene some moral. . b 294
our s. precariously subsists. . c 294
live over each scene. . . . . d 294
love gilds the scene. . . . . d 478
concerns of an eternal scene. i 428
scene wherein we play in*. . r 484
Sceneshifter-s., boxkeeper. . . . a 294
Scent-the scent of bean fields. . c 134
the scent of the roses. . . . . j 153
scent in every leaf is mine. . r 155
to scent the desert. . . . . g 156
a scent most disagreeable. . . . t 157
to scent the evening sky. . . . r 160
for sweetest scents and airs. q 277
sometimes a s. of violets. . . . o 128
whose scent the fair annoys. r 320
thorn that s's the evening. . . b 441
balms their scents deliver. . u 325
I scent no flowery gust. . . . . q 488
Scented-the air with s. plumes. n 375
Sceptre-a sceptre to control*. . . . b 7
sceptre and crown. . . . . s 85
in Arno like a sheaf of s's. . . q 150
her leaden sceptre o'er. . . . . j 290
on his throne his sceptre. . . . a 367
now by my sceptre's awe*. . k 219
his sceptre shows the force*. j 263
Sceptred-tyrant bloody s.*. . . . r 448
Scheld-S., or wandering Po. . . . l 365
Scheme-the best laid scheme. . . x 93
Scholar-s. who cherishes. . . . . k 405
resources of the scholar. . . . k 405
scholar, what is fame. . . . . n 405
ills the scholar's life assail. . . o 405
business of a scholar. . . . . p 405
the mind of the scholar. . . . . r 405
thou art a scholar. . . . . s 405
where should the s. live. . . . . a 406
scholar, and a ripe*. . . . . b 406
the land of scholars. . . . . m 492
the ink of the scholar. . . . . w 299
Scholarship-save by accident. . n 342
School-pay to ancient schools. . q 75
like snail unwillingly to s.*. c 406
his bed shall seem a school*. r 414
whose kingdom is a school. . d 304
those, without our schools. . b 299
we'll set thee to school*. . . . . i 304
School-boy-s-b., with his*. . . . . c 406
s-b. whips his taxed top. . . . . i 183
motion of a s-b's tongue*. . . p 479
Schoolmaster-s's will I keep*. . h 304
s's puzzle their brain. . . . . e 468
Schuylkill-along by the S. . . . . p 365
Science-cometh all this new s. . i 37
science young and bright. . . g 287
s. that gives us any rest. . . . k 407
science sees signs. . . . . v 492
science frowned not. . . . . c 260
no s. fairly worth the seven. w 379
the keys of sciences . . . . . i 226
holds the eel of s. by the tail. j 209
science, is like virtue. . . . . i 370
I value science. . . . . e 370
to moral and political s. . . . . h 340
in s., read by preference. . . . v 353
hardest science to forget. . . . n 244
science imagination. . . . . j 177
lies at the root of all science. x 196
or to science been given. . . . a 445
s. is certainty, is truth. . . . . f 370
Sciential-bloom of those s. . . . u 229
Scion-herself the solitary s. . . . n 394
Scissors-his man with s*. . . . . e 322
Scoff-fools, who came to scoff. l 444
Scoffing-antic sits, scoffing. . . . m 85
Scope-to give the people s.*. . . s 448
Score-would muster many a s. . p 89
paid his score*. . . . . w 326
the score and the tally*. . . . . f 318
Scorn-meanest wretch they s. . . l 35
the hand of scorn*. . . . . c 65
a deal of scorn look*. . . . . i 65
sound of public scorn. . . . . w 64
s's to bend to mean devices. . q 71
rally here, and scorn to fly. . m 71
fools may our scorn. . . . . n 103
read, to doubt, or read to s. . i 449
and scorns to mend. . . . . k 298
look of scorn I cannot brave. a 397
scorn insult our solemn woe k 398
heart she s's our poverty*. . . e 347
s. at first, makes after-love*. h 477
disdain and scorn*. . . . . g 110
I am held in scorn. . . . . o 149
and scorn to give aught. . . . d 251
scorn to gain a friend. . . . . n 170
with playful scorn. . . . . t 276
we scorn her most*. . . . . z 165
not he who s's the Saviour's. y 204
teach not thy lip such s.*. . . y 221
scorn of scorn. . . . . u 337
scorn her own image*. . . . . n 286
seemed in their song to s. . . . j 433
vengeance there is noble s. . x 491
at every trifle scorn to take. r 442
Scorned-fury like a woman s. . a 192
scorn'd his spirit that*. . . . . g 393
he scorned his own, who felt. s 332
hooted for his nudities, and s. z 484
Scorner-thou s. of the ground. . k 26
Scornful-dart not s. glances*. . . p 51
Scot-Scots whom Bruce has. . . q 456
and brither Scots. . . . . w 305
Scotchman-which a S. ever sees i 69
may be made of a S. . . . . a 493
Scotland-but one honr of S. . . . . b 69
the flowers o' Scotland. . . . . u 157
lovely flowers of Scotland. . . . b 128
shivered was fair S's spear. . a 459
in Scotland, as the term of*. p 121
Scottish-took her for some S. . . j 437
Scoundrel-last refuge of a s. . . . l 329
Scourge-iron s. and tort'ring. . . . c 4
lifts high his s. of fire. . . . . g 410
with them scourge the bad* n 289
Scrap-happier scrap capricious a 48
s's are good deeds past*. . . . . v 426
Scrape-footsteps s. the marble. i 164
Scratched-that is but s.*. . . . . s 349
Scrawl-the worse the scrawl. . . x 309
Scream-such screams to hear. p 211
Screen-just for a screen. . . . . e 357
a charming Indian screen. . a 360
Screw-screw your courage up*. v 72
Scribbled-being s. o'er, should* r 267
Scribbler-a monthly s. of some. x 305
ev'ry busy little s. now. . . . . k 298
who shames a scribbler. . . . . i 300
s's to-day of every sort. . . . . c 450
no little scribbler is of wit. . p 305
Scribe-undoes the scribe. . . . . q 307
Scrip-ope his leathern scrip. . . p 309
Scripture-with a piece of S.*. . r 196
Scriptures of the skies . . . . . c 402
devil can cite Scripture*. . . . q 351
S's, though not everywhere. . l 357
He formed it, and that was S. m 293
Scruple-some s. rose, but. . . . . k 62
Scrutiny-s. is but a discovery. n 223
Scud-alights, and scuds. . . . . n 427
Sculler-physician, like a s. . . . . k 309
Sculptor-not a great s. or. . . . q 296
Sculpture-s., speak as with . . . r 262
with bossy sculpture graven. k 296
Sculptured-watch thy s. form. m 146
heart into these s. stones. . . . j 296
Scutcheon-with s's blazon'd. . . j 322
Scylla-when I shun Scylla*. . dd 499
Scythe-the mower's scythe. . . . . l 26
turns aside his s. to vulgar. . f 486
mower's scythe thy greens. . q 370
Sea-into time's infinite sea. . . . . l 6
bark o'er a tempestuous sea. . . . g 6
first gem of the sea. . . . . x 8
thon dweller by the sea. . . . . d 22
white foam of the sea. . . . . r 24
everlasting sea proclaims . . . . n 56
a transparent amber sea. . . . . k 59

o'er the blue Atlantic sea....m 59
set in the silver sea*.....m 69
the dreary winter sea.....m 81
lay rotting on the sea .....f 78
arms against a s. of troubles*.u 72
slips with the shining sea....j 93
severn to the narrow seas....a 96
the comer o'er the sea.....l 32
from the seas and the streams.u 59
it swells, seas of sound.....j 21
wrinkled sea beneath him....p 24
Marathon looks on the sea....g 69
of a land beyond the sea.....s 70
o'er all the sea of heads.....c 46
sea of upturned faces.....m 111
melt itself into the sea*.....i 119
twixt two boundless seas....l 105
first he met with to be the s's.n 108
crystal of the azure seas.....b 142
in a bowl to sea.....r 162
anemones and seas of gold...b 133
foam-crested waves of the s..a 134
warm isles of India's sunny s.l 136
one foot in sea*.....o 122
that guard our native seas...f 124
gaping wretches of the sea..o 123
port after stormie seas .....b 362
the bosom of that sea.....d 257
be merry, lads, half seas over h 257
seas, if all their sands were*.q 258
wintry sea moaned sadly on.o 273
uprising from the sea.....k 276
as on the sea of Galilee.....i 331
a poet not in love is out at s.w 334
light that never was on s. or.g 338
day beside the joyous s.....k 374
comes again over the sea....p 376
kiss across the sea.....i 221
we are flowers of the sea.....y 156
wide s. hath drops too few*..c 189
murmured of the eternal s..w 281
for seas—as well as skies ....c 285
thronging the seas with.....o 451
were in the flat sea sunk....d 454
that have gone down at sea..o 381
sea rolls its waves.....c 388
under the deep, deep sea....x 382
sweet lone isle amid the sea.e 330
meet the thunders of the sea.o 440
not flow as hugely as the s.*.g 347
s's are quiet when the winds.i 327
stone set in the silver sea*...o 499
silence and the solemn sea..r 382
troubled sea of the mind....s 389
alone on a wide wide sea....t 394
to pray, let him go to sea....l 344
summers in a sea of glory*..a 347
seas and stormy woman.....i 473
sea ebb by long ebbing some.o 422
unfathomable seal whose ....l 427
one is of the sea.....m 456
listen to the music of the s..p 402
a sounding sea.....a 124
like the ships upon the sea..h 171
leap down to different seas.m 365
bind the sea to slumber stilly.t 220
a sea nourish'd with lover's*b 247
that the rude s. grew civil*..a 264
on the middle sea.....c 264
great seas have dried*.....m 266
rather in the sea.....v 266
deep sea calm and chill.....t 410
grows right out of the sea..k 410
the streak of silver sea.....m 461
a wet sheet and a flowing sea.k 466
blowing from the sea.....f 467
ruffian'd so upon the sea*...h 467
robs the vast sea*.....a 419
has drowned more than the s.q 468
the dark blue sea.....v 312
guard our native seas.....x 312
through the furrow'd sea*...k 313
thy silent sea of pines.....g 440
as boundless as the sea*.....t 247
yon sun that sets upon the s.n 430
by the deep sea, and music..t 322
I loved the great sea more...c 323
the sea is flowing ever.....e 323
the sea appears all golden....f 323
praise the sea, but keep on..h 323
seas rough with black winds.j 323
love the sea? I dote upon it..k 323
the sea is silent.....m 323
the sea is discreet.....m 323
billows, yet one as the sea..o 323
why does the sea moan.....q 323
sea, that drinking thirsteth.q 323
the sea's a thief*.....s 323
sea hungering for calm.....w 323
breathings of the sea.....aa 323
receiveth as the sea*.....b 248
nobody with me at sea but..i 492
flash the white caps of the s.u 446
the sea! the sea! the open sea.d 323
one and the other, a sea....q 326
Christ was born across the s.j 329
Sea-bird-a young s-b. floats....d 32
sea-bird's wing makes halt...e 32
Seal-stamp the seal of time*...c 427
s. and guerdon of wealth....i 147
did seem to set his seal*.....p 254
s's of love, but sealed in vain*.x 221
and seal the bargain*.....i 222
as seal to this indenture*...f 222
the haunt of seals.....c 215
love's glowing seal.....n 220
seal with stamping paces....b 321
Sea-maid-hear the s-m's song*.a 264
Seaman-merry s. laugh'd to see.i 313
Seamen-rather more than s....i 473
Sea-monster-than the s-m.*...a 211
Search-a call unanswered s.....d 32
search will find it out.....v 331
search for the truth is the...z 445
which dies i' the search*....t 460
Searched-the flow'ry plain....d 112
Sea-room-thy ships wants s-r..h 399
Season-comes wherein our*....i 26
fair seasons, budding.....o 27
things by season season'd*..n 28
the year seasons return.....c 91
hast all seasons for.....i 81
the violets of five seasons...c 161
in an unprepared season....f 151
the flight of seasons.....m 274
the seasons alter*.....d 276
the s. prime for sweetest....q 277
in every s., bright and dim..l 229
season her praise in*.....a 417
I love the season well.....p 270
s's have no fixed returns....k 370
you'll judge the seasons....a 319
season, when the broom....o 435
make glad and sorry s's*....f 426
the season is a dead one.....k 375
every s. hath its pleasures...i 376
s. where the light of dreams.n 376
each s. look'd delightful....f 256
hope for a season bade.....d 167
the fairest flower o' th' s.*...p 130
as he tw'rds season grows...m 173
fast as the rolling s's bring.m 173
let that s. be only spring....x 239
Seasoned-like s. timber never..s 48
season'd by love.....j 99
joy season'd high.....b 217
things by season s. are*.....t 331
s. with a gracious voice*....g 308
Seasoning-hunger is the best s.v 203
Seat-thy seat is upon high*....d 84
the moss-fringed seat.....u 159
wild, sequester'd seat.....b 260
Apollo mounts his golden s.h 410
her s. is the bosom of God...r 357
seat in some poetic nook....l 330
or fixed seat hath none.....i 484
Seaward-leaning s., lovely.....i 141
looking s. well assured.....i 315
Sea-weed-each s-w. waved its..h 422
s-w. and the shells upon.....l 422
Sea-wind-s-w's pierced our...p 150
Second-perhaps acts second...i 254
second thoughts are wisest.w 419
second and sober thoughts..a 420
Secrecy-that queen of secrecy.k 128
nature's infinite book of s.*.a 348
Secret-her secrets so betrayed*.a 36
s's, and we must whisper.....j 22
secret scarcely lisping of thy.v 41
s's of my prison-house*.....w 43
discharge their secrets*.....k 75
enthusiasm is that secret....i 103
a s., mine own could not....p 162
full of a s. that thou dar'st..h 134
their pretty secrets tell.....u 127
a s. at home is like rocks....a 379
s's that appertain to you*...f 379
some wondrous s. show.....o 139
his dear friend's s. tell.....i 256
I own to me's a secret yet...p 230
confiding the s. to another..n 185
secrets of life are not shown.e 413
thou learnest no s. until.....j 178
attempt not to fathom the s's.o 193
by which it keeps the s.....p 242
to reach the s. is beyond....m 236
it brings to light the secret.g 468
my love thus s. to convey...c 450
will discharge their secrets*.c 359
golden s. of the sheathed seed d 393
mighty secrets of the past..g 428
Sect-slave to no sect, who.....i 20
religious sects ran mad.....j 20
Sectary-jarring s's may learn..k 457
Section-s's—one is parting....r 241
Secular-exempted from s.....v 298
Secundum-artem; but.....h 309
Secure-who, s. within, can say.t 190
Security-public honour is s..j 462
Sedge-sedges brooding in their..l 25
river buds among the sedge..e 140
beside the tall, rank sedges..g 371
Sedge-bird-a s-b. built its little.f 82

Sedition-sedition, which we*..*j* 355
Seduction-to all seductions....*b* 449
See-not to see what lies dimly...*t* 2
see the things thou dost not*.*e* 65
Scotland, let me see it ere....*b* 69
to see what is not to be seen.*w* 110
once more I shall see a face..*g* 201
see deep enough, and you s..*i* 281
s. and know our friends in*.*g* 194
I see, men's judgments are*.*n* 218
see as thou wast wont*.....*u* 245
and lovers cannot see*.....*c* 247
do not see we tread*.....*u* 219
to see her was to love her...*q* 239
shade we think we see.....*q* 389
s. your road, another to cut.*y* 491
sees God in clouds.....*f* 358
see thee now, though late...*m* 324
sees with equal eye, as God.*r* 348
Seed-no seed either of any.....*p* 49
seed ye sow another reaps..*u* 119
thy sacred seeds in vain.....*q* 469
sower scatters broad his s...*t* 419
would spring from such a s..*c* 441
seed by the furrow is covered.*c* 295
secret of the sheathed seed..*d* 393
s's of herbs lie cover'd close.*d* 377
look into the seeds of time*..*k* 224
who soweth good s. shall....*b* 182
would spring from such a s..*g* 362
Seedsman-s. upon the slime*..*b* 366
Seed-time-s-t., harvest, equal..*o* 348
Seeing-s. thee after a long time.*t* 70
seeing, I saw not..... .....*u* 97
seeing only what is fair....*f* 212
Seek-seeks one thing in life.....*q* 8
want itself doth seek*.....*w* 89
seeks not alone the rose's ...*a* 212
ye seek for happiness—alas..*l* 191
seek him rather where his...*q* 179
who seeks and will not take*.*t* 324
and seek no further.....*d* 320
I see humbly to seek.....*s* 181
not one to s., nor give, nor..*k* 185
we seek it, ere it come.....*i* 491
s. for rule, for supremacy*..*y* 476
Seeking-all are seeking rest....*s* 361
seeking in vain one flower...*e* 213
Seem-are they what they seem.*u* 46
not what you s., but always.*l* 204
s. everything but what the..*r* 204
men should be what they s.*.*m* 385
would they might s. none...*m* 385
seems wisest, virtuousest....*l* 469
Seeming-in s. to augment it*...*y* 43
all good s. by thy revolt*.....*j* 258
beguile the thing I am by s.*..*r* 397
Seen-I spake as having seen....*u* 97
God alone was to be seen in..*f* 386
hated needs but to be seen..*e* 452
to be seen to be admired....*j* 357
lov'd needs only to be seen..*f* 444
because thou art not seen*..*i* 467
Seize-virtues here I s. upon*...*n* 51
reach not to seize it before...*l* 199
seizes the right, and holds...*y* 470
happiess, if then he seize it..*g* 324
servitude seizes on few.....*f* 388
Seldom-it is so s. heard, that..*i* 456
Select-selects as by what he...*k* 351
Self-dear, dearer than self,.....*g* 90
to thine own self be true....*u* 445
Self-approving-one s-a. hour....*j* 62
Self-educated-s-e. are marked.*m* 101
Self-esteem-s-e. expresses.....*v* 60
Self-examination-on s-e.....*i* 368
Selfish-built on s. principles..*y* 178
Selfishness-set the mark of s...*q* 181
Self-love-s-l., my liege*.....*q* 287
s-l. is a principle of action..*p* 379
claims of self-love in others..*q* 379
s-l. is the instrument.....*u* 379
to war, hath no s-l.*.....*d* 460
Self-punishment-hatred is s-p.*y* 191
Self-recovery-the power of s-r.*p* 450
Self-slaughter-against s's*....*a* 409
Self-trust-is the essence.....*k* 61
Sell-sell me your good report*.*m* 181
sell thee poison, thon hast*.*n* 181
Semblance-s. of a point divine.*m* 18
Semicircle-or a half-moon*....*p* 111
Senate-the Roman s., when....*b* 29
s's hang upon thy tongue...*r* 102
but bribes a senate, and the.*j* 181
s. the cockle of rebellion*....*j* 355
Senator-s's of mighty woods..*d* 439
Send-the few our Father s's..*w* 168
best which God sends.....*l* 407
Sense-on his senses burst.....*g* 1
want of sense is the father...*u* 74
worst avarice is that of sense.*n* 4
exercises of the senses.....*a* 87
like an odour within the s...*b* 143
sensibility as the want of s..*o* 162
slays all senses with the*....*g* 134
scared out of his seven s.....*c* 121
s. from thought divide.....*m* 261
in a sense as strong as that*.*b* 268
shows great pride, or little..*r* 442
unblessed with sense.....*x* 300
from my senses take all*.....*c* 398
the region of the senses.....*v* 379
good s., which only is the...*w* 379
partitions s. from thought..*x* 379
sense is our helmet.....*y* 379
s. is the diamond weighty..*y* 379
O, take the sense, sweet*....*k* 211
it ravishes all senses.....*i* 456
learned without sense.....*s* 406
seen, above the sense of*....*d* 370
the sense of honour is so fine.*x* 198
much fruit of s. beneath....*p* 481
proceeds from want of sense *n* 346
of decency is want of sense..*t* 480
his more solid sense.....*k* 307
cream of courtly sense.....*p* 317
war with sense.....*p* 319
her s. but as a monument*..*f* 391
to copy fanlts is want of s.. *r* 350
steeping their senses.....*p* 389
steep my senses in .....*v* 390
dare to have s. yourselves...*c* 294
precious, as the vehicle of s..*r* 472
Sensibility-yet wanting s, ...*r* 168
Sensitive-s., swift to resent....*j* 49
Sensitive-plant-in a garden...*k* 156
sensitive-plant has no bright.*l* 156
Sensual-to all the s. world.....*r* 234
not to the sensual ear.....*x* 281
Sent-affliction is not sent.....*d* 5
to gain our peace, have sent*.*p* 62
Sentence-meet mortality my s. *w* 90
for every sentence uttered..*x* 119
the sentence of the sage.....*e* 287
sentence is for open war....*j* 458
the sentence sign.....*e* 217
half a sentence at a time....*a* 321
Sentiment-worth one s. of....*m* 478
Sentimentally-I am disposed..*b* 282
Sentry-day the sun shall be s..*r* 145
s's of the shadowy night....*e* 403
Separate-s. star seems nothing *t* 403
September-S. stood upon the..*l* 272
a bright September morn ..*m* 272
thirty days hath September.*b* 269
thirty days hath September.*d* 269
winds of S. wrestled.....*a* 467
Sepulchre-Rome her own sad s.*f* 59
myself my sepulchre.....*b* 267
s. conceals a martyr's bones *j* 440
the s. wherein we saw thee*.*c* 185
Sequestered-s. vale of rural life.*q* 6
bear me to seqnester'd scenes.*b* 70
s. path has fewest flowers...*c* 395
wild sequester'd seat.....*b* 260
sequester'd leafly glades....*n* 128
along the cool s. vale of life.*j* 232
Seraph-s's share with thee.....*v* 15
seraph may pray for a sinner.*c* 344
where seraphs might despair.*e* 252
as the rapt s. that adores....*b* 286
no seraph's fire.....*f* 234
Seraphic-s. arms and trophies.*i* 124
Seraphim-the sworded s.....*o* 10
Sere-sear, the yellow leaf*.....*f* 7
the sere leaves are flying....*p* 375
Serene-breaks the s. of heaven.*c* 290
doth keep "a drop serene"...*i* 149
through the s. and placid....*j* 256
serene and heavenly fair....*u* 277
heavenly hope is all serene..*z* 200
s., and resolute and still.....*q* 465
ruffling, the blue deep's s...*e* 466
Serenely-s. moving on her way.*f* 275
eloquence along, s. pure.....*l* 102
Serener-tell of serener hours..*o* 271
Serenity-journeying in long s.*c* 466
Serious-serions thing to die...*u* 79
with a s. mnsing I behold...*g* 147
Sermon-in thy own sermon....*h* 32
turn ont a sermon.....*c* 45
s's, but to prayers most.....*e* 485
finde him who a s. flies.....*e* 339
sermons in stones*.....*u* 234
s's and soda-water the.....*a* 468
Serpent-spit on a serpent, and*.*d* 13
him as a serpent's egg*.....*b* 44
serpent than the dove.....*o* 49
sharper than a s's tooth*.....*b* 211
have a s. sting thee twice*...*e* 211
not see the s. in the grass...*u* 473
serpent by the tongue*.....*m* 387
trail of the s. is over them..*o* 384
Servant-admired by their s's....*x* 3
servants hasting to be gods...*y* 8
bad servants wound their...*o* 114
a servant with this clause..*m* 279
my silent servants wait.....*l* 229
hath been your faithful s.*..*n* 174
my son and my s. spend*....*k* 198
servant of God, well done...*y* 494
a master, or a servant.....*c* 394
Serve-in hell, than s. in heaven.*r*

they serve God well who.....h 53
who serves His creatures.....h 53
kings should feare and s....a 367
numbers who will s. instead.i 464
they also s., who only stand.j 328
now serve on his knees.....u 330
serve God before the world..v 345
bound to s., love, and obey*.y 476
and serve it thus to me*....o 302
when he we serve's away*...v 115
few can s., yet all may please.d 380
I serv'd my king*.....f 251
to serve the devil in.....v 204
this bids to serve.....x 227
I live or die to s. my friend..t 172
they serve him best.....k 180
Service-s. is true service.....n 120
for my service but blows*...c 163
in s. high, and anthems.....q 282
my heart is ever at your s.*.l 174
he did look far into the s.*..o 174
for aid must show how s....k 195
will creep in service*.....d 249
join myself to others by s...b 173
girded for service.....s 240
cares not for service.....m 354
Servile-a servile race.....q 75
friend by servile ways.....m 170
Servitude-s. seizes on few.....f 388
base laws of s. began.....h 167
out of s. into freedom.....v 419
Set-the sun was set .....b 22
when night hath set.....f 406
can honour set a leg*.....u 199
sun hath made a golden s.*.m 447
all except their sun is set. ..c 374
long as there's a sun that s's.h 135
stars—they rise and set.....o 368
we set our foot upon some..u 368
from time the sun be set....e 411
s. awful hours twixt heaven.g 392
sun that s's upon the sea...n 430
Settee-the soft settee .....k 301
Setteth-down, he setteth up...f 349
Setting-s. of a great hope is...f 201
haste now to my setting*. ..m 92
wonder why the s. sun.....o 411
s. sun breaks out again .....f 411
the setting sun, and music*.o 411
cradled wear the s. sun.....a 412
had elsewhere its setting ...q 236
brightens to the setting sun.l 352
s. of thine eye and cheek*...t 306
Seven-I am s. times one to-day.i 34
science fairly worth the s . w 379
one of the seven was wont..c 307
in England, s. half-penny*..b 342
to soothing slumber seven ..l 424
Sever-though we s., my fond..v 220
that severs day from night*.x 409
broken-hearted to s. for years.j 326
union of states none can s...p 449
Severe-from lively to se...ere...f 407
as holy as severe*.... .....q 197
darts s. upon a rising lie....h 445
Severed-I s. from thy side.....j 168
Severity-the s. of the public*.d 308
Severn-S. to the narrow seas...a 96
sandy-bottom'd Severn*.....c 366
Sew-s., prick our fingers, dull.p 482
Sex-the poorest of the sex.....p 77
s's earliest, latest care.....h 451
either s. assume, or both ...i 401
the sex whose presence.....r 320
sex to the last..... .....x 164
the sex, and sometimes.....h 473
sex are heavenly bodies.....p 478
Sexton-the s's hand my grave.c 272
like a s. by her grave .....n 370
s., hoary-headed chronicle..g 322
play the sexton's part.....i 322
Shackle-and their s's fall.....v 387
Shad-bush-white with flowers.d 432
Shade-within the leafy shade ..k 32
night of darkness and of s's..e 47
mistress of the shade.....l 29
the glimmering shade.....t 11
through the shade of night*..t 62
light shade for the leaves....u 59
sings in the shade when all..h 28
critics in the chequer'd s....p 76
in tracing the shade.....n 61
can send me to the shades .. x 91
with false flitting shades.....s 97
shades of night*.... .....e 112
through Zamaria's shades..m 132
leaves scarce cast a shade...q 132
breaking thro' the shade ....l 133
half in s. and half in sun ..w 154
carcless in the mossy s's ...y 159
shade the violets.....z 159
whisper from the shade.....l 160
hath loosen'd the shade.....n 288
sitting in a pleasant shade ..c 271
no shade, no shine.....h 273
shades, that met above.....d 273
confusion sought the s.....d 288
pines a noxious s. diffuse...c 378
shades are to the figures ....d 268
find you at last but a shade.x 453
blest with far greener s's....s 261
by the shade it casts.....i 265
the mingled strength of s...q 319
so softening into shade....f 501
throws his army shade.....q 436
seats beneath the shade .....c 437
from his hoary pinion s's ...l 425
wander'd in the solitary s...d 476
variable as the shade .....k 476
countless the shades which.n 451
rising thro' the mellow s... u 403
a s. that follows wealth.....g 173
shade deep'ning over shade.q 433
tree! for thy delightful s .....c 434
shades all the banks.....c 438
s. of desert—loving pine....f 440
ghosts, and visionary s's...j 441
pillar'd s. high overarch'd..p 330
sweeter s. to shepherds*.....f 437
lain in the noonday shade ..i 437
welcome, ye shades.....b 434
in the chequer'd shade.....c 303
we left the shade.....u 303
sun has lengthen'd every s..f 447
last I stood beneath your s..h 440
give no s. and no shelter....p 440
happy walks and shades ...d 326
boundless contiguity of s.. x 394
woods' harmless shades ....d 395
the stream a moveless s.....j 395
shade and solitude.....c 396
shade we think we see.....q 389
Shading-s. wild strawberries..b 1
Shadow-fatal s's that walk.....v 2
shadow of a great affliction....e 5
life's shadows are meeting ....r 5
shadows grow more dreary....h 6
the shadow of a dream*.....o 9
throws the s. on the floor.....l 30
a shadow on the snow. .....g 32
deep and misty shadows .... t 33
a s. on those features fair.....i 81
ere yet the shadows fly.....n 26
soul from out that shadow....l 30
poplar-trees their shadows...w 69
cold shadow of the tomb.....a 79
there truth is—'tis her s.....b 96
shadow of a starless night....t 91
like our shadows, our.....d 90
blood and state are shadows..s 85
vary as the shadows fall.....o 107
hast thou, as a mere s.....i 109
in the hemlock's fragrant s..n 141
shadows cool lie dreaming..d 143
the s. named so stretches....i 429
silent as their shadows.....o 382
coward s. eastward shrinks..i 386
shadows spread apace.....r 410
shadows and phantoms.....e 111
shadows in a shadowy band.r 171
shadow's poverty.....i 470
thy cool s's, and to thee.....c 434
cooling s. of a stately elm....j 436
elms o'erhead dark s's.....k 436
whose fluttering s. wraps ...r 439
roses fade, and s's shift.....z 491
hate is shadow.....o 493
one shadow of night.....n 352
think:—the s. on the dial...o 441
softened to s's, silvery .....g 446
now the twilight s's hie....m 446
sweet shadows of twilight...p 446
lengthening shadows wait..q 446
s. of a wilful sin between....j 384
s's brown, that Sylvan loves..l 440
standeth God within the s...k 348
disdains tho shadow which*f 347
this kind are but shadows*..c 350
but the shadows of us men..i 479
follow a shadow, it still flies..i 479
the shadow on the dial.....s 424
gleam amid shadows .....i 161
clustered lilies in the s's....a 146
no shadows great appear....q 146
in the deep s. of the porch..d 134
s's fall adown the hill.....b 136
view their own white s's....p 127
an emerald shadow fell.....g 372
s's wove on their aerial.....j 372
what shadows we pursue....g 380
coming events cast their s's.h 380
s. owes its birth to light.....i 380
a shadow came and lingered.j 380
fight our own s's forever.....l 380
shadows are in reality.....m 380
come like s's, so depart*.....o 380
checker'd shadow*.....n 380
s's to-night have struck*....p 380
some there be that s's kiss*..q 380
such have but a s's bliss*....q 380
from grave to grave the s....e 139
the shadow that it casts.....h 139
shadow of a shade.....r 255

shadows brown between....g 275
surging through shadows...n 278
s. which he treads on at*....c 332
it is the land of shadows.....j 229
in s. of such greatness*.....c 211
false s's for true substances*.a 187
s's which show like grief*...d 187
s's to the unseen grief*.....p 187
if once, the s. to pursue.....b 401
beck'ning shadows dire.....h 401
like the beautiful s's of .....h 175
God is truth and light his s.m 180
history casts its shadow ....d 197
like shadows on the waves..m 232
love like a shadow flies*.....g 247
driving back shadows over*.k 247
he fled like a shadow.....m 238
was darken'd with her s.....d 240
I may see my s. as I pass*...w 409
warm s. of her loveliness....d 410
Shadowed-'tis s. by the tulip..d 441
Shadowless-stand s.like silence o 375
Shadow-rose-sweet s-r., upon..h 256
Shadow-world-of song.....k 396
Shadowy-in s. glimpses.....q 79
deeper in shadowy glooms..g 136
sentries of the s. night.....e 403
sweeping with s. gust.....t 467
Shady-side and the sunny....g 487
in the shady place.....y 111
leaping in shady dells.....l 461
Shaft-thy shaft flew thrice.....n 86
wing'd the shaft that.....e 24
let the s. pass by my breast.r 117
fling the wing'd s's of truth.u 337
sun up-gathers his spent s's.i 411
thy fatal s's unerring move..h 249
many a s., at random sent...q 481
the winged shaft of fate.....c 117
Shake-s. the downy blow-ball..f 164
to shake the head, relent*...h 361
many blasts to shake them*.f 408
oak s's that ne'er trembled..e 439
did mark how he did shake*.a 382
never shake thy gory locks*.s 121
terrible dreams, that shake*.x 121
would shake hands.....d 251
the very earth did shake....m 427
s's the doors and window...s 466
shake off this downy sleep*..g 391
Shaken-shaken to their roots.g 421
that if by chance it be s....i 122
when taken to be well s.....i 309
Shakespeare-is the greatest of.s 380
our myriad-minded S.....t 380
far from Shakespeare's being.u 380
S's magic could not copied.m 335
this was Shakespeare's form.r 380
S. and the musical glasses...j 492
what needs my Shakespeare.b 381
Shaking-fall without shaking.h 295
Shall-s. be yes for evermore...p 489
mark you his absolute s.*...r 498
he s. not when he wold-a....j 495
Shallow-deep for shallow day..c 288
are known, they are found s.h 379
their shallow draughts.....w 227
think of s's and of flats*.....g 262
shallow spirit of judgment*.f 217
is found in shallows*.....q 324
s. murmur, but the deeps....e 327
shallow in himself.....c 354
Shame-thousand innocent s's*.v 35
everlasting shame sits*.....y 87
speak it to my shame*.....x 73
Allen, with an awkward s...q 115
fear not guilt, yet start at s..f 253
not one had cause for s.....c 339
'twere a s., when flowers....w 153
shame keeps its watch.....g 453
fear but life with shame...aa 453
is't not for shame of what...c 411
s. on those breasts of stone..p 415
poure the shame.....r 417
avoid s., but do not seek....h 179
honour and s. from no.....o 199
brow s. is asham'd to sit*...x 199
was not born to shame*.....x 199
shame to him, whose cruel*.h 217
else shame will be too long*.f 235
you must not dare, for s.*...o 263
s. and sorrow to destroy.....l 409
honorable shame acquires...e 268
shame and woe to us.....o 268
here shame dissuades.....c 381
offspring of s. is shyness....f 381
shame ! where is thy blush*.e 381
hide her s. from every eye...e 359
thy own shame's orator*....a 325
s. and misery not to learn...a 444
tell truth, and s. the devil*..q 445
tell truth, and s. the devil...b 446
speak truly, s. the devil.....n 443
I have power to shame him*.q 445
who shrink from s. are safe..n 450
covers faults at last with s.*.d 427
not s. to tell you what I was*k 385
Shameless-woman is the worst.v 478
Shamrock-old Erin's native s..m 156
Shandon-with thy bells of S...s 365
Shape-the s's of men*.....g 74
in any shape, in any mood...g 80
tulip beds of different s.....n 158
of calling s's, and beck'ning.h 401
shape as of an arbor.....k 437
perfect shape most glorious.d 445
keep one shape*.....r 308
take any shape but that*....o 121
assume a pleasing shape*....q 342
divinity that s's our ends*..q 349
Shaped-not s. for sportive*....x 255
s. that traced the lives.....m 331
Shaping-s. many an urn.....w 316
Share-the s. uptears thy bed...j 139
task when many share.....h 195
Sharper-hunger is s. than the..p 203
slander; whose edge is s.*...q 387
Sharpest-robs poverty of its s..e 342
Shattered-bind all our s. hopes.u 396
She-are the cruell'st s. alive*..m 77
chaste, and unexpressive s.*.l 477
if s. be not so to me, what care.q 784
s., while apostles shrank....w 472
Sheaf-read that binds the sheaf..t 56
Sheafed-s. is the golden corn..k 376
Shear-hold the vital shears....g 390
Sheaves-which makes the fair s.f 276
with the last s. returns.....c 376
Shed-found in lowly sheds.....d 73
did not think to shed a tear*.h 416
prepare to shed them now*..j 416
shed their substance on the..l 393
Sheen-of gold and glittering s..t 304
Sheep-the mountain s. were....p 12
valley sheep were fatter.....p 12
hills are white over with s...b 226
I preserv'd my sheep.....h 234
to a close-shorn sheep.....j 348
Sheer-s.off in vigorous growth.u 200
Sheet-stiff in its winding s....q 158
a wet s. and a flowing sea....k 466
Sheeted-s. dead did squeak*....x 84
Shelf-laid upon the shelf.....k 166
Shell-kill him in the shell*.....b 44
a smooth-lipped shell.....v 77
unseen within thy airy shell..x 100
rose-lipped shell.....w 281
sea-weed and the s-s. upon...l 422
pearly shell that murmurs..b 339
eat chickens i' thee shell*....c 500
take ye each a shell.....s 307
Shelter-whose arms gave s. to*.q 84
some shelter is in.....p 53
His shelter o'er thee throw..i 136
the shelter of an aged tree...t 197
hearth and a shelter .....b 198
delicious is your shelter.....b 434
thou to birds dost s. give....c 434
shared its s., perish in its....t 368
shelter but in human kind..d 413
give me shade and no s.....p 440
Sheltered-in youth it s. me....o 432
Sheltering-hangs with s. grace.g 441
Shelved-s. around us lie.....e 230
Shepherd-s's homely cnrds*....c 67
shepherds at the grange.....h 57
shepherd I take thy word....d 73
to the sheperd own'd.....h 276
I'll fly from shepherds.....i 244
s's. flocks and plains.....i 244
good s.. tell this youth*.....f 246
star that bids the shepherd..b 403
s. here from scorching.....c 434
host to s's and to kings.....n 389
star calls up the shepherd*..p 403
sweeter shade to shepherds*.f 437
Shepherdess-a s. passed by....k 160
Shield-a desire to shield.....h 41
his azure shield the heavens.f 403
s.-broad the lily floats.....b 148
broken was her shield.....a 459
Shift-shift from side to side....d 95
whichever way it shift.....p 49
Shilling-other took a s. out.....i 53
guinea and seven-s. pieces..d 473
postively cost a shilling.....o 320
Shilkspnr-S ? S ? who wrote it..t 206
Shimmer-s. the low flats and..h 376
s. with angel glances.....x 110
Shine-deceitful s., deceitful..m 484
fame's proud temple s's afar..a 114
shine in more substantial...n 199
if the sun would ever shine..j 436
it shines for all, as shines...x 443
truth in the end shall shine..y 443
s. by the side of every path..a 444
propitious s's and shapes....h 446
nay who dare shine.....x 300
white walls along them s....k 364
substitute s's brightly as a*.p 367
one simile that solitary s's..b 340
shine on our mortal sight...r 402
night ten thousand shine...x 403

shine out, fair sun*.....w 409
was prodigal of summery s..d 393
in vain the stars would shine.s 473
shine like a guinea, and.....d 473
Shined-although it be not s....x 63
Shinest-thou shinest fair with.o 352
Shineth-that shineth as the gold.i 87
Shining-shining in the sky....a 161
woven of shining smilax....k 131
that was shining on him...w 239
improve each shining hour..i 213
Ship-ships sailorless lay rotting.f 78
as s's meet at sea, a moment.g 195
true ship is the ship-builder.h 381
s's that sailed for sunny iles.i 381
in a ship is being in a jail..j 381
not a s. that sails the ocean.m 381
s's that have gone down at..o 381
ships dim discovered.....r 381
shrouds and masts of ships.n 381
a ship is struggling.....g 313
gallant ship so lustily.....i 313
every day brings a ship.....i 315
Argoan s's brave ornament.m 449
hearts of oak are our ships..a 492
as ships that divide.....q 326
above a thousand ships*....n 471
sail on, O ship of State.....n 329
ships were British oak.....b 329
thy ships want sea-room....h 399
the gallant ship along.....l 313
speed on the ship.....o 313
the stately ships go on.....m 313
ships that pass in the night.b 118
watch the stately ships.....n 222
twain have met like the s's .h 171
s's rigged out with sails of..d 411
with tempests on the ship...i 404
Shipped-thou wert s. to hell*.k 215
Shipwright-impress of s's*...u 225
Shirt-martyr in his s. of fire ..c 256
this "Song of the Shirt."....l 341
Shiver-when thou'rt named...d 184
s's the aspen, still dreaming.a 440
Shivering-left the s. pines.....n 375
welcomes in the s. pair.....a 333
Shoal-rushing s's, to warm us..l 21
and shoal of time- .....o 235
many a shoal.....j 313
with shoals of life rushing..a 353
Shock-sink beneath the s.....g 41
shocks that flesh is heir to*..d 85
shock it gives their feelings.u 353
but in plain shocks*.....b 349
Shod-s. like a mountaineer ...q 250
feet are shod with silence..aa 382
Shoe-call for his old shoes.....v 6
fling her old shoe after.....cc 251
he was more than over s's*..j 246
can shoe him himself*.....d 301
modish shoes are worn.....a 319
a careless shoe string.....d 319
where the shoe pinches.....e 319
a surgeon to old shoes*.....f 319
to wear out their shoes*.....i 319
his store of shoes.....t 318
ere those shoes were old*... u 476
Shoemaker-s's quietly stick...o 184
s. makes a good shoe.....u 318
Shook-s. the fragment of his..s 452
Shoot-at crows is powder flung.f 23
shoot out his prayer to God.j 344
shoot, if you must this old..b 330
shoot not at me in your*....o 363
sure never to o'er shoot.....l 213
dare not shoot at him*.....q 264
that shoots my tortured.....j 303
s's through the morning....h 313
s. up their heads into.....b 440
pang shoots through the ...m 359
young idea how to shoot....i 304
Shop-leaves his snug shop.....t 318
wherefore art not in the s.* .i 319
rubbish of the shops.....o 320
and in his needy shop*.....g 310
Shopkeeper-what is true of a s.g 311
Shopkeeping-of a s. nation....g 311
Shore-upon the dreary s .....e 25
boats should keep near s.....q 43
to his native shore.....n 70
on some silent shore.....v 80
unknown and silent shore...n 81
new shores descried make...j 364
steer 'twixt fertile shores....j 364
thy wild and willow'd shore.t 365
most exaulted s's of all*.....a 366
when the shore is won.....a 408
varying s. o'er the world*...t 409
from thy s. the tempest*....l 404
after-silence on the shore ...s 292
frets against the boundary s.q 323
rapture on the lonely shore..t 322
long line of the vacant s.....l 422
kingdom of the shore*.....k 427
on its inhospitable shore....l 427
s's of will and judgment*....s 465
his control stops with the s..s 322
on the dull, tame shore.....c 323
never came to shore.....i 381
gath'ring pebbles on the s ...d 55
smoothly on the farther s....j 113
foot in sea, and one on s.*...o 122
as waves that wash no s.....n 481
waves lash the frighted s's...j 404
Shoreless-the shoreless seas...d 289
Shoreward-will roll us s. soon.bb 323
flung shoreward now.....n 422
Shorn-wind to the s. lamb....h 349
Short-converse, so s., so sweet.h 171
short as it is violent.....v 472
s. our happy days appear...h 424
has happiness so s. a day....r 190
short and the long of it*....j 499
life is s., and time is swift...z 491
Shot-mine arrow o'er the house*.l 2
a fool's bolt is soon shot*...cc 162
shot through with golden...j 372
aim of every dangerous s.*..q 124
transports his poison'd s.*..n 387
Should-this "should" is like a*.l 46
I'm no the thing I should be.l 357
Shoulder-and white his crest..m 22
made in every human s.....h 67
stands on any s. that I see*..s 111
over thy decent shoulders...d 203
Shout-shout now! the months.a 274
with song and shout.....b 244
universal host up sent a s...x 399
Show-rich without a show.....c 48
within which passeth show*..p 50
a man frail, but they shew...q 58
primrose makes a splendid s.m 31
this world is all a fleeting s.m 484
the man who s's his heart...z 484
by outward s. let's not be...m 162
what it shows and what.....f 279
the time with fairest show*..z 204
external s's of nature have..n 412
they praise my rustling s...n 369
I s. it most of all, when I s.*.l 219
this shows you are above*...r 219
scatter'd to make up a s.*...g 310
without the show of both*..k 316
show he harbours treason*..v 498
mercy to him that shows it.p 355
obscures the show of evil*..g 308
Shower-vernal showers on the.m 26
suck in some moistening s...s 46
I bring fresh showers for.....u 59
cool large showers lying.....b 79
small showers last long*....k 103
in their shower, hearts open.k 334
ever drank the amber s.....o 153
in the soft May shower.....d 159
kindly s's and sunshine.....z 160
descend thy silent showers..r 372
the whitening s. descends...j 378
then the shower.....j 270
within your showers.....k 270
silent shower, that trickled..c 352
April shall with all his s's*..i 352
hung on the shower.....q 352
guard from chilling s's.....f 322
shower of light is poesy.....i 339
a s. of commanded tears*....s 178
fallen in perpetual shower..n 415
between the pelting s's.....j 410
showers arise, blown*.....s 416
trees are busy with the s....h 432
mighty showers the floods...l 437
fall to earth in silver s's.....k 439
Showering-s. plenty her feet..i 438
Showery-rain-drops' s. dance.y 351
Showing-s. an outward pity*.bb 384
Shred-yet that poor shred.....b 320
Shrewd-and s., and froward*..i 120
Shriek-hark! what s. of death.u 381
shriek to the echo.....w 382
louder shrieks to pitying....z 120
the merry shriek.....cc 308
Shrieked-then s. the timid....s 381
Shrilling-winds are s. cold....s 467
Shrine-shrine of the mighty..f 45
to adorn the shrine.....m 128
at innumerable shrines.....r 262
the shrine of refuge.....p 234
even from out thy shrine...a 323
Shrink-do our duty and not s..v 98
all the boards did shrink...k 461
who s. from shame are safe..n 450
shrinks from the dismaying.x 395
Shrinking-s. as violets do.....f 160
Shriveled-with vain desire is s..l 60
Shroud-s. shall lap thee fast ..m 83
s's and masts of ships ....n 381
o'er the s's aerial whispers...v 488
Shrouded-therein s. from the..j 433
Shrub-low s's from winter's*.. q 84
to leafless shrubs..... ....a 226
odors from the spicy s's. ...h 257
Shrubbery-through the s's....e 434
Shrug-these hums, and ha's*..i 42
Shrunk-to this little measure*j 119

Shudder–s's at the sight. .....u 79
the dusky waters shudder ..f 273
Shuffle–and shuffle the cards..v 327
Shuffled–off this mortal coil*..q 391
Shuffling–there is no s.*.....h 308
Shun–me more than hell to s...m 62
contemptible to s. contempt.a 65
that to shun mankind.....x 227
who s's not to break one*...q 291
is easier than to shun.....r 483
Shunnest–s. the noise of folly..e 28
Shut–shut the door, good John.v 87
pictures when they are s.....s 96
at shut of evening flowers...d 106
like death, when he shuts*..r 110
who shall shut out fate.....d 117
when the world's is shut ...g 392
thoughts shut up want air..a 422
shuts the gates of day.....r 410
shuts up sorrow's eye*. ....l 391
Shutter–the s. (Clusius).....e 269
peeped through the s. ....h 450
Shuttle–life is a shuttle*.....g 235
Shy–leaves of that shy plant..j 146
flower of sweetest smell is s..c 132
gather the violet shy .....h 132
shy little Mayflower weaves.i 132
like shy elves hiding.....j 160
h' was very s. of using it...d 471
Shyness–of shame is shyness..f 381
Sick–sick alike of envy.....p 6
perhaps was sick, in love... a 46
I am sick at heart*.....o 53
say I'm sick, I'm dead.....v 87
the devil was sick .....d 93
are as sick, that surfeit*....k 100
danger to such as be sick.. .o 422
sick, and tired, and faint....e 107
the s. soul on a despairing..k 188
kingdom,s with civil blows*a 460
oft do best by s. interpreters*.s 218
the sick man said.....l 309
not so sick, my lord*.....f 310
would have made me sick*..i 310
when I was sick you gave*..q 310
waft a balm to thy s. heart..c 432
thou liest in reputation s.*..i 460
Sicken–s's, even if a friend...m 103
love begins to s. and decay*.m 44
sicken, and so die* ... .o 283
Sickle–with his sickle keen....u 81
crown'd with the sickle.....q 376
yon sunburn'd s. men*.....s 295
harvest to the s. yield.....d 295
Sickled–s. with good success*. c 332
Sickness–this s. doth infect*....c 95
sickness is catching*.....l 120
his s., for it is my office*....d 204
s. of health, and living*.....b 382
hele, and also in silkenesse. q 473
warms the very sickness*.. .s 363
and sickness rages.....k 236
sickness clogs our wheels...p 392
Side–holding both his sides...w 226
equal, taken from his side...o 478
Siege–wastes a ten year's s....e 245
wreckful s. of battering days*k 426
Sieve–as water in a sieve*.....q 4
draws nectar in a sieve.....r 200
Sifted–s. through the winds .k 393
Sigh–on the bridge of sighs .x 58
with a perpetual sigh.....f 90
to sigh, yet feel no pain.....g 94
a sigh too deep.....e 118
with sighs, they jar*.....a 255
fills my bosom when I sigh..g 260
prompt th' eternal sigh.....h 191
take gifts with a sigh.....r 178
her s's will make a battery*.x 476
the south wind sighs.....i 132
farewell s's their greetings..d 372
the source of sighs.....g 277
love's own earliest sigh it...u 151
grow pale with her sighs...w 151
only one now I shall s. to....i 153
give sigh for sigh .....k 153
invisible west-wind's sighs..n 158
laughter with a sigh*..... u 221
it is to be all made of sighs*.f 246
in vain I sigh, and restless..a 375
regretful s. can say, adieu...i 374
were temper'd with love's s's*f 337
or sigh with pity .....a 122
sigh no more, ladies, sigh*..o 122
drive the boat with my s's*.f 417
ever weigh'd a sigh.....l 417
still breath'd in sighs.....s 284
the balmiest sigh.....b 290
without a s. remember thee..o 365
monarch's seldom s. in vain.o 367
sigh for what is not.....p 369
every sigh with songs.....i 270
passing tribute of a sigh....e 382
my soul has rest, sweet s....f 382
smiles and waits and sighs..a 352
he gave a deep sigh.....h 188
echo sighs to thine.....c 316
care forgets to sigh.....t 437
wind here sighs.....j 440
sighs unto the clouds*.....r 485
last s's too often breath'd...m 473
one's sighs and passionate..o 315
sigh in wrinkle of a smile*..t 397
sighs which perfect joy.....n 398
s. to think he still has found.t 303
sigh to those who love me...l 360
yokes a smiling with a s.*...e 393
smile, mocking tho sigh*....e 393
hear his sighs though mute..q 344
s's now breath'd unutterable.s 344
Sighed–s. from all her cares...m 82
uo sooner sighed, but they*.v 247
sigh'd and look'd and sigh'd.d 382
we grieved, we s., we wept..t 186
they sighed for the dawn....i 434
man, the hermit, sigh'd.....p 473
when I beheld this I sighed..j 255
Sighing–tender friends go s....n 90
wooes it with enamor'd s....e 467
plague of sighing and grief*.j 397
nature from her seat s.....m 384
blossoms, all around me s...k 144
they sighing lie reclin'd.....q 205
old age, begin sighing.....p 375
the musk-rose sighing.....p 128
sighing that nature formed.q 356
farewell goes out sighing*..w 463
Sight–full in the s. of Paradise...z 7
sight faints into dimness....p 17
love beauty at first sight.....q 17
a sight to make an old man..j 19
goodly s. to see what heaven .i 70
dreams of ugly sights*.....l 97
we credit most our sight....f 109
allure the captive sight.....p 149
mind, as soon as out of s....e 164
when he is out of sight.....r 164
first at s. of thee was glad....i 135
it is the fairest sight.....n 278
lose friends out of sight.....r 169
longer stay in sight.....k 213
coming in s of each other...w 242
that lov'd not at first sight..l 243
swim before my sight.....r 244
buttercups gladden'd my s..k 126
tho' lost to sight.....b 261
s., a naked human heart....g 193
at whose sight all the stars..p 409
complies with our weak s...p 410
out of syght, out of mynd...p 492
at whose sight, like the sun .r 501
first she gleam'd upon my s.u 478
bleared s's are spectacled*...f 343
soon as out of sight.....n 489
Sign–an especial sign of grace..f 31
red s's of favor o'er thy race..f 31
dies, and makes no sign*.....f 84
creaking of a country sign..f 414
signs of coming mischief...u 347
works gave signs of woe.. .m 384
thou hast seen these signs*.p 412
Signal–only a signal shown...b 118
the signals and the signs....p 242
Signet–press'd its signet sage....t 6
Signor–s's and rich burghers*.f 266
Silence–with silence only as.....e 5
silence that accepts merit....d 14
silence set the world in tune..l 28
in the s. ringing for the.....y 20
yet I love the silence.....t 69
to which, in silence hushed..v 77
and hate it in silence.....b 115
upon the wings of silence...w 100
in silence sad*.....f 112
the silence that is in.....i 108
darkness again and a silence.b 118
drowsy thro' the evening s..a 146
in the air—silence.....u 277
to shameful s. brought.....z 331
scarce more than silence is..x 242
stand shadowless like s .....o 375
silence in the harvest field...i 377
has wrought a silence.....k 377
let it be tenable in your s.*..c 379
the other, silence .....a 236
earth's silence lives .....c 282
ever widening slowly s. all...g 284
silence, how dead.....j 296
the frost has wrought as.....k 212
expressive silence muse.....x 186
kept by ourselves in silence..i 197
silence never shows itself....g 382
s.,when nothing need be.....k 382
was silence deep as death....j 382
s. is more eloquent than....k 382
s. is the element in which...l 382
speech is great; but silence.m 382
silence is deep as eternity...n 382
aisle, sacred to silence.....r 382
in that s. we the tempest....s 382
silence gives consent.....u 382
silence gives consent.....v 382
there the true silence is ....w 382

s. where no sound may be...x 382
s. where hath been no sound..x 382
a great, sweet silence.....y 382
whose feet are shod with s..aa 382
s. of the place was like.....a 383
three silences there are.....b 383
what can I say better than s...c 383
nothing is more useful than s.d 383
s. has many advantages.....e 383
there are moments when s....f 383
s. is one of the great arts....g 383
s. sweeter is than speech. ...h 383
silence never betrays you...i 383
silence that spoke.....j 383
s. in love bewrays more woe..k 383
s. more musical than any....l 383
be check'd for silence*.....m 383
I'll speak to thee in silence*.n 383
s. is only commendable in*..q 383
s. is the perfectest herald*...r 383
silence that dreadful bell*...s 383
the rest is silence*.....l 383
s.! Oh well are death and...w 383
s. oppresses with too great..x 383
silence, beautiful voice ....aa 383
come theu, expressive s.....bb 383
s. that is in the starry sky..dd 383
great is expression—great is s.n 186
swells with s. in the tortur'd*p 187
cool and s. he knelt down...e 432
strangely on the s. broke....r 316
falling day in silence steals..i 446
silence accompanied.....a 447
laughter of deep silence....m 450
we two parted in silence ...j 326
out of this silence, yet*.....v 463
ye waves, in silence sleep ...k 330
sleep, silence, child, sweet..n 389
speech is better than silence.i 400
silence is golden.....o 400
silence is divine.....o 400
Silenced-voice of conscience s..l 349
Silent-be s., that you may hear* y 14
s. settles into fell revenge....q 11
landing on some silent shore.v 80
everything that is so silent..m 28
swiftness, but of silent pace..d 83
within their s. depths.....f 78
eloquently silent.....g 102
if you are silent, so am I.....s 100
around in s. grandeur stood..i 142
at my silent window-sill ....r 143
silent is the whippoorwill...b 136
descend thy silent showers..r 372
sky full of silent suns.....h 403
of being eloquently silent...i 382
silent as their shadows.....o 382
the s. organ loudest chants..t 382
all was silent as before .....z 382
be silent and safe.....i 383
shall not say I yield, beings.* v 383
s. soule doth most abound in.y 383
of every noble work the s....z 383
and s. under other snows....t 185
how soon they are all silent...s 444
that truth should be silent*.r 445
how silent are the winds.....i 466
silent falling of the snow is..r 393
s. as though they watched...j 389
swiftness, but of silent pace.n 390
so silient as the foot of time h 428
Silently-and with how wan...g 276
spring is working silently..n 372
silently one by one in the...o 482
silently among them like...m 365
s. as a dream the fabric rose.p 382
pass silently from men.....c 466
silently, like thoughts that..o 393
Silk-rustling of his silks.....l 13
soft as silk remains.....t 71
rustling in unpaid-for silk*.d 347
Silken-s. rest, tie all thy cares n 361
Silky-underneath the s. wings c 282
Siloa-S's brook, that flowed...u 324
Silver-turn forth her s. lining.p 59
set her silver lamp on high. .f 406
the streak of silver sea.....m 461
with s. crest and golden eye.a 139
waving thy s. pinions o'er...c 201
seated in thy silver chair....c 275
with borrowed silver shine..i 276
turned to silver without soil.l 276
silver habit of the clouds....g 376
breath like silver arrows....l 377
with soft and silver lining..d 129
dark her silver mantle threw j 411
Teviot! on thy silver tide...t 365
when gold and silver becks*d 418
chance a silver drop hath*...t 189
stone set in the silver sea*...o 499
silver rather turn to dirt*...s 462
silver head to feel.....a 466
fall to earth in s. showers...k 439
the oars were silver*.....q 381
Silver-coasted-the s-c. isle.....b 501
Silvern-speech is silvern.....o 400
Silver-sweet-how s-s. sound*..t 246
Silvery-tuberose, with her s...f 158
lovely is tho silvery scene...f 378
fair in the silvery light .....s 144
Simile-in argument s's are.....s 14
one s. that solitary shines...b 340
Simon-the real Simon Pure...p 490
Simple-large flower of simple .f 134
from simple sources*.....m 266
to be simple is to be great..b 384
show me s's of a thousand...p 309
culling of simples*.....g 310
collected from all simples*..m 310
Simplest-s. of blossoms! to...b 142
greatest truths are the s.....d 384
Simplicity-to s. resigns her....o 61
the daisy for simplicity.....d 138
simplicity in the face of a....l 162
simplicity talks of pies. ....q 250
to simplicity resigns.....m 469
in wit a man, simplicity...aa 495
truth, miscalled simplicity* w 496
makes simplicity a grace....e 384
tongue-tired simplicity*....q 247
Sin-be a sin to covet honor*.... h 9
by that sin, fell the angels*....l 9
bowed 'neath the sins.....f 31
this is a duty, not a sin.....i 59
blossoms of my sin*.....s 83
s. for one so weak to venture .f 336
is not so vile a sin*.....q 287
to sin in loving virtue*.....f 455
sin that amends is but*....p 455
and folly into sin.....u 362
no sin for a man to labour*..o 483
plucking up the weeds of s..q 483
compound for sins they are..g 384
angels for the good man's s. h 384
s. let loose, speaks punishment i 384
shadow of a wilful sin.....j 384
great sins make great.....k 384
man-like it is to fall into sin l 384
Christ-like it is for sin to.....l 384
God-like it is all sin to leave. l 384
laws argues so many sins...n 384
how shall I lose the sin yet..p 384
sin in state majestically.....q 384
sin is a state of mind, not...r 384
some rise by sin*.....g 166
slander the foulest whelp of s.c 387
some rise by sin*.....n 235
commit the oldest sins*.....s 384
few love to hear the sins*....l 384
great sin to swear unto a s.*.v 384
thy s's not accidental but*..w 384
can cunning sin cover itself*.x 384
plate sin with gold*.....y 384
sins do bear their privilege*.z 384
cannot wash away your s.*.bb 384
no sin but to be rich*.....b 463
goad us on to sin*.....j 418
think on thy sins*.....i 356
faith, of sins forgiven.....q 357
law can discover sin.....a 358
smacking of every sin that*.o 448
my sins, and my contrition.q 345
what sin to me unknown....j 300
weep for thy sin.....v 345
sin is pride that apes.....m 346
the devil made sin.....f 348
sorrow as he was from sin..u 473
o'er with names 'twere sin..u 423
Sinai-descending from Sinai..g 411
at Sinai's foot the Giver....d 304
S's climb and know it not..aa 493
Sincere-s. enough to tell him.a 170
to no spot is happiness s...f 191
if hero mean sincere man...d 196
there is the love of being s..c 385
to think how to be sincere..h 385
open, honest and sincere...w 443
piety, whose soul sincere...k 353
prayer is the soul's sincere..t 344
Sincerely-room for—your's s..s 315
Sincerest-surely they're s.....s 451
Sincerity-loss of s. is loss of..b 385
s. is the way to heaven.....h 385
to be conscious of s. on.....i 385
sincerity, and comely love*.dd 496
Sinew-the very s's of virtue..v 455
stiffen the sinews*.....t 459
s's of the new-born babe*...b 345
wealth that s's bought and..u 387
Sinful-sin, to keep a s. oath*..v 384
Sing-suffers little birds to sing*.n 24
morn not waking till she s's..p 25
sings in the shade.....r 25
sunrise wakes the lark to sing.d 26
lark that s's so out of tune*..f 28
sings his song of woe.....l 28
nightly s's the staring owl*..h 29
sing as sweetly as the lark*..h 23
the linnets sing.....b 27
sings on highest wing.....h 28
blithely she sings.....a 33
sing till latest sunlight.....p 33
thrush that sings aloud.....r 33

of angels s. thee to thy rest*.r 10
lark at heaven's gate sings*..g 16
and at my casement sing.....n 31
come, and my requiem sing..n 31
merry thrush sing hymns....n 33
that I here the foules synge..h 37
liberty—of thee I sing.....g 71
I sing the sweets I know.....f 99
and sing, enamour'd of the..c 98
sing to those that hold.....l 118
praise of God to play and s..f 485
now let us sing.....a 251
sing, robins, sing.....a 136
content to s. in its small cage.d 259
let us sing by the fire.....c 274
before new nestlings sing...d 373
birds they s. upon the wing.f 374
work the village maiden s's.a 339
sings within thy bow'r.....m 221
rose ! to thee we'll sing.....l 153
sing, ye meadow-streams....n 179
biting pang the while she s's.p 385
somewhere s's about the sky.g 386
.t her flowery work doth s...i 390
sing and rival Orpheus'.....v 385
he s's psalms to hornpipes*.w 385
she will s. the savageness*...l 386
s's hymns at heaven's gate*.b 386
I do but s., because I must..e 386
when he did sing*.....r 312
by turns the Muses sing....e 437
angels draw near and sing..n 352
he sings at grave-making*..k 322
I'll tell her plain she sings*.m 477
sing through every shroud..i 404
they sing, and that they love.o 194
I would sing to myself.....d 264
Singe-that it do s. yourself*...v 102
Singer-those who heard the s's.q 385
God sent his s's upon earth..r 385
he the sweetest of all singers.s 385
Singest-s. away the early hours.o 27
thou sing'st hymns to them..l 134
Singing-gladsome in thy s.....c 26
with singing, laughing.....a 360
beneath the eaves, are s.....j 440
are singing in chorus.....h 450
singing their great Creator..g 485
the singing of birds.....f 371
I hear the bird-lets singing..j 371
bird-lets s. warble sweet.....o 372
thou'rt s. thy last melodies..h 374
birds have ceased their s....k 376
made another s. of the soul..l 239
ye birds, that singing up...a 343
singing birds take wing.....t 424
Single-dies, in s. blessedness*..d 94
but, for my single self*.....d 235
s. in responsible act and....a 473
two souls with but a single.n 449
s. spies, but in battalions*..g 398
Singly-s. can be manifested*..k 316
Singular-off my head and s...a 124
Singularity-tho trick of s*....k 499
Sink-sink beneath the shock...g 41
gross flesh sinks downwards.d 84
s's himself by true humility..a 203
nor sink too low.....a 283
come sink us rather.....v 266
so sinks the day star.....w 402
sink in the soft captivity....r 238
s's down behind the azure...t 410
help me, Cassius, or I sink*.l 195
s, in the dark and silent lake.j 393
wisely swim, or gladly sink.i 421
with care, sinks down to rest.r 388
let the world sink.....y 492
s. with their own weights...c 471
sink or swim, live or die....a 330
Sinned-more s. against than*.y 497
Sinner-s's whom long years of.a 256
where s's may have rest I go.c 194
for we are sinners all*.....h 218
seraph may pray for a sinner.c 344
Sinning-against than s.*.....j 497
Sinless-sinless, stirless rest....m 79
Sion-or if S. hill delight thee.u 324
Sip-my own did hope to sip...o 379
Sipping-s. only what is sweet.f 212
Sir-pray take them, Sir.....k 302
Sire-over her hoary sire.....u 277
sire to thyself.....d 284
that warmed our sires.....e 251
from the sire the son.....a 459
sire and his three sons.....u 494
so lived our sires.....j 309
green graves of your sires...h 329
Siren-rocks where sits the s...j 313
celestial siren's harmony....g 390
Sirloin-a battle's a sirloin.....o 293
Sister-Panope with all her s's..t 381
with its fair sisters, culled...o 132
sisters may not clasp thee...r 132
sister! look ye, how.....u 319
sister of the mournful night.d 447
still gentler sister woman....j 228
prose, her younger sister....q 340
both sisters, never seen apart.x 468
stole from her s. sorrow.....n 398
gentleman should be her s.*.d 477
haste, half-sister to delay....o 429
Sister-train-all thy s-t. I see...n 156
Sit-I s. in my darkness and.....k 6
might sit and rest awhile....e 405
brow-shame is asham'd to s.*.x 199
we sit too long on trifles*....t 442
sits the wind in that cerner*.k 467
that sit upon the.....g 390
take off my flesh and sit in..q 374
let us sit upon the ground*.w 367
here will we sit*.....l 283
who sit with us at the same.c 413
widow sits upon mine arm..e 458
that man that sits*.....p 324
Sittest-s. in the moonlight....n 242
Sitting-still is s., still is s.....l 30
Situate-under heaven's eye*...d 229
Six-s. hundred pounds a year.e 463
six hours in sleep.....u 490
Sixpence-where I gave a groat...k 62
who has not sixpence but...i 256
Size-the size of pots of ale.....q 303
Skein-tremulous skeins of rain.v 351
Skeptic-whatever s. could.....j 14
thought-benighted skeptic....j 56
Skepticism-vagaries of s.....n 162
Skewer-the skew'r to wright..h 300
Skill-s. was almost as great*.....l 1
the parson own'd his skill....l 14
thinks by force or skill.....u 163
dialect and different skill*...e 430
beckoning his skill with.....a 418
skill in a true hate, to pray*.i 192
honour hath no skill in*....u 199
a little skill in antiquity....p 357
greater want of skill.....g 300
power and skill .....g 474
fool who thinks by force or s..k 478
Skillful-s. alike with tongue..n 317
Skin-because his painted skin*.g 60
whiter s. of hers than snow*..z 18
be it known to s. and bone. q 203
Skirt-skirts of happy chance...t 44
ye living flowers that skirt..r 126
Skull-stored his empty skull..s 406
dwell 'mid skulls and coffins.j 441
Sky-sky is filled with stars.....d 6
like the milky way i' the sky.i 19
cleare as the sky withouten..h 19
gem of earth and s. begotten.n 93
regardful of th' embroilings..i 31
kindest, bounty of the skies..l 34
illumed the eastern skies.....l 79
purpled o'er the sky with....c 10
as the gilded summer sky....u 54
bright and glorious sky.....n 66
wild bells to the wild sky.....i 21
and madly sweep the sky*...d 25
and from the curtain'd sky..f 25
cloud falleth out of the sky..v 45
arched with changing skies..u 46
the sky is filled with rolling..r 59
through our changeful sky.w 119
along the eastern sky.....x 105
away to other skies.....j 109
the summer's painted sky..b 142
shining in the sky.....a 161
holds the color of the skies..l 133
the skies are warm above....b 136
all our comfort is the sky..f 372
full of joy laughs the sky....j 374
sky with snow-clouds flak'd.a 378
dark murky skies.....a 378
beneath the sunlit sky.....f 323
skies yet blushing with.....f 447
the blue sky bends over all..a 344
of parents passed into the s's.h 491
flashing from a misty sky...s 392
of man is larger than the s..x 398
climes and starry skies.....k 473
and sunny as her sky.....j 473
the smiling skies above.....q 126
all the blue ethereal sky.....t 401
Scriptures of the skies.....c 402
set their watch in the sky..h 402
until they crowd the sky....p 402
forehead of the morning s..w 402
begem the blue fields of the s.d 403
a sky full of silent suns.....h 403
the skies are painted with*.n 403
bore the s's upon his back...e 405
hide themselves in the sky..n 409
shalt in the sky appear.....b 218
the trumpets of the sky....m 395
that is in the starry sky....dd 383
weathers every sky.....a 139
planted to remind us of the s.b 139
empty s., a world of heather.o 140
ripened in our northern s...o 252
upon the glorious sky.....c 272
arch skies so blue they flash.a 273
month our sky deforms.....k 273
forehead of the morning s...n 277

opes an azure sky.....t 277
o'er half the skies.....g 278
falling from the cloudy s's..a 373
tender blue of wistful skies..e 374
clear and cloudless sky.....a 374
seem to tread the sky.....u 336
sky on which you closed .. f 229
I gazed upon the glorious s..g 184
forth under the open sky....i 285
until they crowd the sky....i 288
drops down behind the sky..j 288
mad approaches to the sky..n 457
there was war in the skies..f 458
the sky is overcast.....c 404
he raised a mortal to the s's.v 209
to court the sky.....j 157
sky, purpled and paled.....m 411
He paints the skies gay.....q 411
admitted to that equal sky..f 234
thy faint blue sky.....b 270
canopied by the blue sky....f 386
somewhere sings about the s.g 386
that golden sky which was..h 386
s. domed above us, with its..p 386
autumn paints upon the s...j 386
breathes from that blue s....f 466
the astonished skies.....x 316
tall oak, towering to the s's.f 439
up their heads into the s's...b 440
a rainbow in the sky.....p 352
whatever sky's above me....l 360
Skylark-happy s. springing....c 26
Slab-a massy slab, in fashion..l 301
Slae-milk-white is the slae....g 126
Slain-can never do that's s.....h 73
s. fighting for his country...a 80
the slayer oft is slain.....p 456
depos'd some slain in war*.w 367
he that in the field is slain..d 199
looks which have me slain..q 491
thrice he slew the slain.....o 346
Slander-not devis'd this s.*...k 387
tongue of s. is too prompt...r 386
if slander be a snake, it is...y 386
whose angry at a s., makes..a 387
slander filled her mouth.....c 387
s., the foulest whelp of sin...c 387
enemies carry about slander.d 387
s. lives upon succession*....i 287
slander, whose whisper o'er*n 387
s's mark was ever yet*.....o 387
s. doth but approve thy*....o 387
s.; whose edge is sharper*...q 387
grave this viperous slander*.q 387
soft-buzzing slander.....t 387
Slandered-s. to death by*.....m 387
Slanderous-wife these s.....v 464
ear to a slanderous report...b 387
done to death by s.*.....h 387
tie the gall up in the s.*.....l 387
Slaughter-s. men for glory's..d 458
s's a thousand, waiting*....m 182
he that made the slaughter*.h 301
Slaughtered-s. those that were*l 448
Slave-Britons never shall be s's..q 69
and slaves to rusty rules.....q 75
what a slave art thou*.....d 74
from slaves that ape*.....g 74
th' ignoble mind's a slave...q 103
the slaves of chance*.....s 118
that is not passion's slave*..f 166
slaves howe'er contented....e 167
slave of my thoughts.....k 331
flag in mockery over slaves..o 124
the s. of poverty and love...o 365
all are slaves besides.....c 444
slaves, of the laborious plow.c 485
would not have a s. to till..u 387
slaves cannot breathe in....v 387
freemen are the worst of s's.w 387
sons of Columbia be slaves..c 388
whatever day makes man a s' d 388
captive bartered, as a slave..e 388
base is the slave that pays*.g 388
many a purchas'd slave*....h 388
slaves—in the land of.....o 388
slaves—crouching on the...o 388
wherever a s. in his fetters.p 388
slave-drivers quietly whipt..o 184
abject s's to the servants....j 448
or sweating slave support...f 322
slaves who fear to speak.....c 494
a subject, not a slave.....c 330
make slaves of men.....r 342
has been s. to thousands*...r 387
where once a s. withstood...r 430
Slave-master-becomes a s-m..m 388
Slavery-by the law of s. man ..i 388
where slavery is, there. ....j 388
slavery is also as ancient as..k 388
slavery snaps this spring...a 388
and sold to slavery* .....u 430
Slavish-abject and in s. parts*.h 388
Slay-war its thousands s's....v 458
to slay the innocent*.....z 496
he s's more than you rob*...p 310
s's all senses with the heart*.g 134
Slayer-the s. oft is slain .....p 456
Sleeve-ravelled s. of care*.....k 391
Sledge-with the steady sledge.z 300
heavy sledge he can it beat..f 301
Sleep-sleep,as undisturbed as..k 37
do I wake or sleep.....l 27
watch, while some must s.*..u 42
s. sound till the bell brings. m 81
golden sleep doth reign*.....q 42
resemblance to sleep .....m 80
one short sleep past, we.....p 80
sleep at night without.....p 82
tired, he sleeps, and.....f 83
sleep that no pain shall.....h 83
sleep be on thee cast.....m 83
he sleeps well*.....n 83
in that sleep of death*.....n 84
sleep under a fresh tree's*...c 67
to die, to sleep*.....d 85
his everlasting sleep.....q 85
he slept an iron sleep.....a 80
life is passed in sleep.....e 80
calls us from our sleep.....c 79
is rounded with a sleep*.....q 97
sweet sleep be with us .....l 96
sleep brings dreams.....m 96
golden dew of sleep*.....k 97
flattering truth of sleep*.....h 97
let me sleep on .....x 96
e'er dull sleep did mock*,....o 97
sleep, riches, and health ....e 103
to dream still let me sleep*..g 116
some must sleep*.....l 119
power to poison sleep .....v 119
well might take a pleasant s.o 150
broke their s. with thoughts* l 181
rather s. in the southern....h 184
pleasure, and thy golden s*..i 260
a charm that lulls to sleep..g 173
we have only lost our sleep..a 176
the sun is laid to sleep.....c 275
sleeps upon this bank*.....a 276
not s. that made him nod...g 157
s., liest thou in in smoky*..c 213
murmur invites one to sleep.b 226
flourish when he sleeps.....o 262
sleep and silence.....g 265
world believe and sleep....j 369
sleepe after toyle.....b 362
driven s. from mine eyes ...e 401
and when we sleep.....g 401
music that brings sweet s...h 284
full of s. to understand.....u 285
balmy dews of sleep with....s 388
dares not sleep.....l 288
entice the dewy feathered s..i 390
cry. sleep no more*.....a 391
Macbeth does murder sleep*.a 391
medicine thee to that sweet s.c 391
sleep, thou ape of death*....f 391
shake off this downy sleep*.g 391
sleep shall, neither night*...j 391
sleep that knits up*.....k 391
s. that sometimes shuts*....l 391
this sleep is sound*.....m 391
death-counterfeiting sleep*.n 391
thy best of rest is sleep*.....o 391
to s.! perchance to dream*...q 391
in that sleep of death what*.q 391
the baby sleep is pillowed...r 391
sleep, the fresh dew of.....s 391
sleep! the certain knot of ...t 391
sleep, baby sleep.....u 391
hast been called, O sleep ....v 391
ne would he suffer sleepse..a 392
here sleepe, their richesse...a 392
she sleeps, her breathings...b 392
s. sweetly, tender heart, in..c 392
s. holy spirit, blessed soul...c 392
the mystery of folded sleep.d 392
s., death's twin brother.....e 392
is there aught in sleep can..f 392
yet never sleep the sun up..g 392
sleep doth sin glut.....g 392
a little more sleep.....j 392
come, gentle sleep! attend..k 392
s. that is among the lonely..l 392
thoughts, inviting sleep....n 392
sleep winds up for the.....p 392
sweet restorer, balmy sleep.q 392
sleep the sleep that knows...r 311
sleep hath crowned.....t 437
she was like one courting s.b 474
calms are fed and sleep.....l 342
s. dwell upon thy eyes*.....h 391
a quiet s. within the grave..a 397
resigned to timely sleep.....v 467
wisdom wake, suspicion s's.m 469
still must sleep profound...x 382
of the place was like a sleep.a 383
death and s., and thou three.w 383
to fan me while I sleep.....u 387
she sent the gentle sleep.....i 389
unbroken s. is on the blue..f 350
be but to sleep and feed*....f 255
they sleep in dust through..w 127

it's over the sooner to sleep.*d* 483
where you leave and sleep...*p* 482
than this marble sleep.....*a* 486
six hours in sleep.....*u* 490
or pretending sleep.....*p* 222
s. dwell upon thine eyes*...*f* 248
would I were s. and peace*...*f* 248
and sleeps again*.....*f* 121
meal in fear, and sleep*.....*x* 121
we s., but the loom of life...*r* 230
life is a kind of sleep.....*a* 231
sleep hath its own world...*f* 231
night's with sleep*.....*y* 235
night is without sleep.....*l* 405
sleep is a death.....*t* 388
ourselves in our sleeps.....*a* 389
match the fancies of our s..*a* 389
we term sleep a death.....*b* 389
He giveth His beloved, s....*d* 389
sleep on, baby, on the floor..*e* 389
sleep with smile the sweeter.*e* 389
not sleep, but a continuance.*f* 389
sleep hath its own world....*g* 389
who first invented sleep.....*h* 389
only one evil in sleep.....*h* 389
O sleep! it is a gentle thing.*i* 389
visit her, gentle sleep.....*j* 389
sleep, the type of death.....*k* 389
O s., why dost thou leave me.*l* 389
care, charmer sleep, son of..*m* 389
sleep, silence, child, sweet..*n* 389
sleep! to the homeless, thou.*o* 389
O gentle sleep, whose lenient.*p* 389
O s.! in pity thou art made..*q* 389
a holy thing is sleep.....*r* 389
O magic sleep.....*s* 389
O gentle sleep! my.....*t* 389
a quietude of sleep.....*a* 390
my lady sleeps.....*c* 390
O peaceful sleep.....*d* 390
sleep and oblivion reigns....*e* 390
gently down the tides of s...*f* 390
the timely dew of sleep.....*j* 390
sleep, thou repose.....*l* 390
sleep, thou gentlest of.....*l* 390
babe, ly stil and sleipe.....*m* 390
sleep and death, two twins..*n* 390
exposition of sleep come*....*p* 390
till it cry—sleep to death*...*q* 390
O partial sleep! give thy*...*r* 390
he sleeps by day more than*.*t* 390
sleep feels not the toothache*.*u* 390
sleep, nature's soft nurse*...*v* 390
scaring sleep away.....*d* 466
no sleep till morn.....*v* 302
Sleepest-there thou s. so*.....*s* 390
Sleeping-e'en s. on the wing...*a* 22
sleeping when she died.....*j* 81
sleeping in the blood*.....*b* 95
sleeping in our crowns .....*k* 149
is sleeping in the dust.....*o* 169
what they love while s.....*n* 216
s. kill'd, all murder'd*.....*w* 367
roused from sleeping .....*o* 270
s. within mine orchard.....*i* 391
curtain her sleeping world..*n* 386
sleeping near the withered..*c* 389
watched the sleeping earth..*j* 389
s., and waking, O defend*...*k* 345
Sleepless-s. themselves to give.*b* 337
sleepless soul that perished.*e* 338
knoll of what in me is s .....*h* 422
Sleepy-the s. eye, that spoke..*h* 314
Sleet-showers of driving sleet..*q* 30
come sleet or come snow....*t* 122
ghostly finger-tips of sleet...*l* 378
rains, and soaking sleet.....*a* 319
Sleeve-fasten on this s. of*....*c* 258
what's this? a sleeve*.....*j* 320
wear my heart upon my s.*.*j* 385
Slender-the slender water-lily.*h* 161
Slept-they s. on the abyss.....*f* 78
he slept an iron sleep.....*a* 80
and slept in peace*.....*g* 84
touched him and he slept....*z* 85
I slept and dreamed that.....*s* 98
touch'd by his feet the daisy s.*e* 139
still have slept together*....*e* 171
while their companions s...*l* 225
catch his last smile ere he s.*k* 411
the vacant city slept.....*x* 392
Slew-thrice he slew the slain..*o* 346
Slid-that slid into my soul....*i* 389
Slide-ambition loves to slide....*h* 8
let the world slide.....*k* 66
Slight-truth we should not s..*g* 149
then slight the rest.....*m* 343
Slighting-s. quite abash'd.....*h* 18
Slime-seedsman upon the s.*.*b* 366
Sling-to suffer the slings*.....*u* 72
Slip-slip into my bosom.....*l* 161
slip for the last time.....*v* 424
Slipped-would have s. like*....*c* 119
Slipper-compose at once a s...*t* 318
slippers, sir to put on.....*p* 482
Sloe-holly and the purple sloe.*q* 440
Slope-of their fragrant slope...*t* 131
s. thro' darkness up to God..*t* 176
gray slopes and stony moors.*s* 467
in flowery slopes.....*l* 395
stealing up the s. of time...*n* 423
Sloth-s. finds the down pillow*.*w* 361
little trouble with sloth.....*t* 26
evils of sensual sloth.....*b* 448
Slouch-slouch becomes a walk.*l* 311
Slough-shining, checkered s.*.*cc* 87
with casted slough.....*e* 266
Slow-snake, drags its s. length.*t* 339
requires slow pace at first*..*g* 408
because sweet flowers are s.*.*p* 188
zeal and duty are not slow..*ee* 494
her slow dogs of war.....*e* 500
s. rises worth by poverty...*m* 341
s. in words is a woman's*...*t* 477
Slow-consuming-s-c. age.....*a* 6
Slower-into a slower method*..*x* 14
Slowly-mills of God grind s....*c* 363
produced too s. ever to decay *m* 441
Sluggard-voice of the sluggard *j* 392
Sluggish-what coast they s.*...*h* 260
Slumber-in careless slumber...*h* 66
slumber soft and light.....*l* 317
my s's—if I slumber.....*f* 389
honey-heavy dew of s*.....*s* 390
nods in dewy slumbers.....*b* 141
in s. sweete its eye of blue..*q* 142
a tideless expansion of s.....*k* 272
the slumber of the year.....*p* 160
golden s. on a bed .....*n* 282
the soul of music s's.....*h* 283
thou wert not sent for s.....*w* 287
sweet are the slumbers.....*a* 453
lie down to your shady s's..*q* 250
does not again slumber.....*l* 419
e'er slumber's chain.....*h* 261
slumbers waked with strife*.*f* 312
ports of s. opened wide*....*d* 391
lie still and slumber.....*i* 392
I must slumber again.....*j* 392
in dreamless slumber bound *v* 323
Slumbered-at my feet the city..*b* 390
Slumberer-s's window pane...*h* 277
that wakes the nation's s's...*z* 185
Slumbering-O slumbering eyes *i* 60
'tis might half slumbering...*i* 339
sinking to slumber..... *k* 411
slumbering the festal hours.*t* 358
Smack-smack of age in you*....*j* 7
such a clamorous smack*....*c* 222
Smacking-s. of every sin that*.*o* 448
Small-from s. fires come oft...*q* 362
they grind exceeding small..*c* 363
s. service is true service.....*n* 120
is no great and no small.....*l* 104
s. have continual plodders*.*p* 406
all things both great and s...*z* 343
Small-pox-charmed the s-p....*d* 303
Smart-some of us will s. for*..*p* 349
smart of love delayed.....*n* 474
balm for every bitter smart..*i* 149
feel the s. but not the vice..*d* 452
smart to hear themselves*....*d* 381
Smarting-in ling'ring pickle*.*q* 349
Smatch-s. of honour in it*.....*h* 200
Smear-s. with dust their*.....*c* 427
Smell-the flower of sweetest s. *e* 132
if two should smell it .....*m* 151
she hates the s. of roses.....*o* 152
and smells so sweet.....*p* 159
the s. of violets hidden.....*u* 160
s. sweet and blossom in the.*q* 182
would smell as sweet*.....*x* 284
there will I s. my remnant..*l* 232
excellent! I smell a device*.*g* 497
Smilax-woven of shining s....*k* 131
Smile-smile the heavens upon*. *j* 3
betwixt that smile we*.....*n* 9
a few sad smiles; and then..*w* 44
their teeth in way of smile...*i* 51
s's at the drawn dagger*.....*k* 71
a dying glory smiles.....*z* 58
shouldst smile no more.....*i* 86
full in the smile of.....*u* 69
I can smile and murther*....*k* 88
horrible a ghastly smile.....*l* 82
smile upon his fingers*.....*o* 83
that smile we would aspire.*.*h* 94
soft smiles, by human.....*c* 112
thy blue eyes' sweet smile...*e* 109
with her faint smile.....*n* 133
and the brightness of their s.*d* 126
light of her supcrior smile...*s* 473
betraying smiles.....*x* 475
bear a train of smiles and...*n* 423
gardener and his wife s.....*f* 384
that makes archangels smile *m* 428
thy sweet s's we ever seek...*n* 429
s's of joy, the tears of wo...*m* 484
why do they not smile.....*j* 126
faint the sun-beams smile*..*f* 378
woman's s. and girlhood's..*m* 378
men smile no more.....*p* 362
the smiles of love adorn.....*v* 252

betwixt a smile and a tear...x 252
without the smile.....a 253
lives but in her smile.....d 259
one smile more departing...e 273
one mellow s. through the...e 273
one s. on the brown hills....e 273
s. on her slumbering child..b 279
all things glisten,all things s.n 371
smiles and shakes abroad...h 376
a man who lived upon a s...j 205
our joy is dead and only s's.q 216
this same flower that smiles.n 152
fickle the smiles we follow...i 153
tender violet bent in smiles.r 160
s's that seem akin to tears...k 284
make the learned smile.....g 407
smiles on the fields until....f 411
catch his last s. ere he slept..k 411
social smile,the sympathetic.j 413
smiles on those that smile...c 414
than others in their smiles..u 415
Venus smiles not in a*.....c 417
the robb'd that smiles*.....aa 418
a smile among dark frowns..q 174
tears are lovlier than her s's.l 415
smiles by his cheerful fire...w 197
men smile no more..... .v 217
smiles of other maidens are.m 240
wreathed smiles.....g 264
that smile, if oft observed...r 392
her smile was like a rainbow.s 392
a smile in her eye.....v 493
her s's and tears were like*..o 498
s's and waits and sighs ....a 352
the smile of God is here.....n 352
smile to those who hate.....l 360
your crisped smiles.....n 322
many-twinkling s. of ocean..l 323
smile at no man's jests*....m 445
you smile to see me turn...m 327
backward with a smile.....g 327
s. away my mortal to Divine.j 360
we smile, perforce.....l 293
why, we shall smile*.....v 326
for not being such a smile*..e 393
smile, mocking the sigh*....e 393
sigh in wrinkle of a smile*..t 397
cannot smile is never good...t 392
smile that glow'd celestial..u 392
smiles from reason flow.....a 393
I feel in every smile a chain.b 393
eternal smiles his emptiness.c 393
her smile was prodigal of....d 393
smile and be a villian*.....f 393
seldom he smiles*.....g 393
smiles in such a sort*.....g 393
mov'd to smile at anything*.g 393
smile, our sorrows only balm.i 393
welcome ever smiles*.....w 463
smiles the clouds away.....d 464
the year smiles as it draws..y 465
the infant's waking smile....j 493
Smiled-darkness till it smiled.w 100
s. like yon knot of cowslips.m 136
hope enchanted smiled.....t 200
she smiled,and he was blest.u 472
Smilest-I will think thou s.*...w 83
Smilet-smilets, that played on*.t 110
Smiling-from smiling man.....n 77
by your smiling, you seem*.m 89
honour sits smiling.....j 200
smiling, though the tender..i 243
yokes a smiling with a sigh*.e 393
plenty o'er a smiling land....r 492
smiling at grief*.....v 328
age and want sit smiling....g 341
he hides a smiling face.....e 348
Smite-smite the hills with day.i 278
Smith-s's, who before could..aa 300
s. stand with his hammer*..e 301
s. with force of fervent heat.f 301
Smoke-no social s. curled.....l 378
gossip is a sort of smoke.....t 182
held out in smoke.....a 126
smoke rais'd*.....b 247
glimpses through the smoke.j 176
fill him full of smoke.....c 321
he who doth not smoke.....i 321
s. that so gracefully curled..s 330
sweet smoke of rhetoric*...ee 498
Smoker-the bad taste of the s..t 182
a smoker and a brother.....n 320
Smooth-till it is hush'd and s..s 389
smooth at a distance.....a 242
true love never did run s.*..p 245
s. as monumental alabaster*u 498
smooth runs the water*.....v 498
Smoothly-s. and lightly the...c 295
Smote-s. the surrounding.....s 276
Smutty-lilies, pulled by s.....l 144
Snaffle-s. you may pace easy*.x 464
Snail-her pretty feet like s's..z 163
like s. unwillingly to school*c 406
like s., should keep within..k 464
Snake-sweets are, there lyes a s.o 87
snake, roll'd in a flowering*.cc 87
glistered the dire snake.....x 166
like a wounded snake drags..t 339
Snap-which our artists call s.k 123
Snapper-s. up of unconsidered*s 442
Snare-a mockery, and a snare..r 17
life hath snares.....g 233
Snatch-s. me from disgrace*...f 95
we must snatch, not take...g 224
snatch me to heaven.....r 286
snatches from the sun*.....a 419
Sneak-coward s's to death.....x 408
Sneer-laughing devil in his s.k 490
s. equivocal, the harsh reply.e 380
escaped his public sneers...l 293
who can refute a sneer.....h 495
wither'd to a sneer.....r 392
we sneer in health.....h 309
Sneering-teach the rest to....a 370
Snip-here's snip, and nip*....j 320
Snore-heavy ploughman s's*..s 225
s's out the watch of night*..d 391
Snuff-a charge of s. the wily..k 321
s. or the fan supply each....a 360
Snuff-box-s-b. justly vain.....l 321
Snug-it's a snug little island..a 215
Snow-winter's drizzle snow ....n 7
speck is seen on snow.....u 17
chaste as unsunn'd snow* ...b 54
whiter than new snow on a*. f 54
whiter skin of hers than s.*..z 18
than wish a snow in May's*..o 57
moist snow half depend.....o 69
snow of the blossoms dressed.h 31
a shadow on the snow.....g 32
as pure as snow*.....g 387
frost from purest snow*.....c 276
white s. in minutes melts...l 127
mingles with the lily's snow.n 129
like rosebuds fill'd with s....i 303
whiteness of the snow .....b 317
flowers of snow.....r 147
the whiteness of the snow...r 150
purer than snow.....a 134
out of that frozen mist the s.j 393
comes the soft and silent s..k 393
slow descends the snow.....q 393
silent falling of the snow is.r 393
to wash it white as snow*...f 359
come sleet or come s., we....t 122
place me on that breast of s.a 152
flower, hemmed in with s's..o 156
dropping on the grass like s.f 135
the white snow lay on many.t 137
snows are sifted o'er the.....e 273
harbinger of early snows....f 273
days of s. and cold are past..f 371
last s. and the earliest green.f 372
covered with the lightest s..i 372
with snow and ice lifelessly.o 372
waiting for the winter's s...a 377
gently there the s. is falling.j 377
his wide wings of snow.....l 377
shook his beard of snow....m 377
blossom, though it be mid s's o 377
snow is on the mountain...a 378
with s. each mountain's....b 378
snow melts along the mazy..j 378
sun through dazzling s-mist .l 378
nod beneath the snow.....d 274
o'er the ground white snow.u 277
a diadem of snow .....o 279
silver-grey is the early snow.r 279
the peaks of perpetual snow.o 212
the s-shining mountains....x 287
spotless ermine of the snow. l 365
ere sunset is all-snow.....k 370
crimson tinged its braided s.a 412
go kindle fire with snow*...z 245
and silent under other snows.i 185
drift the fields with snow...f 269
have glazed the snow .....g 269
Snow-drift-ice and s-drift.....m 436
ere the last s-drift melts....f 133
under the s-d. the blossoms.h 378
Snowdrop-forget, chaste s.....p 156
s., ere she comes, has .....c 372
pale snowdrop is springing.q 372
frozen s's feel as yet the.....b 373
throws out the snowdrop ...p 373
snowdrops drooping early...j 129
Snowflake-droppeth the s.....q 158
snowflakes fall in showers..n 269
s's fall each one a gem .....o 393
snowflakes fall upon the sod.q 329
Snowy-beneath its s. crest....q 133
anemone in snowy hood....q 126
through the s. valley flies ...l 269
golden and snowy and red..n 270
So-because I think him so*....w 14
phrase "I told you so".....v 347
Soar-s. above the morning lark*.g 25
no higher than a bird can s.*.c 266
stoop than when we soar....q 470
Sob-a sob, a storm, a strife....o 278
for April sobs while these...n 270
Sobbing-autumn winds are s...l 31
sobbing wind is fierce and..h 466

Soher-s. certainty of waking...k 35
a s. gladness the old year....g 376
your fill; walk soher off.....c 234
gray eyes are sober.....y 110
soher, steadfast, and demure.d 203
drinking largely s's us again.w 227
he will to bed go sober.....q 417
Sociable-comfort to one not s.*.d 394
Social-yes, s. friend, I love....n 321
woman and man all social...s 473
a social crowd in solitude...w 395
Society-society the poet seeks..c 42
society refines, new hooks....j 38
youth holds no s. with grief.q 486
best society and conversation.t 412
society is now one polished.u 393
society is like a large piece..a 394
solitude sometimes is best s.b 394
society is no comfort to*....d 394
society the sweeter welcome*.e 394
society having ordained.....f 394
obey the law of society.....f 394
s. is as ancient as the world.g 394
society's chief joys.....r 320
being liftcd into high s.....q 443
society where none intrudes.t 322
s. in the deepest solitude....b 395
owe ourselves in part to s...o 395
if sorrow can admit society*.s 397
enthusiasm in good society.h 103
it is the only real society....e 169
Socrates-of Newton and of S..q 332
Socrates whom, well inspir'd.k 469
Sod-birth the s. scarce heaved.s 130
henediction o'er their sod...g 441
better rot beneath the sod...i 431
Soda-water-and s-w the.....a 468
Sofa-wheel the sofa round.....l 105
the accomplish'd sofa.....m 301
Soft-it soft as silk remains.....t 71
s. is the strain when zephyr.u 488
hoary in the soft light.....r 376
soft to the weak.....h 230
soft is the hreath.....g 242
soft and dull-eyed fool*.....h 361
soft voices had they.....t 152
soft hlows the wind.....f 466
s. as the memory of buried..l 473
Softening-so s. into shade....f 501
Softly-softly from that hushed.t 81
s. came the fair young queen.g 372
softly and still it grows.....b 277
softly the evening came.....h 411
Softness-s. in the upper story.b 494
a softness like atmosphere..e 447
Soil-of their wretched soil.....y 7
dare to soil her virgin purity.a 54
my native soil.....f 70
grows on mortal soil.....j 115
suck the soil's fertility*.....x 195
leave thee, native soil.....d 326
soil must hring its trihute..m 381
think there thy native soil.bb 203
cultured soil and genial air..g 155
to paint the laughing soil...l 371
culture not the soil.....m 295
s. win of the watery main*.k 427
remain in a rich gen'rous s..q 469
Soiled-is as impossible to be s.e 445
Solace-still with sweeter s.....t 159
Sold-love were never to be s...r 495
I'd not have sold her for it*.n 246
spoils were fairly sold.....o 449
Solder-and solder of society...e 172
point-blank would solder...f 309
Soldier-himself have heen a s.*.y 73
hrave soldier, who fights.....f 20
driveth o'er a s's neck*.....m 97
miserly s's are like monsters.k 311
soldier, kindly hade to stay..n 311
thou more than soldier.....p 311
soldier, rest thy warfare o'er.r 311
a hrave s. never couched*....t 311
soldier and afear'd*.....v 311
God's soldier he he*.....x 311
s. fit to stand hy Cæsar*.....y 311
I am a soldier*.....a 312
I said an elder soldier*.....b 312
may that soldier a mere*....c 312
then a s.; full of strange*...d 312
'tis the soldier's life*.....f 312
the s., than in the scholar*..h 312
s's ! still in honored rest.....i 312
of ten thousand soldiers*...p 380
look'd upon her with a s's*..r 246
most like a soldier*.....w 454
the great souldier's honour..v 114
roused up the soldier.....b 457
soldier, rough and hard*....p 460
O that a soldier so glorious..d 431
Lord gets his best soldiers..k 442
Soldiership-first tried our s.*..o 174
Sole-soles protect thy feet.....a 319
one sole ruler.—his law.....j 494
the sole of his foot*.....q 264
pegging on soles as he sang.b 319
a mender of bad soles*.....h 319
Solemn-s. things in nature....r 393
Solicit-solicit for it straight*...e 75
Solicitor-best-moving fair s*..w 307
Solid-s. might resist that edge.o 458
too solid flesh would melt* ..n 91
Solitary-I not need her, s. else.n 337
one simile that s. shines....b 340
solitary side of our nature...e 356
wander'd in the s. shade....d 476
herself, the solitary scion...n 394
solitary, who is not alone...e 395
in s. uplands, far away .....v 395
Solitude-they are solitudes.....o 36
enforcing his own solitude ..l 21
perceive what solitude is....h 394
God to man doth speak in s.i 394
no such thing as solitude...j 394
s. of passing his own door...l 394
makes a s. and calls it peace.m 394
s., when we are least alone..o 394
sea winds pierced our s.....p 150
solitude made more intense..l 378
rustic solitude 'tis sweet...k 129
a s., a refuge, a delight.....q 174
to think in solitude.....p 405
with men were still a s.....s 473
and solitude hehind.....z 396
sorrow preys upon its s.....t 396
solitude should teach us....r 394
alone! this is solitude .....q 394
passing sweet, is solitude...v 394
s.! where are the charms....y 394
solitude is the nurse of.....a 395
society in the deepest s.....b 395
oh s.! if I must with.....l 395
s. sometines is best society.n 395
is delighted in solitude, is...r 395
a social crowd in solitude ..w 395
from the dismaying s.....x 395
think it s. to he alone.....a 396
sacred s.! divine retreat.....b 396
shade and s., what is it.....c 396
sweet retired solitude.....o 469
whisper—solitude is sweet..v 394
Solomon-S., he lived at ease.. a 103
thou wert not S.! in all.....p 145
Some-there he that shadows*.q 380
s. go up and some go down.n 166
s. believe they've none at all.c 473
Somehody-who shall make us..e 169
somebody to hew and hack..a 457
Something-s. every day they.o 256
s. is rotten in the state*....w 340
something in that voice....g 456
that s. still which prompts..h 191
'tis something to he willing..j 171
a s. is hehind them .....h 180
s. with passion clasp.....x 192
s. there was in her life .....t 474
s. of the old man in.....i 486
'tis something, nothing*...r 387
dream of s. we are not .....p 482
Sometime-s's I chose the lily..l 155
Somewhere-s. or other there..v 413
Son-sons of reason.....h 52
hear My Son in heaven.....e 53
that never had a son*.....f 65
wherein the Son of heaven..j 57
our wiser sons, no douht.....b 61
every one is the son of his....v 47
long may thy hardy sons of..f 70
if you were a prince's son*..i 333
hath many a worthier son...x 202
and friendless sons of men..p 413
my s. and my servant spend*k 198
the sons of men how few....y 218
had I a dozen sons*.....v 329
things are the s's of heaven..i 481
God's sons are things.....l 481
to virtue's humhlest s. let..a 456
s's with purple death expire.u 458
from the sire the son.....a 459
O war! thon son of hell*.....d 460
sons of morning sung.....o 282
I her frail son*.....k 286
sit down, every mother's s*.g 294
had I as many sons*.....x 311
s. of parents passed into the.h 491
sire and his three sons.....u 494
in the person of his Son.....b 358
son of the sable night .....m 380
Song-similes are like s's in love.s 14
gypsy-children of song.....j 17
no sorrow in thy song.....k 23
the milkmaid's song.....l 26
did you learn that song.....e 34
it may turn out a song.....c 45
little as a new-year's song....a 48
echoing angelic songs.....n 56
are songs in many keys.....o 21
notes of joy, to songs of love..h 27
lend me your song.....r 28
sings his song of woe.....i 28
song told when this ancient..k 28
trees were full of songs and...e 30
her song is the sweetest.....r 30

this the burden of his song*..o 65
blithesome song was hushed.f 31
birds have ceased their songs.f 22
song of leaves, and summer..i 22
hast no song in thy song.....k 23
song comes with years .....t 54
s's and darkness encompass..g 81
song charms the sense.....t 64
funeral song be sung.....x 82
periods sweeter than her s..r 102
eyes are s's without words..u 108
let satire be my song.....f 162
slopes are drowned in song..k 147
song greets the primrose's..e 150
contented with the poets' s..j 151
the burden of the song.....h 138
the birds are in their song..q 372
O flower of song, bloom on..g 140
suck melancholy out of a s.*.h 260
the beautiful in song.....o 167
salute thee with our early s..n 271
truth in worthy song .....a 335
songes make, and wel endite.d 335
formed the magic of his s...w 335
his songs were not divine...t 336
flows his s. through many.. j 336
what they teach in song.....i 337
mighty orb of s., the divine f 338
's's of the birds have vanished.p 377
there lies the land of song...u 213
woods are glad with song....a 157
Alexandrine ends the song...t 339
grace at table is a song.....a 340
singing the s's of another.. w 281
one grand, sweet song.....n 290
look green in song.....p 451
sung the loud song.....d 457
melt into songs.....a 282
s's which Anna loved to hear.s 173
rapt in her s., and careless...c 177
dusk of centuries and of s...j 366
our sweetest s's are those...p 369
ss., a music of God's making.a 193
feeling that s.; but better far.a 193
far into the land of song.....d 197
with song and shout.....b 244
a song almost divine.....f 261
our sweetest songs.....m 262
more musical than any song.l 383
pathetic song to breathe*.. p 447
like a low swift song..... p 466
by such s's you would earn.g 396
what they teach in song....m 408
songs of love and songs of...t 385
s. the singer has been lost...u 385
songs compos'd to her*.....x 385
like a low swift song.....p 466
never does a sweeter song...e 467
as pleasant songs.....l 317
seemed in their s. to scorne..j 433
lark becomes a sightless s...l 433
a song to the oak.....k 438
sing the s. of the orange tree.l 439
this "Song of the Shirt"....l 341
privilege permits my song...c 450
whose sounds are song.....d 396
my song it shall be witty....e 396
on wing of song its good....f 396
listen to that s., and learn it.g 396
such s's have power to quiet.h 396
song on its mighty pinions..i 396
s. forbids victorious deeds to.j 396
lively shadow-world of song.k 396
that old and antique song*..l 396
s's consecrate to truth and..m 396
gift of s. was chiefly lent ...n 396
to song, God never said.....o 396
short swallow-flights of song.p 396
a careless song, with a.....r 396
Sonnet–what is a sonnet .....b 339
the sonnet swelling loudly..k 339
your s s sure shall please*...t 318
woul' have written sonnets.e 464
S nneteer–starv'd hackney s..d 340
Soon–its firm base, as s. as I....h 72
you haste away so soon .....n 137
nothin' comes to us too s....s 396
Sooner–s. or later the most....x 267
its over the sooner to sleep..d 483
Soonest–little said is soonest..k 501
on earth that s. pass away..o 151
Soothe–s. the dear Redeemer's..c 31
may s. or wound a heart....q 481
soothes disease and pain....p 389
Soothed–his soul to pleasures..t 332
sustained and soothed by...k 360
Soothing–sometimes 'tis s.....p 466
Sophistry–sort of lively s.....s 68
Soprano–s., basso, even the....e 281
Sordid–sordid way he wends..d 463
Sore–it will make thy heart s..h 214
you rub the sore*.....r 310
Sorest–when our need was the s..k 83
when earth's grief is sorest..f 133
Sorrel–the s s simple bloom...k 129
Sorrow–after hours with s.....j 3
pierced by our sorrows.....f 31
outlived sorrow.....x 54
sorrow cannot be.....n 78
whatever crazy sorrow.....a 86
sorrow snares relenting*....cc 87
nothing but sorrow.....o 90
s. and gladness are linked....g 68
sorrow ever near.....r 89
pine with feare and sorrow...e 94
sorrow, but more closely tied.l 95
more in s. than in anger*...n 111
sorrows woven with delights.f 118
knows most of sorrow.....g 1o7
oppress'd with love's s.....h 161
strength to meet sorrow.....j 122
resembl s s. only as the.....l 369
s. so royally in you appears*.o 369
to engross his sorrows.....f 168
sorrow with sorrow sighing..i 170
sorrows of a poor old man..x 332
sorrow and the scarlet leaf...l 376
now begins to sorrow.....q 377
now melt into sorrow.....a 223
from the s's that greet us...p 225
receipt to make s. sink.....v 226
and so beguile thy sorrow*..c 230
s's eye glazed with blinding*.d 187
and swallows other sorrows*.s 187
to do obsequious sorrow*...y 187
tears and deep sorrows.....a 282
adoption of another's s.....p 415
should water this sorrow*...r 416
seeing those beads of s.*...aa 416
equally grieved at their s's...t 171
knowledge is but s's spy....q 175
her rent is s. and her income.c 193
s. and death may not enter..m 19i
nor sorrow dim the eye.....n 193
fail not for sorrow.....c 233
in drops of sorrow*.....x 216
which comes to us through s.z 216
half my life is full of sorrow.j 234
stars as s. shows as truths...j 408
shame and sorrow to destroy.l 402
tales of sorrow done.....n 311
in drops of sorrow*.....n 41t
leave with signs of sorrow...l 309
a rooted sorrow*.....d 310
drives the dull sorrow.....g 468
sorrow makes us wise.....o 470
shuts up sorrow's eyes*.....l 391
smile, our s's only balm.....i 393
sorrow need not come in vain.i 397
sorrow at my grief in love*..h 398
right sorrie for our distresse.q 473
free from s. as he was from..u 473
life with sorrow strewing...g 479
stolen from sorrow's grasp..c 428
often to that voice of s.....p 429
comes to us too soon, but s..s 396
s. preys upon its solitude...t 396
men die, but sorrow never..v 396
path of sorrow, and that....w 396
lands where s. is unknown.w 396
s. that has marred a life.... x 396
s. never comes too late .....y 396
sorrow's faded form, and....z 396
loved in this world of s.....a 397
hang s.; care'll kill a cat... b 397
sorrow had not made s.....c 397
first pressure of sorrow... d 397
as thy sorrows flow.. .....f 397
eyes with love, but sorrow..g 397
s's remembered sweeten ....h 397
that must play fool to s.*....k 397
down, thou climbing s.*.....l 397
new sorrows strike heaven* m 397
eighty odd years of sorrow*.n 397
Valentine, if hearty s. be....o 397
giv sorrow words.....p 397
here I and sorrow sit*.....q 397
if sorrow can admit society*s 397
sorrow that is couched in*..t 397
instruct my s. to be proud*.u 397
remember me the more of s.v 397
one s. never comes but*.....x 397
sorrow breaks seasons and*..z 397
sorrow concealed, like an...a 398
sorrow ends not when it*...b 398
this sorrow's heavenly*.....d 398
wear a golden sorrow*.....e 398
sorrow flouted at is double*.f 398
when sorrows come, they*..g 398
your cause of sorrow must*.i 398
that keen archer, sorrow....j 398
hush'd be my sorrow .....k 398
to live beneath sorrow, one..l 398
O sorrow, wilt thou rule....m 398
stole from her sister, sorrow n 398
exceeding s. unto death.....o 398
crown of s. is remembering..p 398
sorrow hates despair .....s 492
patience and sorrow strove*.. 498
the sphere of our sorrow....f 500
of all the sorrows in which..p 298
a fore-spent night of sorrow.l 491
parting is such sweet s.*.....t 326

patience is sorrow's salve...b 328
under the load of sorrow*.aa 328
yet above selfish sorrow.....s 329
Sorrowful-how long the s.....h 424
Sorrowing-borrowing goeth as..e 41
Sorry-I must never trust.....h 431
goodness, s. ere 'tis shown*..h 44
Sort-from all sorts of people*..e 324
Sot-but their prize a sot.....e 234
Sought-unknowing what he s..x 65
muse who sought me when..n 337
one thing we sought.....p 169
in vain so long have sought..m 332
oft we sought the violet.....y 160
those men that sought him* b 406
truth when not sought after.z 444
love sought is good*.....d 248
deserved who s. no more....o 343
they never s. in vain that....s 343
'tis never sought in vain....x 470
Soul-abhor, yea from my soul...e 1
thou art a soul in bliss*.....c 5
the soul sits dumb.....e 5
with them, draw my soul.....l 6
a soul above buttons.....f 8
ors of the sinews of the soul.d 11
s. of this man is his clothes*..o 13
swan, like the soul of the poet.e 33
medicine for the soul.....p 38
a great soul will be strong....e 48
what thy soul holds dear*....f 51
sonls, whose sudden.....e 52
the soul of the truly.....f 53
my soul hath her content*...u 66
like my soul, immortal.....c 64
sweet and virtuous soul.....a 64
a man with soul so dead.....c 71
dreams call to the soul.....w 97
by which the soul stands....q 71
merit wins the soul.....c 50
immediate jewel of their s's*.r 50
a soul of power.....w 48
what is thy s. of adoration*...i 44
ties that bind our souls.....v 63
mazy running s. of melody...r 28
no soul shall pity me*.....l 90
feed my soul with knowledge.c 90
when a s. is found sincerely.x 53
drooping s's, whose destinies.i 60
to the soul what health.....u 61
would harrow up thy sonl*..w 43
every subject's soul*.....s 62
soul, secured in her.....k 71
an evil soul, producing*....aa 87
no soul is desolate as long....i 90
soul, to its place on high.....h 81
fill thy soul with donbt.....v 81
tell me, my soul, can.....e 83
pure soul, unto his captain*.q 83
mount, mount my soul*.....d 84
my soul, what can it do*.....l 84
as to peace—parted sonls*....g 85
soul is wanting there.....h 80
to see the human soul.....g 80
s, and body, hand and heart.a 113
that soul of animals infuse*.d 113
lofty souls, who look.....f 117
the sonl that maketh all.....l 104
the will, the human sonl....d 108
the soul reflected.....k 108
look'd into the very soul...w 108
through them one sees the s.d 109
the sweet soul shining.....r 109
soul sitting in thine eyes....t 109
a soul within..... v 109
mightier to reach the sonl..b 145
those happy s's who dwell..k 133
such in the s. of man is faith.j 136
flattering nnction to your s..b 125
there's a soul in every leaf...l 125
mine eyes into my very s.*..j 379
part of the human soul.....v 379
terror to the s. of Richard*..p 380
souls made of fire.....b 364
noble sallies of the soul.....a 396
soul, and lifted it gently to..i 396
cnmber onr quick souls like..g 400
commend my watchful s.*..k 345
since brevity is the s. of wit*.g 472
woman! heaven is in thy s..s 472
heart on her lips and soul...g 473
joy's soul lies in the doing*..f 480
s's of women are so small....c 438
rest her sonl, she's dead*....j 477
time is the life of the soul...s 424
times that try men's souls...k 425
the sonl of man is like.....a 236
as if that soul were fled.....u 282
make the soul dance.....d 283
nature is, and God the soul.b 286
strength and beauty of the s.e 453
the soul's calm snnshine....r 454
indeed the organ of the soul.f 456
soul expatiate in the skies...j 401
souls around us, watch.....q 401
true loving hnman soul on..w 209
bind any man's soul and....b 210
got to save your own s. first.f 210
in souls a sympathy with...b 413
thy soul and interchange...w 413
intercourse from soul to s...s 413
the soul that loves it much..s 282
great souls by instinct.....b 172
friendship, one soul in two..c 174
solemn ghost, O crowned s..o 175
our souls as free.....v 312
thirst that from the soul....o 461
weak soul within itself.....b 462
the soul seems gathering....j 466
wail from some despairing s.n 466
wheat thou strew'st souls...t 419
conld souls to bodies write..l 315
of soul sincere, in action...o 319
s. of the age! the applause*.a 381
a paralysis of the soul.....v 381
what were the s. did love....h 245
it is my soul, that calls*.....t 246
as of souls in pain.....j 223
the soul that rises.....q 236
as in a soul rememb'ring*...d 262
my soul flies through these*.g 263
yield their souls.....b 265
be measur'd by my soul....j 266
great world both eye and s ..r 409
I heard them call my soul...e 270
a soul as white as heaven....s 398
a soul in right health .....t 398
everywhere the hnman sonl u 398
s. of man to believe or to....v 398
soul itself which sees and...w 398
but windows to the soul....w 398
s. of man is larger than the..x 398
a happy s., that all the way..y 399
reason is our sonl's left. ....z 398
s., that like an ample shield..a 399
of value, is the active soul..b 399
gravity is the ballast of the s.c 399
the s's of those that die are..d 399
the soul never grows old.....e 399
soul of man is audible, not. .f 399
my soul, the seas are rongh..h 399
soul, the body's guest .....i 399
I'll endanger my s. gratis*...k 399
thy soul's flight, if it f nds*..l 399
there is a soul, counts*.....n 399
s. of man alone, that particle.o 399
of the soul the body form....p 398
soul is form, and doth.....p 399
has endowed onr sonls with..q 399
s. is a fire that darts its rays.r 399
then do yon call your soul...s 399
the soul's dark cottage.....t 399
not the tnmult, of the soul...u 399
license to outrage his soul..o 481
what your souls will fetch...h 498
whose flowers have a soul...a 438
borne inward unto souls....d 389
that slid into my soul .....i 389
my s. has rest, swect sigh..f 382
limed s., that strnggling*..cc 384
souls doth most abound in..y 383
the waking of the soul.....a 389
soul of man is clear.....u 292
join voices, all ye living s's.a 343
praying souls are purged....y 343
lift my soul to heaven*.....d 345
hushed, assures the soul...g 441
noble s's, through dnst and.c 442
a s. that trusts in heaven...z 442
commend my watchful s.*..i 443
secret s. to show, for truth..r 443
from soul to soul, o'er all....u 444
s's toil'd and striven.....a 445
piety, whose soul sincere ...k 358
s., like bark with rudder....f 327
in some part of my soul*....o 328
a wretched soul bruis'd*....u 328
sleep, holy spirit blessed s...c 392
soul of a man to pursne.....h 483
for dowry must pay his s..aa 483
the youth of the soul is.....l 487
s. refresh'd with foretaste....j 193
be s's mnst not be saved*...h 194
souls were full as brave.....u 196
hides a dark soul .....c 237
most offending soul alive*....s 199
balm and life blood of the s...l 200
in us a reasoning soul.....b 233
firmness of my npright s.*..k 219
their souls are enlarged.....i 241
I feel my soul drawn nnto...n 242
knowest that souls airs.....d 306
and souls are ripened.....o 252
that soul that can be honest..p 252
bright souls, to dwell.....a 256
mellow horn her pensive s..b 260
fellowship of all great souls.j 165
that tears my soul from thee.j 168
that nttter'd all the soul.....i 170
whose souls do bear*.....s 170
wakes the soul, and lifts.....s 280
soft kind is welcome to my s..k 333
I built my soul a lordly . . . .r 334

sleepless soul that perished..e 338
thy soul was like a star.....h 338
a soul beyond utterance....m 127
peace and transport to my s.k 201
win straying souls*.....i 203
small-knowing souls*.....p 206
why shrinks the soul.....i 207
soul well-knit and all battles.k 207
though death his soul.....c 208
the souls we loved, that they.d 208
soul can comfort, elevate....f 208
soul on lover's lips.....l 222
my whole soul thro'.....s 222
s. to her manifold features..u 224
jealons souls will not be*....n 215
tell thy s. their roots are left.k 155
soul is linked right tenderly.j 159
back into my empty soul...u 160
worse poison to men's souls*.n 181
there is some s. of goodness*.n 182
the secret to another soul...n 185
poetry is the music of the s.m 340
raise the s. above all earthly.d 282
the meeting s. may pierce..m 282
the hidden s. of harmony...p 282
all the soul thou hast.....r 319
perdition catch my soul*....c 248
'tis thy soul is poor.....bb 493
vnlgar flight of common s's.d 495
two souls in sweet accord...v 244
wake the soul by tender....gg 495
O my prophetic s.! mine*...h 498
reason and the flow of soul..p 354
upright stature in the soul..f 355
s's that were, were forfeit*..b 356
dresse and undresse thy soul.f 356
a soul without reflection....j 356
longings of an immortal soul.o 358
who would force the soul....q 358
dark soul and foul thoughts.v 358
where the soul sours.....q 359
dismiss my soul.....f 326
could force his soul so*....m 294
to believing s's gives light*..h 343
satisfaction for every soul.. h 348
saw the iron enter into hiss.h 188
never stands still, nor souls.l 188
Soulless-gave us a s. flower....e 143
Sound-seas of sound.....j 21
like a sound amid sounds....o 33
dreams without a sound.....r 97
beauty born of murmuring s.n 19
sound is echoed on forever...f 57
s. it shrunk in haste away*..e 23
measures of delightful s.....k 26
sonnd of a voice that is still.b 90
no longer I follow a sound...q 90
I drank the sound with joy..n 33
no sound along the air.....j 377
winter loves a dirge-like s...n 378
loud trumpet's wondrous s.aa 362
not a sound may fall.....h 331
s. of thunder heard remote.n 458
persuasive sound.....n 281
against them with a sonnd..p 287
only sound of life.....e 213
sounds, and sweet airs*.....d 215
in souls a sympathy with s's.b 413
a s. which makes us linger..l 116
of a sweet s. and radiance..k 161
motion nor sound was there.l 377
the s's that tell what hour*..a 255
as are those dulcet sonnds*.o 257
yet could sound thy bottom*.h 260
parent of sweetest of s's....a 124
deep sounds, and deeper....b 404
fill with spreading sounds...b 283
hath been most sound*.....k 217
s. judgment is the ground...s 217
stopp'd the flying sound....u 237
leafy sounds of woodlands...l 239
a pause, without a sound...e 317
sound on golden hinges.....t 193
from the tombs a doleful s..j 185
give, if any, yet but little s.x 186
first s. in the song of love...x 242
will hear the lowest sound*.r 245
sad s's are nature's funeral.m 466
this sleep is sound*.....m 391
silence where hath been no s.x 382
silence where no s. may be..x 382
no sound is uttered.....cc 383
sweetest of all s's is praise..p 343
whose sounds are song.....d 396
soothed with the sound.....o 346
safe and sound your trust is.o 474
swift, and of a silken sound.p 423
sounds along the waters die.t 488
no sound of hammer.....p 382
no sound in the hall.....e 390
Sounding-mark the s's well....j 313
Soundboard-the s. breathes...k 282
Sour-turns a sour offence*....p 247
and every sweet its sour.....i 495
where the soul sours.....q 359
Source-from simple sources*..v 362
truth is the s. of every good.g 445
the source of all good.....d 357
Sourest-sweetest things turn s*q 130
South-from the balmy south..c 371
the sweet s. that breathes*..m 160
wind of the sunny south....y 465
blows like the south.....d 467
face to the dew-dropping s.*.o 467
Sovereign-s. is called a tyrant.d 449
true sovereign of the world.y 483
s. one's immortal head.....p 366
thy head, thy sovereign*....e 204
if the sovereign of the state.b 183
heaven's S. saves all beings. g 193
Sovereignty-kings to sit in s..f 349
Sow-sow, y'are like to reap....j 43
must reap the things they s..r 46
have a wrong sow by the ear.f 412
Sowed-she had s. them with..q 474
Sower-scatters broad his seed. t 419
Sown-man has s. his wild oats.z 162
man! be s. in barren ground.a 363
Space-measure dwells in space..e 9
space out of time.....b 92
s. encircled by infinitude....c 253
s. of heaven and the place..k. 410
the confines of space.....e 239
rather on space than the sky.k 272
through space rolled on.....v 282
Spade-fling by the spade.....o 456
the spade, the ploughshare.aa 300
Spake-was the Word that s. it..k 56
spake the grisly terror.....n 82
I spake as having seen.....u 97
spake with us on earth no...l 408
Span-life of man less than a s..s 483
in length a span.....v 230
fills our seeing's inward s...f 365
life's but a span, or a tale...n 234
Sponge-no more than a sponge.g 98
for choice matters, worth a s.c 354
Spangle-dews with s's deck'd.f 447
Spangled-anemonies, that s...p 374
s. heavens, a shining frame..t 401
nor of spangled gold.....m 352
Spanish-the S. maid, aroused d 457
Spare-to s. thee now is past...k 139
s. the poet for his subject's..g 335
what we least can s. is hope.m 200
a man may spare, and still..t 464
spare your country's flag...b 330
Spared-better s. a better man*.t 356
Spark-with unnnmber'd s's*...n 403
sparks from populous cities.y 403
s. may burst a mighty flame.k 362
I'll turn to sparks of fire*...g 416
show some s's that are like*.b 472
a sacred spark created.....l 253
enforced, shows a hasty s.*..n 258
the sparks of nature*.....h 286
a s. of that immortal fire....i 240
vital s. of heav'nly flame....g 399
Sparkle-does sparkle into song.v 41
sparkle in its brightness....r 339
a single star sparkles new...d 402
life's enchanted cup but s's.h 423
Sparkled-she s., was exhal'd...a 47
Sparkling-trembling and s.....q 93
ride sparkling in her eyes*..g 110
a fire s. in a lover's eyes*...b 247
one star sparkling through...t 410
Sparrow-s. falls dost allow.....h 32
is by the sparrow's dying bed.h 32
sparrows chirped as if.....i 32
the hedge sparrow fed*.....j 32
doves and team of sparrows.d 243
hero perish, or a s. fall.....r 348
consider the sparrow.....t 348
caters for the sparrows*.....v 348
Spartan-be the S's epitaph on.x 202
Spawn-the seas with spawn...o 451
Speak-when you s., sweet, I'd*..z 3
speaks what's in his heart*...i 11
to s. in public on the stage...g 76
s. of nothing but despair*....e 91
speak not at all, in any.....e 400
think all you speak.....f 400
speak not all you think.....f 400
any further, hear me speak*.q 400
hear me, for I will speak*...r 400
she speaks poignards, and*.w 400
Bezonian? speak or die*....x 400
it speaks itself.....h 315
almost move and speak.....a 317
speak low if you speak love*.i 248
slaves who fear to speak.....c 494
trees to speak*.....aa 498
I only speak right on*.....d 325
s. the speech, I pray you* ..q 294
speak of one that loved*.....o 385
I'll speak to thee in silence*n 383
will not speak a word*.....p 383
I would not speak*.....v 383
I speak without a tongue...a 101
none s., false, when there...m 113
who speaks not truly, lies*..z 113
s. each other in passing.....b 118

wrong to speak before*.....c 105
is the humblest he can speak j 141
speak and judge.....h 379
nay, her foot speaks*.....k 164
the lily never speaks.....l 167
s. from your folded papers ..b 336
speak then to me*.....k 224
s., as one who fed on poetry.n 339
the grief which does not s...z 186
s. then to me, who neither*.d 209
s. daggers to her, but use*..b 205
speak one simple word.....p 413
I will not hear thee speak...g 361
therefore speak no more*....g 361
speak of me as I am*.....j 219
would not cease to speak....h 464
speak, and look back*.....i 294
all tongues speak of him*...f 343
speak me fair in death*.....k 343
speak truly, shame the devil n 443
that s's it, is the mouth of..x 443
can the devil speak true*...x 445
speak to me low.....b 357
to see me turn and speak...m 327
God to man doth speak in...i 394
grief that does not speak*...p 397
other men their turns to s...b 400
speaks, it ravishes all senses.h 475
that weep, and tears that s...s 480
mute, and will not s. a*....m 477
do when we speak words... j 482
blood s's to you in my veins* z 481
for light cares speak.....q 382
speak what we think.....d 385
heart thinks his tongue s's*.l 385
Speaker-some before the s.....c 496
Speakest-thou s. truly poet..aa 186
howsoe'er thou s. 'mong*....t 414
thou speakest to the Greeks.u 342
Speaking-presager of my s.*....l 40
eternal thought speaking in.n 420
grace my cause in speaking* v 400
privilege of speaking first*..n 479
s. words of endearment.....k 481
Spear-like rays in the west....d 411
shivered was fair Scotland's s.a 459
s's and swords unblest .....w 407
I, too, will cast the spear....x 442
Specie-the various species....n 451
Speck-each little speck and...u 217
Spectacled-sights are s.*.....f 343
Spectator-pleasure to the s's....i 77
Sped-all too swiftly sped.....b 106
Speech is great ; but silence..m 382
under all s. that is good.....n 380
speech is shallow as time...n 382
for ruder speech too fair.....i 148
the speech and decree.....r 275
poetry is unfallen speech....p 338
speech is fossil poetry.....o 338
the first of speech... .....b 383
silence sweeter is than s.....h 383
but never taxed for speech* m 383
will I trust to speeches*.....p 479
could wed itself with speech.s 421
there was speech in their*..q 226
speeches when half mellow..y 340
to be the speech of angels...a 281
thought is deeper than all s.n 419
thy speech be sooth*.....f 363
discretion of speech is more.a 400
endless are the modes of s...c 400
not break in upon his s.....d 400
that grave s. would cumber..g 400
speech is but broken light...h 400
true use of speech is not....j 400
s. is better than silence.....i 400
drop half their petals in ours.k 400
speech was made to open....l 400
Eve, thus moving speech...m 400
s. is like cloth of Arras.....n 400
speech is silvern.....o 400
speech is human.....o 400
thought is s., and speech is. p 400
loath to cast away my s.*.....t 400
rude am I in my speech*...v 400
speech was given to.....y 400
truth, needs no flow'rs of s.. j 445
the poetry of speech.....d 396
Speechless-s. grief and dark....k 25
fair speechless messages*....i 110
Speed-right onward, O s. it....p 388
to thy speed add wings.....n 349
forward with impetuous s...b 457
speed the stars of thought...t 419
though bent on speed.....v 361
thousands at his bidding s..k 180
more haste, ever the worst s.p 191
speed the soft intercourse ...s 413
speed the parting guest.....a 174
speed off in distance.....cc 308
Speeding-or tree, or door s....n 393
Spell-mystic s., written in....h 488
s. and the light of each path.s 475
to find some secret spell.....l 125
she would s. him backward*.d 477
Spend-to s. that shortness*...k 235
spend them at my pleasure*.l 291
a man may spend ....t 464
Spendthrift-s. is he of his*....x 414
Spent-that might be better s...e 94
what we spent, we had... ...h 60
Sphere-whose s. is the largest... j 1
spheres of pure activity.....x 2
the ninefolded spheres.....g 390
to some sphere unknown....i 254
wandered alone 'mid yon s's.l 421
cluster grows a sphere.....h 144
in rose and purple spheres..b 148
united in their spheres.....j 256
there motion in one sphere*.r 403
tidings from another sphere.j 466
down from the spheres.....a 274
the music of the spheres*...a 284
shot madly from their s's*..a 264
is the fitting of self to its s..p 361
O sun, burn the great s.*....t 409
law preserves the earth a s...s 348
Spice-tinctured with spice.....e 99
spices are wafted abroad....w 161
variety's the very s. of life...l 451
loves a spice of wickedness..b 464
Spicy-citron-tree or s-grove...w 145
the spicy woods which blaze.a 273
from the spicy shore.....y 314
Spider-a spider's gray lair.....b 155
s's touch, how exquisitely...q 212
a spider's web adorning.....j 202
subtle spider which doth sit.d 212
Spills-it s's itself in fearing*..p 215
Spilt-on the ground like water.z 122
Spin-they neither toil nor spin.t 145
yet neither spins, he cards ..e 286
so spins the flying world....c 317
he s. the slight, self-pleasing.i 300
fresh we s. on till sickness.. p 392
Spindle-tend on loom and s...a 483
adamantine spindle round...l 118
Spire-s's whose silent finger...e 297
Spirit-noblest s. is most strongly.e 3
very blessed spirit of peace*..c 24
full of s. as the month of May.s 24
Creator drew his spirit.....q 80
presiding spirit here to-day..d 27
blushing shame-faced spirit*.q 62
were all spirits, and*.....k 46
high spirit in thy breast.....v 10
lost spirit, earth-bound.....t 33
tranquil its spirit seemed....a 60
spirits twain have cross'd....e 86
and contain celestial spirits* f 63
of all the evil spirits.....l 87
blest spirits in celestial..... s 89
the spirit of my dream.....n 96
life by the spirit comes.....e 143
spirits of the wise sit in*....q 163
the spirits' voice we hear....f 371
high, heroic spirits bleeds...e 388
spirit group and close.....a 401
aërial spirits, by great Jove.d 401
spirits when they please.....i 401
I can call spirits*.....l 401
hands of invisible spirits....x 242
branches hide a sad, lost s...i 441
O twilight? spirit that does..e 447
sleep holy s., blessed soul....c 392
haunts two kindred s's flee..n 395
extravagant and erring s.*...n 399
s. of the chainless mind.....h 347
wanton spirits look out at*..t 476
strong affection stirs her s...f 478
such love as spirits feel.....s 250
nimble s's in the arteries*..p 483
then the s. is upon you.....i 314
an unaccustomed spirit*....s 247
choice and master s's of this*.c 499
there are good s's and evil..bb 500
eyes of s's might behold....m 352
holds the fainting spirit up..t 357
dauntless s. of resolution*..x 360
it is the spirit's end .....g 342
ye familiar s's, that are*....n 195
one fair s. for my minister..c 240
almost like spirit be.....f 265
spirits are not finely*..... .a 266
worser s. tempt me again*...e 409
I would you had her s* ....x 464
her gentle spirit commits*..y 464
have not that alacrity of s.*.m 468
thou invisible s. of wine*...p 468
spirits of great events.....w 490
mammon, the least erected s.g 252
a s. living 'mid the forms....l 253
say, to what s's 'tis granted.a 256
holy spirit of the spring....n 372
a fearful spirit busy now....j 375
beautiful spirit breathing...f 376
my boding spirit shroud....c 201
one of the flesh, and of the s.x 206
ever may my tranquil s. rise.z 206
the choice s's get finally laid.e 184
air is living with its spirit..r 339
to my weary spirit*.....r 283

cull'd these fiery spirits*....s 459
thy s. independence, let me..e 209
Spirit-land-have friends in s-l.r 171
Spiritual-s., creatures walk...g 401
love in its essence is s. fire..w 500
heavenly and s. mould.....m 352
Spit-spit forth their iron*....n 460
Spite-fouler s. at fairer mark...g 83
you ne'er provoke their spite.d 77
and spite of pride.....n 348
in erring reason's spite.....n 348
O, spite of spites*.....k 112
poisonous spite and envy*..a 104
in spite of injury and envy..l 228
Splendid-fill the s. scene.....g 376
what splendid misery.....g 463
Splendor-s. everywhere.....m 272
in his first splendor valley..h 366
the veiled splendor beams..n 376
s. borrows all her rays.....c 252
turning, with splendour of*.a 410
stood in all the splendor....e 295
Spleen-mirth and s. about thee.s 167
that, in a spleen, unfolds*...i 289
Splenetive-not s. and rash*....o 51
Splinter-the moon with s's*...v 246
every splinter pricks.....l 254
Spittest-s. the unwedgable*...p 404
Spoil-the s. which their toil...o 327
spoils were fairly sold.....o 449
rich with the spoils of time.c 424
s. like bales unopen'd to the.a 422
we gathered flowery spoils..o 161
to his tender spoil.....l 276
half the spoils have been....r 362
rich with spoils of nature...g 285
bring home s's with infinite.p 458
Spoke-mute, s. loud the doer...y 88
with greatest art he spoke....l 68
spoke, and eloquence of eyes.j 383
words once spoke can never.a 481
Spoken-a word that's quickly s.l 480
latest s. still are deem'd.....k 480
what should be spoken here*.s 119
recall a word once spoken..m 481
word, at random spoken....q 481
Spoon-he must have a long s*.t 497
Sport-s., that owes its pleasure.g 77
kill us for their sport*.....j 77
the sport of circumstances..k 117
sport that wrinkled care....g 264
s. that is not worth a candle.u 355
of youthful sports.....p 322
'tis no sport for peasants....h 375
an hour for sport.....d 169
sport would be as tedious*..k 197
Sportsman-s. beats in russet..h 375
Spot-in their gold coats spots*.f 137
warms the low spot.....o 272
his peculiar spot.....a 234
such black and grained s's*..j 379
chain'd fast to the spot.....c 380
dim s. which men call earth.h 484
Spotless-s. reputation: that*.h 360
Spouse-the present spouse....t 244
not with man's sworn s.*...q 292
Spray-for me the trembling s...k 25
flowery sprays in love.....j 143
two roses on one slender s...h 153
magic on blossom and spray h 450
toss up their silvery spray..i 323
ripple of wave and hiss of s. i 422
every spray now springs.....s 374
Spread-spreads undivided....b 286
griefs should not spread far.v 186
and spreads by slow degrees.b 439
Spreading-is s. far and wide...w 41
Sprights-s's have just such....c 401
sprite begotten of a summer.l 190
Spring-back to their spring's...u 4
s. like youth, fresh.....s 5
in genial spring, beneath....t 11
apparell'd like the spring*...d 19
days are yet all spring.....d 20
and this our parting spring..n 31
harbinger of everlasting s....n 31
in early s. his airy city builds c 32
spring of all brave acts is....q 71
spring were all your own...d 161
blue as the spring heaven...q 161
I wish that the s. would go..g 208
every winter change to s.....e 202
delightful s., whose unshorn q 370
briny riv'lets to their s's.....l 417
s. may boast her flowery....i 376
least low bloom of spring ...p 126
breathing s. of hope and....u 337
s. on summer's confines.....r 129
shuts the spring of love.....w 241
O how this spring of love*..x 247
of dimpled spring.....o 153
of spring the fairest flower..b 154
it is the spring-time.....j 160
and strength of every spring.e 410
'twas spring, I smiled.....k 234
thy flowering spring. .....i 236
let that season be only s..... x 239
gentle name of spring.....k 269
foretelling spring .....m 269
all s's beauteous flowers ....u 269
unseen, s. faintly cries.....d 270
the spring is in her train....j 270
vanish'd s's, like flowers....q 270
now 'tis the s. and weeds*...u 176
made a lasting spring*.....r 312
s. days soon will reach us....j 434
hundred flowering springs..a 435
pear trees that with spring..d 440
s. is your sole historian.....n 440
unfading spring forever.... u 325
dear is the greeting of spring g 150
when young spring first....k 150
the spring may love them...l 150
spring spread rose-beds.....r 151
O virgin queen of spring....u 145
sun-flower of the spring.....k 157
violets s. in the soft May....d 159
darling of the early spring..m 159
eyes of spring so azure.....v 159
there are spring violets.....h 160
in my breast s. wakens.....t 160
fruit would s. from such a...g 362
fair maids o' the spring.....o 132
a spring upon whose brink..c 133
the festival of spring.....h 133
'tis the latest flower of s.....a 136
soon fair spring shall give..n 136
we have as short a spring...n 137
laugh, O murmuring spring.c 140
s's last-born darling.....d 271
fore-runner of the spring....l 271
upward s. to her sweet lips..d 259
spring-time with one love...i 259
spring, with smiling verdure i 371
spring full of sweet dayes...a 372
flowers of s. are not May's...c 372
spring with all its splendor .h 372
spring is with us now.....g 372
bluebird prophesying spring k 372
s. with a rush of blossoms...l 372
again has come the s. time..m 372
spring is working silently...n 372
gentle s.! in sunshine clad..p 372
s. upon the bosom of nature's q 372
of the year, celestial spring.r 372
bidding spring arise.....a 373
there is no time like spring..c 373
spring flies, and with it.....e 373
lusty s., all dight in leaves...g 373
come O fresh spring airs.....i 373
in the s. a fuller crimson....k 373
in the s. the wanton lapwing k 373
in the s. a livelier iris.....k 373
in the spring a young man's k 373
maiden s. upon the plain...m 373
come gentle spring.....o 373
s. unbosoms every grace....p 373
s. is in the air and in the....q 373
s. time on the eastern hills ..r 373
budded from the bud of s...e 374
garlands fade that spring...p 374
s. again shall call forth every.p 374
every spray now springs....s 374
wanton s's end in a word*..w 481
the spring now calls us forth h 150
one swallow does not make s.o 370
s.! whose simplest promise..p 370
s. hangs her infant blossoms.e 371
spring unlocks the flowers...l 371
welcome, young spring.....m 371
s. returns with the sun's ....t 371
spring's already at the gate..s 371
eyes of the s's fair night.....o 371
venturous harbinger of s....p 156
or brink of rushy spring....b 466
can spring be far behind....r 467
death quite breaks the s.....p 392
cager to taste the honied s..u 486
Springing-from the earth fast s.c 221
Sprinkle-lonely altars s. as a..w 130
Sprinkled-the aquilegia s. on..e 133
Sprout-time when hedges s....c 137
Sprung-noiseless fabric s.....n 74
ever sprung: as sun*.....r 312
Spur-I have no s. to prick the*..i 9
applause is the spur of noble.c 14
fame is the spur that.....k 115
action spurs our fate.....f 252
with spur we heat an acre*..k 222
what we need any s., but*..n 379
spur your proud horses*....h 459
sharpen spur than pay.....a 299
honor, the s. that pricks....m 199
Spurn-spurn at his edict*.....n 280
Spurncd-s. by the young.....g 424
Spy-or I no faults can spy.....p 331
spy some pity in thy looks*..i 333
knowledge is but sorrow's s.h 223
to spy into abuses*.....m 215
immortal s's with watchful..d 401
single s's but in battalions*.g 398
Squadron-the mustering s.....b 457
Squeak-sheeted dead did s.*....x 84

Squire-a squire of low degree. *q* 500
Squirrel-the s. chattering.....*l* 133
Stabbed-am s. with laughter*. *c* 227
Staff-s. of honor for mine age*..*b* 7
the glittering staff unfurled. *i* 124
therefore is called the s. of..*g* 302
bread is the staff of life.....*t* 302
corne, which is the s. of life. *u* 302
a staff quickly found*.....*o* 324
Stag-stag from underground...*l* 12
Stage-speak in public on the s..*g* 76
tragic Muse first trod the s..*d* 294
actor leaves the stage*.....*l* 294
drown the stage with tears*. *s* 294
on the s. he was natural....*p* 293
assert the stage .....*c* 294
wonder of our stage.....*a* 381
resign the s. we tread on....*j* 425
the earth a stage.....*b* 484
shoves you from the stage...*c* 234
to this great s. of fools*.....*w* 235
where'er his stages may.....*t* 303
Stager-old cunning s's say .....*i* 14
Stagger-s's thus my person*...*d* 84
St. Agnes-eve—ah, bitter chill..*e* 29
Stain-felt a stain like a wound. *b* 199
walls must get the weather s. *i* 143
not stain an angel's cheek ..*a* 416
the lily, without stain.....*l* 155
stain my man's cheeks*....*m* 416
s's these mosses green and...*i* 349
Stair-as he comes up the stair..*r* 49
you kick me down stairs.....*p* 87
as false as stairs of sand*.....*v* 73
up stairs into the world.....*v* 407
downward by another's s...*w* 266
stairs, as he treads on*.....*d* 341
Stake-honour's at the stake*...*u* 67
Stale-s. the glistering of this*. *q* 426
Stalk-nor bow'd a stalk.....*g* 164
four red roses on a stalk*...*a* 222
stalks with Minerva's step..*d* 457
dew-dabbled on their stalks .*l* 149
danced on their stalks .....*p* 132
kindling every twig and s..*f* 441
maidens withering on the s..*t* 478
Stall-shall feed like oxen at a s.*. *r* 83
the tenant of a stall.....*t* 318
Stamboul-magnificent in S....*q* 320
Stammer-sweet to s. one letter. *a* 165
Stamp-s. and esteem of ages....*r* 40
almost change the s. of.....*e* 78
s's God's own name upon a...*j* 87
s. the marriage-bond divine. *g* 464
s. the seal of time in aged*..*c* 427
Stand-by which the soul s's....*q* 71
we stand in our own light...*l* 380
we stand upon its brink....*m* 427
heaven and hell I palsied s..*d* 484
stand by each other.....*t* 122
I stand for judgment*.....*n* 218
s. up and walk beneath.....*c* 233
s. not upon the order of*....*u* 191
they that stand high*.....*f* 408
except wind stands as never. *u* 467
we s., by dividing we fall...*k* 449
. upon its own bottom.....*r* 360
I stood and stand alone.....*p* 394
Standard-s's and gonfalons....*j* 124
my standard of a statesman..*l* 319
mind's the s. of the man....*o* 255
and standard of his own.....*j* 253
standard and banner alike...*i* 457
unfurled her standard.....*g* 124
Standeth-s. God within the...*k* 348
Standing-s. with reluctant feet. *e* 487
Stanley-on, Stanley on.....*s* 452
Stanza-who pens a s. when....*c* 337
Star-morn or eve the s. beholds..*a* 2
stars, invisible by day.....*d* 6
a bright particular star*.....*k* 9
who build beneath the stars..*d* 10
the beauty of a thousand s's..*g* 18
starres are poore books.....*m* 38
this book of starres..... *m* 38
star unto star speaks.....*i* 56
taken the stars from the.....*m* 90
stars to set—but all.....*i* 81
stars of morning, dew-drops. .*p* 93
stars weep, sweet with joy....*l* 93
in the sky the stars.....*s* 105
stars swim after her track...*w* 105
but the twinkling of a star..*x* 489
life hovers like a star.....*d* 231
name to every fixed star*....*k* 297
s's burn, the moons increase. *c* 392
in vain the s's would shine..*s* 473
unsphere the s's with oaths*. *s* 347
like a s. new-born that drops. *t* 444
night followed, clad with s's. *o* 447
may all the s's hang bright. .*j* 389
ere the stars were visible....*u* 303
ebony vault studded with s..*n* 386
desire of the moth for the s..*f* 500
on the restless fronts bore s's. *p* 501
wonder'd how the stars.....*e* 435
stars come out to watch.....*l* 446
faint few stars looked.....*n* 446
thee to salute, kindly star....*o* 446
first pale stars of twilight...*q* 446
the golden s's of the jasmine. *t* 143
fair as a star.....*a* 161
and thanks his stars.....*r* 162
the fiery star, which is its eye. *o* 145
a star for every state.....*t* 124
stars do I my judgment*....*x* 251
man is his own star.....*o* 253
is not in our stars*.....*y* 254
shall rise a star.....*z* 255
they moved like stars.....*j* 256
skies about the stars.....*l* 239
night brings out stars as.....*j* 408
heaven and the place of s's..*k* 410
heart that lurks behind a s..*n* 495
star to every wandering*....*p* 208
night and all her stars.....*l* 347
star of empire takes its way. *m* 347
gleaming like a lovely star..*f* 350
shining station as a star.....*t* 483
gaze on the s's high above..*w* 159
for the finding of a star..... *g* 135
the stars have vanished.....*b* 139
first pale star of night.....*i* 275
stars, like lamps soon.....*u* 277
the frosty stars are gone.....*h* 278
most auspicious star*.....*d* 166
set the stars of glory there..*g* 167
the stars shall fade away.....*j* 207
studded with stars.....*b* 290
meteors fright the fixed s's*. *m* 460
radiant as the air around a s. *p* 401
a glittering star is falling...*k* 402
in heaven no stars, that we..*f* 203
at whose sight all the stars..*c* 203
pathway lies among the s's..*t* 405
the sun, and every vassal star. *e* 180
the heavens in glittering s's. *l* 180
kings are like stars.....*o* 368
the twinkle of a star.....*f* 236
our life's star.....*q* 236
stars rush forth in myriads..*t* 287
the stars are high .....*v* 287
the stars are forth.....*x* 287
see the evening star appear..*y* 287
pinned it with a star.....*a* 288
stars they glisten, glisten...*f* 288
the stars come forth to listen. *i* 288
then stars arise .....*k* 288
thus close up the stars.....*q* 288
the bad revolting stars*.....*n* 289
night, with all stars.....*i* 290
dog star shall scorch thy...*q* 370
vision clear for s's and sun..*d* 415
smoke, like stars by day.....*a* 126
born, with golden s's above..*u* 337
cry out upon the stars .....*g* 402
sentinel s's set their watch..*h* 402
stars will guide us back.....*i* 402
cut him out in little stars*..*e* 246
s's are golden fruit upon a..*j* 402
stars with golden feet.....*l* 402
the stars of the night.....*m* 402
a single star lights the air...*n* 402
the cold light of stars.....*q* 402
were a star quenched.....*r* 402
to their fountain, other s's..*u* 402
star that bids the shepherd. *b* 403
unmuffle, ye faint stars.....*c* 403
s's are the daisies that begem. *d* 403
quenchless s's! so eloqnently. *e* 403
stars, hide your diminish'd. *f* 403
day is spent, and stars .....*i* 403
s's survey'd are ignorantly..*j* 403
jovial s. reign'd at his birth*. *l* 403
stars above govern our*.....*o* 403
star calls up the shepherd*. *p* 403
two stars keep not their*....*r* 403
and the stars are old.....*r* 249
separate star seems nothing. *t* 403
who can count the stars.....*v* 403
certain stars shot madly*....*a* 264
a tongue in every star.....*c* 265
stars are all the poetry.....*a* 406
s's hide themselves in the..*n* 409
at whose sight all the stars..*p* 409
one star sparkling through..*t* 410
conjures the wand'ring s's*..*b* 188
blesses his s's and thinks it..*j* 190
and pavement s's, as s's to...*r* 193
like a star, and dwelt apart..*h* 338
poem round and perfect as a s. *j* 340
those are s's that beam on..*m* 173
a s. which moves not 'mid..*q* 174
stars, that in the earth's.....*e* 129
evening star grows dim.....*q* 129
glows in the stars.....*b* 286
love the western star.....*k* 245
s's, that in the spangled skies. *u* 401
stars, which stand as thick...*a* 402
the stars are images of love..*b* 402
a single star sparkles new...*d* 402
a night, full of too-distant s's. *f* 192
Star-chamber-s.c. matter of it*. *f* 332

Stared-star'd each on other*...q 121
Starless-shadow of a s. night....t 91
the frown of night s. exposed.g 484
Star-light-nay; let s-l. fade....g 403
daisies, thick as star-light..w 138
Starry-starry cope of heaven..k 386
silence that is in the s. sky.dd 383
starry river-buds glimmered.k 161
starry, fragile wind-flower...r 161
bring daisies, little s. daisies.b 139
in her starry shade.....x 287
first of all the starry choir..f 123
starry crowns of heaven.....g 403
Star-spangled-the s-s. banner..h 124
Start-lion than to s. a hare*....q 72
thou didst not start.....r 132
the water-lily starts.... ....m 161
start so often when thou*....i 260
was everything by starts.....l 122
would start and tremble.....f 250
sad by fits, by s's 'twas wild.z 490
Started-then it s. like a guilty*.b 189
Starve-so shall s. with feeding*.h 11
starve with nothing*.....k 100
swear, fool, or starve.....i 162
would s. us all, or near it....q 203
sometimes virtue starves...k 454
Stately-and the s. lily stands..s 144
Statesman-strange so great a s.m 319
s., yet friend to truth.....o 319
when a stateman wants.....p 319
Station-shining s. as a star....t 483
honor is a private station...y 198
high s's tumults, but not...q 186
woman's noblest station is.d 475
Statue-s's of the mere artisans.k 15
ere human statue purg'd*...g 280
base of Pompey's statue*...d 211
s's, or breathing stones*....q 121
defaced their ill-placed s's...i 229
trees cut in s's, s's thick....t 176
more the statue grows.....m 318
stands the statue that.....r 318
Stature-he's of s. somewhat...f 196
their s., differing but in sex.e 190
upright stature in the soul..f 355
Statute-strict s's, and most*..w 499
State-with the storms of state*.g 7
the universal salt of states...p 79
my state was nothing*.....ee 499
hung a canopy of state.....m 352
laws preserve each state....g 325
sin in s. majestically drunk.q 384
s's are great engines moving.y 182
there was a s. without kings.z 182
a state for every star.....t 124
his state empties itself*.....p 367
our state improve.....b 233
I have done the state some*.j 219
so vanishes our state.....h 234
this is the state of man*.....t 235
when the s. is most corrupt.v 308
in whatever state a man be..i 464
knows his pre-existent s....o 118
my state far worser than it*.i 120
our state cannot be sever'd..i 257
how the best state to know..h 224
juster in a state than thee...y 228
rotten in the s. of Denmark*.w 340
state's unborn, and accents*.h 426
such interchange of state*..k 427
all were for the state.....o 449
union of s's none can sever..p 449
states can be saved.....v 299
sail on, O ship of state.....n 329
Staunch-staunch and strong...l 381
Stay-which says, I must not s.c 86
short time to stay as you...n 137
glorious sun stays in his*..a 410
here must I stay*..... .....q 235
stay near me, do not take...k 213
stay at home, my heart....aa 192
s. to have thee still forget*..i 198
now it seems so hard to s...p 360
s's till we call, and then not.m 354
I stay a little longer.....p 326
and tide for no man stay ...n 427
Stayed-too late I stayed.....p 427
St. Crispin-quits and cobbles..t 318
Steady-keeps the mind steady.c 399
Steal-a kiss from thee, as I.....e 2
I will not steal them away....i 34
steals timidly away.....f 160
steal! to be sure they may..q 333
cunningly did steal away....l 232
gently steal upon the ear....b 283
s's something from the*...aa 418
judges steal themselves.....b 419
steal from the world.....y 292
falling day in silence steals..i 446
years, s's something ev'ry..p 435
year it steals, till all are fled.i 428
I come not, friends, to steal*.d 325
steal me awhile from mine*.l 391
steal thyself from life.....w 330
s. out of his wholesome bed*.c 382
steals my purse, s's trash*..r 387
years s. fire from the mind..h 423
to her mind what he steals. f 425
Stealing-s. and giving odour*.o 283
stealing up the slope of time.n 423
Stealth-do good by stealth....q 115
Steam-a s. of rich, distill'd....x 314
travelled like steam.....a 296
thy height'ning steam.....g 321
to hear the hiss of steam...cc 308
Steed-steed threatens s., in*...aa 12
his steeds to water at*.....g 16
my steed obeys.....s 53
farewell the neighing steed*.q 116
as a s. that knows his rider..r 322
s., the mustering squadron..b 457
s. and the rider are lying....i 457
steeds, and trumpets clang*.v 476
Steel-that is clad in complete s.a 54
no workman's steel.....n 74
heart with strings of steel*..b 345
long divorce of steel falls*...d 345
my heart is true as steel*....c 123
foemen worthy of their s....x 458
throw away our coats of s.*..h 460
which impell'd the steel....p 356
my man's true as steel*.....h 443
though cloven with steel...m 449
quartering steel*.....kk 497
patience as with triple s..... i 328
Steep-sun more beautifully s..h 366
show me the s. and thorny*.r 317
hollow vale from s. to s.....cc 383
s. my senses in forgetfulness* v 390
how hard it is to climb the s.a 114
at the foot of the rocky s .. f 127
Steeped-s. me in poverty to*..a 342
Steeping-steeping their senses.p 389
Steeple-sic in steeple hing.....v 20
Steer-and down doth he steer..d 33
steer right onward.....e 72
steer from grave to gay.....f 407
steer 'twixt fertile shores....j 364
destroy'st thy labouring s...a 295
Stem-nod upon their stems...p 125
harebell trembled on its s...o 141
pansies, on their lowly s's..k 148
on thy slender stems.....r 132
rich thy branching stem....l 134
stems a stream.....j 245
their stems in furry white..f 441
moulded on one stem*.....q 449
on the parent stem.....p 272
s. the torrent of a woman's..g 474
on their drooping s's they..p 488
Step-beware of desperate s's...m 43
and thy steps, no more*.....f 51
s., exampled by the first*...x 103
trace my step o'er the.....u 371
with tottering s's and slow..q 205
countest the s's of the sun...c 157
zealous step he climbs.....h 157
my steps have pressed.....g 287
stalks with Minerva's step..d 457
track the s's of glory to the.x 178
with cautious s's we'll tread.t 231
a single step, and all is o'er.w 408
upbear thy steps.....g 269
by due steps aspire.....p 469
the unwary step aside.....a 319
s's over the burning mark..m 472
a step more true.....j 164
steps with a tender foot....m 164
walks with level step.....h 278
with how sad steps.....g 276
first step to self-knowledge..p 223
from the tree her step she...e 364
and when our tardy steps..m 232
grace was in all her steps...k 475
his s's we numbered not....d 424
Stepping-not s. o'er the*.....m 268
Stepping-stone-rise on s-s's ..m 255
Stern-s. in the joyless fields..m 273
sometimes 'tis stern.....p 466
Stew-certain s's and roast.....c 302
Steward-hereditary bore, the s..c 41
steward for the poor.....h 252
Stick-shoemakers quietly s...o 184
Sticking-s. together in*.....t 189
Sticking-place-to the s-p*.....v 72
Still-movers of the world, so s..i 39
and ocean all stood still.....f 78
sound of a voice that is still..b 90
that mighty heart is lying s.h 366
still the morning of the.....c 369
still as in the silent deep....i 433
still as still can be.....p 402
is of his own opinion still...i 465
lie still and slumber.....i 392
always still before the storm.j 432
general pulse of life stood s.o 392
while all is still and calm....f 485
Stillness-modest stillness and*.c 331
the stillness of our peace...h 331
s. round the homes of men..i 377
summer winds the s. broke.n 377
soft stillness, and the night*.l 283

stealing in stillness.....z 206
in a great stillness dropped.q 152
s. first invades the ear.....s 382
Stilly-the stilly hour, when...r 330
Sting-it s's you for your pains.t 71
as its keen sting.....l 75
have a serpent s. thee twice*.e 211
armed in their stings*.....s 212
vice stings us, even.....c 452
thy sting is not so sharp*..q 210
love is a sting.....f 244
leave a s. within a brother's.h 193
poverty of its sharpest s.....e 342
Stir-stirs to rouse a lion.....q 72
a stir, like a sage.....g 135
'tis the divinity that s's.....i 207
would not s. for thousands..q 202
stirs this mortal frame.....n 240
full of soft stir, and free....w 240
you make this mighty stir..h 322
more thou s. it the worse...q 490
Stirred-nothing stirred within.f 78
stirred by sudden hope.....d 158
my heart is idly stirred.....k 417
Stirring-be s. as the time*....x 360
Stirrup-betwixt the stirrup...q 217
Stock-if our s. be very small...s 65
worshipped s's and stones..b 445
Stocking-in yellow s's, and*....c 1
Stoic-the s. husband was the.b 204
a stoic of the woods.....aa 403
Stoicism-Roman's call it s....y 403
Stole-sable s. of cypress lawn.d 203
s. the livery of the court of..v 204
the precious diadem stole*.w 418
wonder where you s. them..t 351
Stolen-s. from sorrows' grasp.c 428
stolen sweets are always....v 418
s. kisses much completer...v 418
stolen bc your apples.....v 418
stolen both mine office*.....p 499
Stomach-loathing to the s*...b 100
a stomach, and no food*.....i 166
'tis the s's solid stroke.....k 254
takes from the thy s*.....i 260
no stomach to this fight*....q 459
with no stomach*.....l 248
Stone-rolling stone gathers no.p 45
stone walls do not a prison ..o 66
this precious stone*.....m 69
fling but a stone.....b 81
ivy clings to wood or stone..k 143
that s. philosophers in vain.m 332
human being brought a s...k 226
shame on those breasts of s.p 415
columns, and many a stone.s 368
money not a contemptible s.p 268
stones of small worth.....q 304
stone unhewn and cold....m 318
is not built with stones....j 440
rattle his bones over the s's.n 341
worshipped stocks and s....b 445
are there no s's in heaven*..d 422
violet by a mossy stone.....a 161
flowers are intermingled s's..h 149
violet by its mossy stone....s 131
statues or breathing stones..q 121
lay stone on stone.....i 230
rich stone, best plain set....d 453
precious s's, while in the...p 177
my heart is turn'd to stone*.d 193
each stone will wrench.....a 319
stone's have been known*..aa 498
stone set in the silver sea*.oo 499
blossoming in stone.....g 296
we lay stone on stone.....a 297
pearl, full many a costly s..d 489
a base foul stone*.....l 448
poure oyle upon the stones..v 345
labour of an age in piled s's.b 381
as easy to draw back a stone m 481
heart is s., that feels not...m 486
Stone-cutter-s-c., or a painter* h 320
Stone-still-I will stand s-s*....p 407
Stony-s. limits cannot hold*..y 248
while 'tis mine, it shall be s.* d 193
Stood-it is more s. upon.....c 319
sufficient to have stood.....z 494
I stood and stand alone.....p 394
stood still the brave.....s 381
like ono in prayer I stood...o 344
Stool-push us from our stools* h 75
on my three-foot stool I sit* o 301
on such a stool immortal ....l 301
stools were then created ....l 301
Stoop-s. for buttercups.....m 134
stoop where thou wilt.....l 138
head stoop to the block*....f 364
heaven itself would stoop...c 454
imagination fondly stoops..v 206
stoop than when we soar....q 470
s. thyself to gather my life's.y 360
Stop-the honourable stop*.....q 94
Store—increasing s. with loss* k 427
on his stores do daily feast..c 485
among the store one more*. g 122
pine amidst his store.....h 252
all the summer store.....a 131
Storied-can storied urn or.....x 89
s. windows richly dight.....d 58
Storm-broken with the s's of*...g 7
who wings the storms.....c 9
make thy stream my.....b 48
of our gusts and storms.....d 48
give her to the God of storms.o 70
s. when waves were rough....l 95
so full of frost, of storm*....w 111
frowns in the s. with angry..o 117
struggling in the s's of fate..n 118
sudden storms are short*....k 103
untimely storms make*.....d 107
nursed in whirling storms..k 150
a tumultuous privacy of s...f 377
s. be but a mountain birth..j 389
emerald scalp nods to the s..f 440
it is not in the storm.....s 292
black winds and storms.....j 323
in breeze, or gale, or storm..a 323
that weathered the storm...a 313
shut out in the awful storm.n 466
bends to the storm.....u 381
the stilly hour, when storms.r 330
were beaten with storms ....h 439
directs the storm.....b 348
when the sun doth light a s.*.t 397
grief is like a summer storm.v 472
and terrible in storm.....l 427
above all earthly storms....d 282
alternate storm with calm...q 285
calm, that knows no storm..t 455
nor heed the s. that howls..e 209
and rides upon the storm...p 179
he mounts the storm, and ..o 186
storms keep out the sun.....g 231
the coming on of storms.....p 270
rainbow to the s's of life*...d 464
all was still before the storm j 432
till s's have worn themselves c 434
s. through his branches.....h 438
have braved many a storm...e 439
heaven with s's of prayer...s 315
fierce s. of passion torn.....q 469
the storm rides on the gale..a 378
vapors, and clouds, and s's..i 378
than storms or quicksands.dd 251
sweetest heard in loudest s..j 170
storms sallying from the....o 156
I am storm,—the King.....d 404
the storm is past, but.....g 404
upon the hatches in the s.*..l 404
the storm is up*.....n 404
genius of the coming s.....q 404
Storm-cloud-s-c. lurid with...f 404
Storming-s. now heaveth the..p 376
Stormy-pipes the s. wind.....q 144
no stormy murmurs roll.....l 275
live upon the stormy main..g 313
s. winter, burning summer..u 325
seas and stormy women.....i 473
Story-story without end .....c 487
to younger ears the s. back..d 365
sad s's of the death of kings* w 367
the story of my life*.....b 235
foolish words and empty s..k 184
sof'ness in the upper story..b 494
shuts up the s. of our days..r 425
a face that had a story.....d 111
will have a place in story....h 135
Stowage-have them in safe s.* j 305
Straggling-obstruct the s. way.f 273
Straightforward-is always s....y 445
Strain-blew soul-animating s's.h 35
strain, in which the muse...x 40
s. when zephyr gently blows.u 488
took in strains that might...l 282
strains as would have won..n 282
that strain again*.....o 283
strain not the laws.....j 349
sweetest the strain when in.u 385
Strait-honour travels in a s*..a 200
Strand-New England's s.....o 273
wrote her name upon the s..t 164
Strange-and sad, oh, strange....s 32
new. to something strange...r 45
this is more strange*.....g 280
banner with a s. device .....n 493
s.! that a harp of thousand..j 284
strange thoughts beget s....f 421
this is wondrous strange*...g 498
'twas passing strange*.....v 499
truth is always strange*.....s 443
more strange than true*.....j 449
what a s. thing is man.....n 473
Stranger-makest his ear as s.*..u 63
by strangers honour'd.....a 83
as to be always s's to defeat...o 52
s's and foes do sunder*.....w 221
a stranger for thy sake*....m 431
desire we may be better s's*.aa 497
stranger in these false coasts.h 399
Strangle-s. the child, the child.j 215
Strangled-s. his language*....f 416
Stratagem-father of some s * bb 208

heaven directs, and s's.....d 355
Straw-tickled with a straw.....f 55
straws upon the surface.....x 104
take a straw and throw.....g 467
pigmy's straw doth pierce it*y 384
Strawberry-peeps the dainty s.a 157
shading wild s's and violets..b 129
s., creeping at our feet.....k 129
the s. grows underneath*....r 295
Stray-wheresoe'er we stray....q 129
Streak-the s. of silver sea.....m 461
Stream-from the seas and the s's.u 59
far-off stream is dumb.....k 29
the streams, rejoiced.....t 41
the stream has overflowed..w 41
broad are these streams.....s 53
a hundred streams are.....q 96
s. that's strong enough for...p 49
swollen streams divide.....c 159
s's reflect the blush of morn..b 272
hidden poets lie the hazy s's.n 376
in the s. the long-leaved.....c 226
the s's with softest sound..f 226
stream of the pyramid.....f 365
playing, adown yon crystal s,l 374
s.! in whose transparent wave.e 366
drink the clear stream.....s 417
on their eyes in the s's.....t 130
flowed and floated like the s.o 189
stream, that great civilizer..h 370
the bashful stream hath seen.h 268
s's the rock did overwhelm..f 436
s's from airy mountains.....f 467
wave the wood,and stir the s.t 467
s's hang list'ning in their....v 385
beauteous stream, how pure..h 364
view thy silver stream.....m 364
like the stream of time.....h 365
stream! on balanced wings..i 365
mighty, mystic s. has rolled.j 365
hail, gentle stream! forever..o 365
the lowest stream do kiss*...a 366
s. of pure and genuine love..p 256
taste the stream of Helicon..j 335
chiding s's betray small.....x 186
running stream, and not a..x 190
where yon rocks the stream.c 141
by the s's that ever flow.....k 133
above the opposing stream.m 123
stream, of pansies, pinks...h 129
fields are drear, and streams.b 378
streams are bright .....b 378
streams from little fountains.o 362
s's a various race supply....b 124
wash'd by a slow broad s....b 177
green grass floweth like a s..t 195
the streams of dotage flow...t 232
rapid stream of time.....s 336
craggy hills and running s's.e 447
gilding pale streams*.....j 447
stream from wisdom's well..l 470
shallow s's run dimpling....c 393
across the s., a moveless.....j 395
whence is the s. of time ...m 425
death's mysterious stream..m 427
wonderful s. is the river.....s 427
Streamer-the streamers play...l 313
Streaming-meteor s. to the...m 458
Streamlet-by the drowsy s's...t 437
o'er the crystal s. plays.....b 374
woodland streamlets flow....l 135
like o'erflowing s's startled..o 173
Strength-s. with over-matching*i 31
rugged strength and.....o 48
strength there is strength....p 95
strength match'd with*.....p 104
thro' sense of s. and beauty.m 147
thy strength thus tested....k 135
fear oppresseth streugth*....v 121
virtue, the s. and beauty....c 453
to my proportion'd strength.n 407
my s. is waned now that.....f 195
our years of fading strength.h 231
strengthens with his s.....x 233
breath and s. of every spring.e 410
the strength of feeble arms..j 311
water its living strength....n 461
the mingled s. of shade.....q 313
whose freshness and s.....e 439
s. by strengths do fail*.....q 498
better as my s. wears away..d 327
man's weakness grows the s..c 394
from s. to s. advancing .....k 207
as one nail by s. drives out*.o 208
carried new s. and courage..q 209
greater strength of the acts..c 210
it were a new strength.....i 241
s., comeliness of shape.....o 243
have a giant's strength*.....c 405
tower of strength*.....d 405
all your s. is in your union.bb 182
strength to meet sorrow.....j 122
finds that by his strength..m 123
Strengthen-s's unto virtuous.c 362
Street-gibber in the Roman s's*x 84
back from the village street..w 69
clamor of the crowded streets.i 49
every street has two sides...g 487
cry amid thy cloud-built s's.i 386
men about the streets*.....i 319
broad and fiery street.....d 352
'tis in the s. you must learn.d 306
Strew-strew the green lap*....o 160
s. its short but weary way..a 476
Stricken-s. dear that left the..c 491
Strife-ortolans, eaten in strife..j 99
quiet, some to public strife...f 50
dare the elements to strife...g 381
s. and the discouragement..w 331
strong in its strife.....g 210
my peace is turned to strife.m 238
maddening crowd's ignoble s.k 395
judgment often are at s....aa 471
great is the glory, for the s..k 179
strife, and carnage drear....a 459
artificial strife lives in*.....n 314
the cause of strife remov'd..s 307
rest is sweet after strife.....u 361
flagg'd not in the earthly s..k 207
for the sake of strife.....k 256
discord and continual s.*...h 258
no strife to heal.....s 250
war is no s. to the dark*.....y 460
signal sound of strife.....e 457
slumbers wak'd with strife*.f 312
peace of you I hold such s.*.v 496
nor in the strife.....s 292
Strike-cause doth s. my heart*.g 43
by and by it will strike*....e 472
the bell strikes one .....f 428
strike, but hear me .....t 192
yet afraid to strike.....a 370
s. while the iron is hot.....n 324
tyranny to strike and gall*..s 448
strike for your altars.....h 329
it s's where it doth love*...d 398
Striking-leave s. in the field*.b 461
String-where such s's jar*....k 283
have two strings unto.....x 68
touch the strings.....x 242
untune that string*.....y 283
time's s., make bracelets....e 369
silken s. running through...a 268
harp not on that string* ....p 497
value hang on slender s's ...h 501
my heart hath one poor s.*.p 306
green sheath's silken s..... u 145
heart with s's of steel*.....b 345
has two s's to his bow....t 489
Stringless-a s. instrument*....y 385
Strip-and strips others bare...s 369
Strive-but s. still to be a man.i 253
like men, and strive.....j 311
thou dost not strive, O sun..i 386
s. mightily, but eat and*...b 308
Striven-s. and many have ...a 445
Striving-s. to better, oft*..... cc 498
Stroke-with incessant s's.....g 62
ere we'll feel the friendly s.. v 80
amorous of their strokes*...q 381
to the tune of flutes kept s*.q 381
s's, though with a little axe*g 225
upon the stroke of four*....k 305
beneath their sturdy stroke.d 295
Strong-I am strong and lusty*.m 7
s. to live, as well as to think..e 48
strong without rage .....b 48
strong themselves, by ill*...y 362
our armour all as strong*...c 460
to be s. is to be happy .....c 191
strong in its strife.....g 210
friendship new is neither s. l 275
s. the brave, the virtuous...r 238
ruling passion s. in death...a 327
s. for one lone human breast.e 421
as strong to charm.....r 475
strong and great, a hero.....l 196
strong only to destroy.....a 491
to suffer and be strong.....k 408
and yet as strong.....q 249
that we are not always s....u 345
let your hearts be strong....n 450
yet divinely strong .....l 102
teach us to be strong.....k 141
so strong, yet so refined.....r 454
Stronger-with hearts grown s.h 133
stronger by weakness ..... f 428
stronger than necessity.....e 287
to prove which is the s.....d 458
disaster and defeat the s....c 442
Strongly-s., and more and....n 242
Strove-strove among God's..aa 255
Struck-is s. the vision stays....j 10
so bloodily hast struck*.....u 84
shows not till it be struck*..j 123
struck so to the soul*.....k 294
Structure-out the wave her s..x 58
many a tower'd s. high .....v 193
Struggle-I will not struggle*..p 407
inward struggles must.....l 299
a struggle and not a hymn..l 358
Struggling-soul, that, s.*.....cc 384
Strumpet-never could the s*..i 455

Strut-s's in mimic majesty....*l* 293
Strutted-have so strutted and*p* 294
Stubble-show'd like a s. land*.*s* 321
Stubborn-they are s. things...*v* 338
facts are stubborn things...*n* 500
Stubborness-of impious s*....*y* 187
translate the stubborness*..*b* 166
Studs-setting the s's by their.*a* 302
Studded-studded with stars..*b* 290
Student-workshop of the s.....*p* 68
index learning turns no s...*j* 209
Studious-studious to please.....*l* 8
studious of ease and fond...*k* 495
studious let me sit and hold.*h* 354
Study-I can fish and study, too.*r* 11
the love of study is.....*l* 406
devote your time to study..*m* 406
what is your study*.....*n* 406
study evermore is overshot*.*o* 406
study is like the heavens*..*p* 406
the more we study.....*q* 406
methods of rendering study.*r* 406
study to break it*.....*t* 291
the proper s. of mankind...*h* 254
s. how to die, not how to....*l* 259
what is the end of study*...*o* 224
learning by s. must be won.*p* 227
scholar's study or library....*t* 229
we enter our studies.....*a* 230
the fields his study.....*g* 405
then is the time for study....*f* 406
more men are ennobled by s.*g* 406
I would study.....*h* 406
love of study a passion.....*j* 406
changes of s. a dull brain...*k* 406
s what you most affect*.....*p* 176
after his studies*.....*x* 283
to study the genuine value.*d* 233
study to prefer a peace*.....*a* 318
in law's grave study, six....*u* 490
than to s. household good..*t* 475
Stuff-such s. as dreams*.....*q* 97
what woful s. this madrigal.*g* 283
such s. the world is made of.*g* 491
the stuff life is made of....*f* 232
that perilous stuff.....*d* 310
Stumble-they s., that run fast*.*x* 191
Stung-bee had stung it newly.*b* 112
kiss her Saviour stung.....*w* 472
Stunning-the "s." cigar.....*o* 320
Stupendous-parts of one s.....*r* 74
Stupid-no harm in being s.....*t* 406
Sty-pleasure in a sensual sty..*t* 214
Stygian-swiftly to the S. shores.*k* 309
Style-is the highest s. of man..*c* 57
s. alone by which posterity.*b* 407
man's style is nearly.....*c* 407
style amaze th' learn'd.....*g* 407
it is style alone by which...*n* 298
whose classic style, give.....*c* 353
wit brightens! how the style.*d* 340
quiet and so sweet a style*..*b* 166
God gives not kings the s....*a* 367
how the style refines.....*g* 283
a chaste and lucid style.....*w* 406
s. is the dress of thoughts...*a* 407
Subdue-surpasses or subdues.*k* 452
subdue nations.....*p* 458
Subdued-parties nobly are s.*.*a* 331
Subject-whatever s. occupy... *i* 291
s's are rebels from principle.*q* 366
s's ought them to obey.....*a* 367
every s's duty is the king's..*r* 367
am I now a s. for them*.....*p* 316
deem none rebels except s's..*c* 448
a subject, not a slave.....*c* 330
s's to their power obey.....*f* 349
Sublime-eloquence is to the s..*h* 102
make our lives sublime.....*y* 106
sublime and the ridiculous.*d* 407
large front and eye sublime.*h* 367
know how s. a thing it is....*k* 408
endless, and sublime... ....*a* 323
Submission-with all s., I.....*f* 316
Submissive-lie s. under..... .*e* 31
Submit-never slavishly s's....*r* 256
thine shall submit.....*aa* 203
to the hand of heav'n s.....*l* 292
Submitting-by s. sways.....*l* 257
Subordinate-poetry very s....*h* 340
Subserve-but s's another's gain.*l* 60
Subsistence-life's mere s.....*s* 361
Substance-is as thin of s. as*...*j* 97
let the s. out of view.....*b* 401
false shadows for true s's*...*a* 187
each substance of a grief*...*d* 187
when s. love pursues*.....*g* 247
s., though not animate.....*m* 352
shed their s. on the.....*l* 393
Substantial-are shadows, not s..*s* 85
Substantive-those kind s's....*b* 314
Substitute-s. creations of the..*e* 335
s. shines brightly as a king*.*p* 367
substitute for genius, sense.*h* 298
Suburb-a s. of the life elysian.*a* 82
Succeed-most people would s...*n* 8
s's, the merit's all his own..*t* 490
where he succeeds.....*s* 263
Succeeded-we shall have s.....*s* 407
Success-portends s. in love....*f* 28
seldom wants success.....*e* 245
small successes suffice.....*r* 407
no success attends.....*w* 407
ill got had ever bad success*.*d* 408
success be strew'd before*..*c* 459
though desperate of success.*z* 331
life lives only in success....*e* 236
whatever good s. soever.....*y* 309
from them implore success.*x* 344
tickled with good success*..*f* 347
Succession-lives upon s.*.....*i* 387
Successor-supplanted by his s.*j* 196
Such-such as these have lived..*g* 10
such as I am all trne lovers*.*h* 64
Suck-s. melancholy out of a*.*h* 260
profit s. the soil's fertility*..*x* 195
where the bee sucks*.....*l* 112
Sucker-suckers into all its....*d* 293
Suckled-s. in a creed outworn.*a* 202
Suction-woodcocks, upon s...*r* 203
Sudden-starts upon a sudden.*t* 297
sudden, when forever.....*h* 326
Sue-banish what they sue for*.*y* 35
Suffer-that can wisely suffer*.*m* 72
no'oler in the mind, to s.*....*u* 72
suffer these little ones.....*g* 55
hell I suffer seems a heaven..*x* 90
to suffer with the body*.....*v* 211
suffer the worst that man*..*a* 451
to suffer all alike*.....*m* 218
to suffer and be strong.....*k* 408
suffer the world, entreat it..*k* 185
thou add to all the griefs I s.*r* 186
God, bless God, all ye who s.*s* 186
inured to stand and s. wrong.*f* 439
suffer, as e'er I did commit*.*o* 397
am arm'd to suffer*.....*r* 328
I loved, to-day I suffer .....*b* 424
I do not suffer in dream.....*a* 428
Sufferance-much s. doth*.....*x* 187
sufferance is the badge*.....*x* 328
Sufferer-single s. from the field.*q* 202
great sins make great s's....*k* 384
Sufferest-lighten what thou s...*k* 1
Suffering-worse s's must ensue.*d* 62
hath in her suffering won...*n* 388
learn in suffering what they.*i* 337
can feed on suffering.....*v* 122
suffering's fire wherewith...*b* 193
suffering becomes beautiful.*i* 408
s's which have no tongue...*n* 408
suffering is the surest.....*o* 403
suffering in the bosom.....*s* 449
the cross of suffering bore...*l* 408
miserable, doing or suffering.*c* 462
to each his sufferings.....*aa* 396
Suffice-suffice for small souls..*r* 407
does not suffice.....*b* 224
Sufficeth-old rule s. them.....*s* 342
Sufficiency-an elegant s.....*i* 67
Sufficient-books are sufficient..*t* 40
Sugar-hath been as sugar*.....*u* 400
Suicide-s. renounces earth...*u* 408
Suit-press a s. with passion...*b* 479
th' embroidered s. at least...*e* 320
that suit an unpay'd tailor..*e* 320
trappings and the s's of woe*.*c* 187
Suitable-decent, as more s... *e* 407
Suitor-rejected several suitors.*w* 68
Sullied-torn, trampled, and s..*i* 457
Sully-far day sullies flowers...*g* 392
Sulphur-darkened with s.....*m* 449
Sultan-s., rich in many a gem..*p* 29
Sultry-quit the sultry field....*l* 295
Sum-the s. of all that makes*..*e* 257
make up my sum*.....*c* 246
make the s. of human things.*q* 442
summe up at night, what..*f* 356
sum of all their follies.....*x* 475
Summer-s's exalt the perfume..*g* 70
alone and summer's gone.....*e* 31
this guest of summer*. .....*f* 27
the comer of the summer.....*l* 32
it's surely summer... .....*p* 32
the summer's in prime.....*d* 70
when 'tis summer weather...*q* 23
day brings less s. cheer.....*t* 424
no summer then shall glow.*m* 105
s. took her flowery throne...*q* 141
upon their summer thrones.*v* 161
brave with the s's fair array.*a* 146
summer hath a close.....*f* 148
flamy pansy usher s. in.....*g* 148
summer's in a sea of glory*.*a* 347
to heaven hath a s's day.....*y* 398
in s's green blooming.....*p* 422
the summer of your youth..*j* 487
on s. days to lie at rest.....*n* 435
stormy winter, burning s...*u* 325
whilk sent this s. day.....*f* 485
at noon our sudden s. burns.*k* 370
harvests still the ripening s.*a* 371
summer will soon be here...*c* 371

forest in its summer prime..*h* 272
dews of summer night.....*j* 275
eternal s. shall not fade*....*o* 374
refulgent summer comes....*b* 375
any joy indulgent s. dealt...*e* 375
all s. long perpetual melody.*i* 375
s's throbbing chant is done..*n* 375
birds that were our s. guests *c* 376
summer lies low.....*m* 376
s. gathers up her robes of...*r* 376
march with s. does begin...*g* 148
summer knows but little....*l* 150
nursling of soft s. dawns....*u* 151
jolly sommer, being dight...*r* 374
summer is come.....*s* 374
the s. vine in beauty clung..*n* 377
eventide, the eventide of s..*a* 411
one summer's eve.....*u* 281
waft me to summers of old..*k* 126
the summer's flower is*.....*q* 130
bring winter and summer...*u* 401
made glorious summer*.....*e* 408
the trees though summer*..*u* 195
darling of the s. weather....*m* 126
follows not summer more*..*j* 251
shall see in a summer's day*.*q* 254
all the summer store.....*a* 131
children of summer.....*a* 132
along the river's s. walk.....*o* 133
the golden summer dies.....*l* 135
bloom doth summer bring..*a* 136
s. came, the green earth's...*c* 136
most meet for summer days.*i* 136
s., the chilling autumn*....*m* 370
s. blinks on flowery braes...*b* 374
the gorgeous fame of s.....*j* 386
dreams of the s. night.....*c* 390
eternal s. gilds them yet....*c* 374
green and fair the s. lies....*e* 374
there comes a s. sound.....*f* 374
s. is crowned with roses....*g* 374
glad s., fare thee well.....*h* 374
summer glow lieth low .....*j* 374
s. days beside the joyous sea.*k* 374
it's surely summer, for...*m* 374
s. dawn's reflected hue .....*n* 374
'tis the last rose of summer.*v* 153
it's sweets upon the s.....*i* 155
the s's generous lights.....*q* 156
'twas summer—I was glad..*k* 234
thy s's ardent strength.....*i* 236
nor long s. bide so late.....*g* 208
see on summer morning....*n* 278
many a summer the grass...*a* 279
the summers in her ark.....*c* 270
to show how costly s.*.....*p* 246
in their summer beauty*...*a* 222
tears of joy, like summer ...*b* 415
many s's in a sea of glory*...*e* 179
where is the pride of s.....*i* 432
s., beggared now and old....*e* 436
green not alone in summer.*h* 437
in s's drought I'll drop*.....*i* 352
beings of a summer's day....*t* 295
for the summer's dead.....*m* 466
Summer-house-s-h. that knows *t* 176
Summersault-his seconds....*m* 123
Summery-prodigal of s. shine.*d* 393
Summit-s., like all hills. .....*f* 114
snow to-day on thy s..... *r* 279
gilds the bright summit....*c* 201
has its summit in heaven...*c* 225
linger and play on its s .....*s* 124
Summon-knell that summons*.*k* 92
summons be, O death .....*t* 79
upon a fearful summons*...*b* 189
calmly wait tho summons...*s* 408
who shall resist the s's .....*u* 82
Summoner-dreadful s's grace*.*b* 263
Sum-total-is the living s-t....*h* 362
Sun-(low) descending s. views..*q* 2
set us in the s. of my years...*k* 6
against a setting sun* .....*d* 7
which never saw the sun. ....*a* 8
under Araby's soft sun.....*m* 29
hiding the warm sun.....*r* 59
the sun too, shines into.....*o* 64
the sun was set .....*b* 22
to the s. in lonely lands.....*p* 24
holds observance to the sun..*l* 25
sun ariseth in his majesty*...*h* 26
the s. would let me read.....*r* 36
dial to the sun.....*x* 63
the sun from the day.....*m* 90
farthing candle to the sun ...*e* 77
the sun is in the heaven*.....*e* 79
the sun in all his state.....*l* 79
wishes lengthen as our sun..*d* 90
pebbles glancing in the sun ..*u* 41
sun gazed cheerlessly .....*k* 30
tidings of the sun's uprise*.*m* 30
the sun in all his state.....*l* 79
when the sun sets*.....*d* 107
sun insists on gladness.....*k* 93
laughing in the summer s...*l* 109
bright sun glorifies the sky*.*l* 110
thou dost not strive, O sun..*i* 386
all, except their sun, is set..*c* 374
no sun to call her brightness.*x* 153
half in shade and half in s..*w* 154
that well-wooing sun.....*t* 155
on the s's noon-glory gaze..*m* 157
turn'd to the sun.....*n* 157
the s's revolving splendour..*p* 157
comes out when the s's away.*f* 158
long as there's a s. that sets.*h* 135
peeps the sun through .....*e* 271
s's grow meek, and the meek.*n* 272
hold the sun immeasurably.*a* 273
departing, distant sun.....*e* 273
storms keep out the sun.....*g* 231
for yet the sun was not.....*d* 237
sun beat hot and thirstily....*h* 422
to-morrow's s. to thee may...*f* 429
yon s. that sets upon the sea.*n* 430
by the sun of York*.....*e* 408
the next sun's rising.....*s* 313
others hail the rising sun...*b* 492
gorgeous as the sun at*....*bb* 496
at whose sight like the sun..*r* 501
proves the presence of the s.*o* 441
truth, like the sun.....*o* 443
sympathising sun his light..*e* 435
if the sun would ever shine..*j* 436
fear in his frown when the s.*k* 438
rain, rain, and sun.....*p* 352
as the sun breaks through*..*i* 200
the meek suns grow brief....*y* 465
serenely the sun sank.....*r* 466
steadfast as the noonday s..*q* 357
walks under the midday s...*v* 358
s. was red with rays of gold.*w* 325
common s., the air, the skies.*v* 322
yet never sleep the sun up...*g* 392
the sun doth light a storm*..*t* 397
good morrow to the sun*....*i* 481
over all, the blessed sun.....*b* 142
honeysuckle ripen'd by the s*.*n* 142
forbid the sun to enter*.....*n* 142
their beloved suns awake....*j* 161
bask'd him in the sun*.....*bb* 162
sun upon an Easter-day.....*c* 164
vernal s's and vernal gales...*v* 145
at the s's resplendent light..*k* 146
echoes the sun, and doth...*o* 146
the sun's and her power is..*p* 146
for the dew and the sun's....*t* 149
spring returns with the s's..*t* 371
as the dial to the sun.....*r* 122
dances in the golden sun....*d* 134
as yet, the early-rising sun..*n* 137
dewdrop from the sun.....*h* 139
children of the sun.....*b* 364
sun more beautifully steep..*h* 366
s. laughs sweetly downward.*m* 371
sun was laughing with.....*p* 371
the sun is bright.....*k* 372
greet the glowing sun.....*q* 372
snow-drops feel as yet the s..*b* 373
s. himself grow dim with age.*j* 207
the sun is laid to sleep.....*c* 275
the sun began to climb.....*s* 276
the glad sun, exulting.....*e* 277
ere the glorious s. be born...*i* 277
sun emerging opes an.....*t* 277
before the worshipp'd sun*..*v* 277
farewell of the glorious s.*...*y* 277
the golden sun salutes*.....*c* 278
full the glorious sun.....*h* 278
warms in the sun.....*b* 286
brighte sonne had lost his...*z* 287
the sun was sunk.....*s* 288
when ths sun is hid*.....*z* 289
fair disclosed, child of the s..*b* 375
down upon the autumn sun.*g* 376
sun shines not so brightly..*a* 378
sun through dazzling snow..*l* 378
glowing with the s's departed *h* 331
the sun was laughing.....*c* 221
shall be—beneath the sun...*b* 225
to live coeval with the sun..*f* 228
we live by an invisible sun.*u* 230
a world without a sun.....*a* 253
ere to-morrow's s. go down..*j* 253
when the sun concealed.....*g* 261
glad and glorious sun.....*k* 269
'neath the sun are born.....*h* 270
the golden sun gives not*...*h* 248
till the sun grows cold.....*r* 249
the kindling s. of summer...*c* 128
they first feel the sun.....*a* 129
the mild s. his paling lustre.*a* 411
wonder why the setting s....*c* 411
sun goes out of sight.....*e* 411
circulars from time the s....*e* 411
setting s. breaks out again ..*f* 411
down sank the great red s...*g* 411
stooping sun up-gathers his.*i* 411
the setting sun, and music*.*o* 411
how bright was the sun.....*q* 411
cradled near the setting sun.*a* 412
vision clear for stars and s..*d* 415
the sun's a thief* .....*a* 419

snatches from the sun*.....a 419
the noon-tide sun*.....r 460
sun and the dove.....c 242
sun's sweet ray is hovering.i 212
countest the steps of the s...c 157
a sky full of silent suns.....h 403
one sun by day by night...x 403
the sun himself!—on wings.f 123
till it meet the sun.....s 124
sun comes never near us....e 404
like the heaven's glorious s.*.p 406
see the sun! God's crest.....f 409
sun, centre and sire of light.g 409
radiant sun is nature's eye..j 409
the s. once more is glancing.l 409
the sun stands, at midnight.m 409
whence are thy beams, O s..n 409
s., of this great world both..r 409
O s., burn the great sphere*.t 409
shine out, fair sun*.....w 409
sun stays in his course*.....a 410
s. that shines upon his court*.c 410
sun is all about the world we.e 410
sun reflecting upon the wind.f 410
rising sun complies with...p 410
sun sinks down behind the..t 410
s with all diffusive rays.....l 454
the sun is set; and in.....t 446
amber wake of the long-set s.c 447
s. has lengthen'd ev'ry shade.f 447
sun hath made a golden set*.m 447
s. burns all our grass away..q 398
warms in the sun.....p 348
names were to blot out the s.s 473
Sunbeam-vanish'd in the s's*.m 24
sunbeams to the sky.....q 93
laughing s's thro' the.....a 141
sunbeams out of cucumbers.t 163
it is as true as sunbeams....h 469
but sunbeams lifted higher..d 399
motes that people the s's....p 212
sunbeams strike the daisies..s 277
rain-drops are pierced by s's.b 415
outward touch as the s.....e 445
s's dropped their gold.. ....g 446
s. pours over the cold.....s 467
Snnday-go to church on S.....f 49
S's, at the matin-chime.....a 369
S's of man's life, thredded...e 369
S. heaven's gates stand ope..e 369
does not divide the Sunday*.u 225
sigh away Sundays.....n 257
how pass your Sundays.....o 123
Sunflower-s's by the sides of..n 157
like a sunflower by a brook..c 380
tho s. turns on her god.....u 243
valorous sunflowers.....m 125
the broad-faced sunflower...n 125
sunflower, weary of time....c 157
where the sunflowers blow..d 157
yellow s. by the brook.....e 157
the sunflow'r, thinking.....g 157
s., that with warrior.....i 157
s., bright with yellow glow..j 157
sunflower of the spring.....k 157
sunflowers tall o'er top the...l 157
Sung-at her window sung*....d 386
bards who s. divine ideas....p 486
sung to call forth paramours.g 373
sung the loud song.....d 457
Sun-gleam-s-g's come and go..q 373
Sunk-truth is s. in the deep...e 446
sunk so low that sacred head.t 381
Sunless-twilight, and the s....k 446
Sunlight-s. flushes in the west.p 33
royal lilies in the sunlight..a 146
sunlight breaking thro'.....l 133
mellow sunlight brooding...a 136
sunlight over tombs ... .e 161
lingered where the s. stood..j 380
my lips, as sunlight.....o 222
Sunlit-came in a s. fall of rain.m 373
meadow blossom, of s. spaces.t 139
beneath the sunlit sky.....f 323
Sunny-summer all the s. days..l 32
thick in many a sunny spot.l 140
countless sunny hours.....i 272
it is a sunny, hour of play...t 243
daisies, sunny eyed .....p 127
spots of sunny openings....o 353
the shady side and the s.....g 487
and sunny as her skies.....g 473
marigolds toward the s. side.b 487
Sun-observing-marigold.....b 147
Sunrise-s. wakes the lark to....d 26
still toward s. on the vault...e 32
enter there, ere sun-rise*....l 345
Sunset-sunset of life gives me...p 5
clouds come o'er the sunset...n 5
dreadful day-book open till s.h 10
just after sunset.....j 59
sunset's last reflected shine..c 135
ere sunset all is snow.....k 370
through the sunset of hope..y 201
golden sunset leaves its ray..p 153
maple swamps glow like a s..d 435
o'er all alike the imperial s..m 184
mocking the sunset skies....l 148
Sunshine-the s. fails, the.....h 6
despis'd in the s. hours.....c 29
sit in s. calm and sweet.....a 79
blest power of sunshine.....a 79
and made a sunshine.....y 111
in the s. strikes the blow....o 117
out-face that sunshine.....y 108
seen s. and rain at once*.....t 110
sunshine fill the shady place.i 144
gracious as s., sweet as dew..j 145
yellow as sunshine, purple as.h 148
the evening winds, the s....j 148
the sunshine and the dew...n 134
made s. rifts of splendor....a 135
to spot with s. the early ....m 137
and ripens in the sunshine*.c 211
sunshine and perfect blue...b 271
sparkling sunshine smiling..a 272
the sweet calm sunshine....o 272
the s. is a glorious birth.....e 208
eternal sunshine settles.....s 279
pour back the s. hoarded....e 436
pledge of peace and s.....r 352
love is sunshine.....o 493
May's warmest sunshine lies b 466
sunshine of kind looks.....c 466
lusty sunshine fall.....g 289
dreams of s. and June.....h 378
us while we walk in the s...d 168
springs to meet the s.....o 242
the sunshine of the breast..o 415
the soul's calm sunshine...q 454
sunshine broken in the rill..s 409
though turned astray, is s...s 409
showers the s. gushes down.j 410
Sup-anger's my meat, I sup*..h 11
Superfluity-comes sooner by*..k 7
Superior-sick of his superior* x 103
Superstition-the s. in which..d 412
superstition is related to....e 412
s.! howsoe'er disguised.....b 412
s. is a senseless fear.....c 412
Supper-which is called s.*....a 100
flocks had ta'en their supper n 259
is s. ready, the house*.....q 302
Supper-time-till s-t. alone*....e 394
Suppliant-readmit the s.....b 165
every sigh a contrite s.....e 180
thus the suppliant prays....s 232
Supplication-thanks and s....e 432
Supply-if heaven send no s's..c 348
Support-but to support him*.p 195
s's the mind s's the body too.l 200
what is low, raise and s.....l 348
Supremacy-seek for rule, s.*..y 476
Supreme-thou Good Supreme..c 90
who stands s. in power .....e 143
supreme he sits.....d 304
Sure-assurance doubly s*.....v 118
to make sure .....q 251
that is sure to come.....o 175
sure as night follows day...x 334
God's mill grinds slow but s b 363
sure of man through praise.r 475
Surely-or surely you'll grow..e 406
Thou art, art s. as in heaven 348
its s. summer, for there's m 374
Surety-wound of peace is s.*..v 485
Surf-yet, creature of the surf..d 32
Surface-shifting s. cherishes...p 49
to brush the surface.....m 68
straws upon the surface....x 104
Surfeit-a s. of the sweetest*...b 100
s. with too much*.....k 100
no crude surfeit reigns.....l 332
surfeit out of action*.....v 329
Surge-breasting the lofty s.*..k 313
where'er the s. may sweep..j 117
sweep, and a surge sublime.s 427
Surgeon-a surgeon to old*....f 319
Surgery-hath no skill in s.*...x 199
Surgical-s. operation to get a.v 406
Surmise-pipe blown by s's*...x 368
canst not tell nor yet s.....c 429
Surpass-surpasses or subdues.k 452
Surprise-parts unequally s...m 296
take her by surprise.....a 352
captivate, yet not surprise..e 478
Surrender-dies, but never s's..o 41
Surrounded-should be s.....v 172
Survey-and round survey....v 197
monarch of all I survey....w 394
Surveyed-s. are ignorantly led.j 403
Survive-all thoughts else s...m 222
s. or perish I give my hand..a 330
survives himself, his tomb.m 480
Susceptible-s. persons are.....a 380
Suspect-friends s. for traitors*.a 63
suspects himself a fool.....t 278
suspects, yet strongly loves*.o 215
one of those I might suspect.f 412
men s. your tale untrue.....k 444
Suspecting-I am not suspicious q 361
Suspicion-banish squint s.....v 48
suspicion sleeps at..... ...o 61

should be above suspicion..*g* 412
suspicion always haunts*...*j* 412
intending deep suspicion*..*i* 294
s. sleeps at wisdom's.....*m* 469
Suspicious-is always s.....*b* 341
Suspire-but yesterday did s.*.c 176
Sustain-the prop that doth s.*.*r* 91
words, "s." and "abstain"...*j* 332
s's, and agitates the whole...*z* 180
Sustained-s. and soothed by..*k* 360
Swaggering-with a s. accent*..*p* 291
Swain-the s. in barren deserts.*a* 226
to the thirsty swain.....*m* 244
Swallow-s. twitters about.....*a* 33
the synagogue of swallows..*m* 32
swallow felt the deepest grief.*n* 32
I said to the little swallow....*o* 32
come one swallow..... .*p* 32
there goes the swallow.....*q* 32
the swallow sweeps the.....*b* 33
in spouts the s's build. .....*e* 115
the swallow follows not*...*j* 251
come before the swallow*...*r* 137
restless swallows building...*l* 271
one s. does not make spring.*o* 370
swallows, rooks, and stares..c 285
darting s's soar and sing....*k* 372
s's speed their journey.....*d* 373
one s., his mate will follow.*m* 374
takes, opens, swallows it....*s* 307
Swallowed-others to be s.....*l* 36
and joy are swallowed.....*w* 383
Swallow-flight-s-f's of song...*p* 396
Swan-the s. with arched neck..*f* 33
never turn a s's black legs*...*h* 33
swan with bootless labour*...*i* 33
soft as the swan.....*j* 30
two swans all white as.....*c* 33
the swan's down feathers*...*j* 33
the stately-sailing swan.....*k* 33
s. through the summer sea..*h* 313
think thy swan a crow*.....*q* 111
s. flocks of lilies shoreward.*n* 161
we went, like Juno's swans*.*e* 171
Sward-pushes up the sward..*m* 137
daisies upon the sacred s....*q* 138
Swarthy-rose gloomed s. red..*j* 134
Sway-rejoicing in thy sway...*q* 275
so sways she level in her*...*g* 258
prevailed with double sway.*j* 317
nor in the envied sway.....*l* 191
with absolute sway.....*d* 327
moves, and s's the fallen...*m* 474
Swayed-empire might have s..*n* 48
Swear-s., fool, or starve.....*i* 162
I s., I use no art at all*.....*t* 211
O, s. not by the moon*.....*q* 208
swears a prayer or two*.....*f* 121
let us s. an eternal friendship.*c* 173
to swear against you*.....*f* 219
they s. it, till affirmance.....*i* 291
but if you swear by that*...*n* 291
do not swear at all*.....*o* 291
swear by thy gracious self*..*o* 291
to swear unto a sin*.....*r* 291
swear not*.....*q* 292
swear next day my face.....*s* 313
Swearing-s. by his honour*...*n* 291
s. till my very roof*.....*k* 248
Sweat-drops bloody sweat*.....*e* 4
with pearly s., resembling*..*i* 190
Sweep-and madly s. the sky*...*d* 25
s. of all embracing laws.....*e* 370
who sweeps a room.....*m* 279
sweep over thee in vain.....*s* 322
Sweeping-s. with shadowy gust.*t* 467
Sweet-diffuse their balmy s's....*b* 4
speak, s., I'd have you do it*..*z* 3
ah, sweet content, where.....*k* 65
sweet are the thoughts.....*h* 66
where most sweets are.....*o* 87
so coldly sweet.....*h* 80
sweet day, so cool.....*o* 78
'tis sweet, in some retreat....*q* 23
all that's sweet was made.....*c* 87
sweets are, there lyes a snake.*o* 87
only a s. and virtuous soul...*a* 64
s. is zealous contemplation*..*v* 64
I found it sweet and fair.....*l* 142
sweet and has many.....*u* 143
every flower is sweet to me..*f* 145
and all the world of sweets...*t* 147
and seeming sweet and fair..*q* 149
some day—some s. day.....*n* 175
s. to me thy drowsy tone....*i* 272
s. through the green leaves..*d* 275
sweet is the rose.....*d* 131
sweet is the juniper.....*d* 131
sweet is the eglantine.....*d* 131
sweet is the firbloom.....*d* 131
sweet is the cypress.....*d* 131
swete as is the bremble flour.*k* 134
pleasures newly found are s.*i* 135
clover is too sweet to lose...*b* 136
daisy is so sweet.....*h* 138
has made the pasture sweet..*o* 138
the sweet forget-me-nots....*n* 140
box where s's compacted lie.*a* 372
spring, full of sweet dayes..*a* 372
'tis sweet, as year by year...*r* 169
rose, mid dewy sweets.....*d* 151
sweet rose, whose hue.....*m* 152
s. and fair she seems to be .*d* 155
its sweets upon the summer.*i* 155
gave temperate sweets.....*t* 155
s's so thanklessly are shed...*g* 156
sweet verbena, which being..*o* 158
and smells so sweet .....*p* 159
s. ornament which truth*...*n* 385
s. as the deep-blue violet...*bb* 159
violets, sweet March violets.*g* 160
adversity's sweet milk*.....*n* 332
sweet, in Lydian measures..*t* 332
sweet the pleasure.....*d* 334
sweet is the air.....*i* 372
half so sweet in life.....*a* 244
how sweet is love itself*.....*q* 245
a preserving sweet*.....*b* 247
coming my own, my sweet..*f* 250
sending its s's upon the.....*l* 374
party, to enjoy its sweets...*h* 375
is far less sweet .....*i* 261
because it hath been sweet..*l* 262
diffuse their balmy sweets..*q* 127
the violet—solution sweet...*q* 128
rustic solitude 'tis sweet....*k* 129
converse, so short, so sweet..*h* 171
in their amber sweets.....*x* 335
sweet food of sweetly uttered.*i* 340
last taste of sweets; is*.....*o* 411
join'd in connection sweet..*q* 413
stolen sweets are always....*v* 418
life is not always sweet.....*s* 231
hard, was s. and delectable .*u* 400
by distance made more.. .. *l* 81
'tis sweet to see the evening *y* 287
'tis sweet to listen as the.. .*y* 287
'tis sweet to view on high ..*y* 287
how sweet, when labours. .*a* 289
sweet are the slumbers. . .*a* 453
for the heart, like a s. voice .*d* 456
world, and all her fading s's *f* 426
a s. voice, a little indistinct.*k* 456
sweet is revenge.... .....*j* 363
river glideth at his own s....*h* 366
hero is not fed on sweets....*i* 196
s. as the presence of a woman *k* 410
extracting liquid sweet.....*g* 436
sweet from the green mossy *v* 461
a wilderness of sweets.....*b* 326
parting is such s. sorrow*...*t* 326
and every sweet its sour ....*i* 495
'tis sweet to know there is. .*i* 463
sweets to the s. ; farewell* *f* 498
sweets with s's war not*...*gg* 498
sweets grown common*....*dd* 498
s. as English air could make *i* 478
beautiful as sweet.....*w* 478
ladies call him sweet*.....*a* 341
so deeply sweet, as he*.....*d* 391
deep rest and sweet.....*h* 392
how sweet, though lifeless..*k* 392
passing sweet is solitude....*v* 394
whisper-solitude is sweet...*v* 394
Sweeten-s's every bitter cup..*t* 357
sorrows remembered s.....*h* 397
verse sweetens toil.....*p* 385
Sweetened-s. by all that is.....*j* 99
Sweetener-of life and soldier..*e* 172
Sweeter-s. none than voice....*j* 170
s. than the lids of Juno's*...*n* 160
s. than perfume itself.*.....*g* 315
odours crushed are sweeter..*e* 442
s. than the sweet ambrosial *z* 470
silence s. is than speech....*h* 383
Sweetest-to be lost when s.....*c* 87
brightest still the sweetest...*b* 45
s. the strain when in.....*u* 385
s. are the spotless lilies. ....*f* 145
sweetest heard in loudest....*j* 170
I saw the sweetest flower....*i* 155
s. things turn sourest*.....*q* 130
s. meats the soonest cloy ...*q* 451
our sweetest songs are those *p* 369
s. of all sounds is praise.....*p* 343
he the sweetest of all singers *s* 385
Sweetly-s. sounds the voice...*i* 456
so s. she bade me adieu.....*x* 326
s. as a nightingale*.....*m* 477
Sweetness-wild s. I wak d .....*a* 71
our lives' sweetness*.....*i* 84
all the s. of a gift unsought..*h* 148
folds the lily all her s. .....*l* 161
in sweetness, not in music..*n* 161
gulfs of s. without bounds...*i* 272
swooning in sweetness.....*h* 154
the single drop of sweetness *a* 212
its s. the blossom beguile...*j* 126
brimm'd with s. o'er.....*g* 127
proportioned to their s.....*h* 231
linked s. long drawn out...*m* 282
whose very sweetness.....*n* 284
sweetness and light.....*b* 291

sweetness on the desert air..x 292
Swell-it swells, seas of sound*..j 21
raptures swell the note.....a 27
swells and rolls away.....f 404
swell and are no more.....s 236
nor swell too high.....a 283
of waters broadly s's.....k 366
s's, the more it promises*...366
Swelling-s. like an orange....a 275
s. in anger or sparkling.....z 323
Swept-charms are s. away....h 270
Swerve-s a hair's breadth.....r 444
Swerving-a most unnoblo s.*.b 360
Swift-s. in atoning for error....j 49
how s. their prisoned rays..a 145
too swift arrives as tardy*..i 247
life is short, and time is s...z 491
nature's swift and secret...n 373
hope is swift and flies with*.v 201
swift of foot misfortune is..k 267
swift kindnesses are best...a 220
and Swift expires.....t 232
swift, and of a silken sound.p 423
Swifter-s. than lightning.....v 420
bullets, wind, thought, s.*.,d 370
s. than arrow from the*....hh 498
Swiftness-of matchless s.....d 83
outrun by violent swiftness*.c 44
with unwearied s. move.....i 410
s., hut of silent pace .....n 390
Swim-swim hefore my sight...r 244
sink or swim, live or die....a 330
boys that s. on bladders*....a 347
wiscly swim, or gladly sink.i 421
Swine-fell into a groveling s...o 12
in the grov'ling swine.....r 12
Swing-gay flowers grow s.your o 372
Sword-and sheath'd their s's*..t 14
twenty of their swords*.....c 110
your swords are tempered*..t 119
I with sword will open*.....s 484
mightier than the sword....s 299
s. on starting threads upon..p 200
sword of heaven will bear*..s 317
as a sword, and was not seen.s 446
sword of flashing lilies.....l 137
bore at the point of the s...u 152
not with the two-edged s....b 216
have a s., and it shall hite..f 361
nor the deputed sword*.....l 263
come God's sword rather....v 266
my s. glued to my scabhard.e 458
the sword of Michael.....o 458
sword sit laurel victory*....c 459
he who the s. of heaven*....h 217
s., gown, gain, glory, offer..y 239
spears and swords unhlest..w 407
it eats the s. lt fights with*..e 451
with a naked sword.....e 283
dire s's unto the peaceful..aa 300
famous by my sword.....a 495
sword of heaven will bear*..q 197
take away the sword.....v 299
sword, hold thy temper*...ii 498
his sword did ne'er leave*..b 461
Swordsmen-prove sinewy s*..g 312
Swore-my soul's belov'd s.... j 221
that ever swore her faith*...l 305
Sworn-God hath s. to lift on..a 203
I'll he sworn thou art*.....c 178
may, in the sworn twelve*..q 218
s. on every slight pretence..j 291
or having sworn too*.....t 291
Sycamore-s's with eglatine...n 155
hrim over from s hlossoms..a 441
Syllable-s's govern the world.n 226
yelled out like syllahle*....m 397
last s. of recorded time*.....l 429
tongues that s. men's names.b 430
Sylvan-October ranged its s...a 441
a sylvan scene.....n 432
Sylvia-hy S. in the night*.....b 246
for Sylvia let me gain.....q 244
Symbol-we trace a holier s....q 148
all things are symbols .....n 412
doubly blessed symhol.....h 386
Symbonc-s.of divine mysteries.i 296
Symbolical-of women are s....p 482
Sympathetic-the s. tear .....j 413
source of sympathetic tcars.n 415
Sympathize-with rage doth s...r 72
s. with those that weep.....a 414
Sympathizing-s. with my.....q 412
Sympathy-in souls a s. with..b 413
melts with social sympathy.f 413
craving for s. is the.....k 413
much of sympathy helow....l 413
a sympathy in choice*.....x 413
sympathy is especially a....b 414
literary friendship is a s....q 172
s's that tremble there .....s 173
it is the secret sympathy...n 245
in the want of sympathy....n 312
hope and s. that men.....r 345
pity, by sweet sympathy....g 475
Symphonious-the sound s....r 282
Symphony-the angclic s.....i 57
playing celestial s's.....r 466
Synagogue-flock the s. of.....m 32
Syrup-sweetened with syrups..e 99
drowsy syrups of the world*.c 391
System-s's exercise the mind..i 266
atoms or systems into ruin..r 348

T.

Table-near a thousand t's pined.f 68
tables were stor'd full*.....n 89
hath in the table of his law*.n 280
my tables,—meet it is*.....c 205
drink a measure the t. round*.n 264
the table is this place.....o 293
grace ..t table is a song.....a 340
there is the head of the t .. g 494
that best becomes the table*.v 188
a three-legg'd t., O ye fates..n 301
Table-cloth-great deal of t-c....i 99
Tagus-T. dashing onward to...j 364
Tail-hird, whose t's a diadem..p 29
his tail takes in his mouth..m 123
the eel of science by the tail.j 209
what is my tail cut off.....a 124
my thill-horse has on his t.*.d 322
Tailor-t., and the cook forsake.p 77
tailors' lays he longer.....s 319
great is the tailor.....t 319
new creation of my tailor's..u 319
commending a tayler for....a 320
tailors had their husinesse..a 320
hath your tailor made yon..c 320
god-tailor and god-mercer...d 320
unpay'd t. snatch'd away....e 320
a score or two of tailors*....g 320
a tailor make a man*.....h 320
a tailor, sir.....h 320
nor thy tailor, rascal*.....i 320
come, tailor, let us see t*... j 320
tailor, call'st thou this*.....y 320
Taint-or any taint of vice*....t 210
never taint my love*.....u 440
Take-which of them shall I t. .. 56
like that it takes away.....o 216
take what Thou wilt away...u 407
you t. with unthankfulness*.r 210
take all the rest the sun....m 250
take all the rest; but give...n 435
should t. who have the power.s 342
who seeks, and will not t.*..t 324
Taken-all are not taken.....j 63
when taken to he well shaken.i 309
an equal, taken from his side.o 478
Tale-many a tale their.....d 21
Christmas told the merriest t.n 57
I could a tale unfold*.....w 43
and every tale condemns*...w 62
point a moral, or adorn a t..d 115
tales and informations*.....t 103
the tender t. which flowers..f 123
the tale that I relate.....n 256
tales that to me were so dear.m 260
wondrous tale of love to tell.a 274
a tale once fully told..... ..y 284
as a twice-told tale.....z 284
pity at some mournful tale..a 122
in every tale they tell.....i 291
tale which holdeth children.m 366
for seldom shall she hear t u 102
honest tale speeds best*.....p 198
and therehy hangs a tale*. .t 234
as a twice-told tale*.....h 235
listen may, unto a tale.....p 237
breathe out the tender tale..p 239
I say the tale as twas said...i 306
a tale in everything.....m 501
men suspect your t. untrue.k 444
how plain a tale shall*.....o 445
so like an old tale*.....l 306
a school hoy's tale .....e 490
Talent-talents angel-bright.....c 10
impartiality their talents...q 101
ruin of all the young talent..s 101
nature is the master of t....o 177
knoweth much hy natural t..s 177
talents multiply our woes..w 177
fools, let them use their t's*.d 470
talent of our English nation.k 356
his single t. well employ'd..f 293
has no talent at writing.....t 297
pernicious talent.....r 472
Talk-of to-morrow's cowslips..t 41
talk's to me that never had*..f 65
who talks much must talk...q 68
he talks right glibly .....q 92
talk of murders*.....j 459
talk to us in silence*.....w 414
talk with civet in the room.w 314
burthen, when it t's too long.j 471
and witty to talk with .. ...g 478
talk hut a tinkling cymhal..h 394
not much talk—a great.....y 382
t. only to conceal their mind.z 400
in after-dinner talk.....q 100
more than echoes talk.....z 100
talk of graves, of worms*....h 104

and ye talk together still....i 137
daisy! again I talk to thee...i 139
it needs no talk.....z 241
'tis greatly wise to talk.....k 379
in Easteru lands they talk...s 129
who talks too much.....g 414
talks much must talk in....h 414
gods, how he will talk.....j 414
loves to hear himself talk*..l 414
chance to t. a little while*...n 414
talk him out of patience*....r 414
let it serve for table talk*....t 414
I never spent an hour's t*...j 264
Talked-that least t. about....h 224
he talked like other folks.....l 68
t. with looks profound.....i 414
will what others talked of...m 52
we talked—oh, how we t.....l 239
talked the night away.....n 311
Talkers-t's are no doers*.....u 414
low-breathed talkers.....e 387
Talking-listening than by t...k 102
t. is not always to converse .f 414
I profess not talking*.....o 414
Talons-falcon's piercing t's*...c 74
Tall-were I so tall to reach. ...j 266
hero should be always tall...f 196
Tam-Tam maun ride.....a 423
Tamer-thou t. of the human....c 4
Tangled-richly t. overhead ...p 133
fire-flies t. in a silver braid..u 403
Taper-answer ye, evening t's..b 336
about the taper here*..... l 287
thee their light, like tapers.m 402
to us but sad, funeral tapers.q 193
moths around a taper.....a 401
like the gleaming t's light..w 200
life's taper at the close.....n 359
eyes, like two funeral t's....f 450
Tapistry-rafters, than in t. hall..d 73
Tar-cheers the tar's labour....q 320
Tara-once through T's halls..u 282
Tardily-resolves more t. and..q 360
Tardy-too swift arrives as t*..i 247
Tarried-have I not tarried*...n 302
Tartar-bow that guards the T..i 276
than arrow from the T's*..hh 498
Task-fulfilleth the t. which....d 92
with the bcon a t. is given...n 98
a task performed by few....b 251
now my t. is smoothly done.m 225
tasks make large returns ...d 228
tasks of love to stay.....c 244
had a rougher t. in hand*...r 246
with weary task foredone*...s 225
whose sore task*.....u 225
task when many share.....h 195
nor mean the task .....t 314
every loyal lover t's his wit..e 450
his task marked out.....j 324
delightful task! to rear.....l 304
for tasks well ended ere.....q 275
hasten to her t. of beauty...a 373
thy daily tasks to do.....e 277
gentle means and easy t's*..k 178
in time-long task of toil ....a 483
Taste-a taste for books .....g 38
the bad taste of the smoker..t 182
t. of sweets is sweetest last* .o 411
a taste of heaven below.....o 250
never t. who always drink..h 496
with a little more taste....l 496
his taste is refined.....b 354
conversion so sweetly t's*..k 385
t. of death upon my lips...r 444
alone their taste confine.....x 471
to man's dainty taste. .....r 472
eager to t. the honied spring.u 486
Tasted-cursorily to be tasted of f 38
some books are to be tasted.t 352
Tasting-t. strong of guilt.....b 217
Taught-who first to mortals t...n 32
taught us how to live.....d 86
taught us how to die .....d 86
in friendship I was early t..k 172
never can be taught.....l 177
words are t. you from her..m 473
folly's all they've t. me.....q 475
say, I taught thee*.....j 304
Taunt-becomes it thee to t.*...b 65
Tavern-has not been at a t....p 303
Tax-therein tax any private*..g 347
Taxed-t. for a corner to die in..j 60
but never t. for speech*....m 383
Tea-tea! thou soft, thou sober.k 320
take, and sometimes tea.....l 320
tea does our fancy aid.....m 320
Teach-teach him how to live...r 56
experience teaches slowly...n 107
he teaches best.....g 108
teach us to be strong.....k 141
the foolish ofttimes t. the..f 195
teach thee soon the truth...m 271
what they teach in song.....i 337
immortality alone could t...t 207
t. me to feel another's woe..m 228
O ye! who teach.....v 303
to teach the young idea .....l 304
t. me my days to number...w 470
t. twenty what were good*..u 317
teach me how to name*.....i 297
who should t. men to die....x 299
without sneering, t. the rest.b 343
t. him how to tell my story*.r 479
Teacher-nature be your t.....m 33
teachers of wisdom .....e 40
daily t's had been the woods.i 108
the teachers of our law.....d 224
the teacher in her thought..k 304
Teaching-list to nature's t's...i 285
no teaching until the pupil.a 304
there is a teaching.....a 304
Team-heavenly harness'd t. *b 410
Tear-mine own tears do scald*..c 5
weary of toil and of tears.....g 5
my darkness and tears.....k 6
cannot stop their tears.....t 54
drying up a single tear.....k 63
checks with artificial tears*..k 88
kiss'd again with tears.....b 68
the homage of a tear.....g 90
thy booteless teares.....i 83
dewdrops, nature's tears.....k 93
tears which stars weep.....l 93
tears of mournful eve.....m 93
tears no bitterness.....t 112
often lie too deep for tears...e 132
ilk cowslip cup shall kep a t.p 137
wet with tears of the first...d 137
she wept tear after tear.....r 125
where fall the tears of love..e 126
bright with friendship's t's.e 126
fill their cups with tears....k 132
with happy tears of dew.....s 138
betwixt a smile and a tear..x 252
cleansing them from tears*.a 255
most unrighteous tears*....q 257
and gave me up to tears*...h 279
'tis the tear that fell.....t 339
his language in his tears*...o 226
eyes are full of tears.....a 160
the morn her earliest tears. r 184
on his grave rains many a t*.d 185
worse than tears drown*....b 187
glazed with blinding tears*.d 187
flattered to t's this aged man.y 281
there are eloquent tears ...a 282
still ushered with a tear.... s 284
a night of tears .....m 288
wronged orphan's tears.....e 458
a man without a tear.....aa 403
tears, which trickle salt.....r 412
to misery (all he had) a tear.i 413
smile, the sympathetic tear.j 413
a tear for pity, and a hand*.y 413
tears, feeling's bright.....a 415
tears of joy, like summer...b 415
not a tear must o'er her fall..c 415
tears will run soon.....d 415
all I ask—all I wish—is a t...e 415
the unanswerable tear.....f 415
ours are the tears.....g 415
not shock'd at tears.....h 415
there is a tear for all that die.i 415
your eyelids wip'd a t*.. ....i 178
a shower of commanded t's*.s 178
weep your tears into the*...a 366
dewdrops, nature's tears....a 415
her income tears .....c 193
drop a tear, and bid adieu...v 220
when embalmed in tears ..m 245
her smiles and t's were like* o 498
dropp'd a t. upon the word..e 292
ne'er stole a gentle tear.....g 322
sands of life with tears.....h 326
with your tears moist the*..o 300
strange to tears save drops.a 448
mocks the tears it forced to..t 449
tear his helpless bosom.....t 358
with my repentent t's*.....j 359
with a tear in every line.....f 261
thy sister flood of tears*.....b 264
baptized in tears..... .....a 267
the tears of wrath and strife.g 268
every tear is answered.....i 270
I drown'd these news in t's*m 306
the moon into soft tears*...a 419
fallen a splendid tear.....h 250
test of affection's a tear.....j 415
tear most sacred, shed.....k 415
beauty's tears are lovelier...l 415
tears were provided for.....m 415
t's have fallen in perpetual .m 415
source of sympathetic tears.n 415
tear forgot as soon as shed..o 415
hide not thy tears.....p 415
my tears must stop.....q 415
passage of an angel's tear....r 415
tears such as angels weep...s 415
in his tears was happier....u 415
tears! the awful language ..v 415
bless'd be the the tear.....w 415
tear so limpid and so meek..a 416

t. down childhood's cheek..b 416
a marble to her tears*.....c 416
did be break into tears*.....d 416
language in his tears*.....f 416
my drops of tears*.....g 416
did not think to shed a tear*.h 416
team with woman's tears*...i 416
if you have tears, prepare*..j 416
gave me up to tears*.....k 416
lively acted with my tears*..l 416
tears, shed there, shall be*..p 416
drop tears as fast as*.....q 416
sad unhelpful tears*.....r 416
tears of lamentation*.....t 416
big round tears coursed*...u 416
tears that you have shed*...v 416
tears stood on her cheeks*..w 416
tears live in an onion*.....y 416
have drawn salt tears*.....z 416
in a house of tears*.....c 417
I should say my t's gainsay*.b 417
fill it with my tears ... .f 417
tears, idle tears, I know.....g 417
tears from the depths.....g 417
big round tears run down...h 417
key of the fountain of tears... 417
tears are the silent languagej 417
dim with childish tears.....k 417
the philosophy of tears.....l 417
have breath and tears.....g 389
in silence and tears.....j 326
t. her tattered ensign down..i 329
busy have no time for tears..t 396
make it with thy tears.....h 399
law which moulds a tear....s 348
first tears quench'd by her..m 473
feign'd tears, inconstancies.x 475
that weep and t's that speak.s 480
like Niobe, all tears*.....u 476
her tears will pierce into*...x 476
bear a train of smiles and t's n 423
the salt of human tears.....l 427
through the realms of t's....e 427
smiles of joy, the t's of wo.m 484
bathed with blood and tears u 484
bright the t. in beauty's eye.i 490
Tear-drop-tear-drop glistened.t 415
Tearful-breaking heart and t..u 474
Tease-ye thus t. me together...i 474
Teasing-half teasing and half..d 271
Te Deum-together sung T. D*.z 283
Tedious-tedious is this day*...n 13
what so tedious as a twice ..z 284
as tedious as to work*.....k 197
prattle to be tedious*.....l 294
life is as tedious*.....h 235
abstract and record of t.*...hh 496
tedious it were to tell*.....g 200
which makes it tedious*...f 294
Teem-t's, but hateful docks*...l 130
teem with woman's tears*...i 416
Teeth-chattering his t. for cold.g 378
give lettered pomp to teeth..a 338
live and tell him to his t.*...s 362
even to the teeth*.....h 308
teeth from the fierce tiger's*.f 426
Tell-I'll tell you no fibs.....q 77
one thing and another tell..p 113
live and t. him to his teeth*.s 363
tell me not in mournful.....i 233
while you live, tell truth*...q 445
tell truth; and shame the*...q 445
t. truth, and shame the devil.b 446
Temper-blest with temper.....g 50
man of such feeble temper*..j 166
dauntless t. of his mind*.....t 72
touch of celestial temper....o 113
much in temper, but they...j 256
make men's temper bad....m 417
hot temper leaps o'er a cold*.n 417
once stir my temper*.....i 455
an equal temper know.....a 283
yet I shall temper so.....x 265
God tempers the wind to....h 349
nature made thee to t. man..v 473
Temperament-t. and not of art.s 451
Temperance-rein'd again to t.*.i 11
temperance is a tree which..o 417
a pet of temp'rance.....s 417
by temperance taught.....u 417
ask God for temperance*....w 417
beget a t. that may give*....q 294
health consists with t.....v 495
Temperate-is learned and t....r 224
Tempered-t. so that neither...o 458
Tempest-break nor t's roar.....v 80
tempest's breath prevail.....j 117
with rain and t. above.....m 375
looks on t's and is never*...p 208
swell'd with t's on the ship.i 404
tempests charge the sky.....j 404
from thy shore the t.*.....l 404
t's, when the scolding*.....o 404
tempest dropping fire*.....o 404
the tempest growls.....a 405
windy t. of my heart*.....s 416
has been thrown by tempest.g 317
glasses itself in tempests....a 323
born of tempest.....d 158
and rocked by tempests.....l 365
ocean into tempest wrought.a 324
foretells a tempest and*....m 467
tempest in my mind*.....c 398
in that silence we the t. fear.s 382
where of ye, O tempests.....b 422
Tempestuous-bark o'er a t. sea..g 6
Temple-dwell in such a t.*.....e 19
vessels of the temple.....k 36
the solemn temples*.....k 46
t's, at once, and landmarks...h 39
the mortal t's of a king*.....m 85
t. rear'd its everlasting.....n 74
temple and tower went.....b 47
God hath a temple.....t 57
no sooner is a temple built...b 58
arches, broken temples.....f 59
fly from so divine a temple*.e 393
the temple of fame stands...t 114
nests in fame's great temple.e 115
within their chiefest t., I'll*.e 185
temple in ruins stands.....s 368
groves were God's first t's....e 432
T. Bar to Aldgate street.....c 492
I went into the t. there.....d 224
God buildeth up His living t.s 197
the t. of their hireling hearts.q 181
we quote t's and houses.....e 351
Tempt-we t. the heights of art.u 336
'tis we tempt him.....a 418
tempts by making rich.....c 418
devils soonest tempt*.....e 418
tempt into a close exploit*...i 418
t. the frailty of our power*..k 418
Temptation-all t. to trangress..f 72
temptations hurt not.....b 418
way going to temptation*...h 418
dangerous is that t.*.....j 418
some temptations come.... n 418
temptation attack the idle .n 418
strong temptations planted o 418
temptation hath a music....p 418
world where strong t's.....i 395
Tempter-the tempter turned..y 166
Ten-ten to the world allot.....l 424
Tenable-be t. in your silence* c 379
Tenantless-the graves stood t.*.x 34
Tend-t's to make one worthy.u 330
Tender-with a respect more t.*.f 71
as thou art tender to't*.....k 77
tender-handed stroke a.....t 71
their pavilions of t. green...f 146
the tender, sweet arbutus...g 133
t. blue bells at whose birth..s 130
all tender like gold.....i 212
so sad, so t., and so true....u 192
a respect more tender*.....w 329
tender violet bent in smiles.r 160
steps with a tender foot....m 164
gives to the t. and the good.m 256
to bear too tender.....j 244
t. on the whole than fierce..h 473
nothing can equal the t.....c 486
Tenderness-its t. and make*..i 286
Tendril-with t's strong as.....y 40
red t's and pink flowers.....j 142
Tenet-tenets with books.....d 46
in some nice tenets might..u 231
Tennis-ball-stuffed t-b's*.....b 322
Tennis-court-that vast t-c.*...r 118
Tenor-tenor of his way.....q 6
noiseless tenor of their way j 232
Tent-low doorway of my tent..j 10
dusky-curtained tents of....e 277
among their shining t's....m 365
little tents of odour.....h 154
within my tent his bones*..w 454
Tented-action in the t. field*..v 400
Term-happiest terms I have*..q 113
Terminated-which t. all.....e 240
Ternate-Ternate and Tidore...e 313
Terrible-happy thou art t.....v 85
nothing terrible in death....p 82
too terrible for the ear*.....g 280
guilt's a terrible thing.....z 188
and terrible in storm.....l 427
t. than active ignorance.....d 206
Terror-spake the grisly terror .n 82
long their t's rest unspread..aa 93
overcome his own t. is a hero.x 120
t. to the soul of Richard*....p 380
t., Cassius, in your threats*..s 198
takes its t. from the grave...t 357
who strikes t. into others....e 448
do not know the terrors of...y 323
and not their terror*.....r 308
Test-t. of time and trial.....f 175
test of affection's a tear.....j 415
habit with him was all the t.f 189
Testament-t. of bleeding war*.p 459
the commons hear this t.*...a 184
Testy-t. sick men when*.....o 192
Teviot-T.! on thy silver tide...t 365
Text-t. that looks a little blot...s 40

holy t. around she strews....d 104
read ev'ry t. and gloss over..h 332
approve it with a text*.....j 358
Thames-what my T's affords..c 124
Thank-small thanks are still the..k 4
even poor in thanks*.....u 19
I give thee thanks*.....e 89
I thank thee, who hast*.....u 166
t's; and ever oft good turns*.y 183
I thank you for your voices*.z 183
t. God, bless God, all ye who.s 186
can love, whom none can t..o 210
thank God for grace.....d 415
such thanks I give*.....t 418
best thanks for a good thing..r 418
make her thanks bless thee*.u 418
solemn thanks and.....e 432
send up our thanks to God..w 295
thank God that we are not..q 346
thanks of millions yet to be.w 347
Thanked-God be t. for books..f 37
sae let the Lord be thankit..q 418
God be t. that the dead.....h 483
Thankful-thankful for the past.t 65
Thankless-to have a t. child*..b 211
That-that that is, is*.....kk 498
og'ling, and all that.....a 360
Thaw-thaw, and resolve itself*.n 91
Theatre-great t. for virtue....aa 61
world's a theatre, the earth..b 484
wide and nniversal theatre*.r 484
t. for virtue is conscience...j 453
a woody theatre.....n 432
everybody has his own t....a 294
in a t., the eyes of men*.....l 294
Theban-this same learned T.*.n 406
Thee-with Thee rich.....o 407
live in the woods with t....w 395
or with thee find light in...w 395
to thee I do commend my*..k 345
Theft-t. in limited professions*.z 418
power have uncheck'd theft*.a 419
Thelement-thrnst into T.....i 435
Them-God helps them that...q 195
t., and in ourselves, our....cc 497
Theme-example, as it is my t..b 48
give me a theme.....u 335
my theme! my inspiration..d 181
Themselves-them that help t..q 195
know no rivals but t.....f 493
There-'tis neither here nor t.*.t 499
Thespis-T., the first professor..h 17
Thick-through t. and thin....k 41
through t. and thin both over b 202
Thicket-fields and thorny t's..i 31
roadside thicket hidiug.....c 140
and to the thicket some.....a 434
ye bowery thickets hail.....b 434
Thief-dwarfish thief*.....q 16
first grand t. into God's fold u 204
hangs both t. and true man*.p 161
t. doth fear each bush*....j 412
something from the thief*.aa 418
the sun's a thief*.....a 419
moon's an arrant thief*. ...a 419
t. which sourly robs from*.g 460
t. or two guiltier than him*.q 218
who art the very t. of life....t 389
Thieves-so desperats thieves*..c 74
thieves sooner than gold*. .v 18
thieves for their robbery*.. b 419
thieves do pass on thieves* .u 219
plague upon 't when t.*....x 418
Thimble-thou thread, thou t*.o 258
Thin-t. of substance as the*..j 97
through thick and thin .....k 41
thick and thin she follow'd..w 63
melted in air, into thin* .....k 46
were red, and one was thin..b 112
thick and thin both over...b 202
Thine-hours were t. and mine m 433
ours, to make them Thine..w 465
angel 'twixt my face and T..j 360
I am Thine.....m 360
Thing-I was born to other t's....s 9
books are the best things....a 38
little thing to give a cup.....r 53
these young things lie.....c 55
the thing of courage*.....r 72
too much of a good thing*....t 89
he likes the poor things*...m 134
t's that in the great world ..i 139
word and t. most beautiful..a 277
water like a thing of life.....g 381
not t's wherewith to part. ..f 279
poetry is itself a t. of God ...j 338
t's—they are stubborn.....v 338
when you know a thing.....d 223
were such t's here as we*...w 211
make good t's from ill t's. ..h 158
each thing's a thief*.....a 419
Him that all t's knows* .. i 194
four t's belong to a judge ...l 217
the strangest t's to say....m 242
what thing is love.....f 244
constant in all other t's*....d 246
t's that are not at all.....h 494
facts are stubborn things...n 500
looked unuttered things ....e 501
I'm no the thing I should be.e 357
t's that have made me.....b 422
more of the t's to come .....d 423
the first thing we do*.....m 308
I had a thing to say* .....s 400
words are things.....m 480
t's are the sons of heaven....i 481
God's sons are things .....l 481
words, however, are things..o 481
no good book, or good t....n 490
Think-so, because I t. him so*.w 14
I cannot sit and thiuk.....u 38
strong to live, as well as to t..e 48
t. each one of his children.. m 71
think one thing.....p 113
never thinke you fortune...o 165
t. must govern those that..aa 182
to think in solitude.....p 405
speak what we think .....d 385
heart t's his tongue speaks*.l 385
I no more t. I can have .....v 315
live and think.....u 493
think on thy sins*.....i 356
t.—the shadow on the dial..o 441
those that t. must govern...y 419
to think often, and never...d 420
cease to write and learn to t.w 420
herd of such who t. too little.g 414
but to t. in other times.....g 277
he t's himself immortal.....l 278
to t., and to feel, constitute.k 177
never think of it*.....u 219
greatly t. or bravely die....j 244
who thinks must mourn....i 234
she could not think.....h 464
when he t's, good easy man*.l 235
thousands, perhaps millions t.b 298
writes best, who never t's...d 316
comedy to those that think.y 484
died with them they t. on*..d 421
pleasant too, to think on....g 478
permitted to t. what you ...b 307
I say just what I think.....e 385
think all you speak.....f 400
think the remnant of my*...h 350
Thinker-a t. in the world.....j 419
the more the t. knows.....k 314
Thinking-an art of thinking....e 15
thinking is only a dream....u 420
if t. on me then should make* h 174
plain living and high t ....f 463
t. to have common thought..b 496
the sunflower, thinking.....g 157
t. heads, become more.....f 298
good or bad, but thinking*..c 421
thinking still, my thoughts..i 421
t. is but an idle waste.....n 421
Third-when the t's away*.....e 379
third o' the world is yours*.x 464
Thirst-I t. for thirstiness.....g 361
genius inspires this t. for...u 177
thirst that from the soul....o 461
with it comes a t. to be away.s 373
patient of thirst and toil....c 375
dropp to quenche a thirst..f 221
ferns were curling with t....i 409
will more readily quench t..p 190
Thirsteth-see, that drinking t.q 323
Thirstily-sun beat hot, and t..h 422
Thirsty-amidst the t. wilds to.a 226
Thistle-thus to the rose, the t..i 154
the thistle's purple bonnet..b 128
the thistle claims its place...g 141
rain the thistle bendeth.....e 404
Thitherward-they saw, and t.*.i 138
Thorn-from that crown one t...c 31
t's, to lighten the distress....f 31
with'ring on the virgin t.*...d 94
forever be, a crown of t's....r 366
its thorns outgrown.....s 152
without thorn the rose.....b 153
but coyly linger'd on the t..g 153
amber drop from every t....d 154
loveliness is born upon a t..l 154
grasp me not, I have a t.....u 154
thorn—it looks so old.....b 158
beneath the milk-white t....p 239
though set with sharpest t's.w 240
t's, that feed the thrush.....d 377
first to be touch'd by the t's.b 380
sharp crown of thorns upon.l 336
thorns on my poor woman's.h 241
we gather t's for flowers....f 220
beneath the wild white t....b 441
the t's which I have reap'd..e 441
rude protection of the t.....a 434
the May thorn greening.....b 142
by the t's and by the wind...l 142
primrose peeps beneath the t.i 150
touch'd by the thorns .....u 233
set with little wilful thorns..i 478
t. delightful wisdom grows..v 470
Thorny-t. rose! that always...f 279
Thou-thou art my heaven.....n 78

thou and me must part.....p 230
Thou art, art surely as in...d 348
Thought-interpreters of their t's.b 3
better than our thoughts.....j 4
forget yourself in thought...a 10
their great thoughts.....p 34
roses kindled into thought...s 35
our thought and our.....k 48
well of lofty thought.....w 48
great t's, great feelings.....s 49
his thoughts immaculate*...u 50
interpreters of thought.....o 21
thoughts that would thick*..o 54
for want of thought.....x 65
kind t's, contentment.....l 66
t's that savor of content.....h 66
a thousand busy thoughts ...g 59
thoughts imagine howlings*c. 85
or possess'd a thought.....g 90
such thoughts resigne.....i 63
ear as stranger to thy t's*....u 63
the pale past of thought*....b 63
mystic thoughts you must..n 68
father, Harry, to that t*.....v 89
calm every thought..... i 62
our waking thoughts.....o 96
strange t's transcend.....w 97
with cheerful thoughts*.....h 97
exchange our t's freely.....o 101
pleasing, dreadful, thought..i 105
wrought by want of thought.n 106
a sea of blue thoughts.....e 109
our thoughts are ours*.....k 119
thought pollutes the day....v 119
the whitest thought nor soil.m 144
lo! my thoughts of white..d 145
t's of the sweetest, saddest..d 148
the pansies send me back a t.h 148
thought, that cannot find.. i 148
is pansies, that's for t's*...m 148
we give to each a tender t..m 148
weigh the thought.....s 163
to this thought I hold.....j 167
the best of thoughts which..v 253
my thoughts are minutes*..a 255
t. been shared by thee.....e 256
t's were heaving and dashing.l 242
possest with t's too swift....e 421
the minister of thought.....n 424
he thought as a sage.....i 489
this t. is as a death*.....k 427
light and calm thoughts....k 485
t's are much according.....c 419
fine thoughts are wealth....d 419
utter noble thoughts.....d 419
great t's, like great deeds....e 419
are pleasant thoughts.....f 419
the power of thought.....g 419
the demon thought.....h 419
wert a beautiful thought....i 419
thought is parent of the deed.k 419
thought once awakened.....l 419
is destroyed by thought....m 419
t. is deeper than all speech..n 419
feeling deeper than all t....n 419
thoughts are your own.....o 419
music from ideal thought..p 419
t. makes growing revelation.q 419
thoughts are so great.....r 419
every thought which genius.s 419
speed the stars of thought..t 419
thought is the property.....u 419
thought takes the man out..v 419
second thoughts are wisest.w 419
thoughts that breathe and...z 419
second and sober thoughts..a 420
my thoughts and I were....b 420
thoughts that come often....c 420
t. often makes us hotter.....e 420
sea margins of human t.....f 420
t's are my companions.....g 420
river of his thoughts.....h 420
homage of t's unspoken.....i 420
t's in attitudes imperious...j 420
thoughts so sudden.....k 420
thought is valuable in.....m 420
eternal thought speaking in.n 420
thought alone is eternal... p 420
bowers of never-fading t....q 420
grand thoughts that never..r 420
t's that voluntary move.....s 420
thought can win its way....v 420
thoughts to memory dear,..x 420
novelty of a thought.....y 420
hath no tongue but t*.....z 420
give thy worst of thoughts*aa 420
my thoughts are whirled...bb 420
working house of thought*.a 421
using those t's, which*.....d 421
strauge t's beget strange....f 421
thought by t. is piled.....g 421
high erected, t's seated.....h 421
how these my t's to leave...i 421
thoughts were best to think.i 421
accompanied with noble t's..j 421
t's must come naturally....k 421
idle waste of thought.....n 421
let our t's meet in heaven...o 421
thought can never be.....q 421
thoughts that are without..p 421
no great thought, no great..r 421
thought leap'd out to wed...s 421
t's of men are widen'd with.t 421
great thoughts come from...u 421
t's whose very sweetness...w 421
t's are heard in heaven.....x 421
t's shut up want air.....a 422
motes of thought.....j 480
t., too, soldier-like.....j 480
to raise the thought.....f 304
rear the tender thought.....l 304
the third of thought.. .....b 383
representatives of t. and....g 481
my t's remain below*.....a 482
without t's never to heaven*.a 482
melody of pleasant thought.d 259
t's to nobler meditations....l 259
commune with t's of tender.m 259
calm thoughts regular.....g 253
in a thought, or a moment..n 254
a sudden thought strikes me.c 173
that I in your sweet t's*....h 174
dark t's my boding spirits...c 201
thoughts of him to-day have.g 201
it against despairing t's*....s 201
on hospitable t's intent.....l 202
no really great man ever t...q 185
t. that when I came to lie...c 272
how many t's are stirr'd....a 131
thoughts that do often lie...e 132
t's which owe their birth....j 137
the ocean of thought.....f 169
raise the thought and touch.k 170
thy thoughts no tongue*....l 170
floating, like an idle thought.a 158
without a thought disloyal..r 158
slave of my thoughts.....k 331
in t's sublime that pierce...a 210
thought is the property.....o 333
t's as gypsies do stolen.....q 333
thoughts of other men.....e 223
all things I thought I knew..e 224
t. without learning is.....n 227
one thought of thee puts all.r 244
sad t's and sunny weather...l 376
sense from thought divide..x 379
giver's loving thought.....d 261
t. and her shadowy brood...q 261
our thoughts are linked.....r 261
sad thought, which I.....l 262
beautiful the thought.....u 262
it thought of nothing beside.c 221
immortal, one corrupted t..n 336
in thoughts, not breaths....n 230
t. is the measure of life.....e 233
withering thoughts for soul.c 212
literature is that part of t...i 238
t's, all passions, all delights.n 240
thought of other years.....a 160
crown my t's with acts*.....d 361
restless t's this rest I find...q 361
into our thoughts, into.....q 401
like t's whose very sweetness.n 284
mighty t. threading a dream.e 365
wind, t., swifter things*....d 370
can a human t. conceive....m 194
style is the dress of thoughts.a 407
expressiou is the dress of t. e 407
thoughts of desperate men*.r 266
those that tell of saddest t...p 369
best t. came from others.... i 351
best thoughts of the greatest l 353
short extent of human t.....d 355
dark soul and foul thoughts v 358
more easily be t. than said..q 188
our thoughts as boundless..v 312
odds and ends of free t's.....q 443
thought, two hearts.....n 449
thought is the wind.....w 492
thought, like a loud.....l 327
thinking to have common t. b 496
finds our thoughts at home..l 501
t. but ne'er so well expressed y 471
glitt'ring t's struck out ....x 471
her mind to evil thoughts...g 475
over-busy thoughts.....n 392
silently, like thoughts that..o 393
words are images of t's.....m 395
lost to manly thought.....a 396
loftiness of thought.....g 468
painted by the thought of...p 386
of all the thoughts of God...d 389
continuance of enduring t...f 389
thoughts are your own.....f 400
t. is speech, and speech is ..p 400
the remnant of my t's*.....h 350
t. is, indeed, a great boon ...g 350
Thoughtful-a t. day from.....g 34
they have been t. to invest*.l 181
the thoughtful and the free..o 273
being breathing t. breath...r 478
thrifty and t. of others.....f 483
Thoughtless-t. of beauty.....l 19

is thoughtless, thankless....q 255
Thousand-began a t. years ago.a 35
near a thousand tables pined.f 68
makes countless t's mourn...f 77
t. doors to let out life.....f 82
dry desert of a thousand....b 340
t's, perhaps, millions, think m 480
has been slave to t's*.....r 387
war its thousands slays.....v 458
he who has a t. friends.....k 171
better to die ten t deaths...w 198
one man picked out of two t*r 198
three thousand ducats*.....a 364
a thousand years scarce. ...r 340
is than a thousand kinsman.f 413
Thread-t. of his verbosity*....v 481
shot through with golden t.j 372
madness in a silken thread*.q 211
feels at each thread..... q 212
aught do touch the utmost t.d 212
the golden threads are spun b 193
holding fast to t's by green. n 147
self-pleasing thread anew...i 300
sword on starting threads...p 200
t. that ties them together.. n 351
with a silk t. plucks it back*.f 248
of threads of palm was the..c 440
plying her needle and thread l 341
Threaded-together on time's..e 369
Threading-the street with idle u 259
Threat-Cassius, in your t's*...s 198
Threaten-to t. or command* . e 110
t's many that hath injured..g 493
thrcaten the threat'ner* ....x 360
Three-lov'd three whole days..n 64
when shall we three meet*...a 260
t. poets in three distant ages n 335
Three-foot-on my t-f. stool I* .o 301
Three-legged-table, O ye fatcs.n 301
Threescore-the burden of t. ....w 5
would he name threescore...e 231
Thrift-base respects of thrift*.a 259
thrift may follow fawning*..e 125
Thrifty-t. and thoughtful of..f 483
Thrills-when it t. as it fills....q 233
flower all felt a sudden thrill c 435
leaps one electric thrill.....u 444
may give a thrill of pleasure.u 461
Thrive-t's too fast at first.....n 210
place where none can t.....i 347
Throat-boasts from his little t..l 22
linnet pours his throat .....a 27
throb in its mottled throat...h 30
cutting honest throats by...e 387
"amen" stuck in my throat* u 496
Throb-t. in its mottled throat..h 30
Throbbing-summer's t. chant.n 375
Throe-t's thee much to yield*.t 306
Throne-leave his Father's t....m 56
royal throne of kings.....m 69
the living throne.....a 81
affection built before the T..f 175
throne where honor*.....x 199
wrong forever on the throne.v 444
t., bid kings come bow to it*.q 397
like a burnish'd t., burn'd*..q 381
summer took her flowery t..q 141
the footsteps of a throne....n 164
on a throne of rocks.....o 279
sits lightly in his throne*...s 247
blessed memory on a throne.t 261
emptying of the happy t.*..a 229
on his throne, his sceptre...a 367
Throned-t. on her hundred....x 58
Throng-iu the rubbish of a t.. a 48
shouts and plaudits of the t.. i 49
lowest of your throng.....j 206
will swell the motley t.....c 450
dumb men t. to see him*....c 341
Thronged-t. the citizens.....b 457
Throstle-t. with his note so*...l 33
how blithe the t. sings.....m 33
throstles pleased enough...m 269
keeping thrills from the t's..k 378
Throw-t. that on the ground..r 417
which would t. me there ....r 417
Thrush-merry t. sing hymns..n 3
I said to the brown, brown t.o 33
there the thrushes sing.....p 33
rarely pipes the mounted t...g 33
calling of the thrushes.....f 272
thorns, that feed the t.....d 377
Thrust-some have greatness t.c 186
Thumping-t. on my back.....t 168
Thunder-laugh as I pass in t...u 59
t. swell rocked Europe.....b 72
heaven's artillery thunder*..s 72
t. of the footman's hand.....w 80
forerunning the thunder...m 109
stronger than t's winged....g 181
in t., lightning, or in rain..a 260
heaven's thunders melt .....s 281
deep t. peel on peel.....b 457
sound of t. heard remote....n 458
thunder of my cannon*.....e 459
leaps the live thunder .....a 404
musters muttering t.....c 404
the thunder wing'd.....h 404
lightning flies, the thunder j 404
rending thunders as they...k 404
He was as rattling thunder*.v 367
hinges grate harsh thunder.y 194
t, conscious of the new.....c 422
but what serve for the t.*...d 422
t., that deep and dreadful... 422
deep dread-bolted thunder* f 422
meet the t's of the sea* .....o 440
night, and clouds and t.....b 422
Thunderbolt-t. in mine eyes*..k 11
gods, with your t's*. .....n 363
Thundered-volley'd and t.....f 461
Thyme-the wild mountain t...d 70
where the wild t. blows*....c 158
Thyrsus-a thyrsus, pretty too .h 143
Thyself-encounters 'twixt t.*. p 97
thyself shall see the act*.....s 219
make not thyself the judge..d 217
help t. and God will help....j 195
Tiber-draw them to T banks*a 366
T. rolls majestic to the main.p 364
thy T's shore a mournful... c 365
on old Tiber's shore.....t 314
Tickle-tickle and entertain us,f 298
Tickled-with a rattle t. with a..f 55
tickled with good success*..f 347
Tide-backward, O tide of years..g 5
the swell at full tide*.....j 33
it runs as runs the tide.....q 45
tides were in their grave.....f 78
high tides in the kalendar*.. f 79
turning o' th' tide*.....o 83
full tide of eloquence.....l 102
the lilies nodding on the t...h 14
far and wide in a scarlet t...r 149
but came the tide and made.t 164
to match the rolling tide....e 254
from the tides of ocean.....r 276
driftest gently down the t's j 390
Teviot! on thy silver tide...t 365
time and t. for no man stay.n 427
pity swells the tide of love.m 333
ever lived in the t. of times*m 280
is like rocks under tide.....a 379
in red'ning tide it gush'd...h 268
with the morn the punctual t.g 422
easily He turns the tides....h 422
punctual tide draws up the..i 422
love has a tide.....j 422
creeping tide came up along.k 422
as if the ebbing tide would..l 422
tide rises, the tide falls.....m 422
changes with his restless t..n 422
tyde flowing is feared for....o 422
o'er the swelling tide.....i 313
tide in the affairs of men*...q 324
changeful tide was tost.....f 327
Tidings-t. of the sun's uprise*.m 30
tidings of good to Zion.....x 20
tidings do I bring*.....z 251
I may drink thy tidings*....u 306
fruitful t's in mine ears*....v 306
let ill tidings tell*.....aa 306
tidings from another sphere.j 466
Tie-tie up the knocker.....v 87
ties that bind our souls.....v 63
wide world is knit with ties.v 396
Tied-in a simple knot was t...a 384
Tier-terror on her tier.....w 312
Tiger-or the Hyrcan tiger*.....w 72
imitate the action of the t.*..t 459
the tiger will be mild*.....x 476
teeth from the fierce tiger's*.f 426
Tiger-spriug-with a t-s. dost...t 358
Tight-tight little island.....b 215
Tilka-mark-stamped on the...r 412
Timber-like seasoned timber...a 64
wedged in the timber.....r 260
Time-grown old before my time.s 6
the saltness of time*.....j 7
time is precious, no book....d 37
time is still a flying.....n 45
time fleeth on.....q 45
time goes by turns.....s 46
time hath nothing blur'd*....d 51
tedious waste of time.....o 60
commanded time, to console..l 63
t. is indeed a precious boon..n 98
time hath made them pure...n 39
out of time and harsh*.....f 21
leaves have their time to fall..i 81
his time is spent*.....e 87
principles with times.....d 46
thee conversiug, I forgot all t.t 68
thec after a long time.....t 70
in my time heard lions roar*.r 41
I count my t. by t's that I see.n 78
dust on antique time*.....z 77
time will wait for no man....f 94
time unfolds eternity.....e 68
to the shades before my time.x 91
time out of space.....b 92
weary t. that comes between,f 372
time is short, life is short....d 245

love's not time's fool*.....m 247
time still does pass from us..p 377
waste the time together*....s 170
up the stream of time.....s 261
they know the time to go....a 127
not of an age, but of all t....d 336
we should count time by....n 230
choose thine own time.....q 230
showing the unreality of t..r 420
the time is absent still.....n 269
true old times are dead.....u 356
due in tithe and time.....g 359
and careful hours, with t's*..t 187
t. has touched it in his flight.p 189
t. steals onward, while none.i 438
time's revolving wheels.....n 105
in time there is no present..q 105
the sands of time .....y 106
the record of time.....u 107
fate and t. will have their....s 117
working in these walls of t.aa 117
play the fools with time*...q 163
time and death.....j 165
time shall not see.....j 168
till, fed by time, the deep....e 254
now hath time made me*....a 255
of narrative old time .....t 255
when old t. shall lead him*. j 174
time doth no present to our.s 175
a time there is, like a.....k 176
and will not count the time.d 180
time will teach thee soon...m 271
short time to stay as you....n 137
measures all our time.....p 278
around the wrecks of time...e 161
time of my childhood .....s 153
sunflower, weary of time....c 157
joyous time, when pleasures..k 334
by the time we live.....aa 231
I had lived a blessed time*...a 235
not in much time.....n 236
ha! ha! keep time*.....t 283
when time is broke*.....t 283
time, the great destroyer....b 238
like the stream of t., it flows.h 365
thredded together on time's.e 369
not circumscribed by t., nor.l 180
time doth not breathe on its.m 193
from the deluge of time.....r 196
then is the time for study..f 406
yield at length to time.....o 407
our time is fixed.....s 408
long time ago.....h 441
t. to give them to the tombs.d 448
life is short, and t. is swift...z 491
times which can not come..m 327
stretch'd forefinger of all t...a 501
records that defy the tooth of t.s 501
time flies, death urges.....v 501
with the waste of time*.....h 305
the time shall come .....k 307
it pleases time and fortune*.i 308
time is generally the best...r 309
time for self-improvement...e 341
time to touch forbears.....f 486
youth is not rich in time...w 487
old father t. grows tender...p 422
think not thy time short....q 422
time which strengthens.....r 422
nae man can tether t. or tide.a 423
take time enough.....b 423
t.! the beautifier of the dead.c 423
time! the corrector where...c 423
time, the avenger.....c 423
out upon time! it will.....d 423
existence doth depend on t..e 423
t. writes no wrinkle on thy..f 423
that great mystery of time...j 423
never-resting thing called t..j 423
ay fleth the tyme, it wil no..k 423
know the true valne of time.l 423
arresting the vast wheel of t.m 423
stealing up the slope of t....n 423
time, as he passes us has a..p 423
time, feathered with flying..q 423
grieves most for wasted time.r 423
clock worn out with eating t.t 423
time is great, and greater...u 423
woof are past and future t...v 423
t. will discover everything..a 424
rich with the spoils of time.c 424
t. ne'er forgot his journey ..d 424
t. did beckon to the flowers..e 424
old time, in whose bank.....f 424
time's hour-glass should.....i 424
t. toiled after him in vain...k 424
like wind fiies time 'tween..m 424
glass becomes the spy of t...n 424
art is long and t. is fleeting..o 424
clock of time, giving its.....q 424
time has laid his hand .....r 424
what is time? the shadow...s 424
measure of time, not time...s 424
time is the life of the soul..s 424
time is money..... .....u 424
however we pass time, he...v 424
t., that returns not, errs not.w 424
event whereto time tends...w 424
when t. is flown, how it fled.a 425
t. eftsoon will tumble all.. .b 425
t. will run back, and fetch...e 425
time still, as he flies, adds.. f 425
times that try men's souls..h 425
t., that makes you homely...i 425
time is lord of thee.....k 425
t., the foe of man's dominion.l 425
whence is the stream of t...m 425
seize time by the forelock...n 425
time conquers all .....o 425
we must time obey.....o 425
keep time in high esteem...q 425
time, that takes on trust....r 425
forever haltless hurries time u 425
t. with everlasting chain....u 425
threefold the stride of time. v 425
t. flies on restless pinions...a 426
t. rolls his ceaseless course..b 426
envious and calumniating t*d 426
time and the hour runs*....e 426
devouring t., blunt thou*...f 426
swift-footed time* .....f 426
do thy worst, old time*.....f 426
and noiseless foot of time*..i 426
back yesterday, bid t. return*j 426
but time decays*.....k 426
best jewel from t's chest*...k 426
common arbitrator, time*..n 426
there's a t. for all things*....p 426
I witness to the t's that*....q 426
whirligig of t. brings in his*.s 426
the time is out of joint*.....r 426
time doth transfix the*.....t 426
t. goes on crutches till love*.u 426
t. hath, my lord, a wallet*...v 426
t. is like a fashionable host*a 427
t. is the nurse and breeder*.b 427
time's glory is to calm*. ....e 427
time shall unfold what* ....d 427
time's the king of men* ....e 427
t., that takes survey of all*..f 427
time travels in divers paces*g 427
t. is the old justice that*....h 427
we trifle time away*.....j 427
by t's fell hand defaced* ....k 427
t. will come and take my*...k 427
ocean of t., whose waters. ..l 427
the flood of t. is rolling on..m 427
t. and tide for no man stay..n 427
t. wears all his locks before..o 427
noiseless falls the foot of t..p 427
time divided is never long...q 427
stream is the river time....s 427
he that lacks t. to mourn....t 427
come time, and teach me....a 428
t., thy gradual, healing hand.c 428
time tries the troth in.....d 428
time destroys all things.....e 428
chinks that time has made..f 428
turn the key of time.....g 428
so silent as the foot of time.h 428
is the thief of time..... ..i 428
we take no note of time.....j 428
t. elaborately thrown away..k 428
t. in advance, behind him...l 428
time is eternity.....m 428
time wasted is existence....n 428
we push time from us.....o 428
we see time's furrows on....p 428
busy have no time for tears..t 396
time's blest wings of peace..v 3 0
how long a time lies in one*.w 481
who murders t., he crushes..t 342
held his breath, for a time...j 382
chinks that time has made...f 428
fit it, with some better t*....s 400
time's noblest offspring is...k 347
time will reveal the calyxes..e 349
time, to the nation as to the.s 423
have no time to feel them...t 427
last syllable of recorded t*...l 429
time's glory is to calm*.....c 427
time is the old justice that*.h 427
his time is forever.....ff 490
O time most accurs'd*.....u 485
Timepiece–ancient t. says.....w 69
Timid–timid, blue-eyed violets, b 146
with her timid blue eye.....i 160
the timid violets hide.....j 270
then shriek' the timid.....s 381
Tincture–the t. of her shroud..t 275
best friends have a tincture.n 168
tincture of the roses*.....f 315
Tinged–these clouds with gold..s 59
crimson t. its braided snow.a 412
Tinkle–the t. of the waterfall..q 155
Tinkling–t. of innumerable...y 351
Tint–tints so gay and bold.....s 59
mingling tints, as when.... j 111
by warm tints along the way.g 142
what visionary t's the year..h 376
tints to harmonize the scene.i 447
as will not leave their tint*..j 379
with autumn tints are died.a 411

varied tints all fused in one.*x* 316
tints the buds and swells....*h* 269
Tinted-blue bells tinted.....*t* 128
Tippenny-wis t. we fear nae..*c* 214
Tire-he tires betimes, that*...*s* 191
Tired-t. he sleeps, and life's....*f* 83
he meant some tired heads...*h* 67
sick and tired, and faint....*e* 107
tired limbs and over busy..*n* 392
when tires with vain.....*p* 392
t. nature's sweet restorer....*q* 392
tired of all the playing.....*e* 389
tired heart shall cease to.....*p* 424
Tissue-shining t's in the sun..*e* 127
not of rich tissue.....*m* 352
Titan-breast, when T. spreads.*g* 147
this, like thy glory, Titan...*d* 332
Tithe-to God his due in tithe.*b* 180
due in tithe and time.....*g* 359
a t. purloin'd cankers the...*g* 369
Titillating-grains of t. dust...*k* 321
Title-hang loose above him*...*q* 16
a drawer—thy t's shame the..*i* 151
t's of good fellowship*.....*r* 264
who gain'd no title.....*o* 319
title and profit, I resign....*f* 199
drop down titles and estates.*x* 470
title to himself reserving...*b* 388
Title-page-the world's all t-p..*z* 484
Tittered-t., caress'd, kiss'd so..*b* 242
Tittering-comes titt'ring on ..*c* 234
Tivy-where T., falling down..*m* 123
Toad-like the t., ugly and*.....*g* 4
may in a toad's head.....*p* 304
hate the engendering of t's*.*z* 346
Tobacco-snblime t., which....*q* 320
tobacco is a lawyer.....*b* 321
tobacco is a traveller.....*b* 321
tobacco's a musician.....*b* 321
taking their roguish t.....*c* 321
for thy sake, tobacco.....*e* 321
divine tobacco .....*m* 321
Tocsin-tocsin of the soul.....*s* 20
To-day-which you can do t-d..*p* 43
to-morrow be to-day.....*t* 45
to-morrow cheerful as t-d.....*g* 50
to speed to-day.....*e* 94
t-d. already walks to-morrow *w* 490
t-d. I would give everything.*v* 169
love is sweet, use it to-day...*d* 245
he, who can call t-d. his own.*t* 190
I have dined to-day .....*p* 100
what you can do to-day.....*l* 423
to-day I suffer.....*b* 424
I shall gladly to-day and.....*b* 424
then he call'd ? to-day.....*g* 425.
to-morrow, to-day, yesterday.*s* 425
can call to-day his own.....*u* 428
I have liv'd to-day.....*u* 428
to-day is a king in disguise..*v* 428
to-day always looks mean...*v* 428
as distant then as 'tis to-day *a* 429
pass therefore not t-d. in... *c* 429
to-day itself's too late.....*e* 429
echoes through the long t-d..*j* 429
then let us live to-day.....*k* 429
find the thing we fled—t-d..*n* 429
to-morrow yet would reap t-d.*o* 429
to-morrow is a satire on t-d..*r* 429
Together-t. we've lain in.....*i* 437
so we grew together*.....*y* 498
life ! we've been long t.....*q* 230
t. admiring works of art.....*c* 414
Toil-so weary of toil and.....*g* 5
with graceless toil of beak...*p* 22
I watched her secret toils....*n* 33
and lighten every toil.....*e* 4
humble toil and.....*o* 48
hardy son of rustic toil.....*f* 70
they neither toil nor spin...*t* 145
thou dost not toil nor spin..*f* 140
a day for toil.. .....*d* 169
patient of thirst and toil.....*c* 375
why all this toil and trouble.*e* 406
hath thy toil o'er books.....*i* 406
in time-long task of toil.....*a* 483
verse sweetens toil.....*p* 385
toil, with too much care....*d* 390
horny hands of toil.....*g* 483
toil is the lot of all.....*a* 225
must govern those that toil.*y* 419
winding up days with toil*.*y* 235
war he sung, is t. and trouble *q* 457
the toil of war*.....*t* 460
task when many share the t.*h* 195
wreaths for each toil.....*q* 200
unapt to toil, and trouble*..*v* 477
thy t. o'er books consum'd..*q* 227
sleepe, after toyle.....*b* 362
must be rais'd with toil.....*q* 469
toil with rare triumph.....*z* 493
t's of honour dignify repose.*o* 359
if vain our toil.....*m* 295
bitter toil, achieve its rest..*u* 395
hard toil can roughen.....*m* 483
Toiled-him t. his children.....*j* 296
souls toiled and striven.....*a* 445
Toiler-blest to the t. his honr.*p* 446
joy to the toiler.....*a* 483
Toiling-t. upward in the.....*l* 225
toiling on and on and on....*u* 474
Token-silent t. of an April....*g* 142
token of a goodly day* .....*m* 447
by that same token.....*j* 437
Told-best being plainly told*...198
portentious phrase, "I t"...*v* 347
Toledo-blade, T. trusty .....*a* 457
Toll-toll for the brave.....*i* 41
pay golden toll to passing...*x* 154
toll me the purple clapper...*h* 136
Tolling-heavy-tolling funeral.*b* 339
Tomb-the very tombs now.....*f* 59
cold shadow of the tomb.....*r* 79
immortal awakes from the t..*r* 79
encompass the tomb.....*g* 81
epitaph upon her tomb .....*f* 104
upon our brazen t's*.....*y* 115
sunlight over t's.....*e* 161
t's are the clothes of the dead*y* 274
earth contained no tomb.....*t* 276
the cold, insensate tomb ....*r* 153
gilded t's do worms infold*.. 184
from the t's a doleful sound..*j* 185
e'en from the t., the voice...*o* 285
journey to a splendid tomb.*m* 177
through the rending tombs *aa* 362
nearer to the tomh.....*r* 236
his own tomb ere he dies*...*e* 362
the great tomb of man .....*o* 322
blossomed by each rustic t..*k* 441
time to give them to the t's.*d* 448
survives himself, his tomb.*m* 480
cradles rock us nearer to the *q* 428
Tomhless-field of the t. dead..*g* 457
To-morrow-leave that till t-m..*p* 43
to-morrow be to-day.....*t* 45
confident to-morrows.....*k* 67
the destiny of to-morrow.....*c* 92
to be put back to-morrow....*e* 94
to-day already walks t-m....*w* 490
fresh breathing of t-m. creep.*l* 277
t-m. will be dying .....*n* 152
to-morrow do thy worst, for I *t* 190
to-morrow the mysterious...*j* 407
to-morrow may fail.....*d* 245
tints to-morrow with.....*d* 464
good-night, till it he t-m.*...*t* 326
never put off till to-morrow.*l* 433
t-m. do thy worst, for I have.*u* 428
dreaming of a to-morrow...*a* 429
t-m. will be as distant.....*a* 429
defer not till to-morrow to..*b* 429
t-m's sun to thee may.....*b* 429
should t-m. chance to.....*b* 429
to-morrow's fate, though....*c* 429
t-m. will be another day....*d* 429
to-morrow you will live.....*e* 249
to-morrow I will live.....*e* 429
to-morrow to fresh woods..*f* 429
t-m. the dreams and flowers.*g* 429
to-morrow is—ah, whose....*h* 429
what delight is in t-m.....*j* 429
t-m. comes and we are where *k* 429
to-morrow, and to-morrow*.*l* 429
to-morrow are as lamps....*m* 429
thou beloved to-morrow....*n* 429
t-m. yet would reap to-day..*o* 429
to-morrow we will open....*p* 429
presumption on t-m's dawn.*q* 429
where is to-morrow.....*q* 429
t-m. is a satire on to-day....*r* 429
some say, "t-m" never comes *s* 429
if "to-morrow" never came.*s* 429
"to-morrow" proves "to-day"*s* 429
to-morrow I die.....*b* 424
t-m. shall be yesterday.....*g* 425
this day was yesterday t-m.*g* 425
what shall to-morrow then..*g* 425
token of a goodly day to-m*.*m* 447
t-m., to-day, yesterday.....*s* 425
Tone-perfect joys, tender t's...*k* 21
in low and trembling tones..*a* 140
childhood's lisping tone....*m* 378
affected by a change of tone.*a* 380
sweet to me thy drowsy t....*i* 272
gentle t. among rude voices.*q* 174
great ocean hath no tone....*b* 145
the slightest t. of comfort...*v* 169
tones are sweet and wild....*f* 261
tone could reach the rich....*l* 341
sang in t's of deep emotion..*t* 385
Tongue-'tween my heart and t.*.*k* 64
prating t. had chang'd him...*j* 30
more than that tongue*.....*l* 40
nor tongue can tell.....*x* 61
tongue within my lip.....*q* 68
and every tongue brings*....*w* 62
of a woman's tongue*.....*s* 72
what words of tongue.....*p* 74
sale of chapmen's tongues*...*t* 18
I defy the t's of soothers....*y* 124
hath a t. I say is no man*....*f* 125
more ponderous than my t.*.*l* 246

find tongues in trees*.....u 234
heart thinks, his t. speaks*..q 264
a tongue in every star.....c 265
a tongue to persuade.....p 266
sufferings which have no t..n 408
his tongue sounds ever*.....y 306
t. had broken its chain.....t 429
t.. with two rowes of teeth..a 430
t's that syllable men's names.b 430
my t's use is to me no more*.c 430
t., though not my heart*....d 430
tip of his subduing t.*.....e 430
t's I'll hang on every tree*...f 430
is there a t., like Delia's.....h 430
hath no t.—but thought.....z 420
from his sweet tongue.....l 317
skillful alike with tongue...n 317
doors are not set on their t's.g 430
bears not a humble tongue*.n 496
walls have t's, and hedges..cc 500
t's unto the silent dead.....t 353
be not thy tongue thy own*.a 325
was his mother-tongue.....x 342
all tongues speak of him*...f 343
sad words of tongue or pen..v 356
tongue to move a stony.....v 395
an host of tongues*.....aa 306
tell me of a woman's t.*....v 476
is no man if with his t.*.....t 479
motion of a school-boys' t.*.p 479
valuable a weapon is the t...h 481
t's of dying men enforce*....c 482
tongue soe'er speaks false*...z 113
senates hang upon thy t.....r 102
t., that speaks but Romeo's*.n 102
tongue did make offence*....h 110
tongue to tell thy errand*....t 121
ten well-developed tongues...l 167
t. that Shakespeare spake....r 167
thy thoughts no tongue*.....t 170
have no tongue, will speak*..l 280
His tongue dropt manna....e 332
understanding, but no t.*...b 379
false and hollow, though his t.s 204
tongue and soul in this be*..b 205
never in the tongue of him*.f 216
small griefs find tongues....x 186
sacred tongue of God.. .....e 282
music of his own vain t.*...v 283
the iron t. of midnight*.....v 289
restreine and kepen wel thy t.i 453
tongue of leaping flame.....n 405
my tongue within my lips..h 414
many a man's t. shakes*....q 414
barr'd the aidance of the t.*.v 414
spendthrift is he of his t.*...x 414
tongue one moment's rest...y 414
hands, and not our tongues*.u 414
thy t., thy face, thy limbs*..c 178
let mildness ever attend thy t.l 178
t's of mocking wenches*....d 370
make my tongue.....q 244
his tongue is the clapper*...l 385
I must hold my tongue.....o 383
than the sword whose t.*....q 387
give it then a tongue is wise.y 428
tongue is now a stringless*..y 385
serpent by the tongue*.....m 387
Tongueless-deed dying t.*....m 182
To-night-breast t-n. shall.....d 32
Too-too much of a good thing.r 490
Tool-t's of working out.....m 412
no tools more ingeniously...c 318
and tools to work withal....g 483
Tooth-thy t. is not so keen*...q 210
sharper than a serpent's t.*.b 211
'gainst the tooth of time*....g 426
one said a tooth drawer was.k 303
that defy the tooth of time..s 501
Toothache-feels not the t.*....u 390
the toothach patiently*.....l 303
I have the toothach*.....m 303
what? sigh for the t.*.....m 303
Top-wanton tops do buss*.....t 59
on her ungrateful top*. ....p 210
he fires the proud tops*....m 410
which is the t. of judgment*.k 218
Topic-authors! suit your t's...c 298
Topmost-topmost in heaven. p 470
Torch-she doth teach the t's*...b 19
torch of purple fire.....r 271
as we with lighted t's do*...k 453
Torment-deceive nor fears t....e 66
endless torments dwell about.o 238
Tormenting-sits t. every guest.y 414
Tormentor-his t., conscience...c 62
Torn-t., trampled and sullied..i 457
Torrent-the loud torrent, and..n 70
the torrent of his fate.....z 117
t's gush the summer rills...r 373
t's stain thy limpid source..e 366
a flaky torrent flies.....l 393
stem the torrent.....g 474
Torrid-in the torrid clime....a 323
Torrid-zone-thou animated t-z.e 212
Torture-no chronic t's racked...l 5
the torture of the mind*.....p 62
t's of that inward hell.....x 61
tortures, and the touch of joy.g 389
hum of human cities t.....u 412
Torturer-the t. of the brave...a 359
Torturing-ease the t. hour*..w 264
anguish of a t. hour*..... .w 355
Tottering-man, feebly t. forth.h 409
Touch-can t. him further*.....n 83
now do I play the touch*.....j 51
touch of a vanish'd hand....b 90
that t. pitch will be defiled*..q 64
touch it but lightly.....t 157
touch them but lightly.....h 283
with surest touches pierce*..i 283
some t. of nature's genial....f 286
become the touches*.....l 283
that others touch yet often*.i 305
touches, livelier than life*..n 314
I will touch my mouth.....g 316
that I might t. that cheek*..e 248
might t. the hearts of men..r 385
not t. so early o' mornings..p 147
flower but shows some t.....b 127
soft touch invisible,.....i 277
seemed all on fire at the t...h 411
music! that can touch.....z 282
the wily touch of love*.... .z 245
soiled by any outward touch.e 445
Touched-God's finger t. him...z 85
touch'd on, dipt and rose...n 112
first to be t. by the thorns...u 233
are not finely touched*.....a 266
time has t. it in his flight...p 189
first to be t. by the thorns...b 380
Touch-stone-t-s. true to try a..i 347
man's true touch-stones.....j 267
Tough-truth is tough.....o 444
Tournament-evil play at t.....o 335
Tourney-t's shone with daisies r 138
Toward-that is not t. God.....n 347
Tower-from their noisy t's.....a 21
from their windy tower.....b 21
t. went down, nor left a site..d 47
cloud-capped towers*.....k 46
yon towers, whose wanton*..t 59
mould'ring t. pale ivy creeps-q 145
gleams above the ruined t...e 161
men stand like solitary t's...t 185
king's name is a tower*.....d 405
eagle o'er his aery towers*...e 368
other baubles in the tower..p 368
nor stony tower*.....i 235
lofty towers down gazed*...k 427
Towering-a t. lily broken.....p 129
Town-flourishing peopled t's*.a 78
all the embowered town.... j 273
town was white with apple..j 372
siege before our town.....e 245
man made the town.....b 491
the town dramatic.....q 493
towns like the living rock...r 430
Town-crier-lief the t-c. spoke*.q 294
Toy-a toy shunn'd cleanly....v 114
cast their toys away.....w 231
all is but toys*.....a 235
trifles and fantastic toys....o 442
Trace-scarce could you t. it...c 352
Track-along the trackless t...d 373
t. the steps of glory to the...x 178
bright t. of his fiery car*...m 447
Trackless-along the t. track...d 373
Tract-leaving no tract behind*.l 24
Trade-centre of the potter s t..d 50
penny in the way of trade...y 87
time to every trade..... ...o 75
two of a trade can ne'er.....i 95
what trade art thou*.....h 319
two hours at the trade*.....h 320
t. that must play fool to*....k 397
much a t. to make a book...v 397
what trade art thou*.....t 301
his t. was nothing else but..k 303
trade it may help, society.. j 181
sin's not accidental, but a t.w 384
of us that trade in love*.....j 283
what trade are you*.....g 319
Trader-speaking as a trader...j 318
Tradition-t.: and her voice is..j 354
walked but for tradition....j 354
Traduced-by ignorant tongues d 455
Traffic-t through the world*..b 311
traffic's thy god*.....e 312
Tragedian-the deep t*.....i 294
Tragedy-a national t. lasting..j 216
man's life a tragedy.....q 232
tragedy should blush.....n 393
a tragedy to those who feel..y 484
Trail-trails her blossom.....g 133
t. of the serpent is over them.o 384
Trailest-t. thou the puissant*..x 11
Trailing-t. garment of the....g 288
Train-his long train after. ....i 275
with it all the train it leads..e 373
last in the train of night.....t 402
joined the gentle train.....k 269
bear a train of smiles and...n 442

Trait–properly belongs to poet *b* 335
Traitor–friends suspect for t's*.*a* 62
our doubts are traitors*.....*j* 96
fates with t's do contrive*..*d* 119
men's vows are women's t's*.*j* 258
fears do make us traitors*...*h* 121
more strong than t's arms*.*d* 211
the traitor still I love.....*h* 431
the traitor to humanity.....*i* 431
the traitor most accursed...*i* 431
t's to the block of death*....*q* 431
thou art a traitor*.....*s* 431
thus do all traitors*.....*w* 431
Traitorous–not she with t's...*w* 472
Tramp–muffled tramp of years.*n* 423
Trampled–torn, t., and sullied.*i* 457
Trance–their drowsy trance...*n* 376
Tranquil–t. its spirit seemed..*a* 412
Tranquility–heaven was all t..*o* 381
Transfigure–t s you and me...*k* 167
Transformed–t. to orient*.....*v* 416
Transforming–by some t.....*m* 221
Transgress–temptation to t....*f* 72
virtue that trangresses*.....*p* 455
Transgression–by our t's.....*f* 31
his t. doth repent.....*h* 359
Transition–what seems so is t..*a* 82
Transitory–action is transitory..*t* 3
nothing that is transitory....*r* 43
Translate–t. the stuhhornness*.*b* 166
Translated–t. to that happier..*w* 193
Translation–on French t.....*c* 294
Transmute–t. into gold..... ...*x* 241
Transparent–eyes so t.....*d* 109
Transport–peace and t. to my..*h* 201
heart can ne'er a t. know....*e* 397
Trap–arrows some with traps*.*g* 248
Trapping–t's of a monarchy...*b* 367
hut the t's and the suits*....*c* 187
Trash–peasants their vile t.*...*t* 199
steals my purse, steals t.*...*r* 387
Travel–I pity the man who can t.*l* 333
had my labour for my t.*....*r* 225
I cannot rest from travel....*g* 236
Phœbus himsel could nay t.**i* 369
honor travels in a strait*....*a* 200
t.makes all men country men.*k* 430
he travels safest in the dark.*o* 430
Travelled–long t. in the ways..*j* 108
t. mind is the catholic.....*i* 430
Traveller–vigour of the t.*.....*p* 483
the sled and t. stopped.....*f* 377
fair t's come to the west.....*q* 411
t. to the beauteous west.....*a* 412
the t's journey is done.....*c* 157
love the traveller's henison..*c* 403
to every weary traveller.....*i* 214
in my traveller's history*...*u* 430
but t's must he content*....*b* 431
we are two t's, Roger and I..*c* 431
if t's heneath thee stay.....*c* 434
t. betwixt life and death.....*r* 478
spurs the lated t. apace*.....*r* 303
farewell, Monsieur traveller*.*s* 430
Travelling–is no fool's errand..*j* 430
in travelling I shape myself.*q* 430
t. downward from the sky...*r* 402
Treacherous–t. in calm.....*l* 427
Treachery–hammering t.*.....*g* 95
treachery ! seek it out*.....*bb* 452
fear their subjects' t.*.....*f* 437

Tread–beetle that we t. upon*...*t* 83
angels fear to tread.....*t* 162
careless tread of May.....*d* 158
that bends not as I tread.....*e* 137
thou canst not tread, hut....*l* 138
tread of coming footsteps....*e* 164
to tread as if the wind.....*g* 164
always does, with heavy t...*h* 164
she treads on it so light*.....*l* 164
I seem to tread on classic ...*v* 334
oh ! lightly, lightly tread....*r* 389
tread was a reverberation...*a* 383
that only treads on flowers..*p* 427
which he treads on at noon*.*c* 332
one who treads alone.....*j* 261
Mars might quake to tread..*d* 457
tread o'er the weltering .....*g* 457
never tread upon them but..*u* 368
a softened echo to thy tread..*j* 440
stairs, as he treads on*.....*d* 341
Treading–shaking out honey, t.*o* 140
her treading would not hend.*f* 164
Treason–treason wait on him*..*c* 67
treason has done his worst*..*n* 83
if this be treason, make.....*w* 106
t's, stratagems, and spoils*.*aa* 283
far the worst of treasons.....*c* 448
simple show he harbours t.*.*v* 498
treason doth never prosper..*f* 431
none dare call it treason....*f* 431
pauses on the paths of t.....*g* 431
while the treason I detest...*h* 431
by t's tooth hare gnawn*....*o* 431
treason's true hed*.....*q* 431
treason can but peep to*....*u* 431
betray d do fecl the treason*.*v* 431
treason, and murder, ever*..*y* 431
treason is hut trusted like*..*z* 431
Treasure–precious t. of his*....*g* 35
unattainable treasure, adieu.*q* 90
treasures that in hooks.....*k* 26
treasures of silver and gold..*k* 126
three t's, love and light.....*g* 253
would not roh me of a t.....*g* 260
my t's, and my rights*.....*i* 260
what trusty treasure.....*m* 169
there is no treasure.....*o* 170
rich the treasure.....*d* 334
though we find no t. there..*p* 153
virtue ; the only lasting t...*p* 453
unnumber'd treasures shine.*q* 261
are our t's that remain.....*m* 173
can any t. in this transitory.*q* 173
love, uncertain treasure.....*o* 238
treasures which he dispenses.*i* 318
hreake in, and spoile the t...*a* 392
clouds consign their t's.....*j* 352
for the treasures of India....*l* 353
purest t, mortal times*.....*h* 360
always t's, always friends...*k* 485
Treasure-house–of the mind... *s* 260
Treasury–of everlasting joy*...*l* 194
Tree–shall aged men, like aged t's *y* 7
yon pomegranate tree*.....*o* 28
in the hollow tree, in.....*c* 29
well-tended fruit tree.....*j* 37
voice was huried among t's..*d* 24
nods the rugged tree.....*h* 41
that climbs the tall tree.....*p* 41
trees were full of songs and..*e* 30
sleep under a fresh t's shade*.*c* 67

the lopped tree in time.....*s* 46
like a lovely tree she.....*w* 68
faith is not a living tree.....*a* 113
as the twig is bent, the t's..*b* 102
the ruggd t's are mingling...*j* 143
beneath that glorious tree..*m* 146
pillars of the palm t. bower..*b* 148
then I shook the t too rough.*l* 151
fast hy the tree of life.....*l* 132
roses on your thorny tree....*f* 126
tongues I'll hang on every t.**f* 430
credulous mother, to the t..*x* 166
as freedom's tree is known..*l* 167
trees yield their frail honors.*a* 411
next t. shalt thou hang alive**f* 363
all rich with hlossom'd t's..*k* 364
are golden fruit upon a t....*f* 402
friendship is a sheltering t..*m* 172
t's cut in statues, statues....*t* 176
did gently kiss the tree*....*w* 289
green roof of trees.....*a* 406
the trees, though summer*.*u* 195
the shelter of an aged tree...*t* 197
reap'd are of the tree.....*c* 441
no other merriment, dull t..*j* 441
place is all awave with trees.*b* 432
t.! for thy delightful shade...*c* 434
long milk-bloom on the tree.*i* 434
Elcaya and that courteous t.*h* 436
the rivers did the t's excel...*j* 486
dreamily, under the trees...*h* 438
mulherry-tree is of t's the...*i* 438
oak, the patriarch of the t's.*b* 439
proud tree low hendeth its..*e* 439
next to ye hoth I love the t..*r* 439
trees, that like the poplar...*p* 440
no tree in all the grove hut.*f* 432
profound this solitary tree.*m* 441
mid encircling trees.....*b* 466
wind among the trees.....*r* 466
the trees of the forest.....*a* 467
wind did gently kiss the t's*.*n* 467
that sang of trees..... *v* 467
trees to speak*.....*aa* 498
in heaven the trees.....*c* 326
each tree, laden with fairest.*g* 295
blossoms in the trees.....*p* 348
t's hy the way should have*.*e* 477
green on every hlooming t..*b* 371
infant blossoms on the t's ..*e* 371
trees are in the hlossom....*q* 372
upon the parent tree.....*k* 154
heneath the drooping tree...*u* 159
in cooling trees, a voice.....*l* 212
full hlossomed trees.....*m* 212
of life's strange tree .....*d* 214
the t. her step she turned...*e* 364
find tongues in trees*.....*u* 234
the tree of deepest root.....*k* 236
t's in the autumn winds....*l* 375
give me again my hollow t...*z* 228
amidst mouldering trees....*x* 335
temperance is a tree which..*o* 417
and many-nested trees.....*k* 479
Tree-bough–t-h's swaying.....*l* 378
Trellis–t. where grape-vines....*e* 34
Tremhle–nerves shall never t*..*w* 72
tremhle thou wretch*.....*j* 75
needle trembles to the pole..*f* 380
t. for this lovely frame.....*f* 290
tremble and start*.....*i* 294

calm, diffusive, trembles....d 375
glitt'ring as they tremble....t 277
that trembles in the breast..t 344
Trembled-hell t. at the hideous m 82
trembled on its stem.....o 141
mighty mount Olympus t...p 365
oak shakes that ne'er t.....e 439
Tremblest-thou t. and the*....t 121
Trembling-the t. eye bright.. d 132
t. heart to wisdom.....w 470
letters unto t. hands.....s 316
three on the naked lime t....i 432
Tremulous-t. skeins of rain...v 351
Tremulously-water-lilies lay t.k 151
Trespass-it did bass my t*.....e 422
Tress-tresses to the morn .....a 143
abroad its verdant t's.....u 151
brandish your crystal t's*...n 289
dog star shall scorch thy t's.q 370
tresses are not stirr'd. .....b 392
tresses, that wear jewels.....l 189
the t's of her hair of gold....o 189
fair t's man's imperial race..r 189
up those t's; O, what love*...t 189
Trial-hours of t. and dismay...f 275
thou shalt by trial know.. .w 266
the child of t., to mortality.p 441
square my trial.....n 407
marks the passing of the t...o 441
capable till the t. comes.....b 442
faith must have great trials..j 442
t's teach us what we are....m 442
Tribe-a handful to the t's.....v 79
formed of two mighty t's...u 393
badge of all our tribe* .....x 328
tribes in peace unite.....g 330
Tribute-to thee their t. bring.n 156
golden t. bent to pay.....j 364
no more t. to be paid*.. ....p 167
not one cent for tribute.....r 329
other tribute at thy hands*..b 259
soil must bring its tribute.m 381
passing tribute of a sigh....e 382
Tribunal-proclaim thy dread t.b 218
Trice-in a t., or a suddaine. ..n 234
Trick-t's in plain and simple*.m 44
tricks and ceremonies*.....v 62
for tricks that are vain.....n 87
not shap'd for sportive t's* .x 255
it proved an intellectual t...b 173
play all my tricks in hell....c 401
tricks he hath had in him*..e 178
tricks to show the stretch...a 496
all his tricks founder*.....k 310
plays such fantastic tricks*.w 346
Trickle-it t. from its source...s 348
Trickled silent shower that t. c 352
Trickling-t. through the.....e 434
Tried-by whom the new are t. l 170
is to blame that has been t..f 454
lives the man that has not t.u 362
Trifle-trifles I alike pursue.....i 13
a trifle makes a dream.....t 97
leave such a trifle.....u 162
trifles, light as air*.....q 215
win us with honest trifles*..l 445
painted t. and fantastic toys.o 442
trifles make the sum of.....q 442
at every trifle, scorn to take.r 442
up of unconsidered trifles...s 442
we sit too long on trifles*....t 442
think naught a trifle.....v 442
Trill-melody, a tender trill.....s 33
Trillium-see the purple t's....e 158
Trimmer-their poet, a sad t...y 340
Trip-t. we after the nights*...f 112
though he trip and fall.....j 279
Tripping-t. among the wild..j 435
Trippingly-t. on the tongue*.q 294
Triton-hear old Triton blow...g 56
this Triton of the minnows* r 498
Triumph-ourselves, are t. and..i 49
in their triumph die*.....k 89
harebells earn a triumph....a 142
view thy triumph.....j 165
wit of poets' triumphs.....f 335
who in triumph advances...r 452
inglorious triumphs.....u 458
toil with rare triumph.....z 493
the triumph of principles..j 330
Triumphant-exulting on t. ...o 200
Triumphed-t. o'er our arms ..q 452
Trivial-contests rise from t....s 362
all trivial fond records*.....k 262
Trod-a path that must be t.....t 82
against her ankles as she....p 134
Trodden-crushed or t. to the.....b 4
t. on by rain and snow.....k 141
a fire is quickly trodden out*k 123
Troop-him in the thickest t...b 451
routed the whole t.....r 456
my troops are the wind.....d 404
Trope-out there flew a trope...e 414
Trophy-the t. of thy fairer....r 144
Tropic-airs of the tropics.....a 440
tropics, or chill'd at the pole s 475
Tropical-whose t. luxuriance. k 131
Troth-again we plighted our t. b 242
not break my troth*.....t 291
Trouble-t. brought, affecting....b 1
war, he sung, is toil and t...q 457
why all this toil and trouble e 406
slow defence against trouble e.469
full of t. and full of care ...aa 192
do breed unnatural t's*.....c 359
unapt to toil and trouble*...v 477
Troubled-is like a fountain t*.r 476
anxious or troubled, when..u 345
as she is troubled with*.....f 310
Troublesome-how t. is day.....c 79
t. it sat upon my head*.....u 367
Trout-directs the roving trout n 123
swift t's, diversified with ...b 124
Trowel-clink of trowel.....s 74
masons with trowels.....d 309
Truant-I have a truant been*.. x 73
ears play truant at his tales* p 102
and truant husband should.w 203
not such a t. since my*.....k 237
Truce-serveth for a flag of t.*..r 124
bugles sound the truce.....f 331
truce to earthly care.....f 369
Truckle-bed-lie in honour's t-b.d 199
Trudged-he trudged along.....x 65
True-'tis easy to be true.....g 46
when they come true.....w 96
true as the dial to the sun....x 63
keep your love true.....c 64
be true to your word and... .d 64
all men's faces are true*.....o 111
small service is true service..n 120
'tis pity; and pity 'tis 'tis t.*.i 211
my heart is true as steel*....c 123
and thy friend be true.....d 123
virtue to love the true.....v 453
else it is not true.....p 268
true and honorable wife*....e 465
it is as true as sunbeams....h 469
that which was proved true.f 317
true as the needle to the pole.r 122
may to yourself be true.....b 251
look thou be true*.....g 251
are you good men and true*.r 254
in life and death are true....p 168
a t. friend is forever a friend.d 176
which makes the true man*.p 181
do but insinuate what is t...q 337
true one to another*.....x 418
too t. and too sacred to be...p 173
unfaithful kept him falsely t.k 200
that makes true good.....f 241
true to true feeling.....v 244
to thine own self be true*...u 445
my man's as true as steel*..h 443
more strange than true*.....j 449
dare to be true.....n 444
single vow, that is vow'd t.*.t 445
time approves it true.....e 479
deep life of all that's true...j 109
angry at a slander, makes it t.a 387
nothing true, but heaven...m 484
Truly-speak truly, shame the..n 443
Trump-till the last trump be..o 184
trump did sound, or drum*.b 461
Trumpet-blew no t. in the.....m 52
trumpet of his own virtues*.j 455
trumpets loud clangor.....p 457
kettle to the trumpet speak*.l 459
sound trumpets! let*..... j 460
t's of some heavenly host....s 466
trumpet to his purposes*...m 467
trumpets of the sky.....f 377
trumpet; whence he blew...b 338
t.! the dead have all heard..bb 362
loud t's wondrous sound...aa 362
great deeds, need no trumpet.e 419
steeds, and trumpets clang*.v 476
Truncheon-the marshal's t.*...l 263
Trunk-into the t's of men*....d 113
Trust-love all, trust a few*.....a 44
trust men, and they.....m 61
out the sun, Trust to me.....n 61
trust not him that hath*.....s 61
trust that man in nothing....c 63
trust thy honest offer'd.....d 73
trust the flattering truth of..h 97
it can feel trust.....i 90
a wise man will not trust.....s 95
trust to mortal things.....aa 93
experience, trust him not...v 107
one eye doth please our t....f 109
trust themselves with men*.x 254
trust not yourselves.....n 170
pillar of my trust, the true. o 169
I can but trust that good....e 202
O yet we t., that somehow...f 202
in such low things our trust.f 209
trust no future, howe'er.....r 175
greatest t. between man and.w 442
you as holy men trust God..y 442
a soul that trusts in heaven..z 442
put your trust in God.....aa 442
better trust all and be .....a 443

trust! O endless sense of rest.*b* 443
trust him in the dark*.....*e* 443
so far will I trust thee*.....*f* 443
sorry I must never trust*...*m* 431
violates his trust is more a..*c* 448
an unfaltering trust.....*k* 360
will trust, that He who heeds.*i* 349
safe and sound your trust is.*o* 474
time, that takes on trust....*r* 425
tyrant now trusts not.....*r* 447
only friend he now dare t..*r* 447
generous t. in human kind.*n* 488
Trusted-to be t. is a greater...*c* 443
was ever poet so t. before....*c* 336
treason is but trusted like*..*z* 431
Trustfully-t. my spirit looks..*d* 443
Trusting-t. heart that lives....*d* 259
Trustworthy-such a man is t.*g* 445
Truth-t. dwells underground....*e* 9
wit, seeking truth from cause.*g* 8
beauty is truth, truth beauty.*b* 18
as truth in some hereafter...*p* 18
the types of truths.....*j* 39
choice between t. and repose.*w* 55
the t. as I will make them*...*u* 58
divine melodious truth.....*b* 28
taught truths as refin'd.....*h* 63
heap'd for truth to overpeer*.*z* 77
truth shines brightest.....*n* 68
in the strife of truth with....*q* 88
the dignity of truth is lost...*i* 93
by truth shall spread.....*a* 96
where doubt, their truth is...*b* 96
trust the flattering t. of sleep*.*h* 97
truth is courage.....*l* 113
the truth in masquerade....*n* 113
think truth were a fool*.....*r* 113
t. is everywhere confess'd..*m* 341
songs consecrate to t. and..*m* 396
the t. shall be thy warrant...*i* 399
t. in studious rhymes to pay.*e* 450
t. a lustre, and make wisdom.*c* 353
and speech is truth.....*p* 400
not truth, but persuasion...*z* 324
my sight and sense of truth.*d* 348
kindness, by enduring t....*g* 475
the test of truth, love.....*c* 423
bring truth to light*.....*c* 427
tries the troth in everything.*d* 428
t. shines the brighter clad in.*q* 337
still revolt when truth.....*m* 167
tell him disagreeable truths.*a* 170
footsteps of truth.....*u* 224
for they breathe truth*.....*p* 226
feel great t's, and tell them..*x* 334
truth in worthy song.....*a* 335
truest t., the fairest beauty..*a* 335
gravestones tell t. scarce.....*f* 184
fling the wingèd shafts of t..*u* 337
know then this truth.....*n* 454
make them lords of truth....*y* 455
t. between us two forevermore.*z* 172
some day hidden truth be....*n* 175
God is truth and light his..*m* 180
when sober truth prevails...*i* 291
claiming t., and t. disclaiming *g* 370
t. comes to us from the past.*t* 196
smiling at the sale of truth..*j* 200
science is certainty, is truth.*f* 370
the justice and the truth*...*f* 219
do I not in plainest truth*..*a* 246
the truth of truths is love...*d* 239
deepest truths are best read.*j* 443
t. is sensitive and jealous...*k* 443
the vantage-ground of truth.*l* 443
how sweet the words of t...*m* 443
truth, like the sun.....*o* 443
t. crushed to earth shall rise.*p* 443
short armistice with truth..*q* 443
t. denies all eloquence to woe.*r* 443
truth is always strange.....*s* 443
all men that believe in truth.*t* 443
truth is the hiest thing.....*u* 443
truth herself, if clouded.....*v* 443
truth is easy, and the light..*w* 443
bind and loose to truth.....*x* 443
truth in the end shall shine.*y* 443
truths on which depends....*a* 444
Pilate's question put to t....*b* 444
free-man whom the t. makes.*c* 444
t. is unwelcome, however...*d* 444
give them t. to build upon ..*e* 444
t. has rough flavours if we..*g* 444
nobler the t. or sentiment...*h* 444
truth is the summit of being.*i* 444
t. only smells sweet forever..*j* 444
t. from his lips prevail'd.....*l* 444
one t. discovered is immortal.*m* 444
truth is tough .....*o* 444
best way to come to truth...*p* 444
to love t. for truth's sake....*q* 444
that word were not the truth.*r* 444
a hair's-breadth from the t..*r* 444
truth silences the liar.....*s* 444
got but the t. once uttered...*t* 444
golden padlocks on t's lips..*u* 444
truth forever on the scaffold.*v* 444
arm thyself for the truth...*w* 444
truth makes on the ocean of.*x* 444
armor against hurt like the t.*y* 444
t., when not sought after....*z* 444
who kept Thy truth so pure.*b* 445
not a truth has to art or to..*a* 445
slain by the t. they assailed.*a* 445
truth indeed came once.....*d* 445
t. is impossible to be soiled..*e* 445
thy tongue on the anvil of t.*f* 445
truth is the source of every.*g* 445
t., needs no flow'rs of speech.*j* 445
of darkness tell us truths*...*l* 445
will find where truth is hid*.*n* 445
t. should live from age to*...*p* 445
tell t., and shame the devil*.*q* 445
tell t., and shame the devil..*b* 446
while you live, tell truth*...*q* 445
that truth should be silent*.*r* 445
they breathe truth, that*....*s* 445
many oaths that make the t.*.*t* 445
t. to th' end of reckoning*..*v* 445
t. is always straightforward.*y* 445
search for the truth is the...*z* 445
truth, and, by consequence.*aa* 445
truth is the work of God....*a* 446
the fair jewel, truth.....*c* 446
truths that wake, to perish..*d* 446
truth is sunk in the deep....*e* 446
t. was never indebted to a lie.*f* 446
I cannot tell how the truth..*i* 306
wish yourself where truth is.*j* 461
and steadfast truth acquit..*m* 418
whom t. and wisdom lead..*w* 468
wisdom is only in truth.....*d* 469
t. from which they spring...*r* 313
truth from his lips prevailed.*j* 317
truth miscall'd simplicity*.*w* 496
truth needs no colour*.....*u* 499
religion, if in heavenly t's..*j* 357
he alone has found the truth.*g* 346
takes this carp of truth*...*aa* 113
truth is perilous never.....*t* 104
visible and certain truth....*z* 104
truth be veiled.....*e* 108
to truth's house there is....*g* 108
the voice of the t. is heard..*f* 371
truth, one martyr more....*aa* 255
truths you had sown.....*a* 256
for truth makes holy.....*l* 250
art with truth.....*h* 408
stars as sorrow shows us t's.*j* 408
oaths that make the truth*..*a* 292
your truth and valor.....*i* 312
here patriot t. her glorious..*a* 307
t. hath better deeds than*..*u* 383
authority and show of t.*...*x* 384
keep ourselves loyal to truth.*d* 385
sweet ornament which t*...*n* 385
greatest t's are the simplest.*d* 384
Truthful-us t. to ourselves....*o* 408
Truthfulness-since t., as a....*k* 445
Try-mine honour let me try*.*e* 200
time tries the troth in.....*d* 428
you must a hundred try....*e* 170
shall I try my friends*.....*r* 170
times that try men's souls*.*h* 425
touchstone true to t. a friend.*i* 347
Tub-in orange tubs, and beds.*o* 315
every tub must stand upon..*r* 360
Tube-tulip at end of its tube...*i* 158
his lips upon a thousand t's.*d* 466
Tuberose-the tub'rose ever...*i* 371
t., with her silvery light....*f* 153
Tuft-scarlet t's are glowing in.*c* 148
the basil tuft that waves....*b* 134
a t. of daises on a flowery lea.*i* 138
Tufted-ripening the t. clover..*c* 136
Tug-he this way tugs.....*r* 256
then was the tug of war.....*r* 457
Tulip-the t's lift their proud, .*r* 131
plant t's upon dunghills....*h* 158
tulip at end of its tube.....*i* 158
the tulip is a courtly queen.*k* 158
Dutch tulips from their beds.*l* 153
tulip's petal shine in dew...*m* 158
tulips out of envy burned...*v* 127
Tulip-tree-the tulip-tree high.*g* 270
'tis shadowed by the t-t.....*d* 441
Tumult-clouds in airy t. fly...*t* 277
not all the t. of the earth... *t* 444
Tumultuous-privacy of storm *f* 377
Tunable-more t. than lark*....*e* 249
Tune-that sings so out of t*....*f* 26
to the tune of flutes kept*....*c* 36
bird's tunes are no tunes....*n* 78
tunes to thy dancing leaves.*c* 434
out of t., ancient catches....*b* 319
into perfect tune.....*v* 244
should keep in tune so long.*o* 236
I am incapable of a tune....*b* 282
of that great tune, to which..*v* 282
tune his merry note*.....*g* 433
Tuned-notes well t. to her sad..*j* 28
Tuneful-calls up the t. nations.*n* 26
Turban-keep their impious t's*.*i* 485

with white silken turbans..g 111
Turbid-rocks and t. waters....i 148
Turbot-no t's dignify my.....c 124
Turf-turf above thee, friend....w 3
the t. is warm beneath her..d 149
green mountain turf should..g 184
the green turf lie lightly on..r 184
a stream of tender turf.....e 434
Turn-time goes by turns, and..s 46
t. the adamantine spindle...g 390
turn where he turns.....f 157
t's the giddy wheel around..a 339
t's, with ceaseless pain .....u 260
fortune's wheel is on the t..n 165
turn round and round.....v 317
ill wind t's none to good....u 407
by turns the Muses sing.....e 437
t. the current of a woman's..k 478
turns aside his scythe to....f 486
they turn like marigolds....b 487
Turned-t. to rottenness.....u 200
to the grave I t. me to see....l 184
Turning-where there is no t..k 257
as turning the logs.....k 406
turning, with splendour*...a 410
Turtle-the love of the turtle...a 223
Tutor-discretion be your t*....r 94
Tuzzes-the t's on thy cheek...o 321
Twain-t. have met like the....h 171
twain at once.....k 301
Twang-gies many a twang....j 303
Twanged-sharply t. off*.....p 291
Tweedledee-tweedledum and t.j 490
Tweedledum-t. and tweedledee j 490
Twenty-one nightingale for t..h 151
Twice-old man is t. a child* ....x 6
everything is t. as large...aa 492
Twig-as the t. is bent the trec's b 102
every twig and stalk.....f 441
Twilight-evening twilight fades..d 6
at the repairing t. wander....j 70
under the pall of twilight...d 277
night into day through t...w 205
he loved the twilight.....j 366
the dimness of their t.....n 128
t. melts beneath the moon...s 105
t. pale she grants us.....h 144
alone in the twilight gray...a 134
thro' the summer t., still.. .b 136
heart that keeps its t. hour..m 259
as t. gives its gleam.....l 374
dawn, who see in t's gloom..a 336
twilight upon the earth.....s 288
none by the dew of the t...bb 159
'twas t. and the sunless.....k 446
now the t. shadows hie.....m 446
in the t. of morning.....o 446
sweet shadows of twilight..p 446
first pale stars of twilight...q 446
rest and t. prevailed.....r 446
twilight is sad and cloudy..u 446
had changed to grateful t...v 446
twilight grey had in her....a 447
O the sweet, sweet t.....b 447
the weird northern t.....c 447
t's soft dews steal o'er.....i 447
t., ascending slowly from...o 447
arch'd walks of t. groves.....l 440
O twilight! spirit that does..e 447
Twin-two t's of winged race..n 390
Twin-brother-sleep death's t-b.e 392
Twine-let me t. mine arms*...v 246
Twining-t. from love so sweet..d 198
Twinkle-bid the taper twinkle..e 57
morn to twinkle from.....w 130
twinkle from the rocks.....h 106
an eye that twinkles.....k 109
daisy's eyes are a-twinkle...s 138
twinkle their mute praises..b 139
Twinkling-t. vapors arose ....h 411
their many twinkling feet..w 302
many leaves all twinkling...i 432
but the twinkling of a star..x 489
Twisted-t. round a comb.....h 143
Twit-t. with cowardice a man*.b 65
Twitter-their small notes t....f 273
Twittering-were t. above.....w 325
Two-angels issued, where but..l 81
never takes one alone, but t..q 81
lies to hide it makes it two...o 88
we two among them wading..o 140
two words, "sustain" and..j 332
t. roses on one slender spray..h 153
two voices are there.....m 456
it most, grows two, thereby..n 444
when two join in the same..q 360
our two lives grew like.....l 449
two souls with but a single..n 449
two hearts that beat as one..n 449
two lovely berries moulded*q 449
two seeming bodies, but*...q 449
has two strings to his bow..t 489
Type-types in these thou dost...e 9
type of heaven's unspeakable w 17
type of the wise who soar....s 26
finding in itself the the types.l 49
type of all the wealth to be..g 141
a type of beauty, or of power.q 148
t. of his harangues so dozy..n 149
very type of freshness.....n 278
a noble type of good.....s 474
Tyrannous-t. to use it like a*.c 405
I knew him tyrannous*.....p 448
Tyranny-t. absolves all faith..u 447
think'st thou there is no t..b 448
tyranny is far the worst of...c 448
great tyranny, lay thou*....k 448
tyranny to strike and gall*..s 448
tyranuy and rage of his*....r 328
law ends, tyranny begins...f 307
in nature is a tyranny*.....a 229
t. tremble at patience*.....j 211
her t. had such a grace.....o 473
Tyrant-the tyrant never sat....s 86
thou tyrant! do not repent*..p 91
the little t. of his fields.....q 114
hell's grim tyrant.....o 105
should be call'd tyrants*....q 110
'tis time to fear, when t.*...u 121
luckless hour, my t. fair....g 256
to fly that tyrant, thought..h 228
kings will be t's from policy.q 366
oh tyrant love.....o 244
sovereign is called a tyrant..d 449
reverse the tyrant's wish...h 473
tyrant only to please.....q 447
tyrant now trusts not.....r 447
strikes the crown of tyrants..s 447
blood of tyrants is not.....d 448
a tyrant is the greatest.....f 448
bloody t., and a homicide*...l 448
how can t's safely govern*..n 448
tyrants' fears decrease not*..p 448
untitled t. bloody scepter'd*.r 448
this t. whose sole name*.....a 449
a company of tyrants is.....b 449
to t's is obdedience to God...i 355
t's, whose delegated cruelty..b 448
this hand, to tyrant's ever..d 330
Tyrian-fringes from a T. loom..j 432

U.

Ugly-that makes me ugly*.....s 50
not ugly, and is not lame....q 92
spite of u. looks and threats.a 270
Umbrella-the u's ribs display..f 322
underneath the u's oily.....f 322
Unaffected-simplicity and u..d 138
Unapt-u. to toil and trouble*..v 477
Unasked-good u. in mercy ...m 407
Unattempted-yet in prose or..bb 494
Unawed-u. by influence.....a 307
Unbecoming-think u. in me..n 255
Unbelief-u. in denying them ..a 20
dungeon doors of unbelief..x 443
unbelief is blind.....h 449
no strength in unbelief.....g 449
fearful unbelief is u. in.....f 449
Unbelieving-u. part of the....v 379
Unbidden-u. guests are often* x 188
Unblemished-u. let me live.....s 115
Unblest-spears and unblest...w 407
e'en in Paradise unblest.....d 476
weak soul, within itself u...b 462
Unborn-a boy is better unborn.p 101
better to be unborn than....k 206
by you the u. shall have.....x 237
Unbosom-spring u. every.....p 378
Unbreeched-saw myself u.*...h 269
Unbribed-unbribed. by gain..a 307
Unburied-bodies of u. men ....j 31
Uncertain-ways unsafest are...d 96
the end of war's uncertain*..v 469
affairs of men rest still u.*..q 354
Uncle-"Ay," quoth my u.*...p 188
my prophetic soul! mine u.*h 498
married with my uncle*....u 476
Uncoffined-unknelled—u., and..j 80
Unconfined-u. restraint.....s 389
Unconquered-star of the u....q 465
Unconscious-u. uttered .....d 259
Uncorrupt-are u. sufficient .. l 357
Uncorrupted-his u. heart.....n 319
Uncouple-u. here, and let us*..e 278
Unction-flattering u. to your* b 125
unction of a mountebank*..s 349
Uncurl-hair that now uncurls* v 321
Uncurrent-off with such u.*..y 182
Undefiled-well of English u....l 337
Under-but u. them all there...j 233
Underground-stag from u.....l 12
and wake the nations u....aa 362
low underground.....m 126
Underling-that we are u's*....y 254
Understand-well; that is to u. r 88
they do not themselves u....q 336
even a babe may understand d 127
Understanding-find you an u...n 14
understanding to direct.....c 49
improvement of the u.....v. 223
understandings can make...k 107
give it an understanding*...b 379
a man of moderate u.*.....s 207

Understood-dull world is ill u...e 33
he understood by rote.....o 350
great First Cause, least u....q 180
before he's understood.....l 298
u. belongs to every one.....x 443
for be it understood.....c 329
Undertaker-ye u's tell us.....h 322
Undervalue-if she u. me.....c 61
Undeserved-an u. dignity....*c 200
Undiscovered-u.country from*f 176
Undone-give, to want, to be u..e 94
good undone for the living..h 483
and be again undone.....y 239
to be undone forever.....p 464
what's done, cannot be u.*..r 119
and cannot be undone.....q 242
Undress-fair u., best dress.....q 13
dresse and undresse thy soul.f 356
Uneasy-u. lies the head that*..k 368
uneasy lie the heads.....d 304
Unenjoyed-is mind u.....h 265
Unequal-made by nature u...m 104
Unexpected-how much u.*.....i 72
Unexpressed-uttered or u.....t 344
Unfaith-faith and u. can ne'er f 113
u. in aught is want of faith.f 113
Unfaithful-faith u. kept him..k 200
Unfathomable-sea ! whose....l 427
Unfathomed-the dark u. caves.s 304
Unfelt-till then u.,what hands.o 179
Unfinished-imperfect, u.....t 474
Unfold-u's both heaven and*...h 78
till we shall dare u. them....l 261
I could a tale unfold*..... j 121
Unfolding-the u. star calls up*p 403
Unforgiving-an u. eye.....y 500
Unforgotten-do not all forget...i 80
Unfortunate-one more u.....o 267
Unfulfilled-his errand u..... j 324
Unfurled-elements u. their... j 375
Unfurnished-for that world to..t 79
Ungained-prize the thing u.*..f 480
Ungenerous-u., even to a book.s 36
Ungrateful-on her u. top*.....p 210
bowels of ungrateful Rome*.n 459
Unhappiness-man's u., as I...e 449
Unhappy-think the great u...q 186
if man's u., God's unjust....p 495
alas for the unhappy man...i 317
none think the great u .....u 501
till his death be called u.. ..s 482
Unheard-u. of as thou art.....i 135
but those u. are sweeter.....x 281
turn away unheard.....p 287
Unheeded-u. flew the hours...p 427
Union-union of insensate dust.i 80
sail on, O union, strong.....n 329
liberty and union, now.....x 329
your strength is in your u.bb 182
forever more by that union..i 241
the flag of our u. forever....p 124
step to the music of the u...e 329
our federal union ! it must..k 329
our union is river.....m 449
the union of lakes.....p 449
the union of lands.....p 449
the union of hearts.....p 449
u. of states none can sever..p 449
yet a union in partition*...q 449
United-united we stand.....p 329
united yet divided.....k 301
Uniting-by u. we stand, by....k 449
Unity-all unity on earth*.....i 47
Universe-she was the universe.f 78
passage of the universe.....i 56
born for the u., narrowed....t 340
when the Master of the u...a 180
University-u. of these days...k 229
Unjust-just th' unjust to save. a 356
if man's unhappy, God's u.p 495
ah! how unjust to nature...q 255
surprised by unjust force...e 454
a God all mercy is a God u..a 181
Unkind-thou art not so u.*...q 210
when givers prove unkind*.u 178
u. as man's ingratitude*....i 467
unkind language is sure to..s 449
deform'd, but the unkind*..v 449
Unkindest-most u. cut of all*.d 211
Unkindness-drink down all u.*.h 98
small u. is a great offence...d 380
produce the fruits of u.....s 449
hard unkindness' alter'd eye.t 449
unkindness may do much*.u 449
u. may defeat my life*.....u 449
sharp-tooth'd unkindness*..b 450
in this I bury all u.*.....n 468
Unknelled-u.—uncoffin'd and..j 80
Unknowing-u. what he sought.x 65
Unknown-u. and silent shore..n 81
uncoffin'd and unknown.....j 80
live, unseen, unknown.....y 292
let me live, or die unknown.s 115
some heart, though u.....a 118
how far the u. transcends...u 285
where parting is unknown.w 193
unknown to public view....q 395
behind the dim unknown...k 348
Unlamented-pass the proud...t 346
Unlearned-them to royalty u.*.s 367
Unlettered-u. small-knowing*.p 206
Unload-and death u's thee*...u 462
Unloved-u., the sun flower....r 157
Unlucky-u. time slides into..r 336
count all unlucky men.....n 251
Unman-it unmans one quite...h 70
let's not unman each other..h 326
Unmanly-let 'em be u.*.....b 78
Unmarked-they bud, bloom...r 152
Unnatural-strange and u.*....k 280
unnatural deeds do breed*...c 359
Unopened-bales u. to the sun..a 422
Unpaid-for-in unpaid-for silk*.d 347
Unparalleled-would be u.*....b 477
Unpitied-unrcspited, u.....cc 494
Unpolluted-u. in his beams...f 410
Unprepared-when men are u.*.b 85
Unreality-the u. of time .....r 420
Unreconciled-u. as yet to*.....e 75
Unrest-hot fever of unrest....x 331
Unrivaled-a female name u...r 368
Unsatisfied-night to the u.*..w 306
Unseen-fade, u. by any human c 161
u., both when we wake.....g 401
happiness resides in things u.o 191
may lie unseen by day.....q 304
ill habits gather by unseen.g 189
born to blush unseen.....x 292
Unsocial-careless, u. plant....j 441
Unsought-not u., be won.....t 49
given unsought, is better*..d 248
Unsphere-u. the stars with*...s 347
Unspoken-of thoughts u.....i 420
Unstained-his hand u.....n 319
Unsuccessful-or successful war x 394
Unswept-would be unswept*...z 77
Untaught-unborn than u.....p 101
better be unborn than u....k 206
Unthread-u. the rude eye of*. k 355
Untimely-an untimely grave..j 184
Untitled-u. tyrant bloody*....r 448
Untold-with forms and tints u.p 149
Untrained-u. and wildly free..b 156
Unused-to the melting mood*.q 416
Unutterable-now breath'd u.. s 344
Unuttered-looked u. things...e 501
Unwelcome-however divine...d 444
Unwhipped-u. of justice*.....j 75
Unwholesome-u. in all months.l 133
Unwillingly-like snail u. to* ..c 406
Unwithdrawing-and u. hand..o 451
Unwomanly-sat, in u. rags....h 225
Unworthy-not u. to love her..e 114
Unwritten-the u. only still....q 299
Up-I'm up and down and..... j 58
some go up and some go....n 166
up ! up ! my friend, quit...e 406
the game is up*.....e 499
pulleth down, He setteth up.f 349
my words fly up, my*.....a 482
Up-heaveth-like the fair sun*. l 110
Uphill-escape the u. by never..a 332
Upholding-three legs u. firm..l 301
Uphung-on starting threads u..p 209
Upland-upon that u. height..m 159
gone from u., glade and glen.d 126
Upper-sof'ness in the u. story.b 494
Upper-crust-are all u-c. here..r 114
Uproar-u. the universal peace*.z 47
voice and wild uproar.....f 325
Upspringing-from the ground..s 147
Uptear-the share u's thy bed..j 139
Upturned-face u.—so still ....c 380
lilies, upturned lilies.....a 145
Urge-urge them, while their*..s 324
Urgest-for, as thou u., justice*s 219
Urn-urn or animated bust .....x 80
fall urns of blinding beauty.a 145
old sepulchral urns.....x 231
did follow to his urn* .....l 184
Us-play to you,'tis death to us.m 493
Usance-rate of u., here with*..g 192
Use-use doth breed a habit*...j 189
gratefully u. what to thee is.o 193
tell him my uses cry me*...u 268
and soil'd with all ignoble u.g 178
wherein all uses of man.....c 440
let use be preferred..... f 296
great for their use.....g 297
that hath not power to use..f 342
derives its value from its use.z 232
'tis use alone that sanctifies.c 252
to their proper native use...k 335
we go to use our hands*.....u 414
make use of ev'ry friend....n 170
daggers to her, but u. none..b 205
to what uses shall we put...a 155
perfect in the use of arms*..c 460
use almost can change the*..i 189
tyrannous to use it like a*..g 448
u. in abject and in slavish*..h 388
Used-is existence, used is life.n 428
Useful-more u. than silence...d 383

Usefulness-u. comes by.....c 73
Useless-u. each without the...c 357
as useless if it goes as when..l 205
Usquebae-wi' u. we'll face the.c 214
Usurer-usurer's gold.....g 243
Usurper-never be but an u....u 447
Utica-no pent-up U. contracts.p 342
Utility-both beauty and u.*...l 130
Utter-utters another.....f 87
poets utter great and wise...q 336
not u. what thon dost not*..f 443
Utterance-I cannot.....h 180
all ear to hear new u. flow..m 400
Uttered-u. or unexpressed.....t 344
Uttereth-piercing eloquence*.p 383

V.

Vacant-but has one v. chair....b 82
spoke the vacant mind:.....d 288
mind quite v. is a mind.....o 361
stuffs out his v. garments*..g 187
the vacant place may be.....s 329
Vacation-not conscience have v.v 61
Vaded-as v. gloss no rubbing*.u 18
Vadeth-gloss that v. suddenly*.u 18
Vain-thy weeping is in vain....i 83
for tricks that are vain.....n 87
why, all delights are vain*....l 89
who talks much must talk in v.q 68
very vain, my weary search...i 35
vain and doubtful good*.....u 18
not in vain invokes.....s 388
is v. who writes for praise...o 343
they never sought in v.....s 343
in v. the stars would shine..s 473
and constancy are vain.....v 106
how vain your grandeur....p 145
not a vanity is given in v....i 451
monarchs seldom sigh in v..o 367
I only know we loved in v...o 356
let not those agonies be vain.d 359
in vain doth valor bleed.....q 450
serves to prove the living, v.j 322
to dazzle let the v. design....f 304
because they preach in vain.a 468
'tis never sought in vain....x 470
Vainest-vainest of the worst...s 117
vainest of all things.....f 367
Valclusa-wreaths from fair V's.g 364
Vale-violet embroidered vale..x 100
the lily of the v., of flowers..c 146
broad-leafed lily of the vale..g 146
the lily of the vale.....i 146
what is there in the vale....p 256
and in the vales.....m 277
in the v. beneath the hill....l 411
sequestered vale of life.....j 232
that sprinkle the vale below.f 159
no flowers grow in the vale.bb 159
in the low v. the snow-white.e 130
the green sunny vale.....g 366
beyond this vale of tears....u 175
a barren, detested vale*.....d 433
vales between darkened.....s 446
is there in this vale of life...g 464
hollow v. from steep to steep.cc 383
Valentine-verses V. y'clep'd...c 450
conple with my Valentine...d 450
thou art every day my V....e 450
festival, old Bishop Valentine.g 450
in chorus on Valentine's day.h 450
Saint Valentine is past*.....i 450
to-morrow is Saint V's*.....j 450
to be your Valentine*.....j 450
day sacred to St. Valentine..k 450
birds had drawn their V's...l 450
V. if hearty sorrow be*.....o 397
Valiant-will do some v. deed....b 8
ring in the v. man and free...h 21
he's not valiant.....n 73
valiant never taste*.....*t 73
he had been valiant.....a 74
he's truly valiant*.....a 451
I for a valiant lion*.....m 213
he's not valiant that.....y 408
effort of a valiant mind.....j 107
Validity-of what v. and pitch*.b 248
Valley-charm o'er all the v's....j 28
looks out in the valley.....t 28
valley sheep were fatter.....p 12
o'er the dewy valleys.....f 106
in round valley depths.....j 272
in the valley under the hill..q 158
the v, stretching for miles...t 372
waste sandy valleys.....a 226
cowslips enrich the valley...e 129
when in this v. first I told...g 250
in his first splendor valley..h 366
light in the valley.....q 316
Valor-a life which v. could not.h 43
false quarrel there no true v.*.v 67
truest valor to dare to live....l 71
that doth guide his valor.....t 72
my valor is certainly going..h 74
the best part of valor.....l 94
valor is discretion*.....s 94
when v. preys on reason*...e 451
v. shown upon our crests*..r 459
the name of valor*.....d 460
for valour, is not love*.....o 247
full of v. that they smote*...n 214
the sign of valor true.....q 196
shows but a bastard valour..y 408
always safety in valor.....o 450
valor consists in the power..p 450
in vain doth valour bleed....q 450
realms their valour saved....l 312
no worthy match for valour.p 321
contemplation he and valor.r 494
great wits and valours.....c 471
valour to act in safety*.....c 470
Value-we rack the value*.....c 108
the true value of friends....n 169
value of it is seldom known.n 172
of more valew than a friend.q 173
derives its v. from its use...u 232
three things men v. alone...x 492
human things of dearest v..h 501
their value's great*.....j 305
Valued-v. where they best are..f 18
what's aught but as 'tis v.*.n 485
Vane-on gilded v's and roofs..e 275
yonder gilded vane.....e 352
Vanish-vanish like lightning...e 52
let it vanish like so many....y 96
soon must vanish.....t 262
v. from her heart and ear....s 173
Vanished-of vanished mindes.m 37
and vanished from our sight*.e 23
tombs now v. like their dead.f 59
touch of a vanish'd hand....b 90
the groves of Eden, vanish'd.p 451
v. springs, like flowers.....q 270
Vanity-neither v. nor conceit..r 95
v. and pride and annoyance.v 205
there is no need of such v.*.r 206
all others are but vanity.....i 249
v. to persuade the world....p 229
vanity is as ill at ease.....f 451
live on vanity must not.....g 451
not a v. is given in vain.....i 451
vanity, insatiate cormorant*.j 451
world thrust forth a vanity*.k 451
v. can give no hollow aid....r 394
Vanquished-shall never v. be...t 63
reconciled one is trnly v....u 102
Vantage-v. best have took*....b 356
Vapor-like all hills is lost in v.f 114
twinkling vapors arose.....h 411
golden, glimmering vapors..g 411
the vapours linger round....t 262
sent up in v's to the Baron's.q 189
like a v. in the cloudless....p 275
v's, and clouds, and storms..i 378
gnat around a vapour.....a 401
repress those vapors.....m 320
in crystal v. everywhere.....l 436
Vapory-and connt the v. god.q 205
Variable-prove likewise v.*...q 208
variable as the shade.....k 476
Variant-minds are as variant.m 361
Variegate-orchis v. the plain..p 374
Variety-oh for variety.....o 334
sometimes, for v., I confer...i 229
v's the very spice of life.....l 451
variety's the sonrce of joy..m 451
amidst the soft variety.....q 313
order in variety we see.....p 451
variety alone gives joy.....q 451
Various-a man so various that.l 122
various readings stored.....s 406
Varletry-the shonting varletry*.d 1
Varying-v. shore o' the world*t 409
Vase-you may shatter the v...j 153
vase and scntcheon.....b 317
from a golden vase profonnd.b 438
Vassal-the crouching v. to the.i 256
the snn and every v. star ...e 180
Vast-a rose, v. as the heavens..k 410
Vasty-spirits from the v. deep*l 401
Vault-the deep, damp vault....r 86
beauty makes this vault*....y 18
round the vault of heaven....q 59
v. high-domed of morning....e 32
is left this vault to brag of*.a 235
ignorance seldom v's into...w 205
aisle and fretted vault.....t 231
heaven's ebon vanlt.....b 290
she, in the vault of heaven..q 274
damp vault's dayless gloom.h 347
Vaulting-only v. ambition*.....i 9
Vaunt-vannts not itself.....s 240
vigour not by vaunts is won.c 408
Vegetable-v's life sustain.....e 46
plot, with vegetables stored.b 198
Vehicle-the vehicle of thonght.j 314
Veil-beneath a veil of rain....m 273
mysterious v. of brightness.o 274
pluck off thy veil.....j 165
the veil would lift.....t 222
without either flowers or v..l 173
the veil spun from the.....h 204
there is no veil like light....y 444

veil, which, if withdrawn...k 446
veils the farmhouse at the..m 393
v. by dark oblivion spread..m 425
Veiled-the v splendor beams..n 376
Vein-itself through all the v's*.k 91
my v's, I was a gentleman*..d 178
stretch the swelling vein....a 319
speaks to you in my veins*..z 481
our large veins should bleed.b 212
Velvet-cowslip's velvet head..e 137
spreads her velvet green....w 286
in my green velvet coat*....h 262
cap of v. could not hold.....o 189
abandon'd of his v. friends*.h 267
Vendible-a maid not v.....q 383
Venerable-'tis a v. name.....x 300
Vengeance-holds v. in his*....n 280
v. on the wretch who cast...d 363
fancy restores what v.....aa 206
the stor'd v's of heaven fall*.p 210
hot coals of vengeance*.....d 460
bolt of v., and expire.....d 363
v. there is noble scorn.....x 491
wi' gnawing vengeance.....j 303
deep v. is the daughter.....m 450
Venice-I stood in Venice.....x 58
when Venice sate in state....x 58
no, not for Venice*.....m 291
Venison-go and kill us v.*.....w 53
wished your venison better*h 100
Venom-bubbling v. flings.....d 45
while rankest v. foam'd.....j 205
should jealousy its venom...s 215
Venomed-upon thy v. stang..j 303
Vented-they vented their*.....t 203
Ventricle-begot in the v. of*..f 207
Venture-naught v., naught....u 44
boldly v. to whatever place...z 55
vessels large may venture....q 43
Venus-V. smiles not in a*....c 417
and Venus sets.....t 244
Venus, thy eternal sway....n 241
fair Venus' train appear ....u 241
grew a wrinkle on fair V.....i 215
fair Venus shines even in...h 446
to V. chime their annual....c 450
Verbena-v., which being.....o 158
Verbosity-thread of his v.*....v 481
Verdict-the due o' the verdict*f 219
Verdure-spots of rock and v....c 30
all his verdure spoil'd.....m 118
moves the verdure to and fro.e 271
spring, with smiling verdure.i 371
v's shooting, joy—oppress'd.m 371
losing his verdure even*....c 249
Verge-very v. of her confine*....q 7
in the verge of heaven.....q 86
verge enough for more.....n 165
v. of the churchyard mould.g 424
Verily-a lady's v. is as potent*.s 347
Verity-the v. of it is in strong*.l 306
Vernal-till v. suns and v. gales.v 145
which v. zephyrs breathe...b 290
Versatility-that vivacious v....s 451
Verse-into my varied verse.....r 28
he writes verses*.....r 163
his own verse the poet .....x 335
many a v. I hope to write....e 336
venture his poor v. in such..f 336
immortal in your verse.....l 336
the mind to virtue is by v..p 336
unlucky time slides into v..r 336
verse will seem prose.....g 354
verses builds it in granite...t 299
verses Valentines y'clep'd...c 450
come; but one verse*.....l 396
verses of feigning love*.....b 480
v. what others say in prose.d 337
verse sweetens toil.....a 339
verse may finde him who ...e 339
curst be the verse.....u 339
in verse have shin'd.....w 339
varying verse, the full.....c 340
married to immortal verse..p 340
you look upon this verse*...y 247
farewell then v., and love....i 445
Versed-deep versed in books ..c 354
Verse-maker-v's talk.....o 335
Vesper-v. is heard with its....p 446
Vessel-v's large may venture...q 43
the world the v. brings.....i 315
on, on the vessel flies.....j 364
trees uptorn and v's tost....v 467
Vestal-like saintly vestals.....s 144
as vestals pure they hold....a 145
Vestibule-his v. of day.....h 278
Vestment-what regal v's can...t 145
Vestris-the feats of Vestris.....i 291
Vesture-muddy v. of decay*..k 403
essential v. of creation*.....p 476
Veteran-veteran on the stage....c 6
its veteran's rewards.....e 234
Vexation-children were v. to*..l 55
Vexing-vexing the dull ear*...h 235
Vial-pour forth thy vial like..f 467
Viand-v's sparkling in golden*.c 67
Vibrant-vibrant on every iron.b 301
Vibrates-v's in the memory...c 284
Vibration-to deaden its v's....r 424
Vicar-it is by the v's skirts...m 317
Vice-good old gentlemanly v...u 16
vices of the polite.....h 38
clear too of all other vice.....k 62
above all vice.....q 71
visor hide deep vice*.....x 87
that low vice, curiosity.....o 77
dignity of vice be lost.....u 93
men are to this v. of lying...s 113
run from brakes of vice*....g 166
daub'd his v. with show of*.f 205
or any taint of vice*.....t 210
confederacies in vice.....c 172
vice, and madness, without.q 228
to nurture vice and act.....q 232
v. gets more in this vicious..t 451
vice itself lost half its evil..u 451
to sanction vice.....v 451
lash the vice and follies.....a 452
vice stings us, even in.....c 452
feel the smart, but not the v.d 452
vice is a monster of so.....e 452
all those who have vices....f 452
be made a man out of my v.*.h 452
no v. so simple but assumes*.i 452
vice repeated is like the*....j 452
the fool of virtues, not of v..y 453
while v. is fed. What then..k 454
of vice must pardon beg*...b 455
virtue itself turns vice*.....o 455
vice sometimes by action*..o 455
let none prefer vice.....a 456
when vice prevails.....w 292
the despotism of vice.....b 442
pride, the never failing vice.u 346
virtue and v. had boundaries.j 491
nor vice nor virtue had.....f 327
no vice but beggary*.....b 463
can vice atone for crime....u 343
Vicious-extremes are vicious.m 108
v. to have mistrusted her*..c 125
I perchance, am vicious*...m 215
imitate the v. or hate them.ff 494
Vicissitude-v's come best in...aa 2
revolves the sad v's.....p 385
Victim-their hapless victims...b 30
victims of your eyes will.....j 34
lead like a victim to.....r 80
and time will have their v's.s 117
cry of myriad victims.....w 458
their own victims.....l 405
poor v. of the market-place.n 388
Victorious-v. was his lance.....e 56
arts v. triumphant o'er.....q 452
victorious as her eyes.....q 241
ever victorious in fight.....d 431
Victory-the v's in believing...d 20
if not v., is yet revenge.....m 363
dishonest v. at Chaeronea...w 368
victories, if justly got.....i 223
makes not the victory vain.b 270
the greatest of victories... p 452
a v. is twice itself when*....l 452
there be the victory*.....w 452
but 'twas a famous victory.y 452
grac'd with wreaths of v.*..v 452
on to victorie.....q 456
victory was cock-a-hoop....r 456
upon your sword sit laurel v.*c 459
either v., or else the grave*..j 460
of how many victories won.r 362
thousand v's once foiled*...e 312
peace hath her victories....q 330
View-v's from thy hand no.....g 79
let the substance out of v...b 401
inspired by loftier views...bb 231
golden v's supremely blest..e 296
Vigil-poets painful v's keep...b 337
Vigilance-man's part is v.....q 44
Vigor-race by vigor, not by...c 408
vigour from the limb.....h 423
Vile-nought so v. that on*... u 348
in vile man that mourns....b 286
Village-back from the v. street.w 69
work the v. maiden sings....a 339
Villain-v. with a smiling*....aa 87
condemns me for a v.*.....w 62
here's a villain*.....e 102
smile, and smile, and be a v.*.c 205
calm, thinking villains.....z 452
v. and he be many miles*..dd 452
thou villain base*.....i 320
man-destroying villains.....t 447
how durst you, villains*.....o 302
slander'd to death by v's*...m 387
Villainy-the v. you teach*.....i 75
thought put on for villainy*.j 258
clothe my naked villainy*..aa 452
but direct villainy*.....cc 452
O villainy!—How ?*.....bb 452
villainies ruthful to hear*. .j 459
execrable sum of all v's.....l 388
Vindicate-v. the ways of God..p 180
Vinegar-other of such v.*.....i 51

Vine-o'er run with tangled v's. *g* 141
an elm, my husband, I, a v.*. *c* 258
summer v. in beauty clung. *n* 377
the vine of glossy sprout.... *i* 128
vines, roses, nettles, melons. *c* 285
vines yield nectar..... *c* 326
where the wild vines creep.. *f* 127
vine is a nest for flies..... *q* 250
water is the mother of the v. *p* 461
Vineyard-v's ruby treasures... *i* 376
Vintner-poets, like vintners... *o* 293
Viol-an unstringed v., or a*... *c* 430
Violence-blown with restless v.*. *c* 85
Violent-delights have v. ends*. *x* 362
short as it is violent ..... *v* 472
Violently-v. as hasty powder*.. *k* 91
Violet-to life the grass and v's.. *q* 27
showers of violets found..... *b* 31
queen of secrecy, the v..... *i* 109
the tints of a violet..... *p* 109
violets transform'd to eyes.. *v* 109
wind-flower and the v's..... *d* 126
violets heavenly blue..... *e* 126
violets bathe in the weet... *h* 126
the violet's beautiful blue... *j* 126
the timid, bashful violet.... *p* 126
sweet blue violets blow..... *f* 127
the blue-eyed violet..... *h* 127
violet lifts its calm blue eye. *i* 127
violet hid its head..... *t* 127
v's white let in silver light... *j* 128
scarce-blown violet banks... *b* 130
the young May violet grows. *a* 159
v's spring in the soft May... *d* 159
v's golden that sprinkle the.. *f* 159
violets gem the fresh..... *g* 159
sweet v's all a growing..... *h* 159
I prize the creeping violet... *j* 159
the violets' rich perfume .... *l* 159
violet of our early days..... *n* 159
v. sheds a richness round... *o* 159
the violet's charms I prize... *p* 159
sunny golden-yellow violet.. *r* 159
violets prattle and titter.... *w* 159
the violet is a nun..... *x* 159
violets! deep-blue violets... *bb* 159
a poor little violet..... *b* 160
v's were past their prime... *d* 160
hath the v. less brightness.. *e* 160
upon a bank of violets*..... *m* 160
the violet lay dead..... *q* 160
violet by a mossy stone..... *a* 161
the violets of five seasons.... *c* 161
yon violets that first appear. *d* 161
spring violets over the lea... *x* 110
of secrecy, the violet..... *i* 109
the tints of a violet..... *p* 109
v. is less beautiful than thee. *g* 148
opening the violet eye..... *p* 148
perfume on the violet*..... *o* 163
May violets spring*..... *v* 184
violets open every day..... *j* 271
violets sweet their odour.... *b* 272
violets linger in the dell.... *p* 374
nursing April's violets..... *a* 270
where early violets die..... *o* 245
blowing below the violet*... *j* 178
v. by the moss'd gray stone.. *a* 437
blowing below the violet*... *w* 488
for here the v. in the wood.. *f* 131
v's ope their purple heads... *h* 131
v's make the air that pass... *i* 131
violet loves a sunny bank... *l* 131
melodies gush from the v's.. *q* 131
violet by its mossy stone.... *t* 131
balm are purple with violets. *d* 371
winds which tell of the v's.. *u* 371
earliest v's always miss her. *c* 372
crocus and blue vi'let glow.. *s* 372
daisies pied, and v's blue*.. *f* 373
Violin-comes of making v..... *l* 114
Antonio Stradivari's violins. *r* 281
Virgin-maid, and v. mother.... *j* 57
the flower of virgin light.... *d* 145
like the proud virgins..... *d* 161
those virgin lilies..... *j* 161
from soft-eyed v., steal a tear. *u* 339
virgin shrouded in snow.... *c* 157
the wily virgin threw..... *k* 321
spouseless v. knowledge flies. *t* 468
Virtue-virtue is true happiness. *w* 8
fortune's ice prefers to v's land. *h* 8
with beauty we can v. join.. *m* 18
rich, my virtue then shall be*. *y* 19
ev'ry virtue join'd with..... *j* 34
many virtues in books..... *c* 38
calumny will sear virtue*.... *i* 42
whitest virtue strikes*..... *j* 42
virtue itself 'scapes not*..... *k* 42
when virtue's steely bones*.. *c* 51
charity is a v. of the heart... *q* 52
not the essence of this virtue. *r* 52
never known v. and pleasure. *x* 55
her v., and the conscience.... *t* 49
virtues we write in water*... *g* 51
alchymy will change to v.*... *l* 51
thy virtues here I seize*..... *n* 51
firmness and virtue enough.. *j* 52
progressive virtue..... *i* 67
virtue in her own shape..... *u* 90
v., I grant you is an empty... *u* 93
then let virtue follow..... *u* 95
peace, and virtue pure..... *c* 90
where v's force can cause... *p* 165
the admiration of virtue.... *v* 101
errors than from his virtues. *a* 105
that died in virtue' cause . *x* 115
wars that make ambition v.*. *q* 116
juice of subtile virtue lies... *o* 149
all earthly things but v..... *q* 181
for several v's have I lik'd*.. *o* 183
virtue that doth make them* *s* 477
a woman's only virtue*..... *t* 477
instructed in vertue..... *e* 304
O! lost to virtue..... *a* 396
forbearance ceases to be a v.. *t* 327
but no man's virtue*..... *aa* 328
some by virtue fall*,..... *g* 166
loved my friends as I do v... *e* 168
'tis not virtue, yet 'tis the.. *q* 202
from which all heavenly v's. *e* 203
his vice with show of v*.... *f* 205
virtue and cunning were*.. *a* 208
pity is the v. of the law*.... *g* 333
pleasure the servant, virtue. *h* 334
virtue is her own reward.... *t* 453
virtue is its own reward... *bb* 453
virtue is to herself the best.. *g* 454
virtue is its own reward.... *u* 454
virtue, a reward to itself.... *w* 455
be to her virtues very kind. *n* 228
it is not virtue, wisdom..... *o* 243
we only see their virtues... *n* 169
to make thy virtues..... *r* 263
severest virtue for its basis . *c* 172
as often as kindred virtues. *f* 172
his v's formed the magic... *w* 335
the mind to v. is by verse... *p* 336
'tis the death of virtue..... *w* 124
is a part of his virtue..... *b* 453
v., the strength and beauty.. *c* 453
virtue is like a rich stone... *d* 453
v. is like precious odours.... *e* 453
no road or ready way to v... *f* 453
v. is not wholly extinguished *g* 345
the firste vertue, sone..... *i* 453
theatre for v. is conscience.. *j* 453
virtue makes the bliss..... *k* 453
man of complete virtue..... *l* 453
is virtue a thing remote.... *m* 453
v. is not left to stand alone. *n* 453
famed for virtues he had not *o* 433
v.; the only lasting treasnre. *p* 453
virtue alone is happiness.... *q* 453
virtue, dear friend..... *r* 453
virtue, though in rags..... *u* 453
virtue to love the true..... *v* 453
only reward of virtue is v... *w* 453
virtue! I have followed you. *x* 453
be the fool of v., not of vice.. *y* 453
seek v., and, of that possest.. *z* 453
failings leaned to v's side... *cc* 453
the first upgrowth of all v.. *dd* 453
virtue is an angel..... *a* 454
if virtne feeble were, heaven c 454
virtue could see to do what. *d* 454
virtue may be assailed..... *e* 454
maxim be my virtue's guide *f* 455
aspire only to those virtues. *h* 454
v. only finds eternal fame... *i* 454
sometimes virtue starves... *k* 454
soil the virtues like..... *l* 454
v. filled the space between.. *m* 454
virtue alone is happiness... *n* 454
virtue even for virtne's sake *o* 454
itself is only a part of virtue *p* 454
heartfelt joy is virtue's prize *q* 454
v. may choose the high or... *s* 454
'tis just alike to virtne..... *s* 454
virtue she finds too painful. *t* 454
in thee the rays of v. shine.. *v* 454
according to his virtue let*. *w* 454
virtue if you have it not* .. *x* 454
can virtue hide itself*..... *a* 455
virtue itself of vice must*... *b* 455
v's will plead like angels*... *c* 455
rongh brake that virtue*.... *d* 455
held it ever v. and cunning* *e* 455
to sin in loving virtne*..... *f* 455
trumpet of his own virtues* *j* 455
waste thyself upon thy v's*. *k* 455
if our v's did not go forth*.. *k* 455
show v. her own featnre*.... *l* 455
v. is bold, and goodness*.... *m* 455
virtue is choked with foul* *n* 455.
virtne itself turns vice*..... *o* 455
virtue, that transgresses*... *p* 455
no happiness without v..... *q* 455
virtue often trips and falls.. *r* 455
virtue, the greatest of all.... *s* 455
virtue, but repose of mind.. *t* 455
v's a stronger guard than... *u* 455
the very sinews of virtue.... *v* 455

v. to withstand the highest. x 455
to v's humblest son let.....a 456
virtue alone outbuilds the...b 456
v. alone has majesty in.....c 456
spite of all the v. we can.....g 229
rose has one powerful v.....c 155
to maken vertu of.....c 287
to make a v. of necessity....d 287
no virtue like necessity*...m 287
make a virtue of necessity*.m 287
mark of v. on his outward*..i 452
is a part of his virtue.....b 453
court-virtues bear, like gems. l 454
there is no v. so truly great. u 218
the v. of justice consists....v 218
with whom revenge is v.....b 364
unless a love of virtue light..s 369
v., its own exceeding great...i 370
that is meritorious but v....v 173
she blunder'd on some v....b 452
virtue consoles us, even.....c 452
a legendary virtue carved ..m 196
grace to stand, and virtue*..q 197
pearl-chain of all virtues....a 268
in conscious virtue.....d 294
for virtue's self may too.....e 358
freedom none but virtue....h 358
v. with his nature mix'd....o 188
in virtues nothing earthly..v 314
age to age, in virtue strong..f 439
seed-plot of all other virtues. q 444
conscions v. and sacrifice...k 445
v. and vice had boundaries..j 491
'twill be a virtue.....k 493
honrs that fall to v's share...f 327
wife is a constellation of v's. f 464
virtue stoops and trembles*. l 472
beauty and v. shine forever..s 472
v's fly from pnblic sight....d 475
linked with one virtue.....g 490
v's with your years improve. t 487
poets heap virtnes.....k 488
Virtuous-wait on v. deeds.....r 34
virtuous and vicions.....j 50
blessed by Thee in being v...e 60
walk of virtuous life.....q 86
only a sweet and v. soul.....a 64
cast away a v. friend.....h 168
virtnous court, a world to v. d 367
inherits every v. sound.....p 368
slumbers of the v. man.....a 453
if a man be virtuous withal..h 453
virtuous nothing fear but..aa 453
completing of one virtuous. b 454
v., without seeking to appear. j 454
virtuons maid subdues*.....i 455
a v. deed should never.....s 453
Visage-confront the v. of*.....m 263
v. through an amber cloud..c 403
hides not his v. from our*...c 410
from her working, all his v.* m 294
I saw Othello's v. in his*....f 497
Visible-only darkness visible..d 91
Vision-tent is struck, the v....j 10
baseless fabric of this v.*.....k 46
whose visions bless.....b 70
vision, or a waking dream....t 27
visions of busy brain.....l 96
vision of a moment made....r 255
the vision of song.....u 224
a vision bright.....s 242
v. clear from stars to sun....d 415
the young men's vision.....g 196
enjoyed in vision beatific....n 462
O visions ill foreseen.....t 175
v's of glory, spare my aching. a 179
mortal v. is a grievous bar...o 217
Visionary-what v. tints the....h 376
Visit-angel visits, few and far. .f 10
to trusted man his annual v..i 31
v. it by the pale moonlight..l 366
visit pays where fortune....q 392
paid the visit last.....a 360
visit her, gentle sleep! with. j 389
sweet thy visit to me.....p 389
Visitation-whose sudden v's ...e 52
Visor-with a virtuous v. hide*. x 87
between a vizor and a face...j 204
Vital-v. movement mortals....l 200
not bring the v. spark again. f 450
v. spark of heav'nly flame...g 399
hold the vital shears.....g 390
Vivacity-imparts the v. and...g 353
Vizier-criticism his prime v...n 76
Vocation-Hal, 'tis my v.*.....o 483
Voice-his big manly voice.....w 6
angel voices sung the mercy. p 10
like the voice of one.....x 20
voice of Christian charity.....t 52
kind the voice, and glad the..s 53
within a thrilling v. replies..g 59
are tropic winds before the v. d 81
season'd with a gracious v.*..h 88
deaf than adders to the v.*....s 88
takest thou its melancholy v..d 22
v. was buried among trees....d 24
nature's own voice.....f 25
daughter of the v. of God.....d 99
v. I hear this passing night..a 28
as loud a voice to warn.....l 75
sweet voices mysteriously....c 33
voice that in the distance.....e 52
the still small voice is.....bb 61
the small voice within.....z 61
I hear a voice you cannot.....c 86
tender voices, to make.....j 63
a voice of greeting from*.....o 89
sound of a voice that is still..b 90
hear a voice that had.....v 169
many voices joining.....a 101
the voice divine.....v 100
voice in the darkness.....b 118
thousand v's hail her birth..h 144
how soft thy voice.....l 134
the v. and the instrument...v 130
roll of your departing v's....b 422
echo of the silent v. of God..a 484
hears a voice within it tell..a 486
often to that voice of sorrow. p 429
no voice in the chambers....e 390
silence, beautiful voice....aa 383
with melodious voice.....k 304
a v. is in the wind I do not..h 180
music of kind voices.....c 466
and its familiar v wearies...f 249
tradition; and her v. is sweet. j 354
join v's, all ye living souls...a 343
voice of dolorous pitch.....l 341
voice of the truth is heard..f 371
mute is the voice of rural...c 369
v. of one who goes before....i 271
sweeter none than voice....j 170
heard the voice of God.....f 275
with that deep voice.....q 280
listen to earth's weary v's...a 373
voices pursue him by day...h 336
then might my voice.....m 221
shall have a voice.....x 225
soft voices had they.....t 152
still small v. of gratitude....w 183
your most sweet voices*.....z 183
music, when soft v's die....c 284
with voices sweet entuned..j 281
wonderful is the human v..f 456
my voice is still for war.....n 456
something in that voice.....g 456
thy v. is a celestial melody..h 456
sweetly sounds the voice....i 456
the people's voice is odd.....j 456
a sweet v. a little indistinct. k 456
her v. was ever soft, gentle*. l 456
two voices are there.....m 456
each a mighty voice.....m 456
it is, and it is not, the v. of..j 456
nature's sweet and kindly v's a 458
the voice not heard.....v 413
friendships v. shall ever find. s 173
gentle tone among rude v's..q 174
they too have a v., yon piles. n 179
in cooling trees, a voice.....l 212
but few thy voice*.....i 218
the airy, voice, and stopp'd. u 237
v. so cadenced in talking....l 239
a voice, whose tones.....f 261
silver v. is the rich mnsic...e 456
for the heart like a sweet v..d 456
thousand v's, praises God...v 342
let thy voice rise like a.....t 345
no voice or hideous hum....v 324
with his voice arise.....m 327
voices of the past.....m 327
heard a voice cry, sleep*....a 391
voice of the sluggard.....j 392
thy voice sounds like a.....w 347
voice of conscience silenced..l 349
voice of a good woman.....h 475
words are the v. of the heart. r 480
Voiceless-the v. mountains..bb 100
the voiceless flowers.....b 288
Void-void of care.....o 27
the world was void.....d 47
Volley-a fine volley of words*. r 481
Volleyed-v. and thundered....f 461
Volubility-commend her v.*..m 457
lie, sir, with such v.*.....r 113
Voluble-v. is his discourse*...p 102
Volumes-golden volumes.....p 37
within that awful volume....f 40
volumes that I prize above*..k 40
how volumes swell.....z 40
after every action closes his v. h 12
clouds, in volumes driven....q 59
a stray volume of real life...q 315
within the book and volume*. n 292
I am for whole v's in folio*. m 300
Volunteer-instinct comes a v..l 213
Voluptuous-with its v. swell..d 281
Vomitest-thy wrecks on.....l 427
Vote-met to v. that autumn's. m 34
hand and heart to this vote. a 330
Vow-hours when lov'rs' vows .l 23
the vows are worn away... m 257

give away heaven's vows*...b 258
men's vows are women's*...j 258
make strong the vow*.....o 291
honey of his music vows*..u 291
the plain single vow*.....a 292
unheedful vows may*.....b 292
vows, would soon he broken.j 437
single v., that is vow'd true*.t 445
why should vows so fondly. a 397
Voyage-pondering his voyage..a 93
all their v. of their life*.....q 824
Vulgar-by no means vulgar*..t 170
vulgar hounds with brave..n 183
how the vulgar stare.....t 318
great, vulgar and the small..h 291
be of vulgar mould.....v 300
turns aside his scythe to v..f 486
Vulture-the rage of the v.....a 223
unkindness like a v. here*...b 450

W.

Wading-two among them w...o 140
Wafted-w. the traveller to the..a 60
Wag-mad w.! who pardoned...l 298
but, I prithee, sweet wag*..x 307
how the world wags*.....c 426
Wage-its w's—to be sure of it..e 215
our praises are our wages....i 343
Wager-arguments use wagers...i 14
own opinions of a wager.....b 324
Wagging-at w. of a straw*.....i 294
Wail-prevent the ways to wail*.y 72
blast wails in the keyhole*...e 375
to wail friends lost*.....b 171
loud perpetnal wail.....j 233
sit and wail their loss*.....l 238
wail as of souls in pain.....r 107
its cry is like a human wail.h 466
wind wails so in winter....m 466
w. from some despairing'...n 466
Wailing-w. winds, and naked*f 375
winds of winter wailing.....g 466
Waist-for helt about the w....b 138
Wait-with lifting head he w's..e 32
letting I dare not wait upon*.f 74
time will wait for no man....f 94
lily whispers, "I wait." ....m 131
holds her heart and w's to...e 164
some things are ill to wait...g 208
as one that will not wait....d 180
I wait the sharpest blow*...q 407
calmly wait the summons...s 408
she waits for me.....a 352
forelock watchful wait.....ee 494
told in a single word: wait..p 299
he who w's to have his task..j 324
learn to labor and to wait...h 328
who only stand and wait....j 328
Waited-death is nohly w. on...r 85
a father and not wait! He w.d 180
Waiting-our w. seemeth longer.h 133
with patience he stands w..c 363
w. for a hand, a hand that...j 188
wasted in doubting and w..r 356
Wake-wake the dawning day..m 21
do I wake or sleep.....t 27
sunrise w's the lark to sing..m 28
sleep that no pain shall w....h 83
wake eternally and death.....p 80
the dreamer wakes.....q 96
do not wake me yet*.....x 96
wake in our breasts.....e 251
merry w's and pastimes keep.u 138
sleep past, we w. eternally..p 207
dream of those that wake....l 201
wake the nations under....aa 362
unseen, both when we wake.g 401
wakes and merry meetings..e 264
wake at the bugle's loud....i 457
to wake the soul by tender..d 294
w's the nation's slumberers.z 185
truths that wake.....d 446
wisdom w., suspicion sleeps.m 469
and eyes that wake to weep.. 389
Waked-sweetness I w. was thy.a 71
till waked and kindled.....h 283
you've waked me too soon...j 392
I w., she fled and brought...cc 186
Waken-w's the slumbering ages.e 52
shall waken their free nature.p 413
Waking-shall ne'er know w...m 83
morn not w. till she sings....p 25
or a waking dream.....t 27
the next w. dawn'd in heaven.e 82
morning, when my w. eyes..k 31
it is waking that kills us....b 389
a waking man only.....g 452
sleeping and w., O defend*..k 345
the waking of the soul.....a 389
Walk-walk with and warn us..m 39
beyond the common walk....q 86
she walks the water like.....g 381
we walk amid the currents..x 119
the wind, not she, did walk.g 164
he walks among his peers...v 253
stand in every walk.....w 138
long w's on the windy hills.o 158
plants in his walks the.....e 128
benighted walks under.....c 237
w. on through life with steps.d 153
what joy to walk at will.....a 158
walk the dark hemisphere...e 402
but only walk methinks...n 220
and all round it ran a walk.a 177
seemed to w. the earth again.e 197
walks under the midday sun.v 358
w. with me where hawthorn.b 437
arched w's of twilight groves.l 440
she is pretty to walk with...g 478
happy walks and shades....d 326
echoing walks between.....p 330
walks upon the wind.....o 180
w's in beauty, like the night.k 473
Walked-w. in every path of...r 380
him who walked in glory....e 338
I walked abroad at noon....k 234
Walking-over whose acres w.*..s 56
I am not w., I am reading....u 38
walking across the floor.....h 164
soft hour of walking.....p 447
Wall-on the outward wall*.....e 27
shone on the old oak wall....d 57
stone walls do not a prison...o 66
of w., to expel the winter's*.e 119
the low crag and ruin'd w...m 142
walls must get the weather'..i 143
through solid walls to break.q 101
silver'd the walls of Cumnor.j 275
white w's along them shine..k 364
or close the wall up*.....b 460
rose upon the wall.....k 239
walls have tongues and.....cc 500
whiten'd wall provoke.....h 300
laying the long side wall....d 309
to hnild the wooden wall...m 381
echoes talk along the walls..z 100
in wall and roof and.....d 489
Wallace-wha hae wi Wallace..q 456
Wallet-hath, my lord, a w.*...v 426
Wallflower-the w., the w.....e 161
Walnut-on the w. tree over the j 215
walnuts and the wine.....q 100
Waltz-in the w's giddy mazes.x 302
Wan-with how wan a face,....g 276
Wand-of the enchanter's w....x 56
extended his golden wand...h 411
Wander-twilight repairing to w.j 70
more do I love to wander...p 141
w. through Zamaria's .....m 132
I love to wander through....r 376
w', wander earth around....h 228
those that w. they know...aa 192
and I wander and wane....m 236
even-tide w. not near it.....i 441
Wandered-silent sands hast w.f 366
have wandered and sought..d 233
wandered, gentle gale.....b 466
w. alone 'mid yon spheres...l 421
w. in the solitary shade.....d 476
Wanderer-w. of the wintry air.g 32
w's of the prairie know.....c 148
wanderer chanced to see....v 160
Wandering-on a foreign strand.c 71
w's through this world.....x 200
wandering at will through ..r 430
Wand-like-lily which lifted...o 145
Wane-the year's in the wane..a 376
Want-will never want for love..m 4
died of utter want.....x 16
that scarce thy w. allays.....p 22
no fears of future w. molest...t 23
for want of thought.....x 65
their wants but few.....d 66
w. of sense is the father.....u 74
man wants but little.....p 89
where nothing wants, that*. w 89
never want a friend.....u 168
our chief want in life.....e 169
one they must w., which is..z 204
wish, but what we want....m 407
thou art what I want.....c 180
mutual w's this happiness..g 191
thou much I want.....m 265
aye and w. sit smiling.....q 341
my nothingness, my w's...q 345
thoughts shut up want air..a 422
gave up to want the rest....t 447
of decency is w. of sense....t 480
w. can quench the eye's....m 483
Wanting-for soul is w. there...h 80
Wanton-as the youthful goats*.s 24
w. boy disturbs her nest.....c 31
is all too wanton*.....e 79
little w. boys that swim*....e 179
no further than a w's bird*..t 248
Wantonness-cruel w. of power.t 447
Wapping-in W. or the Strand..q 320
War-wars, and by confusion...g 47
great in w., are great in love.q 71
of all things—love and war.. p 79
steel couch of war*.....d 78
shakes pestilence and war...v 92
pangs and fears than wars*..h 94

excel us in this wordy war..h 481
w. is in my love and hate*.g 460
my voice is still for war.....n 456
the chance of war is equal..p 456
trade of war, no feat.....v 456
dared the deed of war.....d 457
war to the knife.....f 457
w. will never yield but to..j 457
should not w. with brother..k 457
war's a game which.....l 457
delays are dangerous in war.o 457
war he sung, is toil and.....q 457
then was the tug of war....r 457
ez fer war, I call it murder..b 458
went agiu war an' pillage...c 458
war in men's eyes shall be..d 458
there was w. in the skies...f 458
sentence is for open war.....j 458
'tis a principle of war.....r 458
series of intestine wars .....u 458
war its thousands slays.....v 458
slip the dogs of war*.....g 459
what should war be*.....i 459
grim-visaged war hath*....m 459
pouring war into*.....n 459
testament of bleeding war*.p 459
gallant head of war*.....s 459
as were a w. in expectation*.u 459
w. bristle his angry crest*..x 459
circumstance of glorious w*.y 459
O war! thou son of hell*.....d 460
to war hath no self-love*....d 460
enjoy by rage and war*.....m 460
maid of smoky war* .....o 460
set roaring war.....r 460
the toil of the war*.....t 460
the end of war's uncertain*.v 460
they shall have wars*.....u 460
w. is no strife to the dark*..y 460
dead coals of war*.....c 461
lives in a state of war.....d 461
war, that mad game.....e 461
to be prepared for war.....g 461
war's glorious art.....i 461
in war a weak defense.....m 311
no less renown'd than war..n 452
intestine war no more.....s 458
chief in w., and one the king.o 366
I would never make war....n 367
depos'd, some slain in war*.w 367
the storm of mighty war....t 295
two worlds had gone to war.k 185
a good war, or a bad peace..ee 491
sweets with sweets war...*gg 498
cause of a long ten years' w.w 475
w. where they should kneel* y 476
or successful war.....x 394
first in war, first in peace....t 329
war as human nature.....k 388
the storm of freedom's war..o 388
unhurt amid the war of.....r 398
out the thousand wars of old b 428
a man of peace and war.....x 489
is wounded, not in war*....p 485
amid the war of elements...j 207
wars, that make ambition*..q 116
gold does civil wars create..f 181
fit arms against a war.....t 165
war's glorious art.....r 280
in war he mounts.....l 245
the arts of war and peace....c 374
Warble-thou may'st warble....h 22
warble his delicious notes...n 27
warbles from the nightingale.l 28
build and warble there.....b 31
sweetly warbles o'er its bed..e 366
Warbled-birds w. their sweet..k 378
warbled from yonder knoll..g 250
Warbler-pretty w. wake the....h 27
warbler of the grove.....s 28
Warbling-the gentle w. wind. d 139
a warbling band .....f 371
birdlets' warblings now have q 377
Warclub-was the dreadful w-c.n 330
War-cry-was forgotten.....n 330
Ward-knowest my old w.*....q 499
keeping wary watch and w.a 392
Warfare-soldier, rest ! thy w..r 311
Warm-her wrath to keep it w..u 10
see how w. they blush.....t 145
warm ere dawn's the rose...w 240
in rags will keep me warm..u 453
warms the very sickness*...s 363
little room so w. and bright.. l 198
w. with light his blended...q 313
warms in the sun.....p 348
Warmed-be justly warm'd....c 294
Warmth-no warmth, no.....h 273
Warn-walk with and warn us..m 39
w., to comfort and command.s 478
Warning-a w. for the future..d 108
give litt.e warning.....q 230
come without warning.....j 463
Warp-weave the warp.....x 117
though thou the waters w*. q 210
Warrant-look, here's the w.*..b 208
warrant for his welcome*...q 463
Warred-cities w. for Homer....r 67
Warrior-sunflower, that with w.i 157
warriors she fires.....a 283
the warrior's sun has set....o 311
warrior famoused for fight*. e 312
a warrior taking his rest.....j 312
joy which warriors feel.....x 458
mighty w's sweep along.....j 366
where are warriors found....s 311
let no w. in the heat of.....n 450
War-wearied-his w-w. limbs*...e 4
Wash-I will go and wash; and*.x 35
ocean wash this blood*.....p 280
w. them clean with tears....l 261
joggles in ceasless wash....o 123
nor w. the pretty Indian....b 352
to wash it white as snow*..f 359
to wash her clean again*.....c 189
w. no shore, words wander..n 481
with Pilate, w. your hands*.r 431
water cannot w. away your*.r 431
Washed-waves and w. it away..t 164
sweetest w. with morning...g 130
w. with them but relents*....c 416
those that are so washed*...d 416
roses newly w. with dew*...m 477
Washington-W's a watchword.d 329
Wasp-like bottled wasps .....e 491
Waste-of all-devouring years...f 59
seeming to augment it, w's*..y 43
limitless w. of the desert....y 136
dwellers in the roaring w....o 123
no healing for the waste of..r 205
then wherefore waste.....r 153
tell her that w's her time....d 155
in the dead waste*.....p 289
over the waste of waters.....k 446
waste brings woe.....s 492
not for us to w. these times*. i 499
nor waste their sweetness....s 490
Wasted-talk not of w. affection..u 4
for w. days and dreams that..h 148
w. in doubting and waiting..r 356
Wasting-from w., by repose...n 359
Watch-some must w., while*...u 42
watch upon a bank.....k 142
but who will w. my lilies....r 145
watch thy sculptured form..m 146
in fold, I sat me down to w..n 259
idler is a w. that wants both..l 205
their w's on into mine eyes* a 255
she shall watch all night*....r 258
keep the watch wound .....o 225
her silent watch.....b 279
like w's go just as they're ...r 209
he watch'd and wept.....h 411
souls around us, watch.....q 403
all through her silent w's....e 402
first watch of night is given.j 288
w. to-night, pray to-morrow* r 264
shame keeps its watch .....g 453
as they who watch o'er.....n 216
no eye to w., and no tongue.e 191
in the watches of the night..s 356
weep, weep:—and the watch..o 441
stars come out to watch.....l 446
sits up aloft to keep watch...o 491
with pleas'd ear bewilder'd w.l 323
watch upon our walls.....s 466
winding up the w. of his wit* e 472
keeping wary w. and ward...a 392
her lover keeps watch .....c 390
keeping w. above his own...k 348
Watch-dog-the w-d's voice that d 288
hear the w-d's honest bark...i 463
Watched-we w. her breathing..j 81
silent as though they w.....j 389
but being w. that it may*...b 305
Watcher-beautiful watchers...q 129
Watchful-whereso'er we stray.q 129
things that have made me w.b 422
Watch-tower-w-t. in the skies..q 25
Watchword-w. such as ne'er..d 329
the watchword recall.....p 329
Water-profitless as water in a*..q 4
w's, returning back to their..u 4
baptized with holy water.....c 21
under the water clear.....d 33
the water in the ocean*.....h 33
makes water wine.....j 67
the growing waters.....h 70
virtues we write in water*...g 51
w's clear is humming round..b 32
nor prize the colored w's less.c 118
kill the still-closing waters*..t 119
clear as the w's of a brook...l 109
where the rushing w's gleam.o 141
spoils from land and water..o 161
water with their beauty gay.p 150
up to their chins in water..d 140
winter w's still the fields....a 371
finger on all flowing waters..l 377
fall of waters and the song..c 334
'tis the still water faileth....o 225
brook into the main of w's*.p 367
she shook the holy water*...x 416

cunning waters of his eyes*.b 417
upon the waters*.....s 283
in the waters we may see....c 285
fall away like water from ye*.f 171
waters, undream'd shores*..b 207
not what good water's worth.j 461
water, water, everywhere....k 461
inspiring cold water.....l 461
water its living strength....n 461
w. is the mother of the vine.p 461
the rising world of waters..q 461
honest water, which*.....r 461
more w. glideth by the mill*.s 461
deep waters noysclesse are..x 186
o'er the glad waters.....v 312
over the waste of waters....k 446
the waters will heal.....m 449
sounds along the waters die.t 488
spilt on the ground like w...i 122
murmer as of w. from skies.f 374
where'er the healing water..p 256
the dusky waters shudder...f 273
waters on a starry night.....e 208
new falls of water mum'ring.a 226
earth and w. seem to strive..p 451
drink the w's of mine eyes*.d 417
breast of w's broadly swells.k 364
conscious water saw its God.f 268
Thou water turn'st to wine..g 268
inspir'd cold water with....h 268
the water of my land*.....h 310
the water nectar*.....d 465
smoothly the waters kissed..b 467
glass of brandy and water...f 468
w. cannot wash away your*.r 431
whose silver waters show....c 438
grind with the w. that is past.e 494
smooth runs the water*.....v 498
once more upon the waters..r 322
water like a thing of life....g 381
burn'd on the water*.....g 381
dark and silent the water lies.j 393
the waters murmuring.....i 390
bubbles, as the water has*...o 484
Water-drop-weapons, w-d's*..m 416
Waterfall-the tinkle of the w..g 155
Watering-the length of great..f 366
Watershed-the w. of time.....e 265
Waterside-the w. wander'd....o 212
Watery-along her watery way.t 313
Wattle-ever hear of Captain W.n 491
Wave-with overmatching w's* .i 33
blushed like the w's of hell...n 35
furious as the sweeping w...h 41
strong enough for waves.....p 49
eyes that watch the waves....t 56
out the w. her structure.....x 58
Britannia rules the waves....q 69
w's and mountains meet.....s 70
the waves were dead.....f 78
in her breast the w. of life...j 81
hand w's o'er the world.-....u 82
when waves were rough.....l 95
dubious w's of error tost....v 104
on the w. is deeper blue.....s 105
message to him every wave.u 107
float upon the waves.....o 161
foam-crested w's of the sea..a 134
wave succeeding wave.....n 364
on whose dread waves.....e 254
prevail o'er angry wave.....d 257
the w's and wash'd it away..t 164
as it waves the bank.....e 271
in waves of golden light.....l 374
as w's that wash no shore...n 481
great sea w. is upcurled.....j 375
the waves of the rivulet.....h 212
red w's of wretchedness.....e 214
w's dance to the music.....r 339
w. Munich! all thy banners..k 457
our bloody colours wave* ..j 460
as a w. that from the clouds.t 404
w's lash the frighted shores.j 404
instant death on every w....i 404
wave reflected lustres play..n 411
long may it wave.....h 124
in whose transparent wave..e 366
w's as they dimple smile....g 366
though w's are changing....b 232
on the waves we seem.....m 232
woe, as wave a wave.....y 266
a w. o' th' sea that you*.....h 303
fresher gale begins to wave..t 467
like green w's on the sea....i 433
ye waves, that o'er.....n 322
waves bound beneath me....r 322
the w's clasp one another...u 323
sleep is on the blue waves...f 350
breezy waves toss up.....i 323
breaking w's dashed high...g 323
still as the surging waves...l 323
mounting w. will roll us...bb 323
to women or to waves.....u 475
w's with their soft white...m 422
whose waves are years.....l 427
smooth flow the waves.....t 488
sea rolls its waves.....c 388
Waved-w. her golden hair.....t 200
long has it waved on high...i 329
Waver-me w. in my faith*....d 113
Wavering-w. multitude*.....x 368
Waving-w. lonely on the rocky i 141
Wavy-woven its w. bowers....o 142
Wax-form of wax resolveth*....e 84
why, he's a man of wax*....g 255
w. to receive and marble to.w 192
moulds the world like soft w.y 483
Waxed-keep his w. ends warm k 319
Waxing-w. so fast from night.a 275
Way-point us out the way .....q 32
Satan could never find the w.r 29
conversing I forgot the way..r 68
cities and the ways of men...a 70
for ways that are dark.....n 87
and measures back his w....m 430
long travell'd in the ways....j 108
she'll have her way .....r 256
mon, gin he had his own w..i 369
all ways do lie open*.....t 462
which way the wind is.....g 467
wisdom finds a way.....y 468
he of their wicked ways.. ..o 317
the many thousand ways ...p 242
way home's the farthest w...j 496
long is the way and hard...w 194
thee a hundred and fifty w's*t 363
two ways the rivers leap....m 365
the ways of God to man.....p 180
w. going to temptation*.....h 418
love has found the way.....i 245
sordid way he wends.....d 463
way sweet and delectable*..u 400
empire takes its way.....k 347
star of empire takes its way m 347
the ways of God to men ....l 348
along the ruined way.....d 158
I know the way she went....f 139
the way that he does it.....n 279
only way to have a friend...g 169
the better way is hidden....r 232
his way is tedious.....l 234
just are the ways of God....d 219
many a weary way.....k 261
Wayside-w's scorched with...q 156
purpling wayside steep.....l 133
Wayward-how w. is this*....kk 246
Wayworn-thrilling every w...a 142
Weak-sin for one so weak to..f 336
as weak and needs him.....k 241
complies with our w. sight.p 410
to be weak is miserable.....c 462
instantly make weak*.....n 248
pray, though hope be w. or.w 343
should ever w. or heartless..u 345
as weak to err.....r 475
by defect, and delicately w..b 476
Weakest-does them by the w.*.j 218
Weakness-woo the means of w.*.m 7
'twere childish weakness*....x 72
weakness on both sides.....c 68
amiable w. of human nature.a 462
weakness to be wroth.....e 462
man's weakness grows the..c 394
stronger by weakness.....f 428
and shows its weakness.....r 429
w. of a virtuous mind.....q 202
by all thy nature's w.....o 228
dare not task my weakness..l 214
with my strength not my w.q 412
weapon of her weakness....f 415
kindred weaknesses induce..f 172
thy very w. hath brought...q 242
Weal-the general weal*.....g 280
Wealth-have little w. to lose*...h 4
waste his w. to purchase.....b 17
best riches ignorance of w....b 66
wealth is a vexation.....m 66
wealth accumulates.....v 86
wealth ye find another keeps.u 119
type of all the wealth to be..g 141
seal and gnerdon of wealth..i 147
w. of fairest of flowers untold.o 134
wealth of rich feelings.....j 122
precious wealth lies buried.o 125
some seek wealth and ease..s 361
than all their largest wealth.p 370
wealth when there's such...e 257
much wealth, how little....e 228
dropped her w. about her...q 152
let wealth and commerce...cc 182
great is w., great is poverty.n 186
w. that sinews bought and..u 387
wealth may seek us.....x 470
the poor man's wealth.....t 391
fortune's mercy than our w.u 469
private credit is wealth.....j 462
excess of wealth is cause....l 462
get place and wealth.....o 462
wealth is a weak anchor....q 462
can wealth give happiness..g 463
much wealth, how little.....h 463
w. that ne'er encumbers....c 453
fine thoughts are wealth....d 419

I freely told you, all the w..d 178
in w., in want, in freedom....t 180
when wealth is lost nothing.k 238
sources of w. be boundless..c 268
if we our wealth obey.....o 268
all her w. upon her back....k 464
by wisdom wealth is won...k 470
'twixt a miscr and his w*...v 496
man outlive his wealth*....u 341
Wealthy-man healthy, w., and..r 19
wealthy in my friends*.....r 170
see my wealthy Andrew*....g 262
Weapon-woman's w., water*...o 11
weapon of her weakness.....f 415
a w. that comes down.....q 329
valuablo a w. is the tongue..h 481
Wear-her fairest livery wears...l 25
and wear a golden sorrow*...d 67
robes ye wcave another w's..u 119
and I will wear him*.....s 254
so wears she to him*.....g 258
w. them like his raiment*...a 451
nothing wear but frieze.....s 417
head that wears a crown*...k 368
touching will wear gold*....i 305
give me your gloves, I'll w.*.l 497
let Peggy wear.....o 303
wear a golden sorrow*.....e 398
being loth to wear it out....d 471
better to w. out than to rust.b 483
to w. that which disfigures..o 485
w. my heart upon my sleeve*j 385
to wear the yoke of our own.k 349
jewel which we need not w..q 472
time w's all his locks before.o 427
Wearer-merit of the wearer*...c 200
Weariness-w. can snore upon.w 361
Wearing-linen you're w. out...h 77
wearing great honors as....u 423
Wearisome-w. condition of....o 489
life is a waste of wearisome.u 233
Weary-w. of toil and of tears....g 5
fall, infirm and weary.....k 6
so weary with disasters*.....o 91
O weary hearts.....i 60
too long by thee, I w. thee*..v 89
and joy for weary hours.....l 66
weary the cloud falleth.....v 45
with fingers w. and worn...h 225
welcome to the w. and the...f 369
hath laid her weary head....a 437
being weary of love.....i 153
w. time that comes between.f 372
the wind is never weary.....f 352
how weary, stale, flat*.....n 484
am w., and am overwrought.d 390
would not cease to w. Him..r 344
is all for which I weary.....a 397
short but weary way.....a 476
Weather-when 'tis summer w..q 23
if it prove fair weather.....n 64
sad thoughts and sunny w..l 376
but winter and rough w*....g 433
an hour of fate's serenest w.w 119
in bright or cloudy weather.d 148
walls must get the w. stain..i 143
w. beaten crags retain.....f 130
then come the wild weather.t 122
endure wind and weather...s 499
together make cold w.*.....u 477
Weathercock-autumn is a w...o 376
Weave-weave the warp.....x 117
the sly little mayflower w's..i 132
one w's himself another way.m 236
w. a chain I cannot break...e 421
Weaver-May Moorland w's....s 319
Weaving-is w. when it comes.r 230
Web-tangled web we weave....w 87
'tis a thinne web.....v 114
the web of our life*.....r 235
Webster-Daniel Webster struck.t 51
Wed-not wed her for a mine*..i 120
in too much haste to wed...b 149
if she deny to wed.....a 258
December when they wed*..i 258
who w's her for dowry must.aa 483
think to w. it, he is so above*.k 9
wed, or cease to woo.....g 479
thought leapt out to wed....s 421
Wedded-wedded to calamity*...a 5
w. maid, and virgin mother..j 57
at the poor wedded pair.....p 305
nor blasted were there w....f 256
the love of wedded souls....h 256
hail, wedded love.....g 257
you wedded all the world*..b 477
Wedding-w-song all-melting...p 27
wedding cheer, to a sad*.....h 46
upon his wedding day*.....k 264
Wedding-coat-black w-c.....m 22
Wedged-w. in that timber....r 260
Wedlock-w., indeed, hath oft..q 256
w's a lane where there is....k 257
wedlock forced but a hell*..h 258
Weed-of any flower or any w...p 49
was a flower, is only a weed,.y 96
plain as a weed.....f 147
the frail snowy weed.....i 149
wild w. flower that simply..a 155
call us not weeds, we are....j 156
to the noisome weed.....a 226
we are weeds without it....u 228
beneath some pleasant w....l 212
slow, and weeds make haste*o 130
basest weed outbraves*.....q 130
smell far worse than weeds* q 130
ingratitude's a w. of every..n 210
noxious weeds he sips.....a 212
herbs have grace, great w's*p 188
said that idle w. are fast*...w 188
weeds are shallow-rooted*...u 176
root away the noisome w's*.x 195
pernicious w.l whose scent..r 320
scale, the weed in that .....j 321
great weeds do grow apace*.t 498
can gather honey from a w..w 468
in tatter'd weeds, with*.....g 310
bitter booming in the w's...x 395
plucking up the weeds of sin q 483
Week-the days that's in the w..b 369
Sunday from the week*.....u 225
what I keep a week away*...y 248
Weep-for the good man's sin w. e 10
weep away the life of care....v 42
'tis that I may not weep.....k 54
weep not for the past .....f 67
dew shall weep thy fall.....o 78
I might not weep for.....i 86
which makes men weep.....e 80
to weep, yet scarce know.....g 94
than weep it done.....q 106
fair daffodils we weep to see .n 137
w. to have that which it*....k 427
w. to record and blush.....h 384
get thee apart and weep*..aa 416
I weep for tears.....q 361
and leaves the wretch to w..g 173
weep your tears into the*...a 366
a man may weep* .....k 364
weep boldly and be proud ..p 415
if you don't weep.....k 270
w's like a tired child.....u 270
w. all her garnered sheaves..k 375
rain to see them dying w's..l 374
women must weep.....i 225
a calm for those who weep..p 184
more grief that ye can w. for..s 186
I cannot weep; for all my*..m 187
w., to think they should lay*a 188
they gently weep that.....l 402
with those that weep.....a 414
ye who weep only.....d 415
I am about to weep*.....g 416
grieves me sair to see thee w.m 390
and eyes that wake to weep.r 389
and unapt to weep*.....a 312
weep, and I could laugh*...m 463
that he shall weep for her*..s 294
who cannot weep for them..e 188
weep, weep: and the watch..o 441
weep that trust and that.....a 443
we weep for thy sin.....v 345
as make the angels weep*...w 346
words that weep and tears...s 480
Weepest-thou who also w.....o 441
Weeping-hear the children w...t 54
thy weeping is in vain.....i 83
with him rises weeping.....d 147
bear them my love for his w.p 376
full cause of weeping*.....o 416
Weigh-weigh the wind.....s 193
weigh the light.....s 163
weigh the thought.....s 163
weigh my eyelids down*....v 390
Weighed-hast thou ever w.....l 417
all int'rests weighed.....l 319
Weighing-w. long the doubtful s 307
Weight-how unendurable its w.g 176
aware what w. your shoulders.c 298
pressure of the heavy weight.r 444
oppresses with too great a w.x 383
w. inclines our eyelids.....j 390
Welcome-hollow welcomes*....h 44
that welcome my return.....s 53
sweet will thy welcome.....n 25
welcome now thou art.....k 135
welcome, wild harbinger....j 137
one man most welcome*....g 122
w's every changing hour....a 139
borne more welcome news...q 259
with their w. breathings.....o 271
welcome thee, and wish thee.n 271
w., young spring, rapture..m 371
w's in the shivering pair....a 333
soft kind is w. to my soul...k 333
welcome the coming .....m 202
welcome as a friend.....a 156
bay deep-mouthed welcome.i 463
kisses and w. you'll find.... j 463
chambers seem full of w's...k 463
welcome, my old friend.....l 463
a hundred thousand w's*. .m 463
a table-full of welcome*.....n 463

bid him welcome*.....o 463
a welcome month to me.....k 269
w. which comes to punish*.p 463
warrant for his welcome*....q 463
and your welcome dear*.....r 463
you are very welcome*.....t 463
small cheer, and great w.*...u 463
I pick'd a welcome*.....v 463
welcome ever smiles*.....w 463
welcome to your gory bed..,q 456
w. to the weary and the old..f 369
O w. thou that bring'st.....b 270
ay, thou art welcome.....y 465
welcome, ye shades.....b 434
most welcome home*.....h 198
society the sweeter w.*.....e 394
without a welcome.....l 394
warmest welcome at an inn.t 303
Welcomest-when they are gone*x188
Well-a well of lofty thought....w 48
read it well; that is to.....r 38
not so deep as a well*.....e 67
buckets into empty wells.....y 93
when, O W's! thy roses came.l 152
fare thee well.....g 326
is worth doing well.....y 482
fortune comes well to all....r 165
she's not well married that*.s 258
Chaucer, well of English.....l 337
the rule of many is not w....o 366
may be he is not well*.....m 192
where truth is—in a well...j 461
sleeping in crystal wells.....l 461
servant of God, well done....y 494
all's well that ends well*.....s 496
oft we mar what's well*.....cc 498
measure made me well*.....i 310
not wisely, but too well*....o 385
kind of good deed to say w.*.d 482
Well-made-he only is a w-m...t 360
Well-spring-w-s. of pleasure....n 55
w-s. in the wilderness.....a 169
Welsh-devil understands W.*.n 203
Weltering-o'er the w. fields...g 457
Wench-is a country wench....b 137
tongues of mocking w's*....d 370
w. of matchless metal.....j 476
Wend-sordid way he w's.....d 463
Went-know she came and w....j 10
I know the way she went...f 139
Wept-eye that w.essential love.y 262
wept o'er his wounds.....n 311
she w. for the roses of earth.j 133
Werter-W. had a love for.....c 501
West-west explains the east....e 68
sunlight flushes in the west..p 33
topples round the dreary w..v 59
the fire in he west fades....k 438
fronts the golden west.....q 352
along the west the golden...n 446
sought the west afar.....' 24
west yet glimmers with*....n 447
low in the w. is a sea of fire.d 152
I've wandered west.....k 261
spear like rays in the west..d 411
in his palace of the west....k 411
fair traveller's come to the w.g 411
traveller to the beanteous w.a 112
Hesperian gardens of the w.r 410
w. is crimson with retiring..s 410
her face is toward the w.....o 390
bier is vacant in the west....i 386
Western-winds on breathing..s 372
behind the western hills.....? 446
Westminster-try W. and view.c 104
we thrive at Westminster....s 307
Westward-then westward ho*.f 499
w. the course of empire.....k 347
w. the star of empire.....m 347
Wet-heart; and wet my cheek*.k 88
blossoms blue stiff wet.....h 159
distempered messenger of w.*e 417
roads are wet where'er.....e 404
all dirty and wet.....dd 500
Wether-wether of the flock*....h 91
Wharf-of the adjacent w's*....b 315
What-what, as yet, I know not.aa 88
he knew what's what.....u 489
Whatever-whatever thou art..r 243
whatever is, is right.....n 348
Wheat-two grains of w. hid*...u 14
the green wheat.....n 278
dry, as stubble wheat.....i 151
sharp, short emerald wheat.i 158
wheat thou strew'st be sonls.t 419
a cake out of the wheat*....n 302
Wheel-upon a wheel of fire*.....c 5
hesitating wheels of life.....h 5
wheel shall rest in peace...m 105
touches some wheel.....t 254
fortune's w. is on the turn..n 166
turns the giddy w. around..a 339
w's of brazen chariots rage..g 458
whirled like a potter's w.*..bb 420
w's of the dizzying dances..a 303
motions of the forming w...v 316
turn, turn my wheel.....c 317
w's of weary life at last stood.t 423
sickness clogs our wheels...p 392
wheels to know their rounds.o 348
arresting the vast w. of time.m 423
w's around in ceaseless flight.l 425
Wheeling-in ceaseless circles w.o 24
Whelp-dogs now, like whelps..b 74
slander, the fonlest w. of sin.c 387
When-w. shall we three meet*.a 260
young? ah, woful when.....c 486
Whence-and whence come we..t 468
Where-where is my child.....p 90
an echo answers "where"....p 90
Wherefore-why he had a w....j 14
why and w. in all things*...bb 14
every why hath a w.*.....f 497
Romeo! w. art thou Romeo*.i 498
Whim-though by w., envy.....s 75
Whine-nor whine out woes....f 225
Whip-whip me such honest*.gg 499
in every honest hand a w.*..o 349
Whipped-shalt be w. with*....q 349
Whipper-the w's are in love*..d 247
Whipping-who scape w.*.....t 219
Whit-th fifth did w. abont*..j 297
Whirled-my thoughts are w*.bb 420
Whirligig-w of time brings in*s 426
Whirlpool-w. full of depth and.n 473
Whirlwind-as w's shake fair*..p 51
the whirlwind's roar.....n 70
w's of tempestuous fire.....e 123
whirlwind's fickle gust.....n 405
the whirlwind of passion*...q 294
rides in the whirlwind.....b 348
whirlwind is her head.....n 473
Whiskers-hoary w. and a forky.q 321
Whisper-secrets, and we must w.j 22
there w's the small voice.....z 61
whisper above thy breath....v 81
slander, whose w. o'er*.....n 387
cutting honest throats by w's.e 387
o'er the shrouds aërial w's...v 488
that whisper of the past.....a 131
the violets whisper.....l 160
she w's in his ears a heavy*..u 187
the trees began to whisper...e 270
full well the busy whisper...c 304
shape the w. of the throne...q 319
vesper is heard with its w...p 446
whisper—solitude is sweet..v 394
w's the o'erfraught heart*..p 397
Whispered-sweet in every w....l 27
every whispered word.....s 105
catch the whispered kiss....i 221
w. of peace, and truth.....t 152
w. promised pleasure.....s 209
'twas whisper'd in hell....bb 491
Whispering-world goes w. to...n 90
green leaves are w. to.....f 155
foul w's are abroad*.....n 182
whispering, with white lips.b 457
whispering to each other ..c 264
winds come w. lightly.....e 466
talking age and w. lovers....c 437
w. gloomily to yon pale.....i 441
Whist-winds, with wonder w..b 467
Whistle-pipes and w's in his*.. w 6
whistle to sweet music's.....j 67
very dear for his whistle.....j 162
he could whistle them back.m 122
robin w's far and nigh .....h 373
with a sleety whistle.....b 274
hush'd the ploughboy's w...c 369
nae birdie mann whistle.....i 369
pay too much for your w....g 462
the steam-w.—the laughing.cc 308
tongue of his fore-plane w's..u 301
Whistled-and w. as he went....x 65
Whistling-ravish'd with the w.p 115
w. to keep myself from being.s 120
hollow w. in the leaves*....m 467
foolish w. of a man .....dd 490
White-leaves a line of white...h 10
shoulders and w. his crest...m 22
will make black, white*.....j 88
was white with apple-blooms.j 372
white with snow each.....b 378
winter robe of purest white.j 378
white, so very white.....n 331
every w. will have its black..i 495
to wash it white as snow*....f 359
lo! my thoughts of white....d 145
White-throat-the happy w-t....a 34
Whited-w. air hides hills and..f 377
Whiteness-in angel w. bear*...v 35
hath the pearless whiteness.e 160
magnolias ope in whiteness.g 125
the whiteness of the snow...r 150
death in a whiteness that....e 143
Whitening-the w. shower.....j 278
Whiter-w. than new snow on a*f 54
Wholesome-a good wholesome*.t 308
Why-for every why he had a..j 14
why and wherefore in all*..bb 14
every why hath a wherefore*.f 479
Wick-a kind of w., or snuff*.... 182

there are three wicks.....l 192
Wicked-veriest w. rest in peace.n 39
show compassion on the w...e 60
w. man who has written.....j 337
cause I's wicked,—I is.....c 464
Wickedness-method in man's..a 464
loves a spice of wickedness..b 464
Wide-nor so wide as a church*.e 67
one Sabbath deep and w.....k 369
alone on a wide, wide sea....t 394
Widen-ever w. more its bound..e 9
Widow-w. sits upon mine arm.e 458
a widow, husbandless*.....i 121
bell rings, and tho w.weeps*.e 262
new widow school*.....m 397
here's to the widow of fifty..t 428
Widowed-widowed wife and...l 476
Wife-Lincoln's Quaker wife....n 22
my dear wife's estimate*.....f 71
gardener and his wife smile..f 384
do with so good a wife*.....i 163
bracelets to adorn the wife..e 369
he that hath a wife and.....d 256
and better than the wife....g 279
the wife where danger or....z 203
if our author in the wife....a 204
and the faithful wife.....f 256
were such the w. had fallen..i 256
wife grows flippant in reply.r 256
gentle, loving, trusting w...d 257
well choosing of his wife....e 257
worthy of this noble wife*..p 258
meek, fond, trusting wife...d 259
as the husband is the w. is..f 259
the wife is a constellation...f 464
half so delightful as a wife..g 454
thy wife was pretty, trifling.h 464
a wife domestic, good.....k 464
wife is dearer than the bride.n 464
in the election of a wife.....p 464
if his wife be nowt.....t 464
a wife is the peculiar gift...u 464
impudence they style a w...v 464
wife these sland'rous words.v 464
a light wife doth make*.....w 464
true and honourable wife....e 465
the best is a good wife.....g 465
a most perfect wife.....h 465
Cæsar's w. should be above.g 412
widowed wife and wedded*..l 476
Wild-and sandy perilous w's..a 54
heavens look dark and w....e 404
here in the houseless wild...j 136
the wild are constant.....s 244
the times are wild*.....bb 306
wild as waves that wash no.n 141
wander wild and wet.....l 273
wild was the day.....o 273
then the w. clematis comes..l 135
in distant wilds, by human.g 226
wither'd, and so w. in their*o 401
in the w. March-morning....e 270
wind blows wild, and free...u 446
the garden was a wild.....p 473
of all w. beasts on earth or...i 475
far in a wild, unknown.....q 395
sad by fits, by starts 'twas w.z 490
Wild-cat-w-c. in your kitchens*b 478
Wildering-w. maze of eternity.m 421
Wilderness-bird of the w.....m 25
well-spring in the w.....a 169
a wilderness of sweets.....j 125
hast wanderings in the w..bb 493
for flow'ring in a wilderness.h 434
lodge in some vast w.....x 394
Wild-flower-in lanes the w-f's.q 373
there spring the w-f-s .....t 126
a simple wild-flower wreath.r 129
Wild-fowl-w-f. nestled in the...b 25
I chase the wild-fowl.....f 269
Wildness-the w. of the place..q 156
Wild-rose-the w-r. dreams.....f 131
bloomed the sweet w-r.....o 133
Wile-wanton wiles.....g 264
their subtle wiles.....x 475
Wilfulness-deliver it from w..x 465
Will-will, seeking good, finds...g 8
kingdom, his will his law....z 47
wants resolved will*.....t 50
Providence, foreknowledge w.t 64
against his will.....u 75
will of God is all in all.....q 79
executors, and talk of wills*..p 84
fate, fixed fate, free will.....t 64
tender heart; a will inflexible.g 49
wills above be done* .....z 84
in the viewless wills*.....c 85
will not when he may..... t 55
my more headier will*.....v 94
eye that bow'd the will.....m 16
God's will and ours are one.aa 19
you will and you won't.....bb 19
may be independent if we w.w 47
if God's will were so*.....q 91
against heaven's hand or w...e 72
will in us is over-rul'd by...g 118
will and the power are.....j 118
our wills, and fates, do so*...k 119
w., the human soul requires.d 108
current of a woman's will...u 163
I w., I w., and there an end*.c 361
without our will they come.k 370
who has no will but by her..i 256
enslaves the will.....b 334
to thy husband's will.....aa 203
the will to do.....i 264
I will be hang'd, if*.....k 387
aim for the heart and the w..h 483
complies against his will....i 465
deny the freedom of the w...l 465
who is firm in will moulds..m 465
way of setting the will free..n 465
a boy's will is the wind's w.p 465
star of the unconquered w..q 465
by this will the act.....r 465
my w. enkindled by mine*...s 465
shores of will and judgment*s 465
what he will, he does*.....t 465
will is deaf, and hears*.....u 465
is possible to will.....v 465
our wills are ours, to make.w 465
to whom God w., there be*.w 452
the unconquerable will.....q 458
will what God doth will.....k 407
His will: it is mine.....l 407
his will in the structure of..a 180
glideth at his own sweet w..h 366
based upon her people's w..q 368
pray they have their will*...i 192
doing his evil will.....n 196
each has his will, and each..n 451
fairly make your will.....c 234
beyond its own sweet will...p 256
be there a will, and wisdom.y 468
fat kitchen makes a lean w.dd 491
fixed fate, free will.....q 494
leads the w. to desperate*...q 248
mention it within their w's*a 184
doing of the will of God.....j 292
not my will, consents*.....y 341
love, restrain thy will.....h 342
yet His will be done.....p 360
against their wills what.....q 472
but one faculty, the will....c 473
the torrent of a woman's w..g 474
if she will, she will.....g 474
if she will do't, she will.....o 474
for what I will, I will*.....f 477
will, not what they crave*...e 427
my heart, shall have his w.*.d 430
passions in his craft of w.*..e 430
Willing-w. or able to help.....m 379
least willing still to quit....k 236
Willingness-none but by w....b 418
Willow-under the willow.....o 245
hangs on the willow.....d 457
the willow, worne.....j 433
the sallow for the mill.....j 433
w., the higher soar their....p 440
w's weep their stems in fury.f 441
w. hangs with sheltering.....g 441
lake where drooped the w...h 441
know ye the willow-tree.....i 441
Wilt-lead me where Thou w..m 360
O sorrow, wilt thou rule....m 398
Win-yet would'st wrongly win*.p 51
fair lady ne'er could win.....i 74
wins of him a pair of gloves.n 221
win a new world's crown*...r 197
win us with honest trifles*..l 415
he that would win his dame.d 479
he cannot win a women*....t 479
they laugh that win*.....f 227
foul to those that win*.....x 452
win her with gifts*.....e 480
Wind-the w's of heaven visit*..w 4
are tropic w's before the voice.d 81
at the north wind's breath....i 81
the winds are pillow'd.....f 25
by the cold winds of winter..q 30
w. that wafts us toward the...q 44
away in a gust of wind.....a 29
winds strew one year's.....a 45
obeying with my w. when*...e 51
wing makes halt, wind-weary.e 32
in passing winds it drowns...k 21
lie down with the wild winds.n 21
autumn winds are sobbing...l 31
I was but as the winn.....a 71
greeting from the wind.....o 89
the winds were wither'd.....f 78
inconstant than the wind*....j 97
blow wind! come wrack*.....z 98
low wind hardly breathed....h 54
by the wind, floats fast.....n 53
winds through pompous.....l 59
winnow'd with so rough a w.*.o 92
a boy's will is the w's will...p 465
but light as any wind.....n 112
flies of every w. that blows*.s 118
stop a hole to keep the wind*.e 119
wound the loud winds*.....t 119
though fleeter than the wind.r 120

grows great with little w.*...r 108
by the thorns and by the w..l 142
and court the wind.....o 161
weigh the wind.....s 163
winds sink in billowy bloom.k 147
evening w's, the sunshine..j 148
cradled in the winds.....k 150
w. may hover till it dozes....o 150
too slight a beck of the wind.k 151
the south wind sighs.....i 132
named of the wind, to which.a 133
by the fragrant w. that blow.k 133
w's of March with beauty*..r 137
winds to kiss and grateful...r 128
w's which tell of the violet's.u 371
w's on breathing roses blow.s 372
chiding of the winter's w.*..d 378
day the gusty north-w. bore.l 378
shrieking of the mindless w.l 378
winds, that sailors rail at*...e 393
the stormy w's suppressed..b 447
fury of the wind defies.....f 439
busy winds, that keep no...m 392
sleep winds us up for the...p 392
sifted through the winds....k 393
wind cannot make you sink.f 400
God gives w. by the measure.j 348
wind to the shorn lamb.....h 349
the gentle warbling wind...d 139
the w., not she, did walk....g 164
except wind stands as never.o 166
is an ill w. that turns none..o 166
w's that fan the flowers.....o 271
savage winds infuriate.....k 273
night w. blows its folds....m 273
lulled w's, too, are sleeping..l 275
the gentle wind.....m 277
lo! as the wind is.....o 278
winds which softly sing.....e 374
fierce w's begin to blow.....j 375
in the autumn w. rustle,....l 375
grieve, O ye autumn winds.m 376
w's along their battle ground.j 377
winds the stillness broke...n 377
from him the w., ay, and...x 225
w. might rob of half its....v 154
w's fed it with silver dew...k 156
invisible west-winds sighs..n 158
w's wander and dews drip..b 160
bay'd the whispering wind.d 288
walks upon the wind.....o 180
winds are rude.....j 364
wind was wild and dark.....g 365
w., thought, swifter things*.d 370
pass by me, as the idle w*...s 198
moods of love are like the w.e 244
w's aloud howl o'er the.....i 404
though thy w's are loud....k 269
with wind, and cloud.....l 269
the bitter wind makes not..b 270
rushing w's and gloomy....d 270
the wind began to roll.....e 270
the noisy winds are still. ....j 270
invisible and creeping wind*k 313
weak w. which enkindled*..c 441
the w's and waves are always c 313
we run before the wind.....f 313
Oh, colder than the wind....k 431
Germans call the w's bride..j 432
wind, full of wantonness...g 435
winds whistle shrill.....g 438
endure w. and weather*.....s 499
down. then winde up both..f 356
or hears him in the wind....f 358
if my wind were but long*..n 345
I have flown on the winds...l 421
seas are quiet when the w's.i 327
in the biting wind.....i 440
w. here sighs and moans ....j 440
like w. flies time 'tween....m 424
music in the stirring wind. x 465
wind of the sunny south....y 465
winds come whispering....e 466
soft blows the the wind.....f 466
winds of winter wailing....g 466
wind is fierce and strong....h 466
how silent are the winds.....i 466
a wind that follows fast.....k 466
w's that never moderation...l 466
wind wails so in winter.....m 466
the wind has a language ....p 466
chill airs and wintry w's....q 466
wind among the trees.....r 466
the w. is rising; it seizes....s 466
w's o' September wrestled..a 467
the sweet w. did gently*....w 289
winds, with wonder whist..b 467
mocking w's are piping.....c 467
w's that stir the bowers.....d 467
wind, in odors dying.....e 467
loud wind, strong wind.....f 467
which way the wind is.....g 467
blow, thou winter wind*....i 467
sits the wind in that corner*k 467
now sits the wind fair*.....l 467
southern wind doth play*..m 467
sweet wind did gently kiss*.n 467
an ill wind that bloweth.....o 466
ill blows the wind that*.....j 467
not the ill w. which blows*.p 467
ill w. turns none to good ...u 467
the wind, who woos*.....o 467
what wind blew you hither* p 467
O, wind, if winter comes....r 467
winds are shrilling cold.....s 467
except wind stands as never.u 467
wind that sang of trees.....v 467
wild ambitious wind.....l 455
meteor streaming to the w.m 458
forth the mutinous winds*..r 460
there's not a breath of w....b 404
my troops are the wind.....d 404
the winds grow high.....j 404
w's, that o'er the billows....k 404
blow, winds, and crack*....m 404
blow, wind; swell, billow*.. n 404
when the scolding winds*...o 404
certain winds will make....m 417
where wisdom steers, wind..o 419
a voice is in the w. I do not.h 180
rides on posting winds*.....q 387
winds were love-sick*.....q 381
Wind-flower-tears, to the w-f...r 125
w-f. and the violet.....d 126
flushes the w-f's cheek.....q 131
w-f's, frail and fair.....p 161
courageous wind-flower.....n 127
Winding-road, winding slow..a 141
w. up the watch of his wit*..e 472
runs for ages without w. up.h 430
Winding-sheet-w-s. for our last.r 85
a w-s. fell o'er her.....l 377
Window-storied w's richly.....d 58
ope'd every w. to receive.....r 23
her two blue windows*.....l 110
thy eyes' windows fall*.....r 110
woodbine through the w....u 161
by that south window.....l 151
the golden w. of the east*...v 277
little window where the sun.a 261
rich windows that exclude..h 296
I a maid at your window*...j 450
moonlight by her w. sung*. b 480
fall the w's of mine eyes*...w 300
Window-blind-doors and w-b's.s 466
Window-pane-curtained w-p's.e 375
Window-sill-at my silent w-s..r 143
sweet-brier under the w-s...m 155
upon the window-sill.....b 288
Windy-long walks on w. hills.o 158
keep o' the w. side of the law*.k 308
Wine-pours like sacramental w.f 31
wines that are known.....e 99
the w. of life is drawn*.....c 94
old wine to drink.....g 13
drink no wine.....o 100
walnuts and the wine.....q 100
I'll look not for wine.....e 221
winds, as drinking wine.....i 221
bring of good wine.....l 221
my liver rather heat with w.*.a 265
red wine first most rise*....w 414
wines and strongest drinks..l 417
the wine of life is drawn*...a 235
pure as dew, and pick'd as w.r 155
another wine-sprung minde.g 214
taste no other w. to-night ...y 216
friendship's the wine of life..l 175
home-made w's that rack....a 198
so turns w. to water back....g 263
with the warmth of wine....h 268
wine and incense to Janus..e 269
good wine needs no bush*...j 294
whose wine was the bright*.d 436
not the hot kiss of wine.....l 461
w. had warm'd the politician.w 309
few things surpass old wine.a 468
let us have w. and women...a 468
sweet is old wine in bottles..b 468
what cannot wine perform..g 468
th' almighty power of wine..j 468
is a great fault in wine.....k 463
good w. is a good familiar*...l 463
give me a bowl of wine*....m 468
give me a bowl of wine*.....n 468
he calls for wine*.....o 468
thon invisible spirit of w.*..p 468
w. has drowned more than..q 468
Wing-gold makes w's and flies..f 94
sea-bird's wing makes halt...e 32
neck between her white w's..f 33
see white wings lessening,...k 10
soars on golden wing.....s 64
the wings of silence.....n 10
with wings display'd.....o 10
spread thy golden wings.....s 23
wave their wings in*.....j 24
the sweeping wing.....k 24
e'en sleeping on the wing....a 22
quiet, with plain brown w's..n 22
wave their wings in gold.....j 24
lack-lustre eye, and idle wing.e 25
sings on highest wing.....k 23

on triumphant wings.....d 30
grasp its lank wing.....b 32
white wings mantling.....f 33
mounted on the wing.....e 35
as their wings are in.....c 55
from my wings are shaken...u 59
to the eyes in his black w's..k 78
take wing in any shape.....g 80
pair of folded wings.....aa 93
on both his wings, one black..i 115
with bolder w., they soaring.e 142
its white and purple wings..n 147
wings of gentle flush o'er....c 149
soft w. of vernal breezes shed d 133
show not their mealy w's*.aa 254
from their wings flung rose..k 257
fend you with his wing.....i 167
which flap like rustling w's.g 273
air is rife with wings.....b 372
w's it with sublime desires..s 280
of heaven upon your wings.i 373
birds they sing upon the w.f 374
lifts up her purple wing....n 277
from his wide w's of snow...l 377
knowledge the w. wherewith* l 224
flew there on restless wing..e 213
these wings of thine.....g 213
thy wings gleam, but.....g 213
on the wing of the wind....q 160
thought can w. its way.....v 420
eagles wave their w's in gold.q 365
our words have wings, but..b 481
insect—youth are on the w..u 486
conceits have w's, fleeter*...d 370
the wings of the dove.....s 220
fluttering of its silken w's...b 243
he asks no angel's wing.....f 234
lets grow her wings.....o 469
swiftest w. of recompense*..r 355
wings to thought.....q 297
bear on your wings and.....a 343
sleep! with w's of healing...j 389
like the wings of sea-birds..u 446
sudden rush of wings.....l 327
w's that can bear me back..m 327
and batty w's doth creep....n 391
to thy speed add wings.....n 349
singing birds take wing.....t 424
Winged-with w. sandals shod...t 10
thoughts are w. to summer..l 273
winged to mount the skies..x 443
Winging-bee hath ceased its w.k 376
Wink-I'll wink and couch*....j 112
never came a wink too soon.a 261
justice while she winks at...x 218
the world will wink.....i 298
wink on opportunity.....k 324
wink a reputation down.....s 387
Winked-shall not be w. at*....d 75
Winking-w. at the skies.....v 108
w. marybuds begin to ope*..e 147
Winning-ne'er act the w. part.n 344
not worth the winning.....j 479
Winnowed-we shall be w.*.....o 92
Winter-a w. hath my absence*..k 2
age is as a lusty winter*.....m 7
no winter in thy year.....k 23
by the cold winds of winter..q 30
there was no winter in't* ....n 53
unharm'd though winter....s 161
first question'd w's sway....k 150
surely as cometh the winter.k 160
fruit that life's cold winter..q 469
in winter's wild wrack.....p 422
ran he on ten winters more..t 423
in the w's frost and rime....h 437
stormy w., burning summer u 325
wind of winter, wailing.....g 466
wind wails so in winter....m 466
blow, thou winter wind*....i 467
O wind, if winter comes....r 467
four lagging winters*.....w 481
every w. change to spring...e 202
bounty, there was no w.*...v 367
bring winter and summer..u 401
winter of our discontent*...e 408
on a lone winter evening...k 212
unto a winter's day.....k 232
as winter's rocks of snow...w 233
'twas winter and I slept.....k 234
winter comes at last.....i 236
winter, all attuned.....w 240
cruel as winter, and cold....n 217
winter is come and gone....f 188
winter's blooming child....q 370
slayer of the winter,.....b 270
winter holds her sway.....c 270
dark and stubborn w. dies..d 270
but winter and rough*.....g 433
rainy w. waters still the.....a 371
winter is over and gone....f 371
but winter lingering.....f 271
w. maketh the light heart...p 372
flowerless and chill the w....i 375
cold winter gives warning..a 376
waiting for the w's snow....a 377
w! ruler of th'inverted year.e 377
wishes 'twas w. through....h 377
prays God that winter.....h 377
a lone winter evening.....k 377
w's long and heavy time....q 377
thus the winter dies.....a 378
winter rules the year.....b 378
winter's not gone yet*.....e 378
w. cloathed all in frieze.....g 378
w. comes to rule the varied..i 378
winter robe of purest white.j 378
we here our camp of w. ....m 378
w. loves a dirge-like sound..n 378
take that w. from your*.....r 221
Winter-king-the wild old w-k.m 377
Winterly-if w., thou need'st*.n 306
Wintry-birds are dreaming of.b 373
leaves in wintry weather....j 261
Wire-be whipped with w.*....q 349
Wisdom-wisdom, sit in want...u 8
conduce, for wisdom, piety...o 37
wisdom is consumed in*.....t 61
wisdom at one entrance.....c 91
of every wisdom the.....k 38
teachers of wisdom.....e 40
though wisdom wake.....o 61
he hath a wisdom that*.....t 72
to wisdom he's a fool*.....p 163
the last result of wisdom....j 167
than is it w., as thinketh....c 287
what wisdom shines.....h 290
justice without wisdom is.dd 218
wisdom picks friends.....v 114
thou openest wisdom's.....t 107
a child is woman's wisdom.k 279
philosophy is the lover of w.p 332
nor makes him pay his w...k 202
knowledge and wisdom.....e 222
wisdom in minds attentive..e 223
wisdom is humble, that he..f 223
wit and w. are born with...y 227
more helpful than all w.... u 332
politicians chew on wisdom u 340
where wisdom steers, wind..o 419
God's w. and God's goodness l 179
w. and goodness, they are...l 179
by strides of human wisdom q 179
moderation as regulated by w.v218
kindness is wisdom.....y 220
wisdom, love itself.....b 241
wisdom and wit in vain .....o 244
wisdom mounts her zenith..c 265
wisdom prostrate lies.....k 250
he praise their wisdom .....k 307
wisdom of our ancestors....s 468
love wisdom more than she..t 468
w. is oft concealed in mean.u 468
wisdom is humble that.....v 468
whom truth and w. lead....w 468
wisdom and goodness are...x 468
wisdom finds a way.....y 468
end of w. is consultation....z 468
brutes have no wisdom.....c 469
wisdom is only in truth.....d 469
wisdom makes but a slow...e 469
from wisdome's garden geve.f 469
be truer than fairy wisdom..h 469
carry beyond the grave is w..i 469
ripe in wisdom was he.....j 469
w. wake, suspicion sleep...m 469
is the prime wisdom.....n 469
wisdom self oft seeks.....o 469
wisdom, slow product.....q 469
certain sign of wisdom is....r 469
w. is no less at fortunes.. ...u 469
learns the rules of wisdom..w 469
wisdom does not show.....y 469
cold wisdom waiting on*...a 470
wisdom that doth guide*....c 470
God give them wisdom*.....d 470
w. and fortune combating*..e 470
wisdom adorns riches.....i 470
door step to the temple of w.j 470
by wisdom wealth is won...k 470
riches purchased w. yet.....k 470
stream from wisdom's well..l 470
no man has too much w....m 470
but wisdom lingers.....n 470
w. sits alone, topmost.....p 470
wisdom is oft times nearer..q 470
w. married to immortal.....r 470
wisdom is the only thing....s 470
till w. is push'd out of life...t 470
thorn delightful w. grows...v 470
trembling heart to wisdom..w 470
wisdom must be sought.....x 470
wisdom, awful wisdom.....y 470
wisdom, though richer than.z 470
God, whose boundless w....a 301
truth a lustre, and make w..c 353
piety like wisdom, consists.m 357
holy font of w. and love.....v 357
serve the ends of wisdom....d 344
w., that celestial maid.....b 396
where wisdom steers.....f 400
wisdom is rare, Lorenzo.....r 472
Wise-reverend, should be wise*.y 6

healthy, wealthy, and wise...r 19
so wise we grow.....b 61
type of the wise who soar....s 26
be more than women wise....i 43
wise with the history of its...l 49
wise man will select his.....c 39
wise (minstrel and sage).....m 39
wise, if a minister.....i 50
wise men ne'er wail*.....x 72
shall be made truly wise....r 112
what man would be wise....u 107
a fool and a wise man.....k 162
fool doth think he is wise*...l 163
w. man knows himself to be*l 163
spirits of the w. sit in the*.q 163
'tis greatly wise to talk.....k 379
reason that in man is wise..i 259
and wise amidst folly.....k 259
frailties cheat us in the w...r 166
only wretched are the wise..l 206
'tis folly to be wise.....e 206
exceeding wise, fair-spoken*.b 406
foolish ofttimes teach the w.f 195
follies of the wise.....t 232
as wise men say.....t 243
wise men ne'er sit*.....l 238
he is w. who can instruct us.w 303
lest the wise world should*..y 247
strike the wise dumb*.....n 248
worldly, but not worldly w..i 496
fear not the anger of the w..r 359
in which the wise excel.....p 300
more nice than wise.....f 491
men are never very wise....y 342
in sleep can charm the w...f 392
give it a tongue then is w...j 428
wise lived yesterday.....e 429
foolish things to all the wise.t 468
a little w. the best fools be..a 469
wise, for cure on exercise...b 469
what is it to be wise.....t 469
wise man in the company...v 469
old till thou hadst been w.*..b 470
w. men ne'er sit and bewail*f 470
wise, or else you love not*..g 470
wise, and love, exceeds*.....g 47
wise by all are honored.....m 470
sorrow makes us wise.....o 470
be wise to-day.....t 470
be wise with speed.....u 470
Wisely–very w. would lay forth.n 178
Wiser–a sadder and a w. man..h 107
man is w. for his learning...y 227
heart is w. than the intellect.g 469
w. men become as they.....f 428
satin now is w. than of yore.c 418
I am no wiser than a daw*...f 217
grown w., the experienced..m 220
life with wiser youth.....h 408
and grow wiser and better..d 327
Wisest–w. word man reaches...j 141
oft infects the wisest*.....k 121
is relished by the w. men....o 203
pronounced wisest of men..k 469
seems wisest virtuousest....l 469
Wish–wert thou all that I wish..x 8
we wish, we soon believe.....p 20
than wish a snow in May's*..o 57
wishes lengthen as our sins..d 90
every wish is like a prayer...q 89
the impatient wish.....r 89
thy wish was father*.....v 89
were each w. a mint of gold..p 89
wishes all confined.....d 66
my warmest wish to heaven..f 70
the maid's romantic wish...f 97
the years we wish..... .....j 34
I w. I might a rosebud grow.a 152
not what we wish.....m 407
all I ask—all I w.—is a tear..e 415
I wish you all the joy that*.w 216
each other every wish they.o 241
I often wish the night.....a 261
though varying wishes.....v 261
w. th' estate o' the world*....u 409
precisely they would wish...i 464
idle wishes fools supinely...y 468
each silent wish conveys....l 315
in all I wish, how happy....q 249
wish thou darest not pray..x 343
pray to God to cast that w..x 343
prayers and wishes are all*..h 345
my wish is quite as wide....h 473
we wish him back.....o 428
w. you all sorts of prosperity l 496
Wished–devoutly to be w*.....d 85
I wished myself a man*.....n 479
Wishing–wishing of all.....e 90
wishing a certain person to..k 175
of good meanings and w's.. s 194
Wit–wit, seeking truth, from....g 8
when the ages in, the wit is*..p 7
he wants wit that wants*.....t 50
I embrace the wit.....t 69
read each work of wit.....q 76
keen encounter of our wits*x. 14
still inspires my wit.....s 17
beauty like wit to judge..... f 18
images of men's wits and....m 36
brilliant wits and musing....p 37
capricious wits may find.....a 48
his learning and his wit.....t 95
past the wit of man to say*...i 97
labour, wit by ease.....c 73
and warming his five wits...k 29
well craves a kind of wit*...a 163
high as metaphysic wit.....u 489
w. apart, it is a diamond still.y 379
by wit, it casts a brighter...y 379
short in human wit.....l 213
wit adorns your birth or....q 338
w. brightens ! how the style.a 340
partial to their wit.....a 300
wit is the wine.....o 293
high-day wit in praising*....l 343
ev'ry loyal lover tasks his w.e 450
the baiting place of wit.....t 391
when the wit began to.....w 309
affecting wit beyond their..n 471
Lorenzo ! wit abounds.....r 472
good wits have much to*....l 361
I have more zeal than wit..j 488
wit of poets triumphs.....f 335
for wit is nerves only to....u 226
wit and wisdom are born....y 227
shows still some want of wit*.v 187
muster yours wits*.....c 451
men of wit will condescend..i 125
genius is to w. as the whole.f 177
wisdom, valour, wit.....o 243
wit in vain reclaim.....o 244
wit that knows no gall.....b 265
able to quote another's wit.a 471
necessity, can inspire with w.b 471
great wits and valours.....c 471
altho' he had much wit.....d 471
too fine a point to your wit..e 471
wit and humour belong to...f 471
I'm poor enough to be a wit.g 471
wit invites you by his looks.h 471
wit, now and then, struck...i 471
ev'n wits a burthen.....j 471
wits are sure to madness....k 471
there is no room for wit.....l 471
scribbler is of wit.....p 305
there is no room for wit.....l 471
is no wit for so much room..l 471
wit is the salt of.....m 471
wit's an unruly engine.....m 471
wit, like money bears an....o 471
wit is the flower of the.....p 471
wit is a dangerous weapon..q 471
seek after wit, we discover..r 471
whose wit in the combat....s 471
wit is the most rascally.....t 471
a wit with dunces.....u 471
a dunce with wits .....u 471
what wonder modes in wit..v 471
plainness sets off sprightly w.w 471
chaos and wild heap of wit..x 471
true wit is nature to.....y 471
should preside o'er wit.....z 471
wit and judgment often are.aa 471
beat your pate, and fancy w.bb 471
my wit is not like one of....b 314
'tis wit in them*.....a 472
some sparks that are like w.* b 472
begets occasion for his wit*.c 472
cause that wit is in other*..d 472
np the watch of his wit*.....e 472
doors upon a woman's wit*..f 472
brevity is the soul of wit*...g 472
your w. ambles well: it goes* h 472
have a plentiful lack of wit*. i 472
those wits that think they*..j 472
witty fool, than a foolish w.*j 472
thy wit is as quick as*.....k 472
upon her wit doth earthly*..l 472
God has given us wit.....m 472
wit like a knuckle of ham...n 472
w. consists in knowing the..o 472
wit does not take the place..p 472
through want of wit to be...q 472
wit's a jewel which we need.q 472
wit, how delicious to man's.r 472
they admire his wit.....k 307
belongs to love's fine wit*...a 248
the young and tender wit*..c 249
wit that can creep.....o 495
in wit a man, simplicity...aa 495
more than wit requisite.....v 297
wits are gamecocks.....a 299
Witch–beanty is a witch*.....s 18
witch hath power to charm*..i 26
the pea is but a wanton w...b 149
Witchcraft–this only is the w.* w 248
Witching–the w. hour of night.u 287
the witching hour of night..f 288
the witching time of night*·a 290
With–hopes, are all with thee...q 70
no living w. thee or without.s 167
Wither–w. at the north wind's..i 81
lips must fade, and rose[illegible]

buds and withers in a day ...k 45
wither before they see the...x 119
content to w., pale and.....r 144
wither and die in a day.....e 155
Withered-w. in the stagnant air.f 78
withered, faded, pressed.....v 154
withered is the garland*.....e 460
w., and so wild in their*.....o 401
flower the mind has w.....g 349
and wither'd in my hand....e 424
Withering-weak withering age..h 5
with'ring on the virgin thorn*d 94
burned among the w. leaves.d 376
maidens w. on the stalk.....t 478
Withhold-in mercy what we..u 344
Within-I may be beautiful w...g 19
best in me comes from w....a 144
within would feign go out...q 256
but I have that w. which*...c 187
my grief lies all within*.....p 187
Without-they that are w.....q 256
no living with thee or w.....s 167
w. dying, O how sweet to die.k 392
Withstand-virtue to w. the....x 455
Witness-still of excellency*...h 203
Witty-best thing to being w..a 471
I am not only w. in myself*.d 472
awaken'd the w. and fair....h 450
w. and it shan't be long.....e 396
and witty to talk with.....g 478
Wives-their w. have sense*....f 258
changes when they are w....i 258
some poison'd by their w.*.w 367
our wives read Milton.....a 340
when wives are dead.....i 464
with their four wives.....u 494
maids must be wives, and...r 474
Woe-woe lustre gives to man....f 5
sings his song of woe.....t 28
knowledge leads to woe.....s 55
the busy man ne'er wanted w.j 66
ne'er wail their present woes* y 72
sabler tints of woe.....j 35
woe is in all worlds sent.....j 66
till not a woe the bleak world.x 52
heavier than all thy woes*...p 91
world, but grief and woe*....q 91
worst of woes that wait.....h 90
or woe upon thy life*.....i 96
though a ponderous woe.....m 41
woe that love or reason.....r 46
and the suits of woe*.....c 187
of deep woe are brackish.....l 427
prohibition, root of all our w.x 166
life of woman is full of woe..u 474
the balm of woe .....t 391
sleep, the friend of woe.....v 391
worst of w's that wait on age.s 394
woe, we every bliss must...e 397
I'll taste the luxury of woe..f 397
scorn insult our solemn woe.k 398
make a man forget his woe..w 467
striving to tell his woes.....q 382
in love bewrays more woe...k 383
works gave signs of wo.....m 384
horrid, hideous notes of w...v 347
smiles of joy, the tears of w.m 484
woe to the hand that shed*.m 280
where knowledge leads to w.t 205
to suffer woes which hope...d 332
who felt another's woe.....s 332
bitter woe the fate of many.a 225
'neath w's weeping willow..p 225
makes a house of woe.....i 227
teach me to feel another's w.m 228
nurse of second woe*.....f 263
in her voiceless woe.....u 266
thus woe succeeds a woe....y 266
one woe doth tread*.....g 267
liberty is lash'd with woe*..d 229
melt at other's woe.....u 413
share of mortal woe.....bb 231
the wildest woe is love.....c 239
it is the one great w. of life..b 239
woe to him, * * who has....r 217
a case to be exempt from w. p 194
a charm for every woe.....q 200
name awakens all my woes..b 316
denies all eloquence to woe...r 443
waste brings woe.....s 492
a sad variety of woe.....a 316
woes again by viewing mine*.s 397
Woful-young? ah, w. when ...l 486
woful stuff this madrigal....d 340
heard the w. words she told*.u 187
Woke-I woke, and found that..s 98
Wolf-the w's have prey'd*.....h 16
the wolf behowls the moon*..s 225
Wolfsbane-w. I should dread...t 161
Woman-a woman's reason*....w 14
but a woman's might*.....k 64
do you tell me of a w's*.....s 72
believe a woman.....p 75
his hand on woman .....j 74
woman's plighted faith.....s 95
w. oweth to her husband*....b 99
a woman's envy.....o 103
beauty as a woman's eye*....s 110
woman take an elder*.....g 258
lost and won, than w's are*.g 258
its higest power in woman..t 472
w's grief is like a summer...v 472
oh, woman, perfect woman. x 472
worthless w.! mere cold clay.y 472
a woman, so she's good.....e 473
spring from woman's breast.m 473
breath'd out in a woman's.m 473
what a stranger is woman...n 473
the w. pardon'd all except...o 473
sigh'd—till woman smil'd...p 473
woman and man all social...s 473
woman's counsel brought us.u 473
w's lot is made for her by...a 474
beauty of a lovely woman...c 474
as a tender woman's face....d 474
reserve is woman's genuine.f 474
the torrent of a w's will.....g 474
mist is dispell'd when a w..j 474
woman stoops to folly.....k 474
woman's empire, holier....m 474
counseling but her w's heart.n 474
a woman will, or wont .....o 474
woman! thou wert fashioned.p 474
holiest end of w's being.....r 474
life of woman is full of woe.u 474
earth's noblest thing, a w...b 475
cunning w. is a knavish fool.c 475
woman's noblest station is..d 475
allowed is a beautiful w.....f 475
voice of a good woman.....h 475
the greatest is a woman.....i 475
lovelier can be found in w..vl 475
woman rules us still.....p 475
books were woman's looks...q 475
woman! whose form and....s 475
woman be there, there is....s 475
lovely woman! nature.....v 475
ills have not been done by w.w 475
betray'd the Capitol? a w...w 475
Troy in ashes? woman.....w 475
still be a woman to you.....y 475
woman giv'n the last.....a 476
woman, the last, the best....d 476
w's at best a contradiction..f 476
w. is the most inconsistent..h 476
w.! in our hours of ease....k 476
weak a thing the heart of w.*.o 476
w., impudent and mannish*.q 476
woman, mov'd is like a*.....r 476
frailty, thy name is woman*.u 476
tell me of a woman's tongue*.v 476
w's nay doth stand for*....w 476
make a perfect w. she*.....b 477
I grant, I am a woman*.....c 477
a w. that lord Brutus took*. c 477
a w. well-reputed Cato's*....c 477
who is't can read a woman* .i 477
till all graces be in one w*..k 477
woman; therefore to be won*o 477
never yet fair w., but she*..r 477
a woman's only virtue*.....t 477
love her, that she is a w*....x 477
would it not grieve a w*.....a 478
woman, gentle woman dare..f 478
woman is the lesser man....j 478
current of a woman's will...k 478
a woman's highest name....l 478
his head was woman took...o 478
a w. to be like a cloud.....p 478
a woman and the moon.....p 478
dye because a w's faire.....q 478
perfect w., nobly planned....s 478
shameless w. is the worst....v 478
a woman always feels.....h 480
great to be a woman as.....o 186
woman and music should*.n 492
woman in this scale.....j 321
w's pleasure, w's pain.....e 462
w's happiest knowledge.....s 464
woman may err.....g 475
for one w. who affronts.....g 475
understanding, a woman*..m 476
w. in this humour woo'd*..c 480
w. in this humour won*....c 480
move a woman's mind*.....e 480
damnable, dcceitful w.....w 475
so unto the man is woman..c 257
is w's happiest knowledge...j 257
that is kind in w's breast....i 259
if the boy have not a w's gift*s 178
a child is w's wisdom.....k 279
w. be shining uncourted ...m 153
paths lead to a w's love .....r 332
like the best woman.....h 224
w. loves a w., it is of grace... e 241
w's smile and girlhood's. ..m 378
a w., naturally born to*.....i 121
cannot win a woman*.....f 125
in love with some woman*..o 412
woman that deliberates.....q 238
a w. says she loves a man...j 239
'tis w's whole existence.....y 239
but the woman died.....r 454

an excellent thing in w*.....l 456
sweet as the presence of a w*k 410
than woman's lightness*....k 368
Womanhood–she grew to w.....w 68
sanctuary of her w.....e 241
heroic womanhood*.....s 474
womanhood and childhood..e 487
Womankind–belie their nature..l 47
faith in womankind beats...j 279
w. had but one rosy mouth..h 473
Womanly–so w., so benigne...r 473
Womb–the fatal cannon's w*...k 91
his mother's womb.....q 232
the womb of nature,.....a 286
womb of the mountain.....l 461
Women–be more than w, wise ..i 43
become some w. best.....p 111
from women's eyes*.....f 110
when men are ruled by w.*.h 183
women know no perfect love.k 241
women as well as men.....g 244
fair women and brave men.cc 121
for women shed and use.....h 415
w's weapons, water-drops*.m 416
especially to women.....j 363
w., like princes, find few....e 475
a bevy of fair women.....j 475
who trusts himself to w. ....u 475
describe w's hypocrisies....x 475
work-tables of w's fingers....i 476
that women are so simple*..y 476
women are frail, too*. .....g 477
women are as roses*.....g 477
two w. plac'd together*....u 477
doth oft make women proud*s 477
she is the rarest of all w.*...x 477
women guide the plot.....d 478
worth one sentiment of w...m 478
learned w. are to be found..n 478
women are angels, wooing*.f 480
wo men must weep.....d 483
loveliest of women .....s 472
souls of women are so small.u 473
seas and stormy women.....i 473
gentilless these women have*q 473
women with a mischief to..u 473
women are timid, cower and e 474
then women show a front of e 474
have been women's fools....l 474
women, from Eve, have .....l 474
not left us women, or not...l 474
dear dead women, with such k 189
we w. had men's privileges*.n 479
words are w., deeds are men.d 481
women alone, when in the..h 481
works of w. are symbolical..p 482
in women, two almost divide.b 327
let us have wine and women.a 468
Won–won right to the fruit....p 41
followed and so fairly won*...d 79
the race is won.....s 82
faint heart ne'er w. fair lady.n 71
not unsought be won.....t 49
showed how fields were won.n 311
melancholy as a battle won..h 461
honor is not won.... .....k 199
woman; therefore to be w.*..o 477
that should be won.....t 222
lost and won, than womans* g 258
won as towns with fire*.....o 406
when the shore is won.....a 408
vigor, not by vaunts is won.c 408
woman in this humor won* c 480
things won are done .....f 480
I have won by wooing thee*.l 479
incantations they won their k 479
I am too quickly won..*.... q 479
whatever's lost it first was w. s 489
Wonder–w why the setting...c 411
contents as you will w. at*..k 316
wonders for such ends. .....i 292
His wonders to perform.....p 179
w. how the devil they got...ee 495
the wonder of the hour.....e 490
I w. if the sap is stirring yet.b 373
wonder how I can be glad....c 137
w. of the world, whose spiky.f 274
but undiscovered wonders..q 332
seize on the white wonder*..b 222
still the wonder grew.....r 227
w. lurketh in men's ears*....p 333
deal of wonder is broken*...g 337
wonders of the world abroad*p 205
hide the wonders of the lane.b 437
wonders of our stage.....a 381
Wonderful–how w. is death ....p 85
w., dear, and pleasant.....h 230
how wonderful, is man.....z 255
w. is the human voice.....f 456
Wondrous–makes one w. kind.g 413
this wondrous strange*.....g 498
Wont–you will and you won't..bb 19
as thou wast wont to be*....u 245
a woman's will, or won't....o 474
if she won't, since safe and..o 474
if she won't, she won't.....g 474
Woo–the means of weakness*...m 7
woo on, with odour wooing.v 152
woo the frozen world again..i 373
men are April when they w.* i 258
wooes him to be wise.....c 265
come not to woo honour*....f 200
woo the public eye.....b 314
Duncan Gray cam' here to w.c 479
shall teach me how to woo..k 479
I cannot woo in festival*....o 479
nor woo in rhyme, like.....p 479
so thou wilt woo; but, else*..q 479
my story and that would w.* r 479
were not made to woo*.....d 480
is won that all desire to woo.e 479
wooes it with enamor'd.....e 467
the wind, who woos*.....o 467
Wood–old wood to burn.....g 13
fill the woods with light.....v 41
thee the wild woods await....p 22
wing to the rooky wood*.....g 23
night, when the woods grow..c 29
wide are these woods.....s 53
glared down in the woods....i 409
enter this wild wood.....c 432
woods more free from peril*.e 433
fading many-colour'd woods.q 433
the woods are hush'd.....o 433
when woods begin to wear:..y 456
gay w's and in the golden air.c 466
w's against a stormy sky....g 323
more quick than woods*.....e 480
land, set out to plant a wood.e 463
through the gaunt woods....s 467
he talks of wood*.....s 301
along this quiet wood road..a 141
stately children of the wood.i 142
death in the wood .....e 143
teachers had been the woods.i 108
ivy clings to wood or stone..k 143
in the lonely w's the jasmine.b 144
when wild in woods.....h 167
whisper'd it to the woods....h 257
the gaunt woods, in ragged..f 273
within the solemn woods...m 277
the woods are green* .....e 278
the violet in the wood.....f 131
within the woods.....q 132
autumn w. the aster knows..l 133
in the woods a fragrance....p 123
high sheltering woods.....j 139
the dull gray wood.....z 160
all the darksome woods.....f 411
woods are glad with song....a 157
woods or steepy mountains..j 243
run through w's and meads..n 364
loved the shady woods.....j 436
woods roared with strong....l 437
bare and wintry w's we see..m 437
wailing through the woods..g 466
woods' harmless shades.....d 395
live in the woods with thee..n 395
senators of mighty woods...d 439
wailing winds and naked w's.f 375
woods and groves are of.....n 271
wood that looked so grisly..o 372
glory ou the autumn woods..f 376
pleasure in the pathless w's.a 334
woods or steepy mountains..j 243
my foes are the woods.....d 404
Woodbine–her climb the w.....a 33
woodbines hanging bonnilie.f 126
cistus and w's are twining..o 364
with lush woodbine*.....m 130
in and out the woodbine's...g 250
in folds of dark woodbine....i 142
Wood-bird–w-b's but to couple* i 450
the wood-birds sang.....i 365
Wood-grape–when w-g's were..a 296
Woodland–in the glooming w...s 28
thread the woodland ways...m 147
woodland dale we catch.....l 323
woodland streamlets flow...l 135
on waste and woodland.....a 139
w. violets reappear.....p 160
w's hoary in the soft light..r 376
primrose our w's adorn.....h 126
w. paths with autumn.....a 411
over the w's brown and bare.q 393
on woodland crests.....e 275
tremulous w. things.....c 133
now rings the woodland.....l 433
Woodlark–warbling w. stay....k 25
Woodman–w. spare that tree..o 432
Wooed–pensively he wooed....d 24
would be wooed and not.....t 49
I woo'd you not*.....n 479
woman in this humor w*....e 480
we should be woo'd and*....d 480
Woof–weave the woof.....x 117
Wooing–to cross their w.....g 402
ha, ha! the wooing o' t.....c 475
never wedding, ever w.....g 479
if I am not worth the w.....j 479
I have won by wooing thee*.l 479
women are angels wooing*..f 480
Wool–like footsteps upon wool.d 29

Word-the action to the word*...k 3
actions not words.....s 3
art is built of words.....j 15
sweet in every whisper'd w...l 27
which frames my words.....q 82
words repeat of peace.....g 578
ungodly deeds find me the w's.z 8
good w., nor princely favour*.t 62
chance is a w. void of sense..v 44
no words can paint.....w 49
all words are faint.....w 49
his words are bonds, his*....u 50
words move slow.....w 76
He was the Word that.....k 56
deeds not words.....u 88
brother spake no word.....k 95
talkative, address good w's..s 100
their w's of wisdom perish..g 115
eyes are songs without w's.u 108
that fatal word—howe'er...m 116
yesterday the w. of Cæsar*..u 118
your words I catch*.....l 120
the wisest word man reaches.j 141
thy words by adding fuel to.u 182
foolish w's and empty story.k 184
an army of good words*....m 163
more quick than words*.....s 480
if she respect not words*....e 480
of painting words.....u 237
the words of God.. .....c 402
that once familiar word.....o 284
last words of Marmion.....s 452
conceit in pompous words..e 407
breathe and w's that burn...z 419
some ten words long*.....f 294
I'll take my word for faith*.q 291
words once spoke can never.a 481
our words have wings, but..b 481
words were meant for deeds.c 481
w's are women, deeds are....d 481
words are wise men's.....e 481
of words we may contend...h 481
words are the daughters of..i 481
words gladden so many a...j 481
w's are men's daughters.....l 481
recall a word once spoken..m 481
words, however, are things..o 481
words he disdains to control.o 481
words are the motes of.....j 480
w's are like sea shells on....j 480
w's of affection, howsoe'er...k 480
'tis a word, that's quickly...l 480
words are things.....m 481
words are like leaves.....p 481
a word, at random spoken..q 481
a fine volley of words*.....r 481
but words are words*.....s 481
month as household words*.t 481
good words are better than*.u 481
time lies in one little word*.w 481
wanton springs, end in a w*.w 481
weigh'st thy words before*.x 481
doubled with an evil word.*y 481
have bereft me of all words*.z 481
my words fly up, my*.....a 482
w's without thoughts never*a 482
words are razors to my*.....b 482
where w's are scarce, they*.c 482
breathe their words in pain*.c 482
and yet w's are no deeds*...d 482
unpack my heart with w's* e 482
words, words, words*.....f 482
words are grown so false*...g 482
words, words, mere words*..h 482
bethump'd with words*.....i 482
do when we speak words....j 482
words are but holy as the...k 482
what may words say.....l 482
what may words not say,....l 482
such as thy words are.....m 482
the artillery of words.....n 482
cunningly built of words....o 482
words well bedded also in...o 482
word is as good as the bank.h 199
what is that word, honor*...u 199
I am come to keep my w*...q 200
w's are the transcript.....i 480
is the transcript of words...i 480
careful of our words as of...n 480
words are freeborn, and not.o 480
w's indced are but the signs.p 480
w's have the least blemish..q 480
w's are the voice of the.....r 480
words that weep, and tears..s 480
immodest w's admit of no...t 480
words are so no more.....o 419
the worst of words*.....aa 420
fine words! I wonder.....t 351
w's he has wished unsaid...s 356
sad words of tongue or pen..v 356
every w. a reputation dies ..a 360
purgation did consist in w's*w 431
tricky w. defy the matter*..m 163
write her fair words.....i 166
than labor'd words..... e 256
not words, and kiss .....i 259
w's, do move a woman's*....v 178
he commands us in his w...q 179
in that charming word.....h 201
w. and thing most beautiful a 277
how few words are needed...e 169
w's, that utter'd all the soul.i 170
words all ears took captive*.u 331
into every heart his words..q 209
urging of that w., judgment*r 218
there is no such w. as fail...y 331
philosophy lies in two w's...j 332
that word, that kiss.....m 222
w's are but the signs of... m 226
breathe their w's in pain*...p 226
tone than by unexpected w.a 380
burning w's and praises....u 126
flowers are words. .....d 127
w's, for they but half can...p 129
w's could e'er have spoken..p 129
a carnival of words.....o 335
w's spoke of in Scotland*...p 121
they spake not a word*.....q 121
drops some careless word....i 122
task me to my word*.....y 124
lightest w. would harrow*...j 121
speak one simple word.....p 413
made answer to my word....v 413
words learn'd by rote.....f 414
audience for a w. or two*...p 414
ill w. may empoison liking*.s 414
far too big for words.....v 415
w. for w. without book*.....l 237
worship without words.....j 440
told me words of peace.....p 360
is more eloquent than w's..k 382
words would not come.....q 382
may be than all words .....f 383
more woe than words.....k 383
will not speak a word*.....p 383
what! gone without a word*u 383
hath better deeds than w's*.u 383
he sinks without a word.....i 386
to side the field of words.....c 400
words are so no more.....f 400
with what words to pray....q 344
my prayers are not words*..h 345
keep the word of promise*..q 347
heaven hath my empty w's*.o 345
sounds like a prophet's w..w 347
every word stabs*.....p 477
slow in w's is a woman's*...t 477
a poem without words.....c 314
appears in the form of w's...f 481
words are not only.....g 481
w's of comfort availed not..k 481
wash no shore, w's wander..n 481
is the w. they wish to hear..i 315
of the unpleasant'st words*.i 316
silent speaking words.....r 316
the words that dropped.....l 317
no w's suffice the secret.....r 443
if a word could save me.....r 444
that w. were not the truth..r 444
keep thy word justly*.....q 292
give me but one kind word..r 326
words pay no debts*.....jj 499
as w's could never utter.....c 501
w's are taught you from her.m 473
to neither a w. will I say....i 474
thro' the arched roof in w's.v 324
w's are images of thoughts..m 395
soft w's, with nothing in....q 396
give sorrow words*.....p 397
a flow of words.....g 468
actions and w's all of a color.y 469
Wordy-excel us in this w. war.h 481
Work-play for lack of work*.....l 1
the son of his own works.....v 47
our mightiest works die too..a 92
our work is not design.....h 92
hand alone my work can do..r 11
rejoiced that winter's work...t 41
word and your w. and your..d 64
w. begun how soon absolv'd..q 74
in every work regard the.....t 76
if faith produce no work....a 113
at her flowery w. doth sing..i 390
who has found his work.....v 482
w. of body or mind appointed.i 483
w., thou shalt ride over.....p 225
work with a stout heart.....p 225
now let it work*.....q 266
done thy long day's work...d 362
knowledge of thy works.....r 286
when his work is ended.....l 288
w. of many thousand men...s 366
his heart was in his work....y 192
work some praise.....v 193
as tedious as to work*.....k 197
man's sublimest works.....o 407
the work some praise.....l 296
better the rudest w., that tells.o 296
will judge of a great work...n 298
no considerable w. was ever.o 298
portrays himself in his w's..c 299
steal their works.....e 300
the man from his works.....a 300

w's of women are symbolical.p 482
paid the worth of our work.p 482
get leave to w. in this world.q 482
measure not the work until..s 482
work is alone noble.....u 482
a work, a life-purpose.....v 482
genuine work alone.....w 482
all true work is sacred.....x 482
work, were it hut true.....x 482
ourselves only in our work..c 483
men must w. and women ...d 483
w. is not born with him.....g 483
always work, and tools.....g 483
w. under our lahour grows..j 483
work first, and then rest.....l 483
thine to work as well as pray.q 483
work without hope draws...r 200
with works to lie and read...o 353
men's works have an age.. .x 356
get myself into more work*.i 319
truth is the work of God....a 446
falsehoods are the w. of man.a 446
w. hy crime to punish crime.d 448
what w's, my countrymen*.bb 499
her nohlest w. she classes, O.b 473
and hest of all God's w's....m 475
the last, hest work.....a 476
four pages, happy work.....a 306
his wild w. so fanciful.....n 393
God never made his w. for...b 469
still work for the minute.....t 330
w. the silent part is hest.....z 383
works gave signs of wo.....m 384
work, worship.....r 343
of greatest w's is finisher*..w 398
faith and w's together grow.a 113
man their works must eye*..j 112
God is at work on man .....c 181
the first great work.....b 251
the nohlest work of God.....g 254
what a piece of w. is a man*.e 255
w. of genius is tinctured.....g 177
thy glorious w's Parent of...j 180
the w. an unknown good....t 209
w's of the intellect are great.r 213
greatest works is finisher*...j 218
let her work prevail.....w 224
w., feed thyself, to thine own.f 225
work—and pure slumhers...p 225
Worked-I w. with patience....s 327
Working-times and ways of w.c 219
fingers working everywhere.e 370
hum of mighty workings....s 185
Workman-no workman's steel..n 74
in respect of a fine workman*.g 319
Workmanship-w. of heaven...h 290
Workshop-w. of the student....p 68
w's gleam and glow.....b 317
Work-table-w-t's of women's..i 476
World-w's enclosed should on...g 1
with the azure world.....p 24
silence set the world in tune.l 28
gave his honors to the w.*....g 84
the world will disagree.....j 53
hy the dull world is ill.....e 33
lend me to the world.....l 34
hark, the world so loud.....i 39
are a substantial world.....y 40
the movers of the w., so still..i 39
the world was void.....d 47
this world is not for aye*.....o 46
broad as the world.....l 49
let the world slide.....k 66
what would the world be.....z 54
all the world can't find.....j 58
world was made of nothing..m 74
waves o'er the world.....u 82
the world will turn.....l 81
the world no joy hut.....a 79
good-hye, proud world.....t 80
about the pendent world*....c 85
when Rome falls—the world..a 59
world goes whispering to....n 90
to peep at such a world.....u 65
a map of the whole world.....z 65
and all the world contains...m 45
though the whole world turn.s 48
I am in this earthly world*...q 50
heart of the w., I leap to thee.d 69
Britain is a world hy itself*..k 69
this little world*.....m 69
ten to the world allot..... l 424
how the world is given to*...t 113
the world grew pale.....d 115
most enjoy the world.....g 103
w. to darkness and to me....v 105
allnred to hrighter worlds...u 106
so runs the world away*.....l 119
who in this w. would rise...a 144
good deed in a naughty w.*.k 182
and say to all the world*....v 254
foremost man of all this w.* c 255
western w. helieve and sleep.j 369
see how the w. its veterans..e 234
imagination rules the world.y 206
waiting world, awaking.....b 275
the well-halanced world.....o 282
world were in deep waters...c 285
all the w. will he in love*....e 246
make me such another w.*..n 246
in worlds whose course.....s 250
w. thrnst forth a vanity*....k 451
in this vicious world.....t 451
glorious indeed is the w.....u 213
world of God within us.....u 213
sun, of this great w. both....r 409
varying shore o' the world*..t 409
wish th' estate o' the w.*....u 409
were of another world.....b 420
whose hend doth awe the w.*a 382
far from the clamorous w....e 395
we enter the world alone....g 395
w. where strong temptations.i 395
wide w. is knit with ties....v 396
the crush of worlds.....r 398
can we divine their world...c 469
give the world the lie.....i 399
than this world dreams of...t 345
serve God before the world..v 345
Hand which moves the w...w 345
hecause the w. is populons*.j 347
hnhble hurst, and now a w..r 348
this world never satisfies....u 474
the world must he peopled*..l 258
friendships of the world.....c 172
is there anything in the w..q 173
world is most hlessed.....t 174
what a world were this.....g 176
dropt on the w.—a sacred....o 178
I have not loved the world..s 208
gave all w's our Christ the..a 274
this lovely world, the hills..o 138
world more fair and sweet...g 140
cold and hollow world.....d 279
there's not a joy the world..o 216
he lost the world.....t 222
O what a glory doth this w..x 225
like the pleasures of the w.*.j 130
we came into this world*....d 171
poetry, like the world.....q 339
the world is full of poetry...r 339
hetween two w's life hovers.d 231
sleep hath its own world....g 389
there are two worlds.....p 232
world that we feel with our..p 232
in this world of ours.....a 240
the world is great.....j 402
know the w., not love her...z 455
have the worship of the w...o 368
world will listen to my lays..r 368
another and a better world..p 193
there is a world ahove.....w 193
w.! if to thee, sin-stained...m 194
strange to the world.....g 405
up stairs into the world.....v 407
say to all the world*.....a 291
the w. is not thy friend*....c 267
sword throughout the world.e 293
honest, as this world goes*..r 198
the world's grown honest*...t 198
the world desires to know..m 299
world is full of chances.....r 483
the world's a huhble, and....s 483
high up the crowd of worlds..t 483
twisted, topsy-turvy world..u 483
world's nse is cold .....v 483
world's love is vain.....v 483
world's cruelty is hitter bane.v 483
wide world is all hefore us..w 483
but a w. without a friend...w 483
such is the world.....x 483
true sovereign of the world..y 483
moulds the w. like soft wax.y 483
w's an inn, and death the....z 483
world is a hride superhly..aa 483
world's a theatre, the earth..b 484
if all the world must see.....e 484
as the world the world hath..e 484
it were hetter for the world..e 484
the world had never heen....e 484
w. in all doth but two nations.f 484
this pendent world.....k 484
world was all hefore them....l 484
this w. is all a fleeting show.m 484
all the uses of this world*...n 484
world is grown so had*.....p 484
then the w's mine oyster*...s 484
world, world, O world*.....t 484
this world, surely is wide....v 484
so many w's, so mnch to do.w 484
what is the world to them...x 484
the world is a comedy to....y 484
the world's all title-page.....z 484
the world's all face.....z 484
hlows and huffets of the w.*.n 355
holds ont this world.....s 358
two worlds had gone to war..k 185
doth bestride the narrow w.*f 186
w. agrees, that he writes.....d 316
the w. knows nothing of its..j 186
w. has nothing to bestow....s 190
count the world a stranger*.m 431
the rising world of waters...q 461

such stuff the w. is made of..g 491
let the world sink.....y 492
the busy world shoves.....j 324
as the world, harmoniously..h 325
better world than this*.....u 326
third o' the world is yours*..x 464
the world was sad.....p 473
you wedded all the world*...b 477
herald of a noisy world.,....y 305
when the world's is shut....g 392
society is as ancient as the w.g 394
the world is full of horrors..d 395
how the world wags*.....c 426
w., and all her fading sweets*f 426
till I eat the world at last....r 427
Worldling-w's can enjoy.....e 228
Worldly-in common w. things*r 210
w., but not worldly wise*....i 496
Worm-pick for a minute the w.g 22
all food alike for worms.....o 81
fattings for the worms.....r 85
darkness and the worm.....r 86
of worms, and epitaphs*.....m 91
dissension is a viperous w.*.m 95
worms have eaten them*....z 254
gilded tombs do w's infold*.u 184
worms, they hiss at me.....i 462
let concealment, like a w.*..v 328
outvenoms all the w's of*...q 387
Worn-w. some twenty years...s 116
which would be worn now*..e 324
fingers weary and worn.....l 341
on the worn spirit shed.....r 389
Worry-w. and devour each....k 457
Worrying-prints of w. cares...d 304
Worse-whatever be her cause..p 14
gods, they change for worse..x 45
mended that were worse.....s 45
a great deal worse.....u 47
worse is an evil fame.....p 114
I have seen worse..... j 277
worse than despair.....a 202
no w. a husband than the*..f 204
from bad to worse.....w 267
remedy is w. than the disease.l 362
bark is worse than his bite..z 492
best, he is little worse*.....cc 499
I was worse than nothing*..ee 499
not much the w. for wear....n 303
more thou stir it the worse..q 490
Worship-work, worship.....r 343
pay no w. to the garish sun*.e 246
have the w. of the world.....o 368
from true worship's gold....b 412
making it less a w. than.....q 242
man always worships.....b 485
than the loss of worship.....d 485
worship without words.....j 440
the pious worship of God....f 357
who worship dirty gods*....s 462
Worshipped-w. when blooming n 153
when all our fathers w.....b 445
Worshipper-than do thy w's*..k 44
nature mourns her w.....e 337
dies among her worshippers.p 443
th' unreasoning worshipper.r 475
Worst-w. men often give the best.j 4
treason has done his worst*..n 83
worst that man can breathe*.m 72
abused, among the worst.....a 38
the worst is death*.....n 85
this is the worst*.....n 119
ye have done your worst.....j 165
for when, at worst, they say..l 165
suffer the worst that man*..a 451
the worst is not so long*....u 267
give thy worst of thoughts*aa 420
let's reason with the worst*.q 354
the worst pursue.....d 462
things present, worst*.....n 498
things at the w. will cease*.m 499
is the worst of men.....v 478
his w. of all whose kingdom.d 304
do thy worst, old time*.....f 426
friend should be the worst*.u 485
Worth-w. makes the man.....k 50
not w. this coil that's made*.j 91
show me but thy worth*.....i 44
sad relic of departed worth..f 69
money will buy money's w..h 114
prize not to the worth*.....c 108
is a matter of more worth*..h 258
whose worth's unknown*...p 208
best can judge a poet's worth.i 335
the w. of the thing is given..q 178
'tis virtue, wit and worth....j 485
how thy w. with manners*.m 485
w. reading were but read....d 353
his worth is warrant for*....q 463
domestic worth—that shuns.d 475
slow rises worth by poverty.m 341
not be measured by his w.*..i 398
slave takes half his w. away.d 388
if I am not worth the wooing.j 479
paid the worth of our work..p 482
whatever is w. doing at all..y 482
what is worth in anything...j 485
but in purchase of its worth.w 487
approve thy w. the greater*.o 387
Worthier-hath many a w. son..x 202
Worthy-for thou art worthy...i 139
in friendships some are w...v 174
worthy of this noble wife*...p 258
make one w. man my foe....s 336
behold me! I am worthy.....i 239
foemen worthy of their steel.x 458
he will seem w. of your.....r 250
you are a worthy judge*....k 217
Wot-than wots the miller of*..s 461
Would-for this "w." changes*..l 46
thou art what I would be....n 78
not what we would be.....j 118
how would you be*.....k 218
he shall not when he w.—a...j 495
but fly not where we would..b 481
Wound-he wounds to cure, and.k 53
bind up my wounds*.....y 12
to wound thy lord, thy king*.p 51
that wound are soft to heal...d 52
w's with incessant strokes....g 62
now purple with love's w.*..n 148
and kiss dead Cæsar's w's*...a 184
venomed dart scarce w's.....e 380
these w's to seek out thee*..g 263
w's of fire are hard to bear...g 239
willing to wound.....a 370
w. up the grand automaton.e 370
felt a stain like a wound....b 199
that wounds nine miles.....f 309
men write and die of w's....q 398
I have some wounds*.....d 381
earth felt the wound.....m 384
what deep w's ever closed...o 485
scars, that never felt a w*...g 485
through her w's doth fly*....r 485
knife's that makes my w.*...s 485
show you sweet Cæsar's w's..t 485
private wound is deepest*...u 485
the w. of peace is surety*....v 485
what w. did ever heal, but*.w 485
feelings have got a deadly w.p 346
over thy w's now do I*.....m 280
wound my honour.....w 198
take away the grief of a w.*.u 199
or w. a heart that's broken. q 481
Wounded-error, w., writhes...p 443
razors to my w'd heart*.....b 482
like a wounded snake, drags..t 339
Woven-sorrows woven with...f 118
rainbow;—all woven of light.n 352
Wrack-blow, wind! come w.*..f 459
in winter's wild wrack.....p 422
Wrap-wrap our bodies in*.....h 460
w's the drapery of his couch.k 360
Wrapper-open your folded w..h 136
Wrath-nursing her wrath to....u 10
the measure of my wrath*....j 11
pardon, not wrath, is God's..h 165
bruising irons of wrath*....f 460
Wrathful-heart, be w. still*...ii 498
Wreath-in duskier wreaths....o 447
while our wreaths of parsley.j 468
w's that glory on his path...d 363
twines her rosy-tinted w.....i 133
throw sweet garland w's.....h 129
a simple wild-flower wreath.r 129
she wore a wreath of roses...b 151
wreath of dewy roses.....b 152
grac'd with w's of victory*..v 452
in thy sweet garden grow w's.q 200
w. of honor ought to grace...j 199
Wreck-vomitest thy wrecks....l 427
escapes the w. of worlds.....o 399
if, rising on its wrecks.....q 107
around the wrecks of time...e 161
hope creates from its own w.w 201
w. of matter, and the crush..j 207
in the wreck of noble lives...f 233
Wrecked-men have oftest w...x 494
Wren-a musician than the w.*.n 28
robin-red-breast and the w....j 31
I took the wren's nest.....b 34
w's in snugness may compare.d 34
w., the most diminutive of*..c 34
under way for little Mr. Wren.j 22
w's make prey where eagles*aa 384
Wrestle-with us strengthens..b 405
wave and whirlwind wrestle.l 381
to wrestle, not to reign.....r 482
rise, O youth, and wrestle...d 487
Wrestled-winds of September w.a 467
Wrestler-it is a cunning w....k 468
Wrestling-prevailed by w. ere.v 345
Wretch-meanest wretch they...l 35
the poorest wretch in life...i 256
and leaves the w. to weep...g 173
vengeance on the w. who...d 363
wretch condemned with life.y 200
letters for some wretches aid.u 315
curs'd be that wretch.....aa 300
Wretched-to relieve the w.....v 52
but thou the wretched.....v 85
only wretched are the wise..l 206

maketh wretch or happie....h 266
most w. men are cradled...m 408
let the w. man outlive*.....u 341
wretched he forsakes.....q 392
w. giv'st wish'd repose.....p 389
O wretched state*.....cc 384
Wretchedness-from its own w.x 351
state of human w.....u 344
Wring-to those that wring*.. aa 328
Wrinkle-w's which thy glass*...l 7
wrinkles and not dimples...z 266
grew a w. on fair Venus.....i 215
let old wrinkles come*.....a 265
thick rows of wrinkles.....d 304
stamps the wrinkle deeper..s 394
Wrinkled-like my own.....e 6
smoothed his w. front*.....m 459
Writ-so holy w. in babes hath*j 218
Write-so old, I can write a letter h 34
write his own dispensary...e 300
virtues we write in water*..e 360
to write and read comes by*.d 102
write mine epitaph*.....j 104
he writes verses*.....r 163
many a verse I hope to write.e 336
the angel says: "Write"....h 336
w's to make his barrenness.x 336
invoked, sit down to write.p 337
I never dare to w. as funny.m 203
cease to write and learn to..w 420
and w. whatever time shall..t 179
to read, wherein to write....l 198
oh, wisely write.....p 196
to w. at a loose rambling....i 298
no man can write anything.u 298
a man may w. at any time..i 299
w. much and to w. rapidly..m 299
into thine heart and write..o 299
he who writes prose builds..t 299
why did I write .....j 300
write till your ink be dry*..o 300
to write better only must....t 300
who can write so fast.....y 300
if you would learn to write .d 306
yet write, O write me all....c 316
w's well who w's with ease..d 316
write to the mind and heart.n 297
is vain who writes for praise.o 343
time w. no wrinkle on thy...f 423
Writer-sacred w's will enter...f 37
writers cannot them digest...i 76
regard the writer's end.....t 76
a great writer possesses.....h 407
the writer is always greater .s 237
w's, especially when they...a 298
that writer does the most...e 298
the writer, like a priest.....v 298
one writer, for instance.....e 299
if I were a writer of books...x 299
so must the writer.....v 300
turn to w's of an able sort...v 353
magical boon a writer.....a 354
Writhe-error, wounded, w. in p 443
Writing-an art of writing.....e 15
true ease in w. comes.....c 102
and all kinds of writings....i 102
writing comes by the grace..t 298
his writing becomes easier..n 299
writing, or in judging ill...g 300
masterpiece is writing well.p 300
writing an exact man.....r 237
Written-written on the world .m 45
written thoughts with the..o 297
ever w. out of reputation.... y 359
written more than other.....l 350
it is written on the rose.....k 152
wicked man who has written.j 337
whatever hath been written.q 299
Wrong-if I am w., O teach my..h 20
can't be w. whose life is in the.g 20
do wrong to none*.....a 44
by going wrong all things....s 45
condemn the wrong.....x 49
yet the wrong pursue.....x 49
our country, right or wrong.m 70
ten censure wrong for one...u 76
we wrong with mournful....n 80
'tis even wrong to say a.....k 80
seen the day of wrong*.....p 94
how easily things go wrong..e 118
always in the wrong.....w 104
we are both in the wrong....y 104
you are in the wrong*.....c 105
oppress'd with wrongs*.... i 121
always in the wrong.....l 122
hold the memory of a w.....y 164
w's darker than the death...d 332
early to do wrong.....l 288
his wrongs his outsides*....a 451
you have a w. sow by the ear.f 412
the heart hath treble w.*....v 414
kings to govern wrong.....m 367
answering one foul wrong*...l 219
to bear love's wrong*.....f 247
cradled into poetry by w....m 408
inured to stand and suffer w.f 439
sometimes a place of wrong.i 347
remedy for every wrong.....h 348
w., because of weakness.....q 489
inflicts no sense of wrong....j 315
engaged in opposing w.....f 492
wrongs, unredressed.....q 501
do ourselves this wrong.....u 345
w. forever on the throne....v 444
to wrong the wronger till*...c 427
clearing thorny wrongs.....q 483
heaviest w's get uppermost.u 483
Wrong-doing-of our own w-d..k 349
Wronged-blood of the w. and..p 388
if thou but think'st him w*..t 63
wronged orphan's tears.....e 458
if he wrong'd our brother...h 479
Wrote-it with a second hand..t 164
w. her name upon the stand.t 164
Wroth-to be w. with one we...o 240
weakness to be wroth.....e 462
Wrought-w. he not well*.....r 314
he w. better that made*.....r 314
a little model the master w..k 381
more things are w. by.....t 345
Wye-from the banks of Wye*..c 366

Y.

Yarn-of a mingled yarn*.....r 235
Yarrow-genuine image, Y.....t 262
Yawn-thy everlasting yawn...o 205
Year-set is the sun of my years...k 6
do not count a man's years....u 5
backward, O tide of the years..g 5
life's year begins and closes...n 6
rust of twice ten hundred y's.h 13
the years we wish .....j 34
how many years ago .....f 34
years leave us and find.....u 45
sorrow comes with years.....t 54
along the waste of years.....p 58
all-devouring years.....f 59
tender years can tell*.....m 95
the year's fair gate.....i 92
Christmas comes but once a y.s 57
comes again ere the y. is o'er.q 81
no winter in thy year.....k 23
through the noon of the y...r 30
hopes of future years.....r 70
her years were ripe.....f 486
or else years are in vain.....s 107
foredates its hundred years.b 148
pansies while the y. is young.h 148
the boyhood of the year.....l 373
saddest of the year..... f 375
the year's in the wane.....a 376
y's must pass before a hope.n 201
we live in deeds not years...n 230
on the bosom of the year....n 156
thought of other years.....a 160
the slumber of the year.....p 160
the year grows rich as it....b 182
for years beyond our ken...d 210
y's had made me love thee..d 175
the y. goes wrong, and tares.o 175
by the flight of years.....u 175
the rolling y. is full of Thee.y 180
heaven's eternal y. is thine..k 193
year were playing holidays* k 197
our y's of fading strength...h 231
as the slow y's darklier roll..m 220
from year to year*.....b 235
pass some few years.....j 236
we let the years go .....l 261
cuts off twenty years of my*c 409
year after year returning....q 270
y's that through my portals.f 269
six hundred pounds a year..e 463
the year smiles as it draws..y 465
send you each year.....f 316
glad y. that once had been..r 316
better fifty years of Europe.ff 500
dim with the mist of years..i 342
year in and year out, keeps..p 422
y's steal fire from the mind..h 423
day to childhood seems a y..i 423
muffled tramp of years..... n 423
as the year at the dying fall..s 425
days will finish up the year*.l 426
how many y's a mortal man*.l 426
moments make the year.... v 442
eternal years of God are hers.p 443
broken-hearted to sever for y's j 326
a gleam on the years.....q 326
minute and not for the year.t 330
crowding y's divide in vain.v 396
and charging them years....f 424
y's, steal something cv'ry...p 425
whose waves are years.....l 427
in the thousand y's of peace.b 428
youth of the year! celestial..r 372
winter rules the year.....b 378
so rolls the changing year...l 370
is the man of years.....u 255
difference in years.....e 257
years have not seen.....j 168
the year smiles as it draws..n 272
the mellow year is hasting...f 273

Yearning-with strong y.....a 279
Yell-overboard with fearful y..s 381
what mean those yells and..p 211
Yelled-y. out like syllable*...m 397
Yellow-the sear, the y. leaf*.....f 7
yellow to the jaundiced eye.h 412
bright and y., hard and cold.h 181
acacia waves her y. hair.....h 434
favourite flowers of y. hue...g 131
led yellow autumn, wreath'd.g 375
autumn, nodding o'er the y.q 376
Yellow-bird-y-b., where did you.e 34
Yoeman-a jolly y., marshall....b 14
fight boldly, yoeman*.....h 459
Yes-a maiden's yes.....g 242
her *yes* said once to you ....p 489
Yesterday-to-day is not y.....g 45
of cheerful yesterday's.....k 67
these are my yesterday's.....n 78
families of yesterday.....u 86
y., the word of Cæsar*.....u 118
but yesterday had finished..o 138
yesterday brown was still..r 279
of y. and to-morrow.....e 265
whose y's look backward....q 327
yesterday I loved.....b 424
and to-morrow think on y..b 424
this day was y. to-morrow..g 425
to-morrow shall be y.....g 425
to-morrow, to-day, y.....s 425
wise lived yesterday.....e 429
Yet-"but yet" is as a goaler*.jj 493
thanks of millions yet to be.w 347
heart that not yet, never yet.v 413
Yew-the eugh, obedient to the.j 433
there no yew, nor cypress...k 441
slips of yew silver'd in*.....l 441
this lonely yew tree stands.n 441
Yield-must not yield up, till...n 73
yields the cedar to the axe's..q 84
and sigh, and yield*.....h 361
man yields to death.....o 407
not yield up till it be forced.y 408
yield thy husbandman.....a 295
shall not say I y., being*.....v 383
y. to Christian intercessors*u 384
Yielding-y. to another when*..e 51
Yoette-O lovly river of Yotte..i 365
Yoke-must make the y. uneasy.e 257
thrust thy neck into a y.*..n 257
who scorn's the Saviour's y.y 204
who best bear his mild yoke.k 18
y. of our own wrong doing..k 349
even such a yoke as yours..g 221
bow beneath the same yoke.x 267
Yoked-are y. with a lamb*....n 258
he that is so y. by a fool*....e 247
Yonder-y. comes the powerful.o 410
Yonker-trimm'd like a y.*....y 277
Yorick-"alas, poor Yorick"...l 293
York-by this sun of York*....e 408
Young-to make an old man y...j 19
when hope was young.....k 31
had its head bit off by its y*..j 32
protective of his young.....*k 33
to be y. was very heaven....m 35
whom God loves, die young..k 81
the young may die.....c 82
the gods love dies young.....w 82
rears her young on yonder...i 25
whom the gods love die y..m 117
young dandelion on a. ....a 140
best married that dies y*...s 258
hope will make thee young.x 201
could ever have been young.b 158
young without lovers.....e 234
Bacchus ever fair and young.d 468
young fellows will be young.b 486
both were young and one...e 486
when I was young? Ah.....l 486
which always find us y .. .p 486
so wise, so young, they say*.r 487
aged and yet y., as angels...j 354
if ladies be but y. and fair*.a 477
young as beautiful.....w 478
spurned by the young.....g 424
to be young is to be as one..a 487
Younger-let thy love be y*...w 246
younger man of the two....g 487
Your-but your's gives most....l 34
I am yours forever*.....b 249
Yourself-may to y. be true...b 251
is unbelief in yourself.....f 449
Yourselves-your empires fall..t 366
Youth-gulf-stream of our youth..g 6
thy youth hath fled.....f 6
for the flush of youth.....s 6
the feats of youth.....t 7
a happy youth, and.....v 7
ere youth itself be past.....p 35
youth soon is gone .....q 45
thou hast nor youth*.....u 235
life with wiser youth.....h 408
resembling strong youth*...v 409
spirit of y. in everything....r 270
ingenious y. of nations.....v 303
I've done it from my youth.f 189
y. makes so fair, and passion.f 146
youth of the year, oclestial..r 372
y. to fortune and to fame....c 260
the prime of youth*.....y 277
muse imparts in fearless y..u 336
hope and y. are children....x 201
out thy y. with shapeless*..p 205
where the y. pined away....c 157
great is y.—equally great..n 186
the noble youth did dress*..i 210
of y. the seeming length...h 231
a kiss of youth and love.....q 220
said youth, one day.....t 243
youth, hope, and love.....t 233
to me the hours of youth...w 233
a youth of frolics.....e 234
for all thy blessed youth*...u 235
in youth it sheltered me....o 432
than a youth is not for me*w 497
youth and pleasure sport....t 358
a beard is more than a y.*..t 321
youth and pleasure meet....v 302
y., our joys, our all we have.r 425
y., health, and hope may....z 442
would not be that youth....a 329
a youth of labour with.....i 395
the happiest youth*.....w 397
shalt flourish in immortal y.r 398
y. and health her eyes.....t 473
what he steals from her y..f 425
the flourish set on youth*...t 426
'tis not what our y. desires.a 486
y. dreams a bliss on.....a 486
y. is to all the glad season...g 486
I approve of a y. that has...i 486
rashness attends youth.....j 486
nature of tender youth.....k 486
y. what man's age is.....n 486
with y. as with plants .....o 486
y. holds no society with...q 486
O happy, unown'd youths...s 486
youth on the prow, and.....t 486
insect-y. are on the wing..u 486
youth! youth! how buoyant.b 487
how beautiful is youth .....c 487
rise, O youth, and wrestle..d 487
y comes but once in a.....f 487
whose y. has paused not....h 487
youth, that pursuest with...i 487
the summer of your youth..j 487
lovely time of youth is.....k 487
the youth of the soul is.....l 487
eternity is youth.....l 487
youth is a continual.....m 487
age and youth cannot*.....o 487
youth is full of pleasance*..o 487
youth like summer morn*..o 487
youth like summer brave*..o 487
youth is full of sport*.....o 487
youth is nimble*.....o 487
youth is hot and bold*.....o 487
y. is wild and age is tame*..o 487
youth I do adore thee*.....o 487
he wears the roses of youth*p 487
very May-morn of his y*....q 487
youth that means to be*.....s 487
hail, blooming youth*.....t 487
y. should be a savings-bank.u 487
Youthful-promises of y heat..s 5

Z.

Zeal-whose zeal outruns his..o 156
want of z. in its inhabitants.a 488
your z. outruns your.....b 488
through zeal knowledge is..c 488
through lack of z. knowledge.c 488
holy mistaken z. in politics.d 488
his zeal none seconded.....f 488
zeal moved thee.....g 488
build me altars in their z....h 488
zeal is very blind.....i 488
I have more zeal than wit..j 488
my God with half the zeal*..f 251
zeal and duty are not slow..l 324
lest zeal, now melted*.....s 324
shew their zeal, and hide...k 488
zeal, then, not charity.....l 488
we do that in our zeal our..m 488
your peaceful zeal shall find n 488
may too much zeal be had...e 358
Zealot-faith let graceless z's....g 20
Zealous-spirit, z., as he seemed e 488
Zed-zed! thou unnecessary*.d 500
Zenith-wisdom mounts her z..c 265
I find my zenith*.....d 166
vary their hues and all the z. l 410
Zephyr-zephyr with aurora....d 16
flowers the wanton z's choose.b 161
they are as gentle as z's*....j 178
to young z's warm caresses.u 151
soft the zephyr blows.....o 488
as the zephyr's swoon.....p 488
faint the flagging z. springs.q 488
lulled by soft zephyrs thro'.r 488
balmy zephyrs, silent since..s 488
the zephyrs gently play .....t 488

strain when z. gently blows.*u* 488
seemed but z's to the train.*v* 488
they are as gentle as z's*...*w* 488
as the zephyr blows .....*t* 486
Zion-tidings of good to Zion...*x* 20
upon the walls of Zion.....*f* 86
Zodiac-gallops the Zodiac*....*c* 278
Zone-cassias blossom in the z..*c* 135
round the southern zone ....*l* 378
to zones, though more .....*h* 419
each zone obeys thee.....*a* 326

END OF THE

CONCORDANCE

TO

ENGLISH QUOTATIONS.

CONCORDANCE TO ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS OF THE LATIN.

A.

PAGE.

Ability-a. without education..*b* 509
easily rise whose abilities...*t* 554
Able-who has been a. to learn..*r* 507
Abode-he chooses his abode...*s* 552
Absent-he hurts the absent....*r* 526
Absurd-nothing so absurd....*a* 503
Abuse-you a. another person..*h* 507
Accomplish-we a. more by...*m* 558
Accord-come of their own a...*x* 574
Accusation-a false a. when....*g* 509
Accused-man should not be a..*q* 540
Accustom-a. yourself to what..*d* 327
Achieved-have not ourselves a..*l* 556
Acknowledged-no one ever a..*n* 571
Acquitted-guilty man is ever a..*q* 514
that he should be a.....*q* 540
Act-have decided, a. promptly..*b* 507
Activity-by its very activity..*p* 562
Admiration-lost in idle a.....*l* 510
Admire-cease to a. the smoke..*m* 510
admire those who attempt...*b* 526
Admonished-being a. learn....*i* 541
Advantage-our a's fly away...*q* 508
bring many advantages.....*u* 510
of what advantage is it.....*g* 556
Adversary-its a. is appointed..*g* 543
Adversity-a. usually reveals...*f* 512
be calm in adversity.....*m* 512
cast down by adversity.....*n* 513
adversity exacts it.....*p* 525
lightens a. by sharing.....*g* 529
seen in adversity.....*p* 529
a. reminds men of religion..*o* 549
in adversity it is easy.....*r* 549
adversity with moderation..*n* 556
tried by adversity has good..*q* 559
easy in a. to despise.....*c* 566
most acutely feel adversity..*m* 566
adversity tries men but.....*n* 572
adversity reveals the skill...*c* 573
became wiser by adversity..*n* 574
Advice-whatever a. you give...*j* 531
superfluous a. is not.....*d* 549
Advise-a. well before you.....*b* 507
Affability-gentleness and a....*i* 531
Affair-means are great a's.....*j* 527
human a's as she pleases....*i* 528
as regards human a's.....*k* 528
Affection-when founded on a..*m* 523
greater than true a.....*m* 546
bane of all true affection....*s* 546
then affection for kindred...*l* 575

PAGE.

Afflicted-gods spare the a.....*h* 503
afflicted person is sacred....*i* 503
fate awaits the afflicted.....*v* 523
Affliction-a's to which we are..*g* 503
best remedy against a.....*l* 549
Affront-everything as an a....*q* 566
Afraid-a. of nothing rushes...*b* 559
Agamemnon-lived before A...*m* 550
that you know Agamemnon..*j* 575
Age-for age to apply.....*k* 503
in old age we are too much..*m* 503
appropriately at a ripe age..*o* 516
this unfeeling age of ours..*w* 520
no age is shut against.....*f* 531
a wornout body to old age...*q* 539
bent old age will come.....*r* 542
before old age I took care...*p* 544
and consolation of age.....*s* 565
Agreeable-useful with the a..*u* 565
Agreeing-agreeing to differ....*c* 504
Aid-fly away without aid.....*q* 508
Air-reascend to the upper air..*s* 542
should be written on air....*i* 545
Alarm-our a's are more than..*c* 525
Alcides-do you seek a's equal..*e* 510
Alone-would be left quite a...*i* 539
Alps-rush over the wildest A..*h* 539
Altercation-in excessive a.....*r* 511
Ambition-when once a. has....*i* 504
Amusement-in our a's a.....*k* 504
Ancestor-your remote a's.....*g* 556
Ancestry-the records of our a..*f* 533
Anger-anger is the desire of..*n* 504
anger is a short madness....*p* 504
racked by wine, and anger..*q* 504
anger passes away in time..*t* 504
anger, though concealed....*u* 504
minds such anger entertain..*x* 504
anger that is felt towards...*p* 526
anger belongs to beasts.....*f* 553
wine and anger to reveal it..*k* 563
Angry-angry words suit the..*b* 503
Animal-even the mute a's.....*f* 529
Annoyance-become an a.....*r* 529
Annoying-nothing is more a..*d* 508
Animosity-excite great a's....*o* 511
Ant-ants do not bend their...*s* 549
Anxiety-a. mingled with the..*q* 518
Anxious-to be a. to crush.....*d* 571
Anything-much of a. is bad..*b* 564
Appearance-first a. deceives.. *i* 517
a's deceive many.....*m* 517
false appearances refuses....*c* 549

PAGE.

Applaud-I a. myself at home..*e* 563
Apprehension-a's are greater..*j* 524
a. of coming evil.....*l* 524
well founded apprehensions *m* 562
Approve-I see and a. better....*r* 509
I see and approve the right..*g* 535
Arbitrary-a. will of another...*b* 529
Armed-to him who is armed..*j* 526
Army-an army abroad is of...*k* 557
Arrogant-is not only a. but....*b* 564
Art-by art, sails and oars.....*c* 505
art directs the light chariot..*c* 505
greater proficient in his art..*q* 530
an art in knowing a thing...*t* 541
than those finished by art...*o* 550
the first art to be learned...*k* 562
the arts which belong to....*g* 570
as if it were an art.....*h* 571
Artificer-every one is the a....*v* 561
Ascent-the ascent from earth ..*e* 535
Ashamed-I am not ashamed as..*a* 537
begin to be ashamed of what..*e* 564
ashamed of what she ought..*e* 564
I am not ashamed that these..*h* 564
Ashes-covered by deceitful a..*g* 517
Ask-when you ask for it.....*g* 562
Aspiring-when you are a.....*f* 504
Associate-impatient of an a....*n* 529
Astonishment-produce a.....*r* 536
Attempt-who a. great things..*b* 526
Attend-a. to serious matters..*p* 506
Attention-gives too little a....*v* 574
Authority-a. is strengthened..*w* 558
our minds by high a.....*n* 570
Autumn-a. is the harvest.....*g* 516
Avail-what does it avail you..*a* 552
Avarice-you wish to remove a..*d* 505
avarice the mother of all.....*e* 505
blinded by avarice, they live..*g* 505
avarice, everything.....*h* 505
Avoid-what you can not a.....*h* 525
carefully avoid in thyself....*l* 535
Avoided-what should be a.....*r* 543

B.

Bacchanal-live like bacchanals *h* 517
Back-our own behind our b's..*c* 510
look back upon the past.....*d* 568
Backward-not allowed to go b..*m* 572
Bad-the most are bad.....*p* 510
who spares the bad.....*e* 541
Badly-if matters go on badly..*h* 508
Bald-a b. man who pretends..*k* 517

Bane–self-interest is the bane..s 546
Banishment–b. more bearable.x 553
Bard–b. to sing their praises..m 550
Barn–their ways to empty b's.s 549
Base–base to speak one thing..n 517
scorn even of the base.....u 549
Baser–b. to write one thing...u 517
Battle–is half the battle.....g 513
urges even the unarmed to b.r 539
Bear–and you will bear it well.d 527
bear with equanimity.....e 527
bear both heat and cold.....n 542
bears keep a peace.....d 553
Beautiful–appears in a b.....k 505
more beautiful than virtue..i 571
Beauty–rare is the union of b.b 504
the year in its highest b....u 542
beauty of mind and body....s 545
see the beauty of virtue.....a 572
b. is frail and transitory.....i 572
money gives birth and b.....t 573
many beauties in a work....h 575
Bee–honey there are bees.....f 503
Begin–begin at the lowest....j 504
to begin is half the work.....l 505
b. whatever you have to do.m 505
whatever begins also ends...g 568
Beginnest–thou b. better than.q 505
Beginning–the b's of all things.n 505
always beginning to live....p 505
resist b's it is too late.....r 505
everything that has a b.....s 505
always beginning to live....o 526
before beginning a diligent.d 556
Begun–well b. is half done.....o 505
Begs–he who begs timidly.....e 525
Believe–to b. what if believed.b 506
believe one who has tried it.r 522
men believe the worst.....t 524
you believe that easily.....i 536
b. that each day which.....h 560
I believe that man to be.....b 570
who wish us to believe... .m 571
Believed–he b. that he was....h 506
Bell–the b. never rings of itself.d 503
Belly–b. is the teacher of art..e 551
Benefit–a benefit consists not..e 506
a benefit is estimated.....f 506
there is no benefit so small..g 506
benefits are acceptable.....s 538
to receive a benefit is to sell.t 564
Betray–you betray yonr own..c 524
Betrayer–a b. of the truth.....b 569
Better–make us b. and happier.f 532
better than the very worst..h 533
it is often better not to see..p 539
anything better than this...d 542
I know all that better than..f 542
it is better to receive than...c 571
Beware–then b. of many.....g 557
Bigotry–so much evil was b,..c 556
Birth–b. and ancestry and that l 556
has not changed your birth.m 561
Birthday–the b. of eternity ...p 516
Bitter–how bitter it is to reap.q 538
Bitterness–with increased b...e 561
Black–black look white .....r 517
Blame–the b. that is dne to a..a 541
whatever we b. in another..p 564
Blessed–men are seldom b.....a 528
Blessing–the b's of health.....r 508
Blind–their understandings ..c 537
everybody in love is blind...j 346
Blood–be thought of noble b..m 504
until it is full of blood .....l 553
Bloom–every tree is in bloom.u 542
Blow–in proportion to the b...d 534
Blush–he blushes all is safe ...g 550
Boar–a boar in the waves.....m 537
wild boar is often held.....h 555
Boaster–what will this boaster.k 570
Boastful–puts an end to b.....w 524
Bodily–impair the b. powers..j 549
Body–what condition his b....b 508
b's are slow of glowth.....t 508
b. loaded by the excess.....b 522
hands over a worn-out body.q 539
bodies are scarcely healed...b 548
in a body in the same state. a 549
mind in a healthy body.....w 555
Bold–fortnne helps the bold...s 513
concealed by a bold front...k 524
Boldest–b. in word and tongue.i 514
Bond–the first bond of society.n 547
Book–the subject of this book..j 506
multitude of books distract..l 506
Born–born not for himself....h 506
as soon as we are born.....h 516
been born to associate.....l 523
happened before one was b..a 542
Bosom–from the full bosom...r 562
descend into his own bosom.u 563
find in our own bosoms.....p 564
Bonght–bought at the expense.d 543
Boundless–its progress is b....i 504
Bow–Moorish bows and darts .i 509
Bowl–inspiring bowl made....x 573
Boy–must, while a boy .....n 542
within which dwells a boy.n 575
Brain–the brain is the citadel.m 549
Brass–more lasting than brass j 550
Brave–no man can be brave....l 512
brave men ought not. ..... n 513
the brave and bold persist...p 513
fortune favors the brave.....r 513
truly brave who can endure r 549
Bravest–b. men are frightened i 525
Bread–offers b. with the other n 517
Breast–in the inmost breast...s 518
a pure and firm breast.....a 529
ra_es within the breast.....f 534
lives within the breast.....n 563
Breath–survive their breath...r 515
Brick–city of b. and he left it .n 510
Broken–shines she is broken..r 528
more easily broken than....w 534
Brother–crime to injure a b...e 515
a noble pair of brothers.....l 529
Bud–the bud is easily crushed v 520
Bull–does the b. attack its foe..i 513
blood of a hnndred bulls....d 332
Bulwark–be this thy brazen b.k 511
Burden–he who weighs his b...t 512
the b. which is well borne...c 513
Burial–their place of burial...p 511
Burn–prepares to b. a house...s 525
Business–part of every b. is...n 506
business of other people ....o 506
sharpest to his own b.....t 506
engage in the business.....a 507
above nor below his b. .....d 507
you have seen in business...q 522
as our business prospers....t 528
attended to business.....v 545

C.

Cabbage–kills the schoolmaster.e560
Calamity–the c. of all.....i 521
in his c. the scorn even.....v 549
c. is virtue's opportnnity...v 549
Call–scarcely call our own.....l 556
Calmness–c. best enforces the.g 531
Calumny–is so swift as c.....f 507
honor aid, and c deter.....h 509
Came–I c., I saw, I conqnered..e 572
Camp–c. of those who covet...a 512
the followers of the camp ...g 573
Capricious–changeable and c..a 575
Captive–bound c. at the.....p 531
Care–oh ! the cares of men.....s 506
do not care how many.....o 507
care invokes the thief.....x 513
care should be taken that...g 540
care should be not to live....u 544
secret cares torment.....f 566
cares and my inquiries.....x 568
the bitterness of cares.....b 574
Careful–c. attention to one....j 507
Carriage–journey is as good as c.o510
Carthage–C. must be destroyed.t572
Case–he who decides a case....c 541
Cause–art the c. O reader.....k506
result of trivial causes.....p 507
the cause is hidden .....q 507
in an easy canse any man...h 519
Caution–time for c. is past.....l 513
Cautious–seldom is any one c..t 556
Cavil–shall not cavil at a few..h 575
Censor–we become censors ....s 563
Censure–c. pardons crows.....s 507
Certain–nothing as c. except..u 520
Chance–c. affects the one.....k 507
occnr by mere chance.....a 508
chance has thrown in.....r 518
whatever c. shall bring.....e 527
was ever wise by chance.....o 574
Change–c. generally pleases...k 508
he c's sqnares into circles...g 508
by some happy change will..b 557
Character–let the c. as it.....k 509
injury done to character.... l 509
c. shapes the fortnne.....o 509
c. of the nation may be.....r 510
ignorant of a man's c.....u 541
with unblemished character.d 544
character is stained by.....f 556
his is a trifling character....n 563
should maintain his c.....e 570
Charm–have a secret charm ...c 554
Chastity–c. and modesty form.p 547
woman has lost her c.....a 571
Cheerfnlly–light which is c....f 519
Chief–the c's contend only....p 511
Child–man is always a child...n 535
is always to be a child ...a 542
Children–you may please c....h 539
their children by severe.....o 575
better to keep children to....q 575
wishes his children to be....r 575
Choice–the c. of two things.,...g 562
Circle–hours fly along in a c...t 567
Circumstance–change of c's...c 508
circumstances of other sum.c 512

spring from trifling c's.....t 520
Citadel-the c. of the senses...m 549
City-he found the c. of brick..n 510
Clay-moist and soft clay.....u 509
Clearness-is often obscurest..m 553
Clemency-c. alone makes us ..k 541
Climbing-c. a difficult road ....s 531
Closely-the more c. you can...e 570
Cloud-whether c's obscure....u 511
Cloudy-the sunny and the c..r 556
Comfort-c. derived from the...t 511
it is often a comfort in.....s 523
the comforts of another.....y 526
c. and refuge of adversity....s 565
fault in a great comfort.....j 571
Comfortably-enough to live c.g 563
Command-under the c. of.....t 533
Commander-some day a c.....t 551
Common-it is a c. saying.....h 529
certainly common to all.....t 563
Commonwealth-a c. cannot be.t 533
Community-to join in c.....l 523
Companion-a pleasant c. on a..o 510
without a companion.....b 530
Compare-c. great things.....q 510
Compelled-all c. to take.....e 516
who can be c. knows.....k 575
Compensated-c. by the public.v 558
Complain-to your stepmother.c 511
Conceal-men c. the past scenes.d 511
conceal what you wish .....t 526
conceal that which is.....k 563
Concealed-c. by another.....i 515
Conceit-groundless c. of men..l 567
Conciliated-men's minds are c.j 541
Concealment-leave in c. what.g 558
lives by concealment .....b 571
Concise-in laboring to be c ...e 511
Concord-for c. in peace.....k 573
Condemn-c. what they do not c 550
Condition-in a pitiable c.....t 526
Conduct-c. appear right.....w 517
bad c. soils the finest.....k 521
honorable c. and a noble....a 534
so should you c. yonrself....j 547
result of his own conduct. ..e 551
Conflagration-raised a c.....t 525
Confidence-c. will be like.....g 511
confidence is nowhere safe..h 511
Conquered-I came, I saw, I c..s 572
Conqueror-c. is not so pleased.e 573
Conscience-keep a clear c....k 511
state of a man's conscience. d 514
wretched than a guilty c....g 514
the weight of conscience....e 544
Consider-do not c. what.....a 514
Considered-c. long which can .k 558
Consistent-c. with itself.....k 509
all things be consistent.....e 570
Consoler-a c. of the mind.....e 548
Constancy-the pressure with c.k 512
Contemplation-retrospective ck 549
Contemptible-is more c.....k 517
Consumed-c. by the hidden..w 546
Content-no one is c. with....r 518
if you are content you.....g 563
Contest-c's generally excite...o 511
Control-it will control you....o 504
Conversation-c. was brief.....l 564
men's conversation is like..j 565
c. is the image of.....l 565
Conquer-he c's twice who....j 511
conquer you must.....d 513
will conquer more surely....j 558
Correct-as nature made it, is c.r 550
Corinth-man cannot go to C ..t 537
Corrupt-more c. the state .....k 512
all things can corrupt.....k 521
or tried to corrupt you .....q 535
Corrupted-c. by domestic.....n 570
Cottage-in a c. there may be..n 553
Council-oh the blind c's.....p 521
cautious than by severe c's .p 555
Counsel-c's are the safest.....q 512
light which can take c.....i 534
prudent counsels at home..k 557
follows hasty counsels.....d 560
honest counsels gain vigor..j 568
Count-if you count the sunny.r 556
Counted-not be c. among.....b 537
Countenance-by the c.....u 504
a pleasing countenance.....i 505
changes of his countenance.m 508
c. is the portrait of... .....c 509
a pleasing countenance.....f 510
you have a gay c.....h 528
c. from betraying.....o 534
c. to survey the heavens....d 547
silent c. often speaks.....g 565
Country-to die for one's c....n. 552
he dares for his country.....o 552
love of country is more.....q 552
a brave man's country.....s 552
should prefer his country...u 552
deserve well of one's c.....k 552
Courage-c. conquers all things.a 513
c. in danger is half.....g 513
if he himself want c.....h 513
courage leads to heaven....m 513
Course-follow a different c....r 518
Court-defending cases in c....l 538
Covet-covet much.....n 513
covet what is guarded.....x 513
covet's that of another .....y 513
Coveting-c. those denied us...r 563
Coward-the mother of a c.....c 514
c. boasting of his courage..f 514
Cowardly-a c. cur barks.....h 514
c. is wickedness always.....p 521
is the most cowardly.....j 559
Craft-heir of his paternal c....r 517
Crash-fall with a heavier crash.c 557
fall with a sudden crash.....t 569
Credit-has just as much credit.s 527
credit is proportioncd.....a 536
Crime-c. will bring remorse..m 514
commit the same crimes....n 514
whoever meditates a crime..o 514
where crime is taught.....u 514
the crime is everlasting.....w 514
he who profits by crime.....c 515
while crime is punished....d 515
consider it a crime.....e 515
no crime has been without..f 515
c. successful c. is called.....g 515
does not prevent a crime....h 515
crime has to be concealed...i 515
follows close on crime.....r 558
on through every crime....b 559
makes some c's honorable..u 565
crimes succeed by sudden...j 568
if you share the crime of....q 570
will shrink from no crime..a 571
Criminal-ear to c. charges.....l 558
Crop-after a bad crop you.....h 558
rested gives a beautiful c....s 560
Cross-bears a c. for his crime.n 514
Crow-pardons the crows while.s 507
if the crow had been.....q 527
rarer than a white crow.....x 546
Crowd-rest of the crowd were.q 517
some of the crowd will say..b 539
Cruel-what is more cruel than.n 569
Cruelty-he devoted to c.....p 568
Cultivate-c. it carefully.....l 538
first to cultivate the soil....e 545
Cultivation-c. of the fields....e 504
the cultivation of the mind..s 541
Cup-the cup and the lip.....o 522
Cupid-C. will lose its power..n 545
Cur-cur bark more fiercely...h 514
Cure-it is part of the cure to..f 548
postpone the cure of a year..e 549
a part of the cure.....k 564
Cured-often been c. by delay..i 518
c. unless they are probed....r 547
be c. in the process of time.d 548
Curii-they affect to be Curii..h 517
Custom-habit had made the c.v 534

D.

Danced-she d. much better...d 550
Danger-boldly meet the d.....q 513
timidity in the hour of d....i 514
see no danger to which.....l 515
dangers that threaten him.m 515
danger comes the sooner....n 515
in extreme d. fear feels.....e 524
sitnation of the utmost d....l 524
dangers which may happen.n 527
high and above all danger...c 532
he is free from danger.....i 558
often attended with danger.d 569
share one common danger...j 570
Dangerous-it is d. for a.....c 555
nothing is more d.....u 561
Dare-to do something worthy.p 512
Daring-by d. great fears.....r 512
high position without d.....o 513
Darkness-what thick d.....d 537
Day-last day does not bring..u 515
this day which thou fearest.p 516
another day has arrived.....o 530
every day is the scholar.....s 543
dissolve until the last day..k 545
day which shines upon you.h 560
wish for your last day.....i 560
one day is pressed on by....r 567
day I shall always recollect..o 560
no day without sorrow.....e 565
the longest d. soon comes to.c 568
Dead-care not if I were dead..s 515
do you think that the dead..w 516
when one thinks it dead....a 519
he shall be revered when d..f 520
ceases when they are dead..m 520
the life of the dead is placed.k 548
Death-he who has plotted d...j 512
wish for death is a coward's.e 514
I esteem death a trifle.....a 515
death levels all things.....b 516
death is the last limit.....c 516
pale death with impartial...f 516

in order to escape death.....*i* 516
death is not grievous to me..*j* 516
nothing but the image of d..*l* 516
death is best which comes...*o* 516
place death may await thee..*q* 516
death is a punishment.....*r* 516
before you invite death.... *u* 516
an honorable d. is better. ..*v* 516
a kind of death.....*f* 521
fear of death drives.....*v* 524
d. puts an end to boastful..*w* 524
merely the fear of death.....*d* 525
moment comes either d.....*m* 527
death presses heavily on....*h* 537
meet death for his country..*r* 537
mercy often inflicts death...*t* 548
death to slavery and .....*j* 552
O happy death which.....*l* 552
death approaches which is...*i* 566
Debt–a small debt makes a....*a* 517
debt is a bitter slavery.....*b* 517
I am in debt to nobody.....*a* 538
Decay–increases but to decay..*r* 508
decays with the body,.....*f* 549
Deceitful–nothing is more d...*o* 559
Deceive–you can't deceive me..*o* 517
Deceived–d. by an appearance.*f* 517
deceived the whole world....*p* 517
Decency–are for d. and truth..*x* 518
Decide–though he d. justly....*c* 541
Decided–can be d. but once...*k* 558
Decision–d's founded on.....*l* 567
Declamation–the subject of d..*h* 539
Decree–keep the d's of the....*d* 533
Deed–is guilty of the deed.....*o* 514
wicked deeds are generally...*i* 514
the deeds of the righteous...*x* 517
unless the deed go with it...*b* 518
the deed be not committed..*k* 534
deed they come to see.....*a* 535
about to commit a base d...*p* 535
good deeds in his day book..*l* 550
the deeds of men never.....*h* 561
praises the deeds of another..*l* 570
Defeated–d. by strategy or.....*o* 573
Defense–the point of my d....*c* 518
Definition–according to my d..*r* 551
Degenerate–proof of a d. mind.*k* 525
Degree–aiming at that degree..*k* 555
Delay–away with delay.....*j* 518
away with delay.....*e* 518
every delay that postpones..*f* 518
will not bear delay.....*n* 546
every delay is too long.....*f* 568
truth hates delays.....*j* 569
delay is often injurious.....*i* 574
Deliberate–d. about beginning.*h* 518
all who deliberate on.....*e* 558
Deliberating–lost by d.....*l* 518
Deliberation–judgment and d..*n* 573
Delicacy–subjects with d.....*p* 551
Delight–better fitted to d. the..*c* 508
who delight to be flattered..*w* 525
Delightful–nothing is d.....*l* 545
nothing is more delightful..*v* 568
Demand–a d. in these days....*w* 517
Den–towards thy d., and none..*h* 524
Deny–more we d. ourselves....*k* 532
refuse what you intend to d..*r* 541
Depraved–became utterly d...*o* 570
Depreciate–d. the excellencies..*i* 520
Descent–who boasts of his d...*l* 570
noble descent and worth....*k* 561
Desert–they make a d. and call..*i* 553
Deserved–d. it in our lives....*o* 548
Design–a bad heart, bad d's...*t* 521
Desire–you must earnestly d..*h* 504
man has his own desires....*v* 509
do not excite desire.....*q* 519
to desire the same things....*u* 529
unknown there is no desire..*f* 537
oftener that things we d....*y* 546
desire of greater increase....*j* 561
desire was to be silent..... .*l* 564
being able weakens the d....*o* 564
the things we desire..... .*s* 568
desire to know the truth.....*u* 568
Despair–rush to d. through....*p* 513
never despair while under...*m* 518
d. is a great incentive.....*n* 518
Despise–he d's what he sought.*l* 508
despise not the gods.....*i* 541
it is not safe to despise.....*b* 546
you may d. the tongues of...*b* 572
Despised–sooner when it is d..*n* 515
d. by the highest characters..*j* 523
Destruction–the d. of us all....*l* 515
great affairs brought to d....*j* 527
the destruction of others....*b* 561
Destiny–fate and future d.....*w* 523
bear each one our own d.....*x* 523
Destroyed–d. in the place.....*c* 529
Carthage must be destroyed..*t* 572
Destructive–more and more d..*b* 549
Deviated–he who has once d..*w* 568
Device–more powerful than d..*f* 551
Devours–that d. all things.....*q* 567
Die–I do not wish to die.. ....*s* 515
we must certainly die.....*t* 515
begin to die as soon as.....*h* 516
die when world reaches.....*s* 516
to die at the command.....*t* 516
is to die twice.....*t* 516
so sad a thing to die.....*x* 516
not to know how to die.....*b* 525
does not know how to die...*j* 542
in old age I take care to die..*p* 544
willing to die when.....*m* 560
knows not how to die.....*r* 575
Difference–makes a great d....*q* 551
Difficult–d. it is to retain.....*t* 531
difficult it is to prevent.... *o* 534
it is difficult to tell how-.....*j* 541
it is difficult at once .....*a* 545
it is difficult and arduons...*t* 561
Difficulty–the d. be worthy....*j* 532
pretext of difficulty.'.....*i* 538
Dignity–d. increases more....*o* 518
crush the very flower of d...*d* 571
Diligence–d. has very great...*l* 538
Disagreeable–is nothing so d..*f* 552
Discord–is anger more bitter..*s* 518
by d. the greatest are.....*h* 570
Discovery–making useful d's..*j* 553
Discussion–obscured by d....*m* 553
Disease–with the same d.....*g* 539
worse than the disease.....*h* 548
medicine increases the d.....*i* 548
the diseases of the mind.....*b* 549
d's of the mind impair.....*j* 549
Disgrace–that only is a d. ....*u* 518
disgrace is immortal.....*a* 519
the d. of others will often...*h* 522
disgrace of the age to envy..*d* 571
Discraceful–a d. object.....*k* 503
it is a disgrace when .....*t* 518
Dishonorable–it is d. to say....*e* 555
Dishonorably–is d. squandered *a* 564
Disposition–fretful d. make...*d* 509
a noble d. make men.....*a* 534
d. is excited by having.....*d* 539
Disregard–disregard what the..*b* 564
Dissatisfied–d. with his own..*c* 520
it is d. with itself.....*t* 558
Dissimulation–d. creep.....*d* 517
Dissolute–among the dissolute.*a* 521
Dissolution–rapid in their d...*t* 508
Distinguish–else can we d.....*h* 559
Distress–you see a man in d...*r* 510
help those who are in d.....*s* 510
great distress of another....*n* 511
a great help in distress.....*c* 527
Disturb–do not disturb us.....*g* 503
Divine–this particle of divine..*b* 522
divine things delight it.....*a* 560
everything d. and human...*o* 561
Divinity–the d. who rules... *a* 516
other seat of divinity.....*a* 532
proof of its divinity,.....*a* 560
divinity within our breasts..*o* 565
Do–do not do what is already..*e* 507
what wilt thou do to thyself..*o* 539
if anything remains to do...*o* 542
cannot do what you wish...*n* 560
Dogs–that pups are like dogs..*q* 510
held by a small dog .....*h* 535
Doing–the doings of men are..*j* 506
Dolphin–he paints a dolphin..*m* 537
Domain–praise a large domain.*p* 558
Done–in what is done or given.*e* 506
what ought to be done.....*n* 506
what is already done.....*s* 507
what you have d. to another..*u* 560
nothing is well done unless..*p* 563
unless done by himself.....*p* 563
Door–reach those d's within..*n* 575
Doubtful–war is always d.....*j* 573
Dove–condemns the doves.....*s* 507
the dove O hawk.....*r* 524
Dowry–she has dowry enough.*d* 572
Drown–you d. him by your....*i* 565
drown the bitterness of .....*b* 574
Drunkenness–not accomplish..*r* 539
drunkenness is nothing but..*s* 539
Dutifulness–d. of children is..*e* 519
everyone is dutifulness with.*h* 527
Duty–a lasting teacher of duty.*f* 524
who has performed its d's...*d* 544
greater power than duty....*h* 551
duty of the nobles.....*l* 557

E.

Ear–not lend a ready ear.....*l* 558
the latter by the ears.....*r* 564
Earnest–not fair to take it in e.*c* 540
Earth–e. produces nothing....*o* 538
Easier–e. to do ill than well...*u* 574
Easy–it is e. at any moment...*t* 561
Eat–thou should'st e. to live..*b* 544
Eclipsed–e. but never .....*c* 569
Economy–e. is a great revenue.*g* 519
Edge–himself on the narrow e.*h* 557
Education–e. without natural..*b* 509

is perfected by education....g 572
Effort–other is the result of e..k 507
by great e's obtain great.....r 568
Elated–do not be elated.....f 527
are elated or cast down.....t 528
Elect–sometimes even e's a....o 562
Eloquence–e. you can approve.r 544
eloqnence little wisdom....m 574
Eloquent–any man may be e..h 519
inspiring bowl made e.....x 573
Emptiness–there is in human.s 506
Encourage–when he can e. it..h 515
Encouraged–more swiftly if e.g 561
End–beginning comes to an e..s 505
day soon comes to an end...c 568
in the end betrays itself....m 568
Enemy–heavy one an enemy..a 517
worst kind of enemies.....d 526
one day before your enemy.m 529
enough if you have no e's...c 530
our enemies fall at the.....g 560
enemies carry a report.....n 562
enemies of every people.....f 573
the enemy were defeated....o 573
Engage–e. in the business.....a 507
Enjoy–not to enjoy them.....g 505
enjoy my remaining days...b 512
enjoy the present day.....j 519
life which we enjoy is short.o 554
Enjoyment–the e's of this life.n 519
the enjoyment of health.....l 544
Enmity–secret e's are more....a 520
Enough–let him who has e.....o 553
now that's enough.....d 563
we have enough for what....h 563
it is not enough merely.....h 571
to the wise is enough.....p 574
Enterprise–inconsiderate e's...c 507
in great e's the attempt.....j 513
hesitation in any enterprise.a 566
Envious–regarded as envious.d 520
the envious man grows.....e 520
Envy–the rage of biting envy.b 520
envy is blind and knows....i 520
envy like fire soars.....j 520
envy to be the attendant....k 520
envy depreciates the genius.l 520
envy feeds on the living....m 520
envy assails the noblest.....n 520
live without envy.....n 544
I do not envy your fortune..b 566
Error–pleasing e. of the mind.q 520
great error in my opinion..m 533
hangs on the errors of.....b 537
blinded with error they live.r 561
Escape–able to e. from himself.l 548
Estate–man raised to high e...f 511
from his former high estate.u 549
cultivate a small estate.....p 558
care of a large estate.....q 561
men do not get estates.....r 561
Esteem–e. of a worthless man.m 551
Eternal–honors of genius are e.d 531
a well-spent life is eternal...a 544
Event–precedes certain e's....s 520
events of great consequence.t 520
in extraordinary events.....r 536
Everywhere–who is e. is .....q 569
Evident–still more e. to those.d 568
Evil–evil has grown strong....r 505
in the midst of evils.....l 513
not equal to its evils.....n 519
every evil in the bud.....v 520
evil is fittest consort.....b 521
evil is the more tolerable....c 521
evil which is concealed.....d 521
no evil is great.....e 521
an evil life is a kind.....f 521
a thousand forms of evil....g 521
and e. speaker differs from...l 521
we are in the midst of evils.n 521
desperate evils generally....o 521
evils of a long peace.....z 546
evil manners soil a fine.....k 547
known evil is best.....t 553
obtained by evil means.....f 555
how many evils has.....p 559
Exact–the e. and studious ....m 507
Examining–while we are e....h 569
Example–from one e. the.....k 510
himself given the example..x 521
e. is quick and effectual.....y 521
take from others an e.....z 521
every striking example has .a 539
every great example of.....v 558
Exceed–e's its due bounds.....c 522
Excellence–e. when concealed.j 509
mental and moral e.....g 510
whose e. causes envy.....f 520
e. without difficulty.....c 575
Excess–by the e. of yesterday..b 522
all things in excess bring...a 558
Excluded–which no one is e...e 557
Execution–in e. difficult.....r 506
Exile–what e. from his country.l 548
Exist–baseness cannot exist...p 518
Existence–e. to you honor.....b 536
Expect–e. it in any place.....q 516
where you least expect it....e 528
expect from one person.....w 560
Expected–where we least e. it.h 569
Expedient–e. to forget what...v 526
Expense–must be at some e....f 562
Experience–I have found by e.j 510
who has e. dreads it.....i 522
experience is the teacher....j 522
experience is always sowing.k 522
from the e. of others .....l 522
e. is more valuable .....m 522
I have found by experience.i 531
gains it by another's e.....j 574
Exposed–to which you are e...l 515
Exposure–e. to dangers .....p 515
Extinction–does not bring e..u 515
Extol–we e. ancient things....l 503
Extreme–e. remedies at first...f 558
Eye–the eyes are charmed.....b 505
eyes mark its intentions....c 509
if anything affects your eye.e 549
immediately before our e's..q 574

F.

Face–the f. of a deformed one.v 525
fearful face usually betrays.q 534
Fact–after weighing the facts..l 540
time as well as the facts....r 540
need of words believe facts..f 569
Faction–becomes f. among the j 572
Fail–even though they fail....b 526
Faith–render implicit faith...d 530
good faith and probity.....g 573
Fall–if we must f. we should..q 513
their f. may be the heavier..k 527
fall off towards the end.....g 541
Fallen–f. from his former high.u 549
False–what is f. is increased ..u 524
Falsehood–to deceive by f.....c 517
near is falsehood to truth...h 557
falsehood by haste and .....m 569
Fame–live on the f. of others..b 523
if fame comes after death....e 523
the love of fame gives.....f 523
love of fame usually spurs..g 523
love of fame is the last.....i 523
small but not the fame.....k 523
fame is not to be despised..j 523
if honest fame awaits.....f 533
other men have acquired f..k 538
character who seeks for f....n 568
the thirst for fame is.....n 571
virtue struggles after fame..n 572
extend our f. by our deeds ..p 572
Farmer–the diligent f. plants..k 542
wish the f's life to be easy...e 545
Fashion–now become the f....c 526
fashions of human affairs...m 528
Fashioned–people are f.....v 521
Fast–makes fast to-morrow....p 530
Fate–f. will give an eternal...m 516
the f's lead the willing.....n 523
whither the f's lead virtue..p 523
can you exclude the fates...g 523
to know our own fate.....s 523
many have reached their f...t 523
no one becomes guilty by f..u 523
wherever the fates lead us..y 523
men often meet their fate...i 524
meets a worse fate than he..i 546
Father–our fathers used to say.l 507
he follows his father with...h 535
on both father and son.....n 538
the f. himself did not.....e 545
the father of his country....a 553
Fault–every one has his f's...a 509
come from their own f's....a 524
without faults he is best....b 524
the faults of a friend.....c 524
to perceive the f's of others..g 526
bear with the faults.....f 530
he who overlooks a fault....v 537
fall into the faults of many..c 550
a few f's will not trouble....i 554
fault however is not.....b 562
cannot see our own faults...s 563
serious f. to reveal secrets..m 564
to be free from fault is.....j 571
Favor–a f. tardily bestowed....c 506
a favor quickly granted.....c 506
how to receive a favor.....d 506
been a favor to many. .....r 516
seems to deny the favor.....k 531
to accept a favor is to sell...u 537
by merit not by favor.....v 548
Fear–by daring great fears....r 512
fear to death.....m 513
do not fear to trust.....q 522
f. is not a lasting teacher....f 524
fears to use his gains.....g 524
great fear is concealed by...k 524
whom he fears would perish.q 524
a god into the world was f...s 524
fear makes men believe.....t 524
increased through fear.... .u 524

must necessarily f. many...a 525
if you wish to fear nothing.f 525
it is foolish to fear what.....h 525
fear is the proof of a.....k 525
no f. of anything worse.....f 528
f. of the future is worse.....l 528
thing full of anxious fears...c 546
cannot be mixed with fear..l 546
fears in prosperity.....e 556
you should neither f. nor. ..i 560
a senseless fear of God.....j 566
by kindness than by fear....q 575
Feared-to be f. than open.....a 520
what we once feared.....m 524
feared rather than loved....n 524
everything is to be feared...f 525
what each man feared.....w 553
Fearing-fearing all things.....l 525
Feast-f. to-day makes fast....p 530
Feather-does not matter a f..h 513
Feel-f. but want the power...r 573
Feeling-would have our f's...b 506
Feet-what is before his feet...k 530
Fertilizer-eye was the best f...l 507
Fickleness-f. has always.....a 526
to oppose the fickleness.....l 457
Fiction-f. always increases....n 525
Fidelity-the f. of barbarians...o 525
fidelity bought with money.q 525
Field-a f. becomes exhausted..d 504
a field that has rested.....s 560
Fighting-forswears all f.....e 513
Find-anyone f. out in what...b 508
Finished-thou wilt have f.....l 505
Fire-f. when thrown into water.g 509
we tread on fires covered....g 517
like fire soars upward.....j 520
neighbor's house on fire....r 525
what is more useful than f..s 525
stir the fire with the sword..i 526
his hand into the fire.....n 557
Fireside-than one's own f.....k 535
Firm-be firm or mild as.....v 508
First-from first to last a man..e 570
Fish-there will be fish.....e 528
Flatterer-skillful class of f's...v 525
f's are the worst kind of.....d 526
Flattery-f. the handmaid of...u 525
flattery was formerly a vice.c 526
Flock-shears his f. not flays...n 507
Flower-pluck the flower.....q 508
Flying-by f. men often meet...i 524
Follow-I follow the worst.....r 509
fates lead us let us follow....y 523
Folly-mingle a little folly.....l 504
pay for their folly.....w 525
to your folly add bloodshed..i 526
folly there is in human.....k 526
other evils folly has also.....o 526
prudence to loquacious folly.i 557
folly of the loquacious.....c 574
Fond-must be very f. of life...s 516
Food-filled with excessive f...a 522
give some food for thought..j 530
empty despises common f...u 531
best seasoning for food.....m 536
a kind of food supplied for..a 541
Fool-thou fool, what is sleep.m 516
none but a fool will stick....o 520
quality of a fool to perceive.g 526
all places are filled with f's..h 526
is a fool who locks.....n 526
she makes him a fool.....q 528
all fools are insane.....f 539
Foolish-he is foolish to blame.a 526
it is foolish to pluck out ...c 565
Foot-will come with silent f..r 542
time goes with rapid foot...b 568
Forbidden-things f. have a....c 554
Force-it is supported by f....m 533
do more than blind force....g 559
of so much force are.....g 575
Forced-he who can be forced..j 542
Forehead-the f. is the gate ...w 548
Foreigner-a f. in his own.....g 564
Foreseeing-f. what is to come.q 574
Forethought-f. and prudence.n 557
Forget-forget what you know.v 526
never allows to forget.....k 552
Forgive-forgive others often..r 526
Forgiveness-f. for his offense..w 526
Fortified-be f. by good will....j 533
Fortitude-meet them with f...b 513
fortitude is a great help.....c 527
has real f. who bears.....c 566
Fortune-some men make f's...g 505
varieties of fortune.....c 508
health and fortune have a...r 508
fortune returning after.....u 508
fortune of every man.....o 509
f's are already completed....e 512
good fortune conceals it....f 512
fortune and love befriend...b 513
f. can take away riches.....k 513
persist even against f.....p 513
fortune favors the brave....r 513
fortune helps the bold.....s 513
my fortune not of me.....q 517
chance of great fortune.....j 518
our incomplete fortune.....b 519
depends on fortune.....o 525
if fortune favors you.....f 527
no one will separate fortune.g 527
with his own fortune.....h 527
it is fortune not wisdom....i 527
fortune does not fit him.....l 527
of what use is fortune.....o 527
fortune makes a fortune....p 527
on the most exalted fortune.t 527
fortune has never deceived..u 527
good fortune and good sense.a 528
doubtful what f. to-morrow.b 528
turn of fortune's wheel.....c 528
fortune gives too much.....d 528
the most wretched fortune..f 528
while fortune remains.....h 528
too high for f. to harm.....g 528
fortune moulds and.....i 528
perpetual good fortune.....j 528
fortune is gentle to the.....n 528
whatever fortune has raised.o 528
fortune cannot take away...p 528
when fortune favors a man..q 528
fortune is like glass.....r 528
wretched fortune which has.s 528
fortune never remains long.m 528
not of fortune but of men...o 529
fortune as proud as any.....f 533
while fortune was kind.....j 536
the effect of good fortune....t 556
within his own fortune.....n 557
yet. f. has not changed.....m 561
our imperfect fortune.....n 561
possession of a great f.....t 561
sudden change of fortune...u 561
of his own fortune.....v 561
I do not envy your fortune..b 566
the f. of war is always.....j 573
the conqueror of fortune....f 574
Fought-f. for or against him..j 575
Foul-nothing f. to either eye.n 575
Foundation-the f's of justice..h 540
Free-is any man free except...e 529
all go free when multitudes.b 543
no man is f. who is a slave.u 564
Freedom-once enjoyed f.....p 569
favor is to sell one's f.....u 537
Freemen-to f. threats are.....v 528
let him be a freeman who...d 529
Freeze-is praised and freezes..z 571
Friend-sure tie between f's....e 503
discourse of an ignorant f...v 525
man for an intimate friend..j 529
nothing to a pleasant friend.k 529
treat your friend as if.....m 529
he was the friend of.....o 529
a friend in need.....s 529
to have all men your f's.....c 530
who is his own friend.....e 530
friend must not be injured..g 530
to lose a f. is the greatest....h 530
reprove your friends.....i 530
also to have congenial f's...n 530
done your friend a kindness.l 541
who is a friend must love...o 546
no friend will visit the place.s 549
unfortunate their f's are....w 549
you will count many f's.... q 556
let our friends perish.....g 560
a friend made an enemy.....g 562
share the crime of your f...q 570
Friendly-nothing more f. than.s 529
Friendship-friendship makes.g 529
duties of friendship can be.h 529
you seek new friendships....i 529
no friendship between.....n 529
the faith of friendship must.p 529
estimate friendship by.....q 529
constitutes true friendship .w 529
friendship always benefits..a 530
after forming a friendship..d 530
f's with your equals..... n 544
f. consequently always.....o 546
no f. without virtue.....j 572
Frightened-I am f. at seeing..h 524
Frown-she frowns do not.....f 527
Frugality-f. when all is spent.q 526
ashamed of f. or poverty....f 564
Fruit-fruit of lofty trees.....n 526
himself will never see the f.k 542
Funeral-funeral terrifies.....h 522
Fury-supplies them with arms k 559
Future-about the future is.. a 505

G.

Gain-occasions is a great g....i 550
gain at the expense of.....f 560
he who seeks for gain.....f 562
Gambler-g. is more wicked...q 530
Game-g's with men, as balls..p 532
Garb-easily adorn a humble g.k 547
Garret-rarely visits the garret.t 557
Gate-many as the gates of the .e 522

the gates of the mind.....w 548
entering into open gates.....e 573
Gay-the gay, the sorrowful...d 56
General-the skill of a general..c 573
qualities of a general are....n 573
Generous-suddenly becomes g.a 531
Genius-superior to genius and j 507
men of the greatest genius..c 531
never been any great genius.e 531
shut against great genius...f 531
the bestowers of genius.....e 551
Gentle-because of its g. nature.h 531
and makes men gentle.....m 539
Gentleness-power can do by g. g 531
Gently-g. touching with the..n 537
Gift-even when they bring g's.m 525
gifts are ever the most.....l 531
g. derives its value from....m 531
knew how to use her g's.....f 544
consider a gift of God.....m 544
gifts to the whole human...e 556
what greater or better gift..d 567
affected by the meanest gifts t 574
Give-he would give at once...k 531
to give is a noble thing.....n 531
Given-what must be g. is g ...p 541
Giver-the giver or the doer...e 506
to the mind of the giver....f 506
the giver makes precious....l 531
the rank of the giver.....m 531
Gladiator-the wounded g.....e 513
Glide-g's on and will glide on..i 544
Glory-raised man to glory and b 509
the attendant of glory.....h 520
glory follows virtue.....o 531
glory drags all men along...p 531
glory paid to our ashes.....q 531
our glory is vain.....r 531
the glory gives me strength.s 531
how difficult it is to retain g. t 531
most influenced by glory....s 555
Goal-reach the desired goal...n 542
Goat-kids like goats .....q 510
God-converse with God as if...l 511
nothing which God can not.v 531
God can change the lowest..w 531
the image of God.....b 532
in the power of God.....c 532
as God is propitiated by....d 532
a God that hears and sees....e 532
as God loves me I know.....k 537
an avenging God closely....f 540
God cannot be ignorant of..u 541
God gave man an upright...d 547
God who is mindful of right.s 548
God has given some gifts....e 556
if God be appeased, I .....j 560
which has pleased God.....k 560
God has given us this repose.v 560
there is a God within us....p 565
God looks at pure not full...o 572
Gods-believe me the gods.....h 503
the dart of the gods.....k 514
god see the deeds of the.....x 517
we are men, not gods.....i 521
limit have the g's assigned..o 523
gracious favor of the gods...g 532
given by the gods more.....h 532
ye mortal gods .....i 532
the gods supply our wants..k 532
thou livest near the gods....l 532
the gods give that man.....v 532
the g's play games with men.p 532
mighty temple of the gods..q 532
the decrees of the gods.....r 532
he is next to the gods.....l 540
makes us equal to the gods..k 541
gods have their own laws...i 543
rules the mighty gods.....b 546
the gods are on the side.....b 552
cannot influence the gods...r 555
will propitiate the gods.....m 559
the gods so willed it.....o 560
never escape the gods.....h 561
influences of the gods.....l 566
knows whether the gods....r 569
with the favor of the gods..k 572
Gold-wide her jaws for gold...e 505
the yellow gold is tried.....p 529
gold loves to make its way..r 532
by gold all good faith.....t 532
by g. our rights are abused..t 532
all men worship gold.....u 532
against his weight in gold...g 546
poison is drunk out of gold.s 554
Golden-roofs break men's rest.w 561
Good-many g. things have....o 508
some things are good.....p 510
one to be good only.....t 517
rejoice in what is good.....b 533
who is a good man.....d 533
the good alas! are few.....e 533
he preferred to be good.....g 533
evil for g. that you have.....g 538
public good be promoted....h 540
the good is never lost.....m 541
he hurts the good who.....e 541
good men and women.....b 558
no good man ever became...c 562
the good hate sin because...q 571
Goodness-it is not g. to be....h 533
Govern-g. the possessor.....t 561
Governing-as capable of g.....l 533
Government-a heated g. does..h 533
no government is safe unless.p 552
in a change of government..b 555
Granted-scarcely g. to a god.m 545
Grateful-man who would be g.r 533
Gratification-having its g.....d 539
Gratitude-g. is acquired in no.v 530
g. for benefits is eternal.....q 533
Grave-all sides to the grave...n 515
carry nothing to the grave..k 516
Greater-thought to be g. than.d 521
Greek-treachery of the G's....k 510
I fear the Greeks even.....m 525
bid the hungry Greek go....n 536
everything is Greek.....d 564
Grief-smallest degree of grief..n 519
learnest from another's g... n 522
there is no grief which.....b 534
grief for a man so beloved...c 534
grief of a man should not..d 534
suppressed grief suffocates..f 534
affected by grief but still....g 534
griefs are communicative...h 534
that grief is light which.....i 534
always recollect with grief..o 560
as if g. could be assuaged....c 565
the grief is resistless.....d 566
grief is satisfied and.....f 567
Grievance-bear our own g's...y 526
Grieve-g. at the opposite.....b 533
she grieves sincerely who...e 534
he grieves more than.....j 534
grieves before it is necessary.j 534
grieve not so ostentatiously.p 536
Ground-upon solid ground....u 508
Grumble-to g. in public.....c 555
Guard-who is on his guard...q 515
too late to be on our guard..n 521
though guards and brake...s 532
when safe is on his guard...i 558
Guardian-g. of all things.....j 548
Guess-consider the best g's...i 556
Guest-can be so welcome a g..r 529
like a satiated guest..... g 544
I go a willing guest.....p 553
Guidance-g. and auspices of..m 518
Guilt-free from g. need not...i 509
never turn pale with guilt..k 511
be conscious of no guilt....b 514
not caused by guilt.....a 515
guilt of enforced crimes.....b 515
confess his guilt.....j 515
penalty of their guilt.....a 523
guilt is present in the.....k 534
palliating guilt in.....m 534
whom g. stains it equals....n 534
betrays great guilt.....q 534
does not exceed the guilt ...g 540
power acquired by guilt....o 555
avoid guilt, and even the....b 568
Guiltless-neither side is g.....g 543
Guilty-ask who are guilty....r 504
crime is guilty of it.....c 515
no one becomes g. by fate..u 523
he is not guilty who.....p 534
guilty of his own free will..p 534
when the guilty is acquitted.f 541
really g. seems to differ.....n 565

H.

Habit-strong by inveterate h..r 505
habit's minds and lives.....f 509
habit is as it were.....r 534
pursuits become habits.....t 534
h. had made the custom....u 534
nothing is stronger than h..v 534
evil habits are once settled.w 534
habit is stronger than.....x 534
separate thoughts from h...a 567
Hair-pretends to have hair...k 517
thy hair be out of order.....k 556
to pluck out one's hair.....c 565
Hand-he arms his daring h's..s 523
your hands suffer most.....m 526
his hand into the fire.....n 557
kings have long hands.....h 562
sceptre with a firm hand....t 562
at pure not full hands.....o 572
Handle-would rather handle..k 506
Handsome-too h. a man.....j 505
Hanged-should all be hanged..r 564
Happen-how does it happen..r 518
what will happen to-morrow.l 530
Happened-not to know what h.a 542
Happier-h. the time the.....o 519
make us better and happier.f 532
Happiness-preserving h.....l 510
the happiness of the times...t 543
may be more real h.....n 553
Happy-h. the man who has... 507

that man lives happy.....u 511
happy ye whose fortunes....e 512
happy before his funeral....n 516
a happy thing to die.....u 516
happy thou that learnest...n 522
we deem those happy.....b 527
the privilege of being happy.f 544
short to the happy..... ...d 545
happy and thrice happy....k 545
we think a happy life.....v 563
path to a happy life is easy..k 572
Harm-which may not also h....t 507
love sometimes does harm ..o 546
Harping-h. on the same string.f 570
Harsh-bear anything harsh...h 549
Harvest-h. of greedy death....g 516
harvest of evil for good .....q 538
Haste-haste spoils everything.h 518
Hasten-hasten slowly.....i 507
h. to have it removed .....e 549
Hasty-hasty and adventurous.r 506
hasty and precipitate.....s 551
Hate-take care that no one hate.b 535
Hatred-more bitter than h.....s 518
the hatred of relatives.....c 535
hatred is given instead of...s 538
hatred, friendship, anger, or e 558
Haughty-closely follows the h.f 540
Have-cannot have what you..d 512
Hawk-suspects the snare.....o 566
Head-my exalted h. shall strike g 504
Health-the enjoyment of h....l 544
health cannot exist .....a 549
Hear-those who hear speak....h 556
Hearing-without h. the other. c 541
Heart-a bad heart, bad designs.t 521
inciting the human heart....e 545
Heaven-shall receive from h...a 512
h. grant any to remain.....b 512
enthrones him in the h's ...n 512
storm heaven itself in our...o 512
h. strikes the humble.....n 528
earth to heaven is not easy..e 535
nor is heaven always.....e 553
have intercourse with h.....p 565
would to heaven he had.....p 568
heaven makes sport of.....s 569
Heavenly-can h. minds such..x 504
Height-raised to a great h.....k 527
Hell-descent into hell is easy..s 542
I shall move all hell.....r 555
Herb-cannot be cured by h's..p 545
healed by potions and herbs.b 548
Herd-the vulgar h. estimate ..q 529
Help-one needs the other's h..f 535
Hero-praise-deserving h. to die u 512
Davus or a hero speaks.....q 551
Hesitation-no room for h.....a 566
Hid-what is hid is unknown..f 537
Hidden-has been carefully h...i 517
whatever is hidden is.....o 567
High-nothing is too high for..o 512
nothing is so high .....c 532
Hiss-the people hiss me.....e 563
History-h. is the witness.....i 535
principal office of history...j 535
Homage-offer acceptable h....v 514
Home-not go away from h.....n 539
this body is not a home.....t 544
they are pleasant at home....s 565
Homer-genius of the great H...l 520
the worthy Homer nods.....a 565
Honest-man is always a child..n 535
Honesty-a man whose h. you..q 522
h. is praised and freezes....m 535
h. is to many the cause.....o 535
Honey-where there is honey..f 503
under sweet honey .....s 517
abounds in h. and poison...f 546
Honor-whom does false h. aid.h 509
let the sense of h. subdue...a 514
the h's of genius are.....d 531
every man his true honor...d 536
h. is the reward of virtue...e 571
duty by a sense of honor....q 575
Honorable-it is h. to reach....f 504
incentive to h. death.....m 518
in honorable dealing you....r 535
what is honorable is also....c 536
nothing is more honorable.k 552
unbecoming to an h. man...s 566
Hook-your h. always be cast..e 528
Hope-not even to hope for...a 508
h's have been disappointed.o 508
when hope is small.....q 512
h. and fear on account of....d 514
fear when hope has left us..x 524
h's are not always realized..g 536
do not buy h. with money..h 536
you hope for earnestly.....i 536
such hopes I had while.....j 536
ratifies hopes and urges.....r 539
hopes in adversity.....e 556
Hopeful-the mind is hopeful..d 557
Horse-the spirited h. which..g 561
Hour-than a happy hour .....h 532
assured of the hour.....n 532
postpones the h. of living...i 544
the h. which gives us life...w 544
h's fly along in a circle.....t 567
swift hour flies on double...i 568
to-morrow to the present h.r 569
the present hour gives no...s 569
House-O ancient h. alas .....t 518
in a friend's house.....r 529
Human-in human concerns...s 506
sport with human affairs...n 532
human and divine laws....d 533
wherever there is a human .o 541
of all human things.....k 552
h. sufferings touch the.....h 567
all human things hang.....t 569
Humble-h. with a light hand.n 528
raise the humble .....w 531
h. things become me.....k 536
strength to the humble.....i 570
Hungry-a h. people listens...o 536
Hurry-I am in no h. for it.....e 523
one who is in a hurry.....f 568
Hurtful-of good things is h....j 567
Husbandman-the patient h...e 573
Hut-at the hut of the poor....f 516

I.

Idle-an idle life always.....f 538
rather be sick than idle.....m 538
who does not wish to be idle.a 546
Idleness-busy i. possesses us.q 535
Ignorance-what i. to kick.....u 526
ignorance of what is good..s 536
ignorance of their causes...r 536
to confess my ignorance....a 537
what ignorance there is.....e 537
dies in ignorance of himself.k 537
Ignorant-mind of man is i....w 523
ignorant man who thinks...p 563
Ill-learn to bear its ills.....b 527
Illustration-i. which solves...c 519
Image-the image of God.....b 532
the image of the mind.....l 565
Imitate-who wishes to i. well.p 537
i. what is base and depraved.q 537
to imitate the powerful.....a 555
Immorality-fall into i.....k 504
the path to immorality....w 513
inoperative through public i.e 543
Immortality-the hope of i....r 537
Imparted-candidly i. if not...d 542
Impetuosity-i. manages all...v 504
Impetuous-impetuous at first.c 507
Importance-events of i. are...p 507
Important-most i. part of.....n 506
i. matters ought to be.....e 558
Impracticable-a thing almost i.c 530
Impropriety-what i. or limit..c 534
Impulse-smallest i. directs it..d 519
Impunity-the hope of i.....l 514
Incense-smallest offering of i..d 532
Inclination-the same i's.....v 509
overcome your inclination..a 510
follow the inclinations.....b 510
produces varied i.....f 538
each has his own i... .....g 547
Inconstancy-in the great i....u 520
inconstancy and rashness...g 527
Incumbrance-no i. abroad....s 565
Indicted-others are not even i.g 540
Indignant-i. when the worthy.a 565
Individual-i's suffer while the.a 539
i. is compensated by.....v 558
Indolence-this man by i.....k 538
Inducement-i. to do wrong....f 536
Indulgence-rare i. produces...b 544
Industry-acquired fame by i..k 538
Infamy-greatest of all i's.....b 536
Inheritance-a greater i. comes.t 538
Inhuman-revenge is an i. word.e 561
Injure-which cannot also i....e 562
i. those who are prepared....e 518
Injured-seems to have i. you..n 504
those whom we have i.....d 535
Injury-done to character.....l 509
i. to all who are in suffering.r 538
hast added insult to injury..o 539
Injustice-example has some i..a 539
becomes the severest i.....k 543
has in it some injustice.....v 558
Inn-not home but an inn.....t 544
Innocence-i. despises false....g 507
narrow innocence it is.....t 517
Insane-which is more insane..p 526
all fools are insane.....f 539
mad with the i. unless.....i 539
inveterate in their i. breasts.i 575
Insanity-a delightful insanity.q 526
Inspiration-without divine i..s 533
inspiration of passion.....f 544
Instructed-i. in the arts.....m 539
Instruction-i. enlarges the.....l 539
from home for instruction..n 539
Insult-hast added i. to injury..o 539
not to see an insult than to.p 539
Intended-consider what you i.r 535

Intention-the i. of the giver...e 506
Interest-lent us life at i.....c 544
Intervention-of such an i.....j 532
Inquire-never i. into another.k 563
Inquisitive-shun the i. person.c539
Invention-the i. of necessity..a 551
Inveterate-grows i. in their...i 574
Issue-in the issue disastrous...r 506
whatever may be the issue..j 570
Itch-itch for scribbling takes..i 575

J.

Jaw-opens wide her jaws.....e 505
Jest-injured even in jest.....g 530
anything is spoken in jest...c 540
a bitter jest when it comes..d 540
Jew-let the Jew believe it.....a 506
Joke-without love and jokes...l 545
Joy-there is no joy which.....n 519
Judge-a corrupt j. does not....i 512
the judge's duty is to.....r 540
if you judge investigate.....d 541
the j. is condemned when...f 541
it is a judge's duty in all....t 568
Judgment-may use your j.....d 530
must use your own j.....e 540
Jupiter-Jupiter hurled his....b 541
Just-the man who is just.....a 527
can not be considered just...c 541
Justice-nor cares for justice...o 536
the foundations of j. are.....h 540
justice is obedience to the...i 540
justice renders to every one.j 540
j. must be observed even....k 540
become more observant of j.m 540
justice though moving with.o 540
Justly-no one hates you justly.b 535

K.

Keep-k. what you have got...t 553
first keep it yourself.....l 563
Keeping-less merit in k.....k 507
Kill-not wish to kill any.....g 555
Kind-a k. manner and gentle..j 541
kind to a poor man.....n 541
Kindness-of repaying a k.....r 533
k. to the good is never.....m 541
an opportunity for a k.....o 541
willingly the k. is donbled..p 541
confers a double kindness...q 541
k. to immediately refuse....r 541
an enemy by your kindness,g 562
King-example of their kings..v 521
under a pious king.. .....w 528
a king should prefer his.....u 552
am like a king since.....r 553
kings have long hands.....h 562
Kingdom-the safety of a k.....t 552
Kite-kite the covered hook....o 566
Knife-healed by the knife.....b 548
Knot-what k. shall I hold....m 508
cuts the Gordian knot.....d 562
Know-to well k. to others.....h 537
stock to those who know....f 514
thou oughtest to know.....k 532
of what I do not know.....a 537
know not what you know...g 537
I know not where I am.....k 537
cannot know everything....b 542
if you k. anything better...d 542
unless others k. that you....h 542
it is well for one to know ...i 542
who does not k. his way.....c 558
which he does not know....h 565
Knowledge-all desire k. but...e 542
k. to pass for nothing .....h 542
the seeds of knowledge.....s 550
without your knowledge....t 551
give us more sure knowledge h 559
Known-every one is least k ...e 509

L.

Labor-object of the l. was.....k 522
lose our labor .....l 526
labors passed are pleasant...t 542
to men without great l.....m 542
labor is itself a pleasure....p 542
labor bestowed on trifles....q 542
this is labor this is work....s 542
labor conquers everything...t 542
Land-view from l. the great...n 511
l. has more objects to fear...p 524
that l. from which they say.x 543
our native land charms.....r 552
Language-he attempts to use l.h 565
as the man so is his l.....l 565
the language of truth is.....e 569
l. of truth is simple.....l 569
Last-l. is inferior to the first...q 505
Lasting-nothing can be l.....i 559
Late-already too late to begin.h 518
Latin-to be ignorant of L.....d 564
Laugh-sillier than a silly l.....e 526
why do you laugh.....a 543
a laugh costs too much .....d 543
Laughing-truth in a l. way...a 569
Laughter-silly than silly l.....c 543
Law-nor is there any l. more..j 512
according to the law.....t 517
doing what the law permits.u 528
obedience to the written l's..i 540
what use are laws.....e 543
all things obey fixed laws...h 543
strictest law sometimes.....k 543
thing it is to go to law.....j 543
what the law insists upon...l 543
love is their supreme law....g 545
law is silent during war.....b 573
Lawful-what is l. is dispised..p 509
lawful is undesirable.....a 554
Lawsuit-a l. unless a woman..f 543
Leader-qualities of a leader....n 558
Learn-others should l. from...l 522
thereby learn to express ....p 537
men l. while they teach.....p 543
learn on how little man.....d 551
Learned-nothing l. to do ill...c 538
all wish to be learned.....m 543
the learned man always.....n 543
which is never sufficiently l.q 543
Learning-it was long in l.....o 543
Leech-a leech does not quit....l 553
Lend-what you lend is lost....g 562
Level-those of his own level...h 520
Liar-liars generally pay.....a 523
I hate a liar.....g 569
Liberty-l. is the power of.....u 528
never does liberty appear...w 528
that is true liberty which...a 529
liberty of the world.....c 529
liberty is given by nature...f 529
l. leads both nations and....s 564
benefit is to sell your liberty.t 564
License-are all worse for l.....w 543
l. in regard to everything....u 543
Licentiousness-excessive l....u 521
Lie-as he would tell a lie.....w 568
Life-whose life is dead even..m 509
nor has he spent his life.....v 511
a dishonorable life.....v 516
less power than the life.....v 521
life is miserable of those.....n 524
makes life miserable.....d 525
experience of life.....b 527
pass his life as he pleases....e 529
the life of memory.....i 535
for the sake of life to lose....b 536
life there is hope.....e 536
we seek a happy life.....q 536
life of men is greatly.....s 536
look closely into life.....p 537
life gives nothing to men...m 542
has lived a short life who...d 544
since long life is denied us..e 544
short space of life forbids...h 544
life is given to no one for....j 544
recollection of your former l.k 544
life is not mere living.....l 544
very life which we enjoy....o 544
but life is a warfare.....q 544
choose that man whose life..r 544
life which we really like.....s 544
consider each day a life.....x 544
in humble life there is great.a 545
the love of life the last.....c 545
O life long to the wretched..d 545
give up your quiet life.....u 545
lent not given to life.....h 547
it is easy to despise life.....r 549
thing than shortness of life..q 550
he is greedy of life who.....m 560
purpose of enjoying life.....r 561
this to be the rule of life....b 563
only path to a tranquil life..y 571
life is brief and irrevocable..p 572
to-morrow's life is too late..g 574
Light-delightful than the l....v 568
Lightly-should use it lightly..j 555
Lightning-easily than the l's..s 532
l. strikes the highest.....c 557
Like-no man likes surpassed..h 520
Limb-the wounded l. shrinks.o 524
Limit-pass its natural limit... 504
a certain l. is to be placed...k 504
last limit of all things.....c 516
Linked-l. to the beginning....h 516
Little-how to live upon a l....o 542
not he who has little.....d 555
Live-live with men as if God..l 511
live one way in private.....v 517
may you live unenvied.....n 530
how to live upon a little.....c 542
eat to live not live to eat....b 544
it is to l. twice when you can.k 544
this also that I live.....m 544
not to l. long but to l. enough.u 544
to live is not a blessing.....v 544
make haste to live.....x 544
live according to nature.....b 545
nor do they live together....t 545
live only for their estates....r 561
to think is to live.....k 567
Lived-can say I have lived....u 511

to show that we have lived..e 544
Living–are never living.....p 505
Load–that load becomes light..f 519
Loan–lose your l. or lose your.g 562
Loathing–immediately begot l.s 562
Look–never look at yourself...h 507
look at the lives of all.....z 521
Losing–the l. side is full of....p 566
Loss–the greatest of all losses..h 530
the loss of money is.....l 559
Lost–having lost my own .....o 506
taken away all is lost.....e 540
once lost can never.....f 545
who is lost to shame.....i 564
Lot–sooner or later the lot.....e 516
who envies another's lot ....c 520
Love–love befriends the bold..l 513
few love what they may.....x 513
love sometimes injures.....a 530
love leads me one way.....g 535
you love a nothing when....p 538
you love an ingrate.....p 538
love is their supreme law...g 545
let man not love himself.....j 545
a long cherished love.....h 545
love unbroken by any.....k 545
without love and jokes.....l 545
l. and to be wise is scarcely.m 545
I do not love thee Sabidius..n 545
love is a credulous thing....o 545
love cannot be cured by....p 545
love must be attracted by...s 545
majesty and love do not.....t 545
wishest to put an end to l..v 545
to be idle fall in love.....a 546
despise what l. commands..b 546
love is a thing full of.....c 546
absent love vanishes and a..e 546
love abounds in honey.....f 546
it is good to l. moderately..h 546
he who falls in love meets...i 546
everybody in love is blind,..j 546
true love can fear no one... k 546
love cannot be mixed.....l 546
true love hates and will not.n 546
who loves is not therefore...o 549
love is in our power.....q 546
if you wish him to love.....r 546
love conqners all things....u 546
love the same thing..... k 551
the love of arms and the.....p 573
Loved–to be loved be lovable.d 546
if you wished to be loved...p 546
know whether he is loved...p 556
Lovely–nothing more lovely..i 571
Lover–what law can bind l's..g 545
woman says to her fond l...i 545
every lover is a soldier.....r 545
lovers remember everything.q 545
finds me a reasonable lover.g 546
you must make a l. angry...r 546
lovers renew their love.....t 546
who can deceive a lover.....v 546
Lowly–to spare the lowly .....n 533
Luck–luck affects everything..e 528
Lucky–a l. man is rarer than..x 546
Luxurious–l. to yourself.....q 563
Luxury–remove its mother l..d 505
l. more destructive the.....z 546

M.

Mad–thou who art greatly m..e 539
he appears mad indeed.....g 539
it is necessary to be mad....i 539
they are all m. themselves...j 539
every mad man thinks all...k 539
man is either mad or.....m 554
Madman–go m. rush over.....h 539
Madness–is it not m. to kill...i 516
without a spice of madness..e 531
nothing but voluntary m...s 539
Magistrate–our m's discharge.g 541
Magnify–a good man will m...g 506
Majority–the m. is infected...g 539
Malevolent–m. have hidden...d 561
Man–old m. in his rudiments.k 503
so small that a good man...g 506
men by their characters....n 509
difficult for a man to know..e 509
man of the purest and.....g 509
man who is pnre in life.....i 509
nothing better for a man....j 510
him as a fellow man.....r 510
no free man will ask.....m 511
more a m. denies himself...a 512
whether a m. be supported..h 513
man is never watchful.....m 515
man should ever look.....n 516
act of a bad man.....c 517
one man by delay.....d 518
man is bound to tolerate....x 521
men trust rather their eyes.y 521
men think they may justly..e 522
man who has had experience.i 522
there goes the man.....h 523
men ought to be most.....a 524
no man is born without.....b 524
if thou art a man admire....b 526
to have a great man for.....j 529
friend to all men.....e 530
man is dearer to them than.m 532
men in no way approach....c 533
no man was ever great.....s 533
counted among great men..b 537
man is not allowed to know..i 537
pervades the minds of men..d 537
men by doing nothing.....c 538
thinks all other men mad...k 539
men live best upon a little..f 544
man does not wish.....a 546
man was born for two things.a 547
man is to man either a god..b 547
m. should measure himself..c 547
our page relates to man.....f 547
are a thonsand kinds of men g 547
man has been lent, not given.h 547
nothing that relates to man..i 547
as the man is so should you.j 547
modesty becomes a young m..b 550
men, even when alone.....n 550
a man who has lost.....j 551
all men do not in fine.....k 551
as many men so many.....n 551
he i pepper not a man.....l 551
to please great men is.....t 555
he is the eloquent man.....p 551
every man should stay.....w 557
when men of talent are.....w 558
men in whatever anxiety....r 560
no man attempts to descend.u 563
man who most enjoys.....m 566
forbids a man to speak the..a 569
men are held and called.....p 569
we estimate great men.....c 572
every man has his appointed p 572
no man is the only wise.... k 574
Mandate–the imperial m.....g 531
Manner–softens the m. and...m 539
good manners by their deeds.k 547
now the manners of the day.l 547
Marble–left it of marble.....n 510
Mark–goes often beyond the m. q 511
Marriage–bond of society is m. n 547
Marry–if thou wouldst marry .s 547
unlncky to marry in May....a 557
Master–the m. looks sharpest..t 506
master's eye was the best....l 507
there spring up masters.....s 509
unlike is thy present m.....t 518
master who fears his slaves..g 525
wishes to be my master.....d 529
sometimes master who.....e 555
am ashamed of my master..j 564
Mean–if yon m. to be anybody.p 512
honest means if you can....p 527
Meaning–imply a different m..b 575
Measure–we m. great men.....n 509
not measure their height...n 526
man shou d m. himself.....c 547
Meat–had more meat and less.q 527
Medicine–la e to employ m.....r 505
medecine is not an art .....q 547
m. increases the disease.....i 548
generally the best medicine.a 568
Medium–she knows no m.....w 574
Memory–of a well-spent life....a 544
m. is the treasure and.....j 548
placed in the memory of the.k 548
part of the pain is memory..n 548
the memory of ns will last..o 548
Mended–easily broken than m.w 534
Mercy–m. often inflicts death.t 548
Merit–there is no less merit...k 507
try to succeed by merit.....v 548
Merry–m. if you are wise.....m 519
Messenger–the m. of antiquity i 535
Middle–there is no m. conrse .n 555
the middle course is best....a 558
Might–do with all his might...j 556
Mightier–snbject to a m. one..l 562
Mighty–shadow of a m. name..p 522
mighty things haste to.....o 523
m. to inspire new hopes.....b 574
Mildness–m. and clemency....j 510
Mind–the m. that is anxions..a 505
books distracts the mind.....l 506
m. conscience of innocence..g 507
into the mind's of men.....d 517
the mind seldom perceives..i 517
when the mind is in a state.d 519
we cannot use the mind....a 522
minds are too ingenious....m 534
there is in human minds....l 537
natural powers of the mind .l 539
m. unlearns with difficnlty..o 543
last that lingers in the m....c 545
in a disturbed mind.....a 549
a mind that is charmed.....c 549
retained by the full mind...d 549
anything affects your mind.e 549
the mind is sicker than.....g 549

m. alone cannot be exiled...*i* 549
the mind wishes for what...*k* 549
a well-balanced mind is the..*l* 549
be for a sound mind.....*w* 555
a well-prepared mind.....*e* 556
a weak mind not to bear....*n* 556
a little and narrow mind....*a* 561
but my mind is unsworn...*r* 566
the mind from the senses...*a* 567
minds possess by nature....*u* 568
Mine–all mine is thine.....*t* 529
Mirror–lives of all, as at a m ..*z* 521
Mischief–in some great m.....*w* 521
will lead to serious mischief.*o* 568
Miser–the miser acquires.....*g* 524
miser is as much in want....*r* 572
the miser is ever in want....*q* 572
Misery–the m. of others is.....*t* 511
oh ! what misery it is not...*b* 525
a right idea of misery.....*s* 556
change of their miseries.....*b* 562
hear of their own miseries..*c* 570
Misfortune–do not yield to m..*v* 513
from the m's of others.....*r* 543
see in the m's of others.....*x* 549
to avoid misfortune by.....*g* 552
m. is to be subdued.....*i* 552
alleviation in misfortune is.*l* 560
led to his misfortunes.....*o* 563
the many m's of life.....*n* 564
Misrule–may be lost by m.....*l* 555
Mistake–man may make a m..*o* 520
know beyond mistake.....*h* 556
Mob–votes of the fickle mob...*h* 566
Moderate–m. our sorrows.....*d* 534
Moderately–is good to love m..*h* 546
Modest–becomes a m. woman..*d* 550
Modestly–we should speak m..*c* 550
Modesty–who takes m. from it.*a* 550
m. becomes a young man....*b* 550
m. is once extinguished....*f* 550
who obeys with modesty....*i* 551
recommendation is m.....*l* 575
Moment–in a m. the sea is.. *n* 508
Monarch–m's err, the people..*m* 523
a monarch should be slow...*j* 562
every monarch is subject...*l* 562
Money–is overcome by m.....*q* 525
money lost is bewailed.....*r* 527
money in his possession....*s* 527
money which he has in.....*a* 536
do not buy h— with money.*h* 536
deeply than the loss of m....*h* 550
money on some occasions....*i* 550
the money in my chest.....*e* 563
all powerful money gives....*t* 573
money now a days is money.*u* 573
money gains friends.....*u* 573
on good faith than money...*w* 573
Monument–m. is superfluous..*o* 548
a monument more lasting...*j* 550
Moral–lost m's, justice honor..*f* 545
Morbid–within thy m. breast..*s* 509
Mortal–the daring of mortal...*o* 512
compel mortals to do.....*a* 533
Mould–thou canst m. him into.*d* 554
Mountain–m's are in labor....*k* 570
Mourn–must m. first yourself..*k* 550
Mouse–a ridiculous m. will...*k* 570
Moved–will not be m. from his.*a* 527
Multitude–one of the m. may..*g* 512
errors of the ignorant m.....*b* 537
do not lay on the multitude.*a* 541
free when multitudes offend.*v* 543
multitude is divided by.....*o* 551
fickleness of the multitude...*l* 556
Muse–the m. does not allow...*n* 512
Musician–the m. who always..*b* 543

N.

Name–every n. is shaken.....*d* 516
who living makes a name...*d* 522
better than my own name...*f* 542
change but the name.....*a* 543
name of their masters.....*b* 555
Narrator–fresh narrator adds..*n* 525
Nature–n. never says one.....*a* 504
human nature is fond.....*p* 508
the nature of all men.....*i* 510
it becomes a part of nature..*u* 514
stronger than nature.....*x* 534
it is human nature to hate..*d* 535
the life given us by nature..*a* 544
nature has lent us light.....*c* 544
nature has given to all.....*r* 544
things perfected by nature..*v* 550
turn nature out of doors....*p* 550
nature has given man.....*q* 550
form as natnre made it.....*r* 550
nature has given us the.....*s* 550
how small a portion nature..*d* 551
though due to nature.....*l* 552
implanted in the n. of man..*p* 560
for what nature requires....*h* 563
excellencies from nature ....*g* 572
nature has placed nothing..*h* 572
I know the n. of women.....*x* 574
Neatness–charmed by n. of....*k* 556
Necessity–n. takes impartially.*b* 551
necessity is the last and.....*c* 551
n. when threatening is.....*f* 551
n. is a powerful weapon.....*g* 551
necessity has greater power.*h* 551
endure and submit to n.....*l* 560
Neglected–not to be neglected.*v* 515
that they are neglected.....*q* 566
Negligence–either from n. or..*h* 575
Negotiation–n. before arms....*o* 558
Neighbor–more than his n.....*j* 545
n. to continued pleasures...*a* 363
Nile–the mouths of the Nile...*e* 533
Nobility–only and true n.....*x* 571
Noble–it is n. to grant life to..*u* 548
Nobody–to nobody but myself.*a* 538
Nonsense–n. now and then....*a* 540
Nothing–to have n. is not.....*q* 549
ask for nothing more.....*o* 553
nothing costs so much.....*b* 560
nothing believe me is more..*i* 571
Novelty–nature is fond of n...*p* 508
Nowhere–is everywhere is n..*q* 569
Number–judged by their n...*a* 559

O.

Oar–one o. strike the water...*d* 558
Obeyed–when they see them o.*m* 540
Object–all live for the same o..*g* 547
Obscure–I become obscure....*e* 511
Obscurity–are lost in o.....*c* 531
Obsequiousness–o. begets....*m* 547
Occasion–o. may require.....*v* 508
Occupation–mere desire of o..*t* 514
shaken off by occupation...*n* 538
Occupied–I am wholly o.....*x* 568
Occur–how often things o....*a* 508
Ocean–the boisterous ocean...*p* 524
Olive–the o. branch of peace...*i* 573
Once–not what I once was....*i* 508
Opinion–in the o. of all men...*l* 533
men, so many opinions.....*n* 551
divided by opposite o's.....*o* 551
more than popular o.....*f* 559
in our opinion what.....*o* 563
too high an opinion of his..*o* 563
I am of the opinion which..*g* 566
Opportunity–o. is often lost...*l* 518
the want of opportunity.....*l* 521
Oppress–do not always o.....*h* 503
Orator–man can be a perfect o.*r* 551
Ornament–o. more than filth..*k* 521
greatest o. from friendship .*a* 550
Outlay–no profit if the o.....*u* 506
Overcome–what you cannot o..*d* 524
without being overcome....*b* 527
Ox–the lazy ox wishes for....*j* 508
been put on the ox.....*f* 526

P.

Pace–moving with tardy pace.*o* 540
Page–our page relates to man..*f* 547
Pain–thinks p. the greatest evil.*l* 512
I shall lay aside my pains....*y* 516
part of the pain is memory..*n* 548
when the p. is unmerited...*d* 566
Pair–a noble pair of brothers..*l* 529
Paint–want the power to p....*r* 573
Painter–p's and poets are.....*u* 543
Painting–charmed by p.....*b* 565
Palace–the palaces of kings...*f* 516
Pale–turn pale at no charge...*b* 514
Parent–p. of all the other.....*o* 533
common parent of all.....*m* 552
conduct towards parents....*l* 575
parents deserve reproof.....*o* 575
Parsimonious–to your friends.*q* 563
Partaker–p's of evil deeds.....*s* 521
Partnership–the p. with men..*o* 515
Passion–control your passion..*o* 504
reins to your inflamed p's...*v* 504
reason and not p. impels.....*l* 540
flagrant of all the passions..*m* 555
passion for wealth.....*v* 573
Past–past is beyond recall.....*u* 511
what is past can be blamed..*v* 527
Path–only p. to a tranquil life.*y* 572
path to a happy life is easy..*r* 572
Patience–lighter through p....*c* 552
overcome them by patience.*g* 552
to be subdued by patience...*i* 552
Patient–a disorderly p. makes..*g* 548
p. mind cannot find some....*f* 552
Patiently–ought to bear p.....*c* 552
Patron–always have p's enough *v* 548
Pay–willing to pay the price...*e* 542
no troops without pay.....*m* 573
Payment–no day for its p.....*c* 544
Peace–require p. and quietness.*g* 510
impose conditions of peace..*n* 533
under the show of peace....*b* 555
heaven always at peace.....*c* 553
bears keep at peace.....*d* 553
peace is obtained by war....*e* 553

fair peace becomes men....f 553
peace is sought by cruel....g 553
a desert and call it peace....i 553
require peace of mind.....r 554
never have peace of mind....i 566
but the acquisition of peace.a 573
branch of peace is of use....i 573
than a wretched peace.....l 573
Pedigree–of what use our p's.m 504
Pelf–the love of p. increases..f 505
People–business of other p....o 506
p. become more observant..m 540
the good will of the people..p 552
Pepper–he is pepper not a man.j 551
Perceive–p. that the mind....f 549
Perception–lively p. of good...k 553
Performance–the p. of duty...e 517
Perfume–strong p's of the silly.d 520
Perish–p. by his own plot.....j 512
for virtue does not perish..f 572
truth never perishes.....i 569
Perishing–world is p. around.m 560
Perjury–father's p. is visited. w 538
usually commits p. with....u 568
Permitted–not p. to go farther.o 556
Perplexed–of me is greatly p...s 536
Perseverance–p. among the... d 510
Persevere–p. a better fate.....v 523
p. and preserve yourself for.h 552
Person–p's as they become....q 566
Perverse–corrupt p. minds....h 521
Philosopher–said by some p...a 503
few philosophers there are..f 509
Philosophy–p. does not look ..u 553
Physician–p's attend to the...q 506
a physician is nothing but..e 548
patient makes the p. cruel..g 548
Piety–p. and holiness of life..m 559
Pinch–too small it p's him....l 527
Pindar–imitate the poet P.....o 537
Pine–the lofty pine is oftenest.c 557
pine at having forsaken.....a 572
Pitcher–turn out a pitcher....f 508
Pity–fear feels no pity.....e 524
Place–to the highest place.....f 504
the place of our sepulture...v 515
no place can you exclude....p 523
no place more delightful....k 535
give place to your betters ...l 536
a new one takes its place....e 546
the place makes the.....x 553
things to their proper places.b 557
Plague–p. to be too handsome..j 505
Plan–p's requiring a long time.h 544
p's should be regulated by..e 547
Plant–the p. which is often....s 508
Plato–P. who says that a change.l 550
she did not receive P. as....u 553
Player–the whole world are p's.c 503
Playful–a playful expression..b 503
Pleasant–p. when the sea runs.n 511
pleasant to those who have..j 529
pleasant years unknown to.n 530
now and then is pleasant...a 540
labors past are pleasant .....t 542
Pleasantly–passes very p.....e 504
Pleasantry–of ill-timed p.....p 548
Please–whom you please.....o 507
let that please man which..k 560
wretched whom none can p.b 570
they please themselves.....v 574
Pleasing–p. to be pointed at...h 523
what is most pleasing.....m 532
Pleasure–to a life of pleasure..k 504
pleasure the highest good...l 512
pleasure as its reward.....e 517
possesses unalloyed pleasure.q 518
pleasure blinds the eyes.....i 519
fictitious sources of pleasure.c 519
a source of future pleasure..q 548
p's have a higher relish.....l 519
let us enjoy pleasure while.p 519
forbidden pleasures alone...q 519
moderate pleasure relaxes...r 519
enjoy present pleasures.....s 519
a p. appropriate to man.....r 530
labor is itself a pleasure....p 542
older than those of pleasure.a 551
pleasures bought by pain...q 553
abandoned those pleasures..r 553
produces greater pleasures..b 544
always the weak pleasure...a 561
follows the greatest p's.....q 561
pleasure in pure water.....i 567
Plot–who plot the destruction..b 561
Plucked–when the first is p....b 511
Poem–let your poem's be kept.y 554
brilliancies in the poem.....i 554
Poet–no true poet can exist....f 554
never yet known a poet who..l 554
remnants of the poet .....n 554
irritable tribe of poets.....o 554
poets to be in the second ...p 554
poets' labors are a work.....r 544
Poetry–with the charms of p..u 537
not enough that poetry is....h 554
Point–the p. of my defense....c 518
has carried every point.....n 565
Poison–p's are concealed.....s 517
poison to the serpent.....b 539
she nourishes the poison...w 546
p. is drunk out of gold.....s 534
Polished–belong to p. life.....g 570
Poor–he is not poor who has..b 538
kindness on a poor man who.q 541
you never will be poor if....b 545
the poor trying to imitate...a 555
poor change nothing but....b 555
wishes far more is poor.....d 555
the poor man is down.....u 573
Populace–p. always change....e 508
Position–raised to a high p....d 508
reaches a high position.....o 513
Possess–p. what I now have...b 512
Possession–no p. is gratifying.b 530
possession which we gain...q 533
for a lasting possession.....j 544
rob us of some possession...p 567
Posterity–reputation with p...j 535
p. pay for the sins.....q 560
Potion–many are healed by p's b 548
recruited by a bitter p.....c 548
Poverty–p. wants much.....h 505
to many the cause of p.....o 535
nothing is not poverty.....q 549
poverty has no harder trial..n 549
are repressed by poverty....i 554
poverty is shunned and....v 554
poverty is the sister of.....w 554
rich from great poverty.....i 561
ashamed of frugality or p....f 564
Power–though the power be...q 509
has himself in his power....d 510
bad men have most power...g 51
p. and privilege of a parent..w 521
the power is hateful.....n 524
associated in power.....n 529
power can do by gentleness..g 531
the powers above seem.....n 532
in my power I would.....g 535
perish that power which....f 555
wish they had the power....g 555
power is easily retained.....i 555
who has great power.....j 555
power may be lost by.....l 555
lust of power is the.....m 555
power is more safely.....p 555
no protecting power is .....s 557
his power to commit sin....o 564
who possess perpetual p....p 569
Powerful–he is most powerful.d 510
the powerful hold in deep...p 548
he who is too powerful.....k 555
Practice–let a man p. the.....m 506
consists in its practice.....l 511
Practised–it should be p.....h 571
Praise–praise them openly....i 530
there is no praise in being..g 535
by the love of praise.....s 555
last degree of praise.....t 555
he deserves praise who.....u 555
silence is sufficient praise...v 555
true praise is due to.....k 671
Pray–pray for placid and .....n 544
Prayer–the wretched to p.....v 524
can be changed by p's .....r 532
bent by any prayers.....o 536
our p's should be for.....w 555
what is bought by prayer...b 560
Precedent–without a p.....f 515
for which they have a p.....e 522
Precept–effect of p. is slow...y 521
more valuable than p.....m 522
Preferable–sees nothing p.....s 553
Preparation–diligent p. should d 555
Present–make great presents..g 522
Preserve–p. yourselves for....h 552
to preserve the life of.....a 553
Pressed–p. both by wine and..k 563
pressed on by another .....r 567
Prevail–reason shall p. with...f 559
Prey–eat his prey in silence...q 527
Price–willing to pay the p....m 543
Pride–by the addition of p....f 556
most carefully avoid p.....m 556
Prince–change with the p.....e 508
under an excellent prince...w 528
Principle–the p. of thought..m 549
Privacy–who has passed it in p.v 511
Proceed–to proceed thus far...o 556
Prodigy–he calls it a prodigy..s 534
Profession–p. which he best..m 506
Profit–there can be no profit..n 506
nothing p's which may not..t 507
some profit to whom they...o 532
Profitable–is nothing p.....e 561
Promise–sure p. of the next...s 569
Proof–p. a well-trained mind..b 533
proof of great talents.....a 567
Proper–give what is most p..m 532
everything in its p. time....i 574
Property–loses his own p.....y 513
own p. it concerned ..... r 525

Prophet–guesses the best p....*i* 556
Prosperity–to human p.....*o* 253
when elated by prosperity..*w* 523
p. asks for fidelity.....*p* 525
in p. let us most.....*m* 556
p. can change man's.....*t* 556
most enjoys prosperity.....*m* 566
prosperity destroys our.....*n* 574
Prosperous–any one who is p..*e* 528
the p. man does not.....*p* 556
whilst you are prosperous..*q* 556
the p. cannot easily.....*s* 556
Proteus–I hold this p.....*m* 508
Proud–subdue the proud.....*b* 531
abase the proud.....*w* 531
to overthrow the proud.....*n* 533
strut p. of your money.....*m* 561
Proverb–if you believe p's.....*a* 557
Proverbial–a p. disgrace.....*p* 520
Provide–man can never p.....*n* 527
Providence–p. by some.....*b* 557
Prudence–I prefer silent p. to..*i* 557
prudence must not be.....*j* 557
p. is the knowledge of.....*m* 557
wanting if p. be used.....*s* 557
p. that first forsakes.....*v* 557
prudence than by passion....*j* 558
more by prudence than by..*m* 558
Prudent–p. man does not. ....*n* 557
Public–while the public are..*a* 539
Pull–he pulls down, he builds.*g* 508
Punished–p. it yet increases..*d* 515
the people are punished....*m* 523
Punishing–p. of the men.....*n* 504
Punishment–p. cannot be....*w* 514
devised a greater p.....*g* 520
p. does not exceed.....*g* 540
measure the p. with.....*l* 540
deserved their punishment.*d* 552
p. follows close on.....*r* 558
less to suffer punishment...*s* 558
is no greater punishment of.*t* 558
punishment though late....*x* 558
Purchase–got without p.....*p* 533
Pure–unless the vessel be p...*r* 571
Purity–union of beauty and p.*b* 504
Purpose–used for a good p....*o* 555
Purse–lost his purse will go...*j* 551
Pursue–yet pursue the wrong.*g* 535
do not pursue with the.....*n* 540
Pursuit–p's become habits....*t* 534

Q.

Quantity–nothing about q....*d* 538
Quarrel–who quarrels with a..*r* 526
quarrels of lovers renew....*t* 546
Queen–queen of all things....*e* 559

R.

Rabble–most of the giddy r...*a* 535
the rabble estimate few.....*k* 556
rude rabble are enraged.....*k* 559
Race–with the human race....*l* 523
if ye despise the human r...*s* 548
the human race afraid of....*b* 559
strive to beat in the race....*g* 561
Rage–the violence of their r...*r* 504
rage supplies them with...*w* 504
nothing can allay their rage.*b* 520
by the misdirected rage.....*a* 527
Raillery–setting raillery aside.*p* 506
Rank–second or even third in r.*f* 504
in proportion to the rank...*l* 534
Rashness–r. is not always.....*c* 559
rashness brings success to..*d* 559
Raven–acquits the raven, but.*p* 540
Read–many will read them....*t* 565
worthy of being read twice.*d* 575
Ready–who is not r. to-day...*m* 530
Reap–so shalt thou reap.....*t* 510
Reason–constituted as r.....*f* 509
you have reason to rejoice...*a* 510
has any grounds of reason..*r* 514
reason could not avoid.....*i* 518
never without a reason.....*f* 522
r. and not passion impels...*l* 540
more powerful than reason.*q* 552
reason is the mistress and...*e* 559
reason can generally do.....*g* 559
when reason does not rule...*i* 559
heals what reason cannot...*h* 568
Recalled–can never be recalled.*q* 557
Recollection–r. of your former.*k* 544
Recreant–every r. who proved.*i* 514
Refusal–timidly courts a r....*e* 525
Refuse–who r's what is just...*j* 526
r. what you intend to deny..*r* 541
when they *r.* to benefit.....*o* 574
Regret–do not r. it, rather.....*l* 541
Regretted–having spoken.....*k* 565
Reign–if you reign command.*d* 541
he reigns supreme.....*b* 546
Rejoice–who r. most in heart..*p* 536
he rejoices to have made....*o* 569
Relationship–by some r.....*g* 570
Relaxation–indulge in r.....*r* 560
r. relieves the mind.....*u* 560
Reliance–the least r. can be....*t* 527
Religion–reminds men of r....*o* 549
than false religion.....*o* 559
evils has religion caused....*p* 559
religion consists in the.....*j* 566
religion is not removed.....*k* 566
Relish–have a higher relish...*b* 519
Remedy–will be a thousand r's.*g* 521
some remedies are worse....*h* 548
best r. against affliction.....*t* 549
the remedy for wrong is.....*v* 553
Remember–r. to be calm.....*m* 512
let us remember that.....*k* 540
r. that there is a God.....*s* 548
Remembrance–the r. of these..*q* 548
r. by their deserts.....*r* 548
Remorse–r. to the man who...*m* 514
Removed–what can not be r...*c* 552
Repelled–they cannot be r.....*h* 564
Repentance–folly by a late r..*w* 525
repentance follows hasty....*d* 560
Repetition–r. like re-hashed...*e* 560
Report–safety to idle report...*d* 518
some report elsewhere.....*n* 525
enemies carry a report.....*n* 562
Repose–life there is great r....*a* 545
God has given us the r.....*v* 560
Reproach–r's can be cast upon.*h* 564
Reprovest–thou r. in another..*l* 535
Republic–can we offer the r...*d* 567
Reputation–fear an infamous r.*j* 535
expense of r. should.....*f* 560
Resentment–laying aside his r.*e* 561
Resist–r. with all our might..*j* 552
Respect–r. thyself though.....*p* 535
Rest–take rest, a field that has.*s* 560
at length possess quiet r.....*t* 560
golden roofs break men's r..*w* 561
Restore–r. these things to.. ...*b* 557
Restraint–of every modest r ...*t* 532
Result–the r. is known.....*q* 507
Retire–r. within thyself.....*t* 509
Retiring–r. they take away....*u* 510
Retrieved–it can be r.....*v* 527
Return–say no one ever r's....*x* 543
Revenge–r. is always the weak.*a* 561
r. is an inhuman word.....*c* 561
Revenue–economy is a great r.*q* 519
Reverence–r. being done away.*w* 532
Reward–cannot claim as r....*m* 511
unless it brings a reward....*a* 518
swift to reward.....*j* 562
is indeed its own reward....*o* 571
if you take away its reward.*w* 571
Rich–generally pleases the r...*k* 508
I trust no rich man who is..*n* 541
you will never be rich.....*b* 545
hast suddenly become rich..*i* 561
wishes to become rich.....*p* 561
becam suddenly rich.....*c* 562
midst of r's are miserable...*b* 512
has riches himself.....*n* 543
riches either serve or.....*l* 561
alluring influences of r's....*o* 561
the best use of riches.....*a* 562
the glory of riches and of....*i* 572
Ridicule–men the subject of r.*n* 549
ridicule often cuts the .....*d* 562
Ridiculous–r. as to seek death.*d* 525
Right–one goes to the right....*r* 520
all right and wrong.....*g* 532
our rights and laws.....*t* 538
appreciation of the right....*n* 574
River–waits for the r. to pass..*i* 544
a river for his guide.....*c* 558
the deepest rivers flow with.*w* 563
swift river that glides on....*v* 567
Road–there are countless r's...*n* 515
Robber–sing before the r.....*u* 554
Rock–he who leaps from a r...*i* 546
Rome–wealth and noise of R..*m* 510
Rose–thorn often bears soft r's.*a* 511
last rose of summer lingers.*p* 557
Ruin–he saw that it would r..*w* 553
made his way by ruin.....*o* 569
Rule–the course of a strong r..*k* 568
Ruler–rulers always hate and..*q* 555
a ruler is to endure envy ...*k* 562
Rumor–r's were also added...*m* 562
rumor does not always err...*o* 562
Rustic–like the r. who waits...*i* 544

S.

Sacred–afflicted person is s... *i* 503
things sacred should not....*n* 559
Saddle–the pack s. has been...*f* 523
Safe–power is never safe.....*o* 515
he is safe from danger.....*q* 515
generally make men safe....*o* 521
even those which are safe....*l* 525
then thou wilt be safe.....*v* 545
it is not safe to despise.....*b* 544
he blushes all is safe.....*g* 550
when safe is on his guard...*i* 558
Safer–s. that a bad man should.*q* 540
Safety–who tenders doubtful s.*j* 503

preferred the public safety..d 518
safety for the conquered ....q 573
Sagacious-s. in making useful.j 555
Said-never too often said .....q 543
Salt-pecks of s. must be eaten.h 529
Sand-the other scrape the s...d 558
Satiety-in everything satiety.q 562
satiety as it is generally.....s 562
satiety is a neighbor to.....a 563
Satire-difficult not to write s..c 563
Saw-I came, I s., I conquered.s 572
Say-know more than he says..i 542
Saying-the s. is much more...l 550
common saying is true.....a 556
Scandal-ready to believe a s...g 507
Scene-past s's of their lives...d 511
Sceptre-to hold the sceptre....t 562
Scheme-s's are at first view...r 506
Scholar-every day is the s.....s 543
Scourge-with the terrible s....n 540
Scribbling-itch for s. takes....i 575
Sea-the sea is convulsed.....n 508
their mind who cross the s..q 530
name to a glassy sea.....o 537
sea is certainly common.....i 563
Seaweed-no more than s.....k 561
Search-the object of our s.....q 536
do not search for the.....p 557
Secret-it discloses secrets.....r 539
another man's secret.....k 563
another to keep you secret...l 563
Seditious-the most s. is the...j 559
See-they see and discriminate.i 510
see not what you see.....g 537
it is good to see in the.....x 549
those who see know beyond.h 556
Seed-sowing the seed of one..k 522
Seen-because he was not seen.m 563
Seek-he seeks that which he...l 508
we diligently seek it.....v 571
Sense-fortune and good s.....u 528
while I keep my senses.....k 529
common sense among men...s 561
sense is the foundation.....e 575
Senseless-vent on s. things....p 526
Sensual-a s. and intemperate.q 539
Servant-worst part of a bad s.b 571
Service-s. cannot be expected.d 529
Settle-raising another, nothing c 519
Shade-rich man's s's will.....k 516
Shadow-he stands the s. of....f 522
slight s. alarms the nervous.o 524
as if it were its shadow.....o 531
Shaken-oftenest s. by the.....c 557
Shame-the s. is not in having.b 540
that sense of shame which..f 545
the worst kind of shame is..f 564
who is lost to shame .....i 564
his shame to go by a way....e 573
Shameful-it is s. for a man to..g 564
Shape-shape like soft clay.....d 554
Sheep-the injured s. will.....i 513
Shepherd-a good s. shears.....n 507
Shining-is now shining in....o 567
Ship-s's are rapidly moved....c 505
Shipwrecked-who is s. twice..s 526
Shoe-like the shoe in the story.l 527
Shore-keep close to the shore..q 558
Show-trust not to outward s..j 517
we should do something to s.e 544
Shunned-those to be s.....m 557
Sick-to the sick while there is.e 536
rather be sick than idle.....m 538
all the sick do not recover...q 547
sicker than the sick body....g 549
the sick mind cannot bear...h 549
Sickness-s. seizes the body....a 548
Side-the side of the stronger..b 552
Sieve-our words into a sieve...l 526
Sight-removed from our s.....v 571
Sign-certain signs precede....s 520
Silence-s. is sufficient praise..v 555
silence is learned by the....n 564
Silent-a s. commendation.....f 510
to be s. is but a small virtue.m 564
never having kept silent....k 565
Silly-bestowed on trifles is s..g 542
nothing is more silly.....c 543
fame through silly reports..n 568
Similitude-s. rather than of..m 507
Simplicity-s. and liberality...h 510
Sin-other men's sins are.....c 510
greatest incitement to sin...l 514
the sins committed by many.s 514
no one of us is without sin..i 521
the sins of their fathers.....q 560
the good hate sin because...a 571
Sinful-we are all s., therefore.p 564
Sinned-as often as men sinned.b 541
sorry for having sinned.....c 560
Siren-that destructive s., sloth e 538
Sister-sister of a sound mind.w 554
Sky-they changed their sky....q 536
Slander-those who listen to s..r 564
Slave-inferior to his slaves....g 525
he will always be a slave....c 542
sometimes slave who.....e 555
who is a slave to the flesh..w 564
the vile slave's vilest part...f 565
the tongues of your slaves..b 572
Slavery-s. to the free horn....b 517
deceiv'd who thinks it s....w 528
Sleep-must shorten thy s.....h 504
sleep but the image.....m 516
as sleep is to the wearied...k 554
for sleep to creep over.....a 565
Slippery-alas! the s. nature..m 575
Sloth-s. is ever to be avoided..e 538
thou see'st how sloth wastes.g 538
we excuse our sloth under...i 538
delicious poison of sloth....j 538
the vices of sloth are only...n 528
Slow-we are slow to believe...b 506
should be slow to punish....j 562
Slowly-hastens slowly.....i 507
Sluggish-wastes the s. body...g 538
Smoke-give weight to smoke..q 568
Snare-lays snares for the wise.a 531
Sober-a man who is never s...j 557
Socrates-I hear S. saying.....m 536
Soil-s. a fine dress more than.k 547
Soldier-every lover is a s.....r 545
plundering s's rarely.... ....t 557
Something-a nameless s.....d 519
Song-s's of musicians can.....l 550
lighten their labours by s...n 550
Sore-that hides ulcered s's....c 564
Sorrow-glorying in its s.....q 559
no day without sorrow.....e 565
Sorrowful-s. words become...b 503
s. dislike the gay.....d 565
Sorry-he who is sorry for.....c 560
Sought-things to be sought..m 557
Soul-portrait of the soul..... 502
supplied for the s. of man..s 541
soul has this proof.....a 560
Sound-flow with least sound.w 563
Sour-you put in will turn s...r 571
Sow-instantly begin to sow...h 558
Sowest-as thou s. so shalt.....t 510
Spare-s. me who am less mad..e 539
s. persons to lash vices.....p 570
Spark-s. neglected has often...t 525
Speak-and s. as you think.....t 543
Speech-s's of the wicked.....l 517
Spend-if you s. a thing you...n 565
Spirit-a s. superior to every..f 513
their spirits survive .....r 515
the spirit and moderates....r 519
the spirit being on fire .....f 554
spirit come from abodes....p 565
Splendor-by his own s.....f 520
the greater s. because.....m 563
Spoken-always s. to me.....g 569
Sport-broken off the sport.....b 540
Sported-s. on the waves.....w 508
Spur-to kick against the s....l 537
Spurned-now eagerly s.....m 524
Squander-man who s's life....d 523
Squandered-dishonorably s...a 564
Stab-sword do I stab this man.h 541
Stable-is not a s. for thee.....s 573
Stain-mental s's cannot be....j 514
the stain and disgrace .....d 571
Standard-by his own s.....c 547
Star-head shall strike the s's..g 504
O natal s. thou producest..r 523
we all gaze at the stars.....k 530
thus do we reach the stars...s 537
State-according to the state...b 514
state alone is free.....b 529
Station-stay in that s. which..f 563
Steed-the s. wishes to plow....j 508
comes on with a silent s....x 558
there are many steps .....f 571
but to recall your steps.....s 542
Stepmother-to your s.....c 511
Stile-often turn the stile.....d 575
Stimulus-an immense s.....f 523
Sting-a sharp s. behind it.....d 540
nothing s's more deeply.....h 550
Stock-small a stock is there....t 509
Stomach-a s. that is seldom...u 531
proves a squeamish s.....c 567
Stone-a stone in one hand.....n 517
through harriers of stone....s 532
stones are hollowed out.....u 567
Storm-he used to raise a s....d 522
wherever the s. carries me..p 553
Story-the s. is told of yourself.a 543
Straining-s. breaks the how...u 560
Strait-found in sudden s's....r 574
in great straits and when....q 512
Stranger-no s. to suffering.....i 506
stranger to her affairs.....g 564
Strength-gives s. to the body..a 513
although s. should fail.....j 513
rest upon its own strength..b 529
multiply its strength.....f 534
while s. and years permit...r 542
strength by its movements..p 562
Strife-that which arises from s.g 511
Strike-if you strike the goads.m 526

String-plays on the same s....b 543
harping on ths same string..f 570
Striving-striving for things...r 563
Strong-nothing is s. that may.q 565
Stronger-older becomes s.....v 520
the s. always succeeds.....r 565
Struggle-in the s. between....n 555
Struggling-s. with adversity..h 512
Study-s's are the food of youth.s 565
Stumble-to s. twice against....p 520
Style-we use one style when...t 565
Subject-not to subject thyself.n 522
choose a subject suited to..f 575
Submit-do not refuse to s.....m 540
Succeed-if he did not s. he....t 549
Success-not by their success..n 509
success is in God's hand....d 537
bring's success to few .....d 559
the success of the wicked...v 565
success makes more crimes.n 565
justified only by success....a 566
not by their success.....c 571
Suffer-he has deserved to s....u 518
we suffer oftener in.....c 525
do not suffer for offences....g 540
Suffered-suffered I know how.s 510
what is deservedly suffered..d 565
if we have suffered what....e 565
Suffering-to relieve the s's ....i 506
the sufferings which come..a 524
are sufferings the evils of...z 546
contemplation of its s's.....g 549
sufferings seem far greater..a 570
Summer-last rose of s. lingers p 557
Sun-sun shines even on.....f 557
the sun of all my days has..s 567
Sunshine-the s. predominates.r 556
Superfluous-s. overflows from.r 562
Superior-often prove superior.j 507
Superstition-then comes s.....i 566
there is in superstition a....j 566
by removing superstition...k 566
a foolish superstition.....l 566
Suspect-hate and s. the next..q 555
less easily does he suspect...g 571
Suspected-the s. and the.....n 566
Suspicion-side is full of s. ....p 566
Suspicious-are the more s.....q 566
Swallow-the s. is not ensnared.h 581
Swear-to swear except when...s 566
Sweet-we do not bear sweets..c 548
it is sweet and glorious.....n 552
Sweeter-it is sweeter to learn..l 522
Swimming-s. in the vast deep.j 563
Sword-stir the fire with the s..i 526
gain by the s. is not lasting.q 533
with my own s. do I stab....h 541
Sworn-s. with my tongue.....r 566
System-s. and connection.... g 575

T.

Talk-you drown him by your t.i 565
Talker-he is also a talker.....c 539
Tantalus-like the stone over T.i 566
Tardy-more annoying than a t.h 538
Taste-with various t's things..b 567
the taste of many things....c 567
Tattler-your tittle-t's and.....r 564
Taught-we are all easily t.....q 537
Tax-no pay without taxes.....m 573
Teach-men learn while they t..p 543
to teach and instruct our....d 567
Teacher-the t. of fools.....j 522
the teacher of life.....i 535
the teacher of art and.....e 551
look up to their teachers....m 570
Teaching-a certain art in t. it.t 541
Teapot-a storm in a teapot....d 522
Tear-with unfeigned tears....r 527
deplored with real tears.....l 559
carried off by tears.....f 567
tears are sometimes as.....g 567
tears are due to human.....h 567
hence these tears.....e 567
Teeth-malevolent have hidden t.d561
Temper a perverse t. and.....d 509
Temperately-moderate things t.p 551
Terrible-thou art t. to many..g 557
Terror-frightened by sudden t's i 525
Thanks-thanks are justly due.p 533
given instead of thanks.....s 538
Thankful-a t. heart is not.....o 533
Thine-what is thine is mine...t 529
Thing-things are not always..m 517
many things fall between...o 522
the first t. that introduces...s 524
the use of necessary things..b 538
t's unhoped for happen.....y 546
most things according to....b 556
knowledge of things to be..m 557
things are not judged by....a 559
is a worthless thing.....p 571
Think-may think as you wish.t 543
write one thing and think...e 554
to think is to live.....k 567
Thinking-t. that nothing was.o 542
Thirst-greater is the t. for.....c 523
accursed thirst for gold.....a 533
Thorn-prickly t. often bears..a 511
if many thorns only.....a 552
Thou-such are thou and I.....g 512
Thought-second t's are best...o 520
what you said or thought...r 535
separate t. from habit.....a 567
Thread-hang on a slender t....t 569
Threat-t's of an imperious....a 527
Throat-voice stuck in my t...m 565
Throne-the t. of another is not.s 573
Thunderbolt-soon be out of t's.b 541
Ticklish-v hat a t. thing it is..j 543
Tie-sure tie between friends..e 503
have some common tie.....g 570
Tillage-by constant tillage....d 504
Time-regardless of our own t's.l 503
think it is a waste of time...r 504
take time and a little delay..v 504
t. spent in the cultivation...e 504
time and the varying.....u 508
cannot be removed by time.j 514
time for deliberation.....k 518
time the quicker it passes...v 519
which time does not lesson.b 534
inquire about the time.....r 540
t. for their accomplishment.h 544
only for a short time.....t 544
t. has assuaged the wounds.m 548
when time and need require.j 552
time that precedes.....u 558
time motion a wine cause...b 565
time be able to change.....m 567
destructive time destroy....n 567
time will bring to light.....o 567
time that devours all.....q 567
time steals on and.....v 567
time is generally the best...a 568
must improve our time.... b 568
swiftness of time is infinite.d 568
no time is too short for.....e 568
t. often heals what reason..h 568
time discovers truth.....k 569
Tolerant-t. only to virtue and..s 571
To-morrow-t. will give some...j 530
what will happen to-morrow.l 530
will be less so to-morrow...m 530
Tongue-former by their t's....r 564
tongue is the vile slave.....f 565
the tongue is the worst part..b 572
Topic-dwelling on lighter t's..k 506
Torch-the t. of truth.....i 535
Torpid-poison of sloth grows t.j 538
Tormenting-t. to fear what...d 524
Touch-from the slightest t....o 524
better not touch me.....o 557
Touched-t. with the hands....n 559
Tower-t's fall with a heavier..c 557
Traitor-that a t. should be.....l 568
Tranquility-consists in t. of...v 563
no tranquility of nations...m 573
Transgress-when others t.....s 563
Travel-at night in our t's.....s 565
Traveler-t. without money....u 554
Traveling-he is now t. the....z 543
Treachery-learn now of the t..k 510
treachery though at first...m 568
Tree-a t. is down everybody...r 557
Trembling-why should t. seize.j 525
Trial-he who flees from t.....j 515
has no harder t. than this...n 549
Trick-skilled in every trick...r 517
Tried-believe one who has t. it.r 522
Trifle-bestowed on trifles.....q 542
these trifles will lead to.....o 568
given up to trifles like these.p 568
efforts obtain great trifles...r 568
Trip-too large it t's him up....l 527
Troop-no troops without pay.m 573
Trouble-those in t. refuse it...j 503
bring trouble to men.....a 558
know this that t's come.....s 568
True-nearest possible to the t..k 519
the true and the false .....h 559
Trumpet-before the t. sounds..j 525
Trust-t. not to outward show..j 517
Trusting-t. very little to the...j 519
Truth-altercation t. is lost....r 511
carefully search for the t.....i 512
when the truth cannot be...u 524
comes too near the truth....d 540
trials to follow truth .....t 568
deviated from the truth.....n 568
not speak the truth freely...b 569
truth is often eclipsed.....c 569
truth is often attended.....d 569
truth is unadorned and.....e 569
I love truth and wish to.....g 569
sometimes find truth where.h 569
truth never perishes.....i 569
truth hates delays.....j 569
time discovers truth.....k 569
language of truth is simple..l 569
truth is confirmed by .....m 569
Tumult-in seasons of tumult..g 510
Twin-t's of widely different.. r 523

Tyrant-Sicilian t. never d.....g 520
cruel than a tyrant's ear....n 569
held and called tyrants.....p 569

U.

Unanimity-a great n. among..a 521
Unbecoming-u. to an.....s 566
Uncertain-u. in what place...q 516
Uncertainty-n. of hnman.....u 527
Unconcern-matter of u. to me.i 547
Undertaking-in a glorious u...t 549
Unendurable-is more u.....f 511
Unfortunate-those who are n..h 503
when men are nnfortunate.w 549
Ungrateful-worse than an n...o 538
one ungrateful man does....r 538
Unhappy-any state of life u...d 509
Union-an nninterrupted u....k 545
u. of mind and similarity...p 547
by union the smallest.....h 570
union gives strength to.....i 570
Unite yourself with the.....e 572
easier to nnite for war.....k 573
United in their objects.....e 503
Unjust-nothing can be more u.p 563
Unknown-p. as things are u..j 524
unknown there is no desire.f 537
unknown is magnified.....j 537
Unlawful-what is u. is eagerly.p 509
what is u. is very.....a 544
Unlucky-u. to marry in May..a 557
Unmourned-they are all u....m 550
Unpleasant-is an u. thing.....q 561
Unpunished-pass u.....s 514
Unseasonably-u. reminds us..m 548
Unstable-due bounds is evcr..c 522
Unwilling-drag the unwilling.n 523
Upright-no praise in being u..q 535
Urn-capacious urn of death...d 516
the urn of death shaken.....e 516
Use-one has one ought to use..j 556
constant use even of good..j 567
Useful-is more useful to man..i 531
what we do is useful.....r 531
mingled the useful with....u 565
Usefulness-u. and baseness....p 518

V.

Valor-spurred on by rival v...s 512
their valor tried in war.....t 513
go on and increase in valor.u 513
v. gradually overpowered....j 538
his own talents and valor....o 563
Value-do not v. a good deed...a 518
little value on the esteem...m 557
according to their real value.b 556
higher value on good faith..w 573
Vanquished-grant life to the v.u 548
woe to the vanquished.....p 549
Vase-a vase is begun.....f 508
Venerate-the young v. and...m 570
Ventilation-from bad v.....a 548
Venture-let others v. on the...q 558
Verdict-his own v. no guilty..q 514
verdict acquits the raven...p 540
Verse-v's devoid of substance..j 554
thy verses are as pleasing....k 554
he is making verses.....m 554
whose verses no one reads...q 554
Vessel-v's are swallowed up...n 508
Vice-it is a v. common to all..m 503
it is a common vice in great.k 520
deter tender minds from v..h 522
the handmaid of the vices..n 525
a vice it has now become....c 526
vice makes its guilt.....l 534
what once were vices.....l 547
domestic examples of vice..n 570
spare persons to lash vices..p 570
vice thrives and lives by....b 571
medium between two vices..t 571
Vicious-the v. and the liar....h 505
others to be vicious.....g 571
Victory-conquors himself in v.j 511
death or joyful victory.....m 527
Violated-not v. in thought....n 559
Violence-violence fails to.....g 531
out of doors with violence..p 550
to resist v. is implanted.....p 560
there is more violence.....d 570
govern its own violence.....p 575
Virgin-the best dowry of a v..p 547
Virtue-even v. is fairer when..k 505
v. is praised and freezes.....p 512
crime is called v.....g 515
copy and imitation of v.....e 517
no fellowship with virtue....i 519
foundation of all virtues.....e 519
for fame and for virtne.....c 523
v. will follow without fear...p 523
not only the greatest virtue.o 533
your own virtues and vices..e 540
bought at the expense of v..d 543
calamity is v's opportunity.v 549
embrace even v. itself.....f 561
virtne, fame and honor.....o 561
the reward of virtue.....e 571
in the approach to virtue....f 571
merely to possess virtne....h 571
is dne to virtue alone.....k 571
the whole of its virtne.....l 571
fewer possess virtue than...m 571
received virtue from a god..n 571
virtue is indeed its own.....o 571
virtue when concealed is....p 571
because they love virtue....q 571
to virtue and her friends....s 571
v. is a medinm between.....t 571
virtue consists in avoiding..u 571
we hate virtue when it is....v 571
greater than that for virtue.w 571
virtue is the only and true..x 571
virtue is praised and.....z 571
great men by their virtue...c 572
he who dies for virtue.....f 572
althongh virtne receives....g 572
that virtne cannct reach it..h 572
virtue remains bright and...i 572
ever be a place for virtne.. .l 572
virtue is not allowed to go .m 572
Virtuous-to prevent v. actions.j 535
more virtnous an man ...g 571
Virtnonsly-yon should live v..b 572
Vitellius-Vitellius possessed..h 510
Viva voce-v. v. voting at.....g 566
Voice-v. stuck in my throat..m 565
Vote-I count not the vote.....h 566

W.

Walk-loath to w. in the lawful.s 511
Wallet-see the w. on our own.a 509
Want-are ever much in want.a 512
covet mnch, want much....n 513
the miser is ever in want....q 572
as much in want of what....r 572
Wanting-second will not be w.b 511
wanting to our imperfect...u 561
War-in war events of .....p 507
more destructive than war..z 546
a severe war lurks nnder... b 533
songht by cruel war.....g 553
peace is obtained by war....c 553
let war be so carried on.....a 572
law is silent during war.....b 573
civil war are deeply felt.....d 573
but prevent a civil war.....f 573
shonld be despised in war..h 573
even war is better than a....l 573
who prates of war or want..a 574
Warfare-bnt life is a warfare..q 544
Waste-laid w. by fire and sword e 573
Watch-many will see and w...t 551
Water-washed away by any w.j 514
water is corrupted unless...g 538
on air or the swift water.....i 545
pleasure in pure water.....i 567
the constant dropping of w.u 567
Wax-fastened on with wax....o 537
Wealth-not w. nor ancestry..a 534
the place of departed wealth.s 549
w. is attended by care.....j 561
unless united with w.....k 561
the acquisition of wealth...b 562
passion for wealth.....v 573
Weapon-superior to every w..f 513
last and strongest weapon...c 551
Weary-let the weary at length.t 560
Weep-does not often weep.....c 514
if yon wish me to weep.....k 550
it is some relief to weep.....f 567
Weight-fit to give weight to...q 568
Weighty-as w. as words.....g 567
Well-digging a well just as....g 518
he who does well will.....v 548
go well with onrselves.....a 556
Wheel-as the w. goes ronnd..f 508
shaped by the glowing w....u 509
Whip-who deserves a slight w.n 549
White-white look black.....r 517
Wicked-in the minds of the w.k 514
ever became very wicked....p 514
the w. right-hand cannot....v 514
even if he wicked.....e 515
smooth speeches of the w....l 517
wicked thing still to.....x 524
the wicked in their flight....o 540
shines even on the wicked..f 557
the sncccss of the wicked...v 565
for the wicked to injure.....c 568
the wicked find easier.....k 573
Wickedness-mother of all w...e 505
no w. has any grontd.....r 514
wickedness has it shunned..w 520
way to w. is always.....m 521
w. is its own greatest.....q 521
the wickedness of a few.... r 521
w. of war are raging.....p 573
Widely-nothing more widely..f 507
Will-when you will they wont.s 511
have of yonr own free will.. l 543
when yon will they will not.x 574
Willing-he is w. to be what....s 553
Willingly-die well is to die w..p 544

Wind-w's howl around the....n 520
Wine-racked by w. and anger.q 504
time, motion and w. cause..b 565
want after his wine.....a 574
Wing-movements of a wing...r 524
relies on artificial wings.....o 537
flies on double wings.....i 568
Wisdom-one thing w. another.a 504
folly with your wisdom.....l 504
not wisdom that rules.....i 527
and is the highest wisdom..u 571
I prefer the wisdom of the..c 574
wisdom is the conqueror of..f 574
gains w. in a happy way.....j 574
eloquence little wisdom....m 574
true wisdom consists not....q 574
Wise-be merry if you are w...m 519
which even the wise resign..i 523
a wise man would do well...h 557
it becomes a wise man.....o 558
no wise man ever thought...t 568
the w. man who can govern.d 574
dare to be wise.....e 574
the act of a wise man.....g 574
not too wise is wise.....h 574
that man is wise who.....i 574
no one is wise at all.....l 574
was ever wise by chance....o 574
Wisely-marry w. marry thy...o 547
Wiser-I would be wiser.....g 535
Wish-to w. is of little account.h 504
if you wish to reach the.....j 504
wish is praiseworthy.....q 509
wish for what you can have.d 512
wishes well is worthless.....b 518
should w. what you can do..n 560
the wish to be cured.....k 564
wishes that the man.....q 524
w's for his own advantage...t 563
Wit-what quick w. is found in.r 574
Within-I know the man w.....g 542
Without-man within without.g 542
Witness-though there is no w..p 535
eye witness is of more.....h 556
Wolf-man is a wolf to man....k 515
sheep-fold to the rabid w....b 539
either a god or a wolf.....b 547
wolf dreads the pitfall.....o 566
Woman-a w. is the cause of it.f 543
when a woman has lost.....a 571
provided a woman be well..d 572
not originate with a woman..s 574
a woman's mind is affected..t 574
a woman finds it much.....u 574
women have many faults...v 574
woman either loves or hates.w 574
woman is always changeable.a 575
Wonder-a man does not w.....s 534
Wood-the w's are in full leaf..u 542
everybody gathers wood....r 557
Word-we are pouring our w's..l 526
a word once escaped can... q 557
there is no need of words....f 569
a word to the wise is.....p 574
the same words imply a.....b 575
World-the whole w. are players.c 503
for the whole world.....h 506
forbids us to leave this w...a 516
w. ever deceived any one...p 517
where in the world are we...z 532
world is the mighty temple.q 532
according to the w's caprice.b 545
avenges the vanquished w...z 546
Worldly-attached to worldly..m 503
Work-beginning of a work ...m 505
this shall be thy work.....m 533
long work it is allowable....a 565
it is the work of virtue.....p 572
I attempt a different work...c 575
Workmanship-the w. surpasses.q564
Workmen-w. handle the tools.q 506
Worse-are all w. for license...w 543
Worship-the pious w. of God..j 566
Worthless-man is w. who.....d 506
Worthlessness-from buried w..j 509
Worthy-w. of this mouthing..k 570
Wound-forgetting his former w.e 513
wounds cannot be cured....r 547
w. will perhaps be cured....d 548
assnaged the w's of the.....m 548
secret wounds still lives ....n 563
wounds of civil war are.....d 573
Wounded-w. by thy talons....r 524
Wretched-nothing is more w..g 514
w. business to be digging...g 518
a wretched thing to live.....v 522
wretched before evening....c 528
wretched are the minds.....c 537
peace may be so wretched...h 553
first forsakes the wretched...v 557
I cannot be wretched.....j 560
man to be wretched whom..b 570
wretched hasten to hear.....c 570
Write-w. one thing and think.e 554
does not write whose verses.q 554
those to whom we write.....z 565
to write anything worthy...d 575
ye who write choose a.....f 575
Writing-to bear the toil of w..d 538
source of good writing.....e 575
writings survive the years..j 575
Wrong-both are w. but in.....r 520
he who wishes to do w.....f 522
all right and wrong.....g 532
no one shall suffer wrong....h 540
the remedy for wrongs.....v 553
receive than to do wrong....c 571

Y.

Year-of changing years.....u 508
the coming years bring....u 510
each passing year robs.....p 567
Yesterday-consumed our y's..o 530
Yield-y. to him who oppose...i 511
let us yield to love.....u 546
yield to the opposer.....u 557
Yielding-you conquer.....i 511
y. you will come off victor..u 557
Youth-for youth to acquire..k 503
the mind of y. is flexible...k 568
nature of tender youth.....m 575
it is the fault of youth.....p 575

INDEX TO LATIN QUOTATIONS.

A.

PAGE.

A proximis quisque.....*h* 520
Ab alio expectes, alteri.....*w* 560
Abennt studia in mores .....*t* 534
Absentem tædit.....*r* 526
A cane non magno sæpe.....*h* 555
Accedit etiam mors.....*i* 566
Acceptissima semper.....*l* 531
Accipe nunc Danaûm.....*k* 510
Accipere quam facere.....*c* 571
Acclinis falsis animus.....*c* 549
Acer et ad palmæ per.....*g* 561
Acerrima proximorum.....*c* 535
Ac primam scelerum.....*e* 505
Acta deos nunquam.....*h* 561
Actum ne agas.....*e* 507
Ad auctores redit.....*b* 515
—— deteriora credenda.....*t* 524
—— tristem partem.....*p* 566
Adde cruorem.....*i* 526
—— quod ingenuas.....*m* 539
Adhuc neminem..... *l* 554
Adjuvat in bello pacatæ.....*t* 573
Adolescentem verecundum....*b* 550
Adulandi gens.....*v* 525
Adversæ res admonent.....*o* 549
Adversis etenim.....*n* 513
Ægrescitqu_medendo.....*i* 548
Ægri quia non omnes.....*q* 547
Ægroto dum anima est.....*e* 536
Æquâ lege necessitas.....*b* 551
Æquam memento.....*m* 512
Æquo animo pœnam.....*d* 552
Æquum est peccatis.....*w* 526
Aëre non certo.....*a* 548
Æs debitorem leve.....*a* 517
Aleator quantum in arte.....*g* 530
Aliena negotia curo.....*o* 506
—— nobis, nostra.....*c* 512
—— vitia in oculis.....*c* 510
Alieno in loco .....*s* 573
Alienum æs.....*b* 517
Aliquod crastinus.....*j* 530
Aliter scribimus quod.....*t* 565
Alitur vitium vivitque.....*b* 571
Alium silere quod.....*l* 563
Alliciant somnos.....*b* 565
Alta sedent civilis.....*d* 573
Alterâ manu fert.....*n* 517
Alter remus aquas.....*d* 558
Alterum alterius anxilio.....*f* 535
Altissima quæque flumina....*w* 563
Amabilis insania.....*q* 520

PAGE.

Amantium iræ amoris.....*t* 546
Amare et sapere vix.....*m* 545
Amicitia semper prodest.....*a* 530
Amici vitium ni feras.....*c* 524
—— vitium si feras.....*q* 570
Amicum ita habeas.....*m* 529
—— lædere ne joco.....*g* 530
—— perdere est.....*h* 530
Amittit merito.....*y* 513
Amor animi arbitrio.....*q* 546
—— et melle et felle.....*f* 546
—— patriæ ratione.....*q* 552
—— timere neminem.....*k* 546
Amoto quæramus seria.....*p* 506
Amphora cœpit.....*f* 508
An id exploratum.....*b* 508
Animi cultus quasi.....*s* 541
—— labes nec diuturnitate....*j* 514
Animoque supersunt.....*r* 515
Animum rege qui.....*o* 504
Animus æquus optimum.....*t* 549
—— hoc habet.....*a* 560
—— quod perdidit.....*k* 549
—— tamen omnia.....*a* 513
An nescis longos.....*h* 562
—— quisquam est alius.....*e* 529
Ante senectutem curavi.....*p* 544
Apud novercam.....*c* 511
Arbore dejecto quivis.....*r* 557
Arbores serit diligens.....*k* 542
Arcanum neque tu.....*k* 563
Arcum intensio frangit.....*u* 560
Ardua molimur; sed.....*c* 575
Argillâ quidvis.....*d* 554
Arma tenen^ti.....*j* 526
Ars fit ubi a teneris.....*u* 514
—— prima regni.....*k* 562
Arte citæ veloque rates.....*c* 505
Asperæ facetiæ.....*d* 540
Asperius nihil est.....*d* 508
—— nihil est humili.....*f* 511
Assentatio, vitiorum.....*u* 525
Assiduus usus uni.....*j* 507
At caret insidiis hominum....*h* 531
—— cum longa dies.....*m* 548
—— pulchrum est.....*h* 523
Atqui vivere, militare.....*q* 544
Audax omnia perpeti.....*b* 559
Aude aliquid.....*p* 512
Audendo magnus tegitur.....*r* 512
Audentem forsque.....*b* 513
Audentes fortuna.....*s* 513
Aurea rumpunt tecta.....*v* 561

PAGE.

Auro contra cedo.....*g* 546
—— pulsa fides.....*t* 532
Anrum omnes victâ.....*u* 532
—— per medios ire.....*s* 532
Aut amat aut odit.....*w* 574
—— insanit homo.....*m* 554
Autumnus libitinæ.....*g* 516
Anxilia humilia firma.....*i* 570
Auxillium non leve vultus....*i* 505
Avaritiam si tollere vultis.....*d* 505
Avidos vicinum.....*h* 522

B.

Barbaris ex fortunâ.....*o* 525
Bellum autem ita.....*a* 573
Beneficia usque eo læta.....*s* 538
Beneficium accipere.....*u* 537
—— non in eo.....*e* 506
Bene qui conjiciet.....*i* 556
—— si amico fecèris.....*l* 541
Bis emori est.....*t* 516
—— gratum est.....*p* 541
—— vincit qui.....*j* 511
Blandoque veneno.....*k* 538
Bonæ mentis soror.....*w* 554
Bona malis paria.....*n* 519
Bonarum rerum consuetndo...*j* 567
Boni pastoris est.....*n* 507
Bonis nocet quisquis.....*e* 541
—— quod benefit.....*m* 541
Bonitas non est.....*h* 533
Bonum est fugienda.....*x* 549
—— est panxillum.....*h* 546
Bonus animus.....*g* 513
Breves et mutabiles.....*m* 528
Brevis a naturâ.....*a* 544
—— esse laboro.....*e* 511

C.

Cadncis percnssn crebro.....*u* 567
Cæca invidia est.....*i* 520
Cætera, fortunæ.....*q* 517
Calamitas virtutis.....*v* 549
Calamitosus est animus.....*a* 505
Calvo turpius.....*k* 517
Candida pax homines.....*f* 553
Canis timidus.....*h* 514
Cantabit vacuus coram.....*u* 554
Cantilenam eandem.....*f* 570
Capnt est in omni.....*n* 506
Caret periculo.....*q* 515
—— periculo, qui.....*i* 553
Carmina lætum.....*r* 554

Carpe diem.....j 519
Casus ubique valet.....e 528
Causa latet: vis est.....q 507
—— paupertatis.....o 535
Cansarum ignoratio.....r 536
Cautus enim metuit.....o 566
Cavendum est ne.....g 540
Cede repugnanti.....i 511
Cernis ut ignavum.....g 538
Certis * * * * legibus...h 543
—— rebns certa.....s 520
Cineri gloria sera est.....q 531
Citharœdus ridetur chordâ....b 543
Citius venit periculum.....n 515
Civitas ea antem.....b 529
Clitellæ bovi sunt.....f 526
Cœlnm, non animum.....q 537
Cœpisti melins quam.....q 505
Cogas amantem irasci.....r 546
Cogi qui potest, nescit.....j 542
Comes jncundns.....o 510
Commnne vitium.....k 520
Componitur orbis.....v 521
Concordiâ res parvæ.....h 570
Conscia mens recti.....g 507
—— nt cuiqne.....d 514
Consilia callida et audacia.....r 506
—— res magis.....e 547
Consilio melius vinces.....j 558
Constans et lenis.....v 508
Consuetudo naturâ.....x 534
—— quasi altera.....r 534
Contemptum periculorum....p 515
Continnâ mcsse senescit.....d 504
Continuis volnptatibns.....a 563
Conveniens est homini.....r 530
Corpora lente augescent.....t 508
—— vix ferro.....b 548
Corpore sed mens est.....g 549
Corporis et fortunæ.....r 508
Corruptissimâ repnblicâ.....k 512
Credat Jndæus Apella.....a 506
Crede mihi, miseris.....v 503
—— mihi miseros.....v 557
Crednla res amor est.....o 545
Crudelem medicnm.....g 548
Crescentem sequitnr.....j 561
Crescit amor nummi.....f 505
Crux est si metuas.....d 524
Cni homini dii.....o 532
—— non conveniet.....l 527
—— peccare licet peccat.....o 564
—— placet alterius.....c 520
—— prodest scelus.....c 515
Cujnslibet tu fidem.....q 522
Cnjusvis hominis.....o 520
Cnlpa enim illa.....p 520
Culpam majorum.....q 560
—— pœna premit.....r 558
Cum altera lux.....o 530
—— corpore mentem.....f 549
—— fortnna manet.....h 528
—— tempus necessitasque....j 552
Cupido dominandi.....m 555
Curæ leves loqunntur.....h 534
Cnr ante tubam tremor.....j 525
Curios simulant.....h 517
Curtæ nescio.....b 519

D.

Da locnm melioribus.....l 536
Damna, minus consneta.....g 503
Damnosa quid non.....n 567
Damnum appellandum.....f 560
Dare pondus idonea.....g 568
Da requiem; reqnietns.....s 560
—— spatium.....k 518
Dat veniam corvis.....p 540
Decipimur specie.....f 517
Decipit frons prima.....i 517
Dediscit animus sero.....o 543
Deficit omne quod.....s 505
Degeneres animos.....k 525
Delenda est Carthago.....t 572
Deliberando sæpe.....l 518
Deliberandnm est diu.....k 558
Delirant reges.....m 523
Delphinum appingit.....m 537
Denique non omnes.....f 551
Deorum tela in impiorum....k 514
Deos fortioribns.....b 552
—— placatos pietas.....m 559
Desine fata deûm flecti.....r 532
Desperatio magnum.....n 518
Desunt inopiæ multa.....k 505
Deteriores omnes snmns.....w 543
Detur aliquando otium.....t 560
Deus est in pectore.....o 565
—— hæc fortasse.....b 557
—— nobis hæc otia fecit.....v 560
—— quædam munera.....e 557
Dictnm sapienti sat.....p 574
Dies iste, quem.....p 516
Dignum laude virum.....n 512
Difficile est longum.....k 545
—— est satiram non scribere..c 563
Difficilem oportet aurem.....l 558
Difficnltatis patrocinia.....t 538
Dii pia, facta.....x 517
Diis proximus ille.....l 540
Diligentia cum omnibns.....l 538
Dilignntur immodice.....q 519
Dimidium facti qui.....o 505
Di nos quasi pilas.....p 532
Diruit, ædificat, mutat.....g 508
Discipulus est priori.....s 543
Discite justitiam.....i 541
—— quam parvo.....c 551
Discordia est.....s 518
Discors concordia.....c 504
Disjecta membra poetæ.....n 554
Distrahit animum.....l 506
Dives fieri qui vult.....p 561
Divitiarum et formæ.....i 572
Dixerit e multis.....b 539
Dociles imitandis.....q 537
Doctrina sed vim.....l 539
Dolore affici, sed.....g 534
Dolus an virtus quis.....o 573
Domi habuit unde.....n 539
Domina omnium et regina....e 559
Domini pudet non.....j 564
Dominum videre plurimum...t 506
Donec eris felix.....q 556
Dubium salutem qui.....j 503
Ducibus tantnm.....p 511
Ducimus autem.....b 527
Ducis ingenium res.....f 512
Dulce est desipere.....a 540
—— et decorum.....n 552
Dnlcia non ferimns.....c 548
Dulcis inexpertis.....j 529
Dum deliberamus.....h 515
—— in dubio.....d 519
—— licet inter nos.....p 519
—— ne ob male.....a 515
—— omnia quærimns.....h 569
—— qua pnnitur.....d 515
—— vires annique sinunt.....r 542
Dummodo morata recte.....d 572
Dnrate, et vosmet.....h 552
Durum! sed levius.....c 552

E.

Ea libertas est quæ.....a 529
—— molestissime ferre.....a 524
Efficacior omni arte.....l 551
Ego esse miserum credo.....b 570
—— si risi quod.....d 526
—— spem pretio.....h 536
—— vcrum amo.....g 569
Eheu! quam brevibns.....j 527
Eligo eum, cujus tibi.....r 544
Emori nolo: sed.....s 515
Eodem animo beneficium.....f 506
Eo magis præfulgebat.....m 563
Ergo hoc proprium est.....b 533
Erras, me decipere.....o 517
Erubuit: salva res est.....g 550
Esse oportet ut vivas.....b 544
—— quam videri bonus.....g 533
Est aliquid valdâ.....i 562
—— deus in nobis.....p 565
—— felicibus difficilis.....s 556
—— hæc sæculi.....d 571
—— in aqnâ dnlci.....i 567
—— natura hominnm.....p 508
—— profecto Deus qui.....e 532
—— proprinm stultitiæ.....g 526
—— quædam fiere.....f 567
—— qnoddam prodire.....o 556
Estne Dei sedes.....a 532
Esto, ut nunc multi.....q 563
Estque pati pœnas.....s 558
Etenim omnes artes.....g 570
Et errat longé meâ.....m 533
—— genns et formam.....t 573
—— genus et virtus.....k 561
—— idem indignor.....a 565
—— qui nolunt occidere.....g 555
—— res non semper.....g 536
—— sceleratis sol.....f 557
—— teneo melins ista.....f 542
Etiam fortes viros.....i 525
—— illud adjungo.....b 509
—— illud quod scies.....g 537
—— oblivisci quod.....v 526
—— sapientibns.....i 523
—— singulorum.....n 550
Excitabat enim.....d 522
Exegi monnmentnm.....j 550
Exemplo quodcumque.....m 514
Exemplumqne dei.....b 532
Exigua est virtus.....m 564
—— pars est vitæ.....s 544
Exigui numero.....t 513
Ex magno certamine.....o 511
Ex parvis sæpe.....t 520
Experto crede.....r 522
Expertus metuit.....i 522
Explorant adversa viros.....n 572
Extrema primo nemo.....f 558

F.

Fabrum esse suæ.....u 561
Facetiarum apud.....p 548
Facile est momento.....t 561
Facilior inter malos.....k 573
Facilis descensus averni.....s 542
—— est ad beatam.....k 572
Facilius crescit.....o 518
Facinus quos inquinat.....n 534
Fallitur egregio.....w 528
Falsus honor juvat.....h 509
Famæ damna majora.....l 509
Fastidientis est.....c 567
Fata volentem.....n 523
Fatetur facinus.....j 515
Fecit statim, ut fit.....s 562
Felices ter et amplius.....k 545
Feliciter sapit qui.....j 574
Felix ille tamen corvo.....x 546
—— quicumque.....n 522
—— qui potuit.....r 507
—— se nescit amari.....p 556
Fere fit malum.....b 521
—— totus mundus.....c 503
Festina lente.....i 507
Festinare nocet.....i 574
Festo die si quid.....p 530
Ficta voluptatis.....k 519
Fit in dominatu.....e 555
Flectere si nequeo.....r 555
Fœcundi calices.....x 573
Formosa facies muta.....f 510
Formosis levitas.....a 526
Fortes et strenuos.....p 513
—— fortuna adjuvat.....r 513
Forsan et hæc olim.....q 548
Fortis vero, dolorem.....l 512
Fortuna belli semper.....j 573
—— humana fingit.....i 528
—— miserrima.....f 528
—— multis dat.....d 528
—— nimium quem.....q 528
—— opes auferre.....k 513
—— vitrea est.....r 528
Fortunam nemo.....g 527
—— reverenter.....i 561
Frangas enim citius.....w 534
Frons est animi janna.....w 548
Fronti nulla fides.....j 517
Fuerat Vitellio simplicitas....h 510
Fuge magna, licet sub.....n 553
Fugiendo in media.....i 524
Fulgente trahit.....p 531
Fundamenta justitiæ.....h 540
Furor arma ministrat.....w 504
Furtum ingeniosus.....r 517

G.

Gaudetque viam fecisse.....o 569
Geminos, horoscope.....r 523
Genus est mortis.....f 521
—— irritabile vatum.....o 554
Gloria virtutem tanquam.....o 531
Græculus esuriens.....n 536
Gratia pro rebus merito.....p 533
—— quæ tarda.....c 506
Gratior ac pulchro.....k 505
Gratus animus est.....o 533
Graviora quædam sunt.....h 548
—— quæ patiantur.....a 570

H.

Habeas ut nactus : nota.....t 553
Habent insidias.....l 517
Habet aliquid ex iniquo.....a 539
—— aliquid ex iniquo.....v 558
—— cerebrum sensus.....m 549
Hac quoque de causa, si.....a 547
—— re videre nostra.....s 563
Hæc nugæ seria.....o 568
—— studia adolescentiam.....s 565
Hæ tibi erunt artes.....n 533
Haud est nocens.....p 534
—— facile emergunt.....t 554
—— semper erret.....o 562
Hei mihi, insanire.....j 539
—— mihi quod nullis amor...p 545
Heu ! quam difficile.....o 534
—— quam difficilis.....t 531
Hic est mucro.....c 518
—— murus æneus.....k 511
Hi narrata ferunt.....n 525
Hinc illæ lacrymæ.....e 567
—— nunc præmium.....w 517
Historia, testis temporum.....i 535
Hoc ego tuque.....g 512
—— est vivere bis.....k 544
—— rogo, non furor.....i 516
—— scitɔ nimio oclerius.....s 568
Homine imperito.....p 563
Hominem improbum.....q 540
—— pagina nostra.....f 447
Homines ad deos nullâ.....c 533
—— amplius oculis.....y 521
—— dum docent.....p 543
—— nihil agendo.....c 538
—— quamvis in turbidis.....r 560
—— qui gestant.....r 564
Hominum immortalis.....a 519
Homo ad duas res.....a 547
—— doctus in se.....n 543
—— homini aut.....b 547
—— homini lupus.....k 515
—— snm, et humani.....i 547
—— vitæ commodatus.....h 547
Honesta mors.....v 516
—— quædam scelera.....w 565
Honor est præmium.....e 571
Horæ momento cita.....m 527
Horrea formicæ.....s 549
Hospes nullus tam.....r 529
Huic maxime putamus.....o 563

I.

Ibit eo quo vis qni.....e 551
Id agas tuo te.....b 535
—— cinerem aut.....x 516
—— demum est.....u 518
—— facere laus est quod.....u 555
—— haud paullo est.....l 550
—— quoque, quod vivam.....m 544
I demens ! et saevas.....h 539
Idem velle et idem.....u 529
Ignavissimus quisque.....i 514
Igne quid utilius.....s 525
Ignoratione rerum.....s 536
Ignoscito sæpe alteri.....x 526
Illa dolet vere qui.....e 534
Ille potens sui.....u 511
—— sinistrorsum.....r 520
Illi mors gravis.....h 537
Imago animi vultus.....c 509
Immensum gloria.....f 523
Impensa monumenti.....o 548
Imperat aut servit.....l 561
Imperium cupientibns.....n 555
—— facile iis.....i 555
—— flagitio.....o 555
Impia sub dulce.....s 517
Improbe Neptunum.....s 526
Improbi hominis.....c 517
Importunitas autem.....d 509
In animi securitate.....v 563
—— animo perturbato.....a 549
—— bello parvis momentis....p 507
—— causâ facili.....h 519
—— eâdem re.....p 518
—— ipsa dubitatione.....k 534
—— omnibus negotiis.....d 556
—— pertusum ingerimus.....l 526
—— pretio pretinm.....u 573
—— principatn.....b 535
—— prolem dilata.....u 538
—— rebus asperis.....q 512
—— rebus prosperis.....m 556
—— re malâ animo.....c 527
—— se magna.....o 523
—— summo periculo.....e 524
—— tantâ inconstantiâ.....u 520
—— tenni labor, sed.....k 523
—— totum jurare, nisi.....s 566
—— turbas et discordias.....g 510
—— virtute snnt multi.....f 571
—— vota miseros.....v 524
Incedimus per.....g 517
Incertnm est qno.....q 516
Incipe; dimidinm facti.....l 505
—— qnicquid agas.....m 505
Incitantnr enim.....d 539
Infinita est velocitas.....d 568
Ingenia hnmana sunt.....m 534
Ingenio stat sine morte.....d 531
—— stimulos.....g 523
Ingenium magni.....l 520
Ingens telum.....m 551
Ingratus nnus miseris.....r 538
Inhnmannm verbnm.....c 561
Initia magistratunm.....g 541
Injnriarum remedium.....v 553
Inopi beneficium.....q 541
Inops, potentem dum.....a 555
Inquinat egregios.....f 556
Insanus omnis.....k 539
Insitâ hominibus naturâ.....p 560
Insperata accidnnt.....y 546
Inspicere tamqnam.....z 521
Integer vitæ.....i 509
Inter cætera mala.....o 526
Interdnm lacrymæ.....g 567
Intererit multnm.....p 551
Interim pœna.....r 516
Intra fortunam quisqne.....w 557
Intus et in cnte novi.....g 542
—— et in jecore.....s 509
Invidiam, tamquam.....j 520
Invidiâ Siculi.....g 520
Invidus alterius.....e 520
Invisa nunquam imperia.....k 533
—— potentia.....n 524
Invitat culpam qui.....v 537
Ipsa qnidem virtus.....o 571
—— se fraus etiamsi.....m 562

Ipse decor, recti ..... a 518
Ira est libido puniendi ..... n 504
—— furor brevis est ..... p 504
Irrepit in hominum ..... d 517
Is enim est eloquens ..... o 551
—— maxime divitiis utitur ... a 562
Isthuc est sapere non ..... q 574
Ita comparatam esse ..... i 510
—— enim finitima sunt ..... h 557
—— me Dii ament, ast ..... k 537

J.

Jejunus raro stomachus ..... n 531
Jucundi acti labores ..... l 542
Judex damnatur cum ..... f 541
Judicis est semper ..... t 568
—— officium est ..... r 540
Juravi linguâ ..... r 566
Jus summum sæpe ..... k 543
Justitia est obtemperatio ..... i 540
—— suum cuique ..... j 540
Justum et tenacem ..... a 527

L.

Labitur occulte ..... v 567
Labor est etiam ipsa ..... p 542
—— omnia vincit ..... t 542
Latere semper patere ..... g 558
Laudato ingentia rura ..... p 558
Leniter ex merito ..... d 566
Leve fit quod ..... c 513
Levia perpessi sumus ..... e 566
Levis est consolatis ..... t 511
—— est dolor qui ..... i 534
Levitatis est inanem ..... n 568
Libertas est potestas ..... u 528
—— ultima ..... c 529
Libertatem naturâ ..... f 529
Libidinosa etenim ..... q 539
Licet superbus ambules ..... m 561
Lingua mali pars ..... f 565
Litus ama : * * * altum .. q 558
Longa mora est nobis ..... f 518
Longissimus dies cite ..... c 568
Ludendi etiam est ..... k 504
Ludit in humanis ..... n 532

M.

Macte novâ virtute ..... u 513
Magis exurunt ..... f 566
Magister artis ..... k 551
Magna inter molles ..... a 521
Magna pars vulgi levis ..... a 535
Magni est ingenii ..... a 567
Magnifica verba mors ..... w 524
Magno conatu magnas ..... r 568
Magnos homines ..... n 509
Magnum est vectigal ..... g 519
—— iter adscendo ..... s 531
Majestatem res data ..... m 531
Majores fertilissimum ..... l 507
Major famæ sitis ..... w 571
—— hæreditas venit ..... t 538
—— ignotarum ..... j 524
—— sum quam cui ..... g 528
Mala mens, malus ..... t 521
Maledicus a malefico ..... l 521
Malefacere qui ..... f 522
Malè imperando summum ..... l 555
—— parta, male ..... a 564
—— partum male disperit ..... j 521
—— verum examinat ..... i 512
—— vincetis ..... d 513
Malevolus animus ..... d 561
Malo indisertam ..... i 557
—— mihi male ..... m 538
Malorum facinorum ..... s 521
Mare quidem commune ..... i 563
Mars gravior sub ..... p 553
Materiam superabat ..... q 564
Mater timidi flere ..... c 514
Maxima illecebra est ..... f 536
Maximæ cuique fortunæ ..... t 527
Maximum ornamentum ..... a 550
Medicus nihil aliud ..... e 548
Mediocribus esse poetis ..... p 554
Meliora sunt ea quæ ..... o 550
Melius in malis ..... n 574
—— non tangere ..... o 557
Membra reformidant ..... o 524
Meminerimus etiam ..... k 540
Meminerunt omnia ..... q 545
Memoria est thesaurus ..... j 548
Mensque pati durum ..... h 549
Mens sola loco non ..... i 549
Meo sum pauper ..... a 538
Metiri se quemque ..... c 547
Militat omnis amasius ..... r 545
Mille hominum species ..... g 547
—— mali species ..... g 521
Minime sibi quisque ..... e 509
Minimis etiam rebus ..... l 566
Minimum decet liberè ..... j 555
Minor est quam servus ..... g 525
—— in parvis Fortuna ..... n 528
Minuti semper et infirma ..... a 561
Misce stultitiam consiliis ..... l 504
Misera est magni ..... q 561
Miseram pacem vel ..... h 553
Miserias properant ..... c 570
Miserrima est fortuna ..... s 528
Miserrimum est timere ..... x 524
Miserum est aliorum ..... b 523
—— est opus ..... g 518
—— est tacere cogi ..... t 526
Mitius exilium ..... w 553
Mitte sectare rosa ..... p 557
Mobile mutatur semper ..... e 508
Mobilitate viget ..... p 562
Modestè tamen et ..... c 550
Modestiæ fama ..... j 523
Modica voluptas ..... r 519
Modus omnibus in rebus ..... a 558
Momento mare vertitur ..... n 508
Morbi perniciores ..... b 549
Morem fecerat usus ..... u 534
Moribus et formâ ..... s 545
Moriendum enim ..... t 515
Mori est felicis ..... u 516
Mors ultima linea ..... c 516
Mortem misericors ..... t 548
Mortua cui vita ..... m 509
Mulier cupido quod ..... i 545
Mulieri nimio male ..... u 574
Multa cadunt inter ..... o 522
—— dies variusque ..... u 508
—— ferunt anni ..... u 510
—— petentibus ..... w 513
—— sunt mulierum ..... v 574
—— trepidus solet ..... q 534
Multi ad fatum ..... t 523
—— committunt ..... n 514
Multis parâsse ..... b 562
—— terribilis ..... g 557
Multorum te etiam ..... s 551
Multos in summa ..... l 524
—— qui conflictari ..... h 512
Munditiis capimur ..... k 556
Mundus est ingens ..... q 532
Muscæo contingens ..... n 537

N.

Næ simul pudere ..... e 564
Nam cupide conculcatur ..... m 524
—— ego illum periisse ..... i 564
—— ego in istâ ..... g 566
—— genus et proavus ..... l 556
—— id arbitror ..... b 563
—— improbus est ..... d 506
—— inimici famam ..... n 562
—— in omnibus ..... m 522
—— multa præter spem ..... o 508
—— non solum scire ..... t 541
—— pro jocundi ..... m 532
—— quæ inscitia est ..... u 526
—— quæ voluptate ..... e 517
—— quæ inscitia est ..... l 537
—— scelus intra ..... o 514
—— ut quisque est ..... g 571
—— vitiis nemo sine ..... b 524
Nascentes morimur ..... h 516
Nati sumus ad congregationem. l 523
Natura dedit usuram ..... c 544
—— semina scientiæ ..... s 550
—— vero nihil ..... q 550
Naturæ sequitur ..... b 510
Naturâ inest mentibus ..... u 568
Naturam expellas ..... p 550
Nec census nec clarum ..... a 534
—— deus intersit ..... j 532
—— enim ignorare ..... u 541
—— lex est æquior ..... j 512
—— lusisse pudet ..... b 540
—— me pudet ut ipsos ..... a 537
—— mihi mors ..... j 516
—— minor est virtus ..... k 507
—— quicquam acrius ..... h 550
—— quies gentium ..... m 573
—— rationem patitur ..... o 536
—— scire fas est ..... b 542
—— sidera pacem ..... c 553
—— tamen fugisse ..... g 552
—— tibi quid liceat ..... a 514
—— ulla major pœna ..... t 558
—— vero habere virtutem ..... h 571
—— vixit male ..... v 511
Necesse est cum ..... i 539
—— est facere ..... f 562
—— est multos ..... a 525
—— in immensum ..... i 504
Necessitas plus posse ..... n 551
—— ultimum et maximum .... c 551
Necessitatis inventa ..... a 551
Nefas nocere vel ..... e 515
Ne frena animo ..... v 504
Negatas artifex ..... h 565
Negligere quid de se ..... b 564
Ne mente quidem ..... a 522
Nemini credo, qui ..... n 541
Nemo beneficia in ..... e 550
—— fit fato nocens ..... u 523
—— in sese tentat ..... u 563
—— liber est, qui ..... u 564

Nemo mortalium omnibus....l 574
—— non nostrum .....l 521
—— omnes, neminem.....p 547
—— parum diu vixit.....d 544
—— repente venit.....p 514
—— repente fuit.....o 570
—— solus sapit .....k 574
—— timendo ad summum.....o 513
—— unquam sapiens.....l 568
—— unquam sine.....r 537
—— vir magnus.....s 533
Nequam hominis.....h 551
—— illud verbum 'st.....b 518
Neque est ullum certius.....e 503
—— femina amissâ.....a 571
Nequeo monstrare.....r 573
Nequitia pœna.....q 521
Nescia mens.....w 523
Nescio quâ natale.....r 552
—— quid curtæ.....n 561
Nescire autem quid.....a 542
Nescis tu quam meticulosa....j 543
Nescit vox missa reverti .....q 557
No scuticâ dignum.....n 540
Neutiquam officium.....m 511
Nihil aliud est ebrietas.....s 539
—— amas, cum ingratum.....p 538
—— enim in speciem.....o 559
—— est miserius.....g 514
—— est aptius ad delectationem c 508
—— est autem tam.....f 507
—— est, mihi crede.....i 571
—— est periculosius.....u 561
—— est quod deus.....v 531
—— est veritatis luce.....v 568
—— ex omnibus.....k 552
—— homini amico.....s 529
—— in bello oportet.....h 573
—— ita sublime est.....c 532
—— ordinatum est.....r 551
—— sese plus quam.....j 545
—— potest esse.....i 559
—— tam absurdum.....a 503
—— tam acerbum.....f 552
—— tam alte natura.....h 572
—— tam firmum est.....q 565
Nil actum reputans.....o 542
—— admirari prope.....l 510
—— agit exemplum.....c 519
—— conscire sibi .....b 514
—— consuetudine majus.....v 534
—— desperandum.....m 518
—— dictu fœdum.....n 575
—— ego contulerim.....k 529
—— enim prodest.....e 562
—— feret ad manes.....k 516
—— habet infelix.....n 549
—— homine terra pejus.....o 538
—— mortalibus arduum.....o 512
—— prodest quod non.....t 507
—— sine magno.....m 542
Nimia est miseria.....j 505
—— illæc licentia.....u 521
—— libertas et .....s 564
Nimirum insanus.....g 539
Nimium altercando.....r 511
—— risus pretium.....d 543
Nimius in veritate.....m 507
Nisi utile est quod.....r 531
Nitimur in vetitum.....r 563
Nobilitas sola est.....x 571
Nolo virum facili.....d 523
Non aliter vives.....v 517
—— amo te, Sabidi.....n 545
—— bene cœlestes.....v 514
—— bene conveniunt.....t 545
—— bene, crede mihi.....d 529
—— convalescit planta.....s 508
—— cuivis homini.....t 537
—— domus hoc corpus.....t 544
—— ego ventosæ plebis.....h 566
—— enim potest quæstus.....u 506
—— equidem invideo.....b 566
—— est ab homine.....j 557
—— est ad astra.....e 535
—— est, crede mihi.....g 574
—— est diuturna.....q 533
—— est paupertas.....q 549
—— est ut diu vivamus.....u 544
—— est vivere, sed.....l 544
—— exercitus, neque..... ...t 552
—— id videndum.....p 547
—— ignara mali.....i 506
—— ille pro charis.....o 552
—— missura cutem.....l 553
—— numero hæc.....a 559
—— opus est verbis.....f 569
—— posse bene geri.....i 533
—— potest amor cum.....l 546
—— propter vitam.....g 505
—— quam multis.....o 507
—— qui parum habet.....d 555
—— satis est pulchra.....h 554
—— scribit ille.....q 554
—— semper ea sunt.....m 517
—— semper temeritas.....c 559
—— sibi sed toto genitum....h 506
—— si male nunc et.....h 508
—— soles respicere.....h 507
—— solum taurus.....i 513
—— sum qualis eram.....i 508
—— tam portas intrare.....e 573
—— temere incerta.....u 527
—— tibi illud apparere.....n 565
—— vivere bonum est.....v 544
Nondum omnium dierum.....s 567
Nonumque prematur.....g 554
Nosse velint omnes.....m 543
Notissimum quodque.....c 521
Nostra sine auxilio.....q 508
Novi ingenium mulierum.....x 574
Novos amicos dum.....i 529
Nulla dies mærore.....e 565
—— enim minantis.....v 528
—— est laus ibi esse.....q 535
—— fere causa est.....f 543
—— fides regni sociis.....n 529
—— manus belli.....g 543
—— res carius constat.....b 560
—— vis major pietate.....m 546
Nulli est homini....j 528
—— jactantius.....p 536
—— sapere casu.....o 574
Nullius boni sine sociis.....b 530
Nullo fata loco.....q 523
Nullum ad nocendum.....e 568
—— caruit.....f 515
—— est imperium.....p 552
—— est tam angustum.....g 506
—— imperium tutum.....j 533
—— magnum malum.....e 521
—— magnum ingenium. .....e 531
—— numen abest.....s 557
—— sæculum magnis.....f 531
—— scelus rationem.....r 514
Nullus dolor est quem.....b 534
—— cunctationi locus.....a 566
—— est locus domesticâ.....k 535
Nunc omnis ager, nunc.....u 542
—— patimur longæ.....z 546
Nunqnam ædepol.....d 503
—— aliud Natura.....a 544
—— est fidelis.....o 515
—— nimis dicitur.....q 543
—— potest non.....l 572
Nusquam tuta fides.....h 511
—— est, qui.....q 569

O.

Obruat illud malè.....f 555
Obsequium amicos.....m 547
Observantior æqui.....m 540
O cæca nocentum.....p 521
Occidet miseros crambe.....e 560
Occultæ inimicitiæ.....a 520
Oculi picturâ tenentur.....b 505
O cura hominum.....s 506
Oderunt hilarem.....d 565
—— peccare boni.....q 571
Odia in longum jaciens.....e 561
O dii immortales.....i 532
Odiosum est enim.....t 518
Odit verus amor nec.....n 546
O fortunata mors.....l 552
Ohe ! jam satis est.....d 563
O major tandem.....e 539
O miseras hominum.....c 537
Omitte mirari beatæ.....m 510
Omne animi vitium.....l 534
—— capax movet.....d 510
—— ignotum pro magnifico...j 537
—— malum nascens.....v 520
—— sub regno.....l 562
—— supervacuum.....d 549
—— tulit punctum.....u 565
Omnem crede diem tibi.....h 560
Omnes amicos habere.....c 530
—— bonos bonasque.....b 558
—— eodem cogimur.....e 516
—— habentur et dicuntur....p 569
—— homines, qui.....e 558
—— mali sumus.....p 564
—— quibus res.....q 566
—— sibi malle.....i 563
—— stultos.....f 539
Omnia fanda, nefanda.....g 532
—— Græcè.....d 554
—— inconsulti.....c 507
—— mors æquat.....b 516
—— perversas.....h 521
—— prius verbis.....o 558
—— quæ vindicaris.....l 535
—— sunt hominum.....t 569
—— tuta timens.....l 525
—— vincit amor.....u 546
Omnibus hostes.....f 573
—— in rebus.....q 562
—— nobis ut res dant.....i 528
Omnis enim res.....o 561
—— nimium longa.....f 568
Omnium consensu capax.....l 533
—— rerum principia.....n 505
Opinionum enim.....l 567

Optat ephippia bos.....j 508
Optima mors parca.....o 516
Opum furiata cupido.....v 573
O quam miserum est.....b 525
O quantum est subitis.....r 574
Orandum est ut sit mens.....w 555
Oratorem autem.....q 551
Os homini sublime.....d 547
O vita misero longa.....d 545

P.

Palam mutire plebeio.....c 555
Pallida mors æquo.....f 516
Parcere personis.....p 570
—— subjectis.....b 531
Parentes objurgatione.....o 575
Paritur pax bello.....e 553
Par negotiis neque.....d 507
Par nobile fratrum.....l 529
Pars beneficii est.....r 541
—— que est meminisse.....n 548
—— sanitatis velle.....f 548
Parva sæpe scintilla.....t 525
Parvi enim sunt foris.....k 557
Parvis mobilis rebus.....t 574
Parvum parva decent.....k 536
Pascitur in vivis.....m 520
Pater ipse colendi.....e 545
Patria est communis.....m 552
—— est ubicumque.....s 552
Patriâ quis exul se.....l 548
Paucis carior est fides.....w 573
—— temeritas est.....d 559
Paucite paucarum.....a 541
Paucorum improbitas.....r 521
Paullum distare.....n 566
—— sepultæ.....j 509
Pauper enim non est.....b 538
Paupertas fugitur.....v 554
Pecuniam in loco.....i 550
Pelle moras.....j 518
Peraget tranquilla.....g 531
Pereant amici, dum.....g 560
Percunctatorem fugito.....c 539
Pericula veritati.....d 569
Periere mores, jus.....f 545
Per scelera semper.....m 521
Perspicuitas enim.....m 553
Pessimum genus.....d 526
—— veri affectus.....s 546
Pessimus quidem.....f 564
Philosophia stemma.....u 553
Pictoribus atque poetis.....u 543
Pietas fundamentum.....e 519
Piger scribendi ferre.....d 538
Pindarum quisquis.....o 537
Piper, non homo.....g 551
Placato possum non miser.....j 560
Placeat homini quidquid.....k 560
Plerumque gratæ.....k 508
Ploratur lacrymis.....l 559
Pluma haud interest.....h 513
Plura consilio quam.....m 558
—— sunt quæ nos.....c 525
Pluris est oculatus.....h 556
Plus apud nos vera.....f 559
—— dolet quam necesse.....j 534
—— habet infestâ.....p 524
—— impetus majorem.....d 570
—— potest qui plus.....r 565
—— ratio quam vis.....g 55[illegible]

—— scire satius est.....i 542
Pœna potest demi.....w 514
Ponamus nimios.....d 534
Populus me sibilat.....e 563
Poscentes vario.....b 567
Poscunt fidem.....p 525
Post amicitium credendum...d 530
—— malam segetem.....h 558
Posteraque in dubio.....b 528
Potentiam cautis quam.....p 565
Potentissimus est qui.....d 510
Præceptores suos.....m 570
Præcipium munus.....j 535
Præferre patriam.....u 552
Præsente fortunâ.....l 528
Præterita magis reprehendi...v 527
Prævalent illicita.....c 554
Pretio parata.....q 525
Prima commendatio.....l 575
—— enim sequentem.....f 504
—— quæ vitam dedit.....w 544
—— societas in.....n 547
Primo ânvlso.....b 511
Primus in orbe.....s 524
Principibus placuisse.....t 555
Principiis obsta.....r 505
Principum munus est.....l 557
Prius quam incipias.....b 507
Probitas laudatur.....m 535
Proh superi! quantum.....d 537
Propera vivere et.....x 544
Proprium humani ingenii....d 535
Prudens in flammam ne.....n 557
Prudentia est verum.....m 557
Pudet hæc oppropria.....h 564
Pulchrum est vitam.....u 548
—— ornatum.....k 521
Punitis ingeniis.....w 558
Puras Deus non plenas.....o 572

Q.

Quæ fuerant vitia.....l 547
—— lædunt oculum.....e 546
Quæris Alcidæ parem.....e 510
Quærit, et inventis.....g 524
Quam et probos propinquitate.e 572
—— angusta innocentior.....i 517
—— quisque novit.....m 566
—— sæpè fortè temerè.....a 568
Quamlibet infirmas.....s 504
Quamvis tegatur.....u 504
Quanto quisque sibi.....a 512
Quantum animis erroris.....e 537
—— est in rebus inane.....k 526
—— quisque suâ.....a 536
—— religio potuit.....p 559
Quâ positus fueris.....f 563
—— pote quisque.....a 507
Quemcumque miserum.....r 510
Quem metuit quisque.....q 524
—— pœnitet pecâsse.....c 560
—— res plus nimis.....m 566
—— semper acerbum.....o 560
—— si non tenuit.....t 549
Quia me vestigia.....h 524
Qui amicus est amat.....o 546
Quicquid agunt homines.....j 506
—— Amor jussit.....b 546
—— excessit.....c 522
—— multis peccatur.....v 543
—— servatur.....x 513
Quicumque amisit.....u 549
Qui cupit optatum cursu.....n 524
Quid crastina volveret.....i 537
—— datur â divis.....h 532
—— dignum tanto feret.....k 570
—— est dementius.....p 526
—— facis tibi.....o 539
—— leges sine moribus.....e 543
—— nobis certius.....h 559
—— non ebrietas.....r 539
—— non longa valebit.....m 567
—— non mortalia pectora.....a 533
—— nos dura.....w 520
—— prodest, Pontice.....g 556
Quidquid cœpit, et des init....g 568
—— in altum.....o 528
—— multis.....s 514
—— nos meliores.....f 532
—— præcipies.....j 531
—— sub terrâ est.....o 567
Quid quisque vitet.....n 527
—— rides.....a 543
—— sit futurum cras.....l 530
—— tam ridiculum.....d 525
—— te exempla.....a 552
—— verum atque decens.....x 568
—— violentius aure.....n 569
Qui ex errore imperitæ.....b 537
—— finem quæris.....v 545
—— fit, Mæcenas.....r 518
—— genus suum.....l 570
—— gratus futurus est.....r 533
—— in amore præcip itavit....i 546
—— mente novissimus.....c 545
—— modeste paret.....d 551
—— non est hodie.....m 530
—— non liberè veritatem.....b 569
—— non vetat.....h 515
—— non vult fieri.....a 546
—— nunc it per iter.....x 543
—— per virutem peritat.....f 572
—— se laudari.....w 525
—— semel a veritate.....w 568
—— sibi amicus est.....e 530
—— statuit aliquid.....c 541
—— sua metitur.....t 512
—— tegitur.....d 521
—— timide rogat.....e 525
Quin corpus onustum.....b 522
Quique sui memores.....r 548
Quis desiderio sit pudor.....c 534
—— enim virtutem.....f 561
—— fallere possit.....v 546
—— legem det.....g 545
—— nam igitur liber.....d 574
—— post vina gravem.....a 574
—— scit, an adjiciant.....r 569
Quisque suos patimur.....x 523
Quisquis magna.....g 522
—— plus justo.....h 574
Quivis beatus, versâ.....c 528
Quocumque adspicio.....l 516
—— trahunt.....y 523
Quod antecedit tempus.....x 558
—— certaminibus.....q 511
—— crebro videt.....s 534
—— enim munus.....d 567
—— est ante pedes.....k 530
—— est, eo decet.....j 556
—— exemplo fit.....e 522
—— latet ignotum.....f 537

Quod licet iugratum...a 554
—— malè fers...d 527
—— medicorum est...g 506
—— non dedit fortuna...p 528
—— non potest vult...k 555
—— petit spernit...l 508
—— pulcherrimum...c 536
—— ratio nequiit...i 518
—— satis est cui...o 553
—— si deficiant...j 513
—— sit esse velit...s 553
—— sors feret...e 527
—— tuum'st meum'st...t 529
—— vos jus cogit, id...l 543
Quo me cumque rapit...p 553
—— mihi fortunam...o 527
—— res cunque cadant...j 570
—— teneam vultus...m 508
Quoniam diu vixisse...e 544
—— id fieri quod...n 560
—— non potest...d 512
Quot homines, tot...i 551
Quotus quisque philosophorum f 509

R.

Rabiem livoris...b 520
Rara est adeo concordia...f 504
—— fides probitasque...g 573
Rarâ temporum felicitate...t 543
Rari nantes in gurgite...j 563
—— quippe boni...e 533
Raro antecedentem...o 540
—— simul hominibus...a 528
Rarus enim fermè...s 561
—— sermo illis...l 564
—— venit in cœnacula...t 557
Ratio et consilium...n 558
—— in angustis...c 566
Rebus in angustis...r 549
—— parvis alta...a 545
Redire cum perit...f 550
Re ipsâ reperi...j 510
Rem facias rem...p 527
Repente dives nemo...c 562
—— liberalis...a 531
Respicere exemplar...p 537
Res est ingeniosa dare...n 531
—— est sacra miser...i 503
—— est soliciti plena...c 546
—— sacros non modo...n 559
—— secundæ valent...t 556
Ridentum dicere verum...a 569
Ride si sapis...m 519
Ridiculum acri...d 562
Risu inepto res...e 526

S.

Sæpe calamitas...s 523
—— creat molles...a 511
—— intereunt aliis...b 561
—— satius fuit...p 539
—— stilum vertas...d 575
—— tacens vocem...g 565
Sæpius locutum...k 565
—— ventis agitatur...c 557
Sævis inter se...d 553
—— pax quæritur...g 553
Sævit amor ferri...p 573
—— que animis...k 559
Saltabat melius quam...d 550
Sapere aude...e 574
Satis eloquentiæ...m 574
Saucius ejurat...c 513
Scelera impetu, bona...j 568
Scelere velandum...i 515
Scilicit adversis...q 559
—— insano nemo...j 546
—— ut fulvum...p 529
Scinditur incertum...j 551
Scire, deos quoniam...l 532
—— volunt omnes...e 542
Scribendi recte...e 575
Scripta ferunt annos...j 575
Secrete amicos admone...i 530
Secundas res splendidiores...g 529
Seditiosissimus quis...j 559
Sed quo fata trahunt...p 523
—— tacitus pasci si...q 527
—— tamen difficile dictu...j 541
—— tamen ut fuso...d 532
Segnius homines bona...k 553
Se judice, nemo...q 514
—— non fortunæ sed...o 529
Semita certè...y 571
Semper bonus homo...n 535
—— avarus eget...q 572
—— enim audivi...f 554
—— enim ex aliis...k 522
—— in fide quid...r 535
Sequitur superbos...f 540
—— que patrem...h 535
Sera parsimonia in fundo...q 526
—— tamen tacitis...x 558
Seria cum possim...k 506
Sermo animi est imago...l 565
Sermoni huic obsonas...i 565
Serum est cavendi...n 521
Servare cives, major...a 553
Servetur ad imum...k 509
Serviet eternum qui...c 542
Si ad naturam vivas...b 545
—— animus est æquus...g 563
—— cadere necesse...q 513
—— fortuna juvat...f 527
—— genus humanum...s 548
—— judicas, cognosce...d 541
—— numeres anno...r 556
—— possem, sanior essem...g 535
—— post fata venit...e 523
—— qua voles apte...o 547
—— quid dictum est...c 540
—— quid novisti...d 542
—— quis mutuum quid...g 562
—— quoties homines...b 541
—— sine amore, jocisque...l 545
—— stimulos pugnis...m 526
—— veris magna paratur...f 533
—— vir es, suspice...b 526
—— vis ad summum...j 504
—— vis amari, ama...p 546
—— vis me flere...k 550
—— vultis nihil timere...f 525
Sic canibus catulos...q 510
—— itur ad astra...s 537
—— præsentibus...s 519
—— vive cum hominibus...l 511
Silent leges inter arma...b 573
Sincerum est nisi vas...r 571
Sine virtute esse...j 572
Singula de nobis anni...p 567
Sit mihi quod...b 512
—— piger ad pœnas...j 562
Socratem audio...m 536
Sola deos æquat...k 541
Solent mendaces...a 523
—— occupationis...t 514
—— suprema...o 521
Solitudinem faciunt...i 553
Sperat infestis, metuit...e 556
Sperat quidem animus...d 557
Speravimus ista...j 536
Sperne voluptates...q 553
Spes donare novas...b 574
Statim daret, ne...k 531
Stat magni nominis...p 522
—— sua cuique dies...p 572
Stemmata quid faciunt...m 504
Stimulos dedit...s 512
Strangulat inclusus dolor...f 534
Stulte, quid est...m 516
Stultorum eventus...j 522
—— incurata pudor...c 564
—— plena sunt...h 526
Stultum est in luctu...c 565
—— est timere...h 525
Stultus est qui fructus...n 526
—— labor est...q 542
Suæ quemque fortunæ...h 527
Sua quisque exempla...e 552
Suave mari magno...n 511
Sublimi feriam sidera...g 504
Successus improborum...v 565
Sufficit ad id, Natura...h 563
Sui cuique mores...o 509
Sumite materiam...f 575
Summam nec metuas diem...i 560
Summa petit livor...n 520
Summum crede nefas...b 536
Sunt bona, sunt...p 510
—— lacrymæ rerum...h 567
—— superis sua...i 543
Suo sibi gladio...h 541
Superanda omnis...i 552
Superstitio, in quâ...j 566
Superstitione tollendâ...k 566
Supremus ille dies...u 515
Suspectum semper...q 555
Suum cuique decus...d 536
—— cuique incommodum...y 526
Suus quoque attributus...a 509

T.

Tacent, satis laudant...v 555
Tacere multis discitur...n 564
Tacitum vivit sub...n 563
Tale tuum carmen...k 554
Talis hominibus est...y 565
Tam deest avaro quod...r 572
Tantæne animis...x 504
Tanto brevius omne...o 519
Tanto major famae...c 523
Tantum religio potuit...c 556
—— series junctura...g 575
Tarde quæ credita...b 506
Tardo amico nihil est...h 538
Tecum habita, et nôris...t 509
Te de aliis quam...l 522
Teloque animus...f 513
Tempore ducetur...d 548
Temporis ars medicina...a 568
Tempus edax rerum...q 567
—— in agrorum...e 504
Teneris, heu, lubrica...m 575

Tenet insanabile.....i 575
Terretnr minimo.....r 524
Tibi nullum periculum.....l 515
Timeo Danaos et.....m 525
Timidi est optare.....e 514
Timor non est diutnrnus.....f 524
Tolle moras.....e 518
Tolluntur in altum.....k 527
Totus hic locus.....v 515
Trahimur omnes landis.....s 555
Trahit ipse furoris.....r 504
Tristia mæstum.....b 503
Truditur dies die.....r 567
Tua res agitur.....r 525
Tu ne cede malis.....v 513
—— si animum vicisti.....a 510
Tuo tibi judicio.....e 540
Turpe est aliud loqui.....e 554
—— est in patriâ.....g 564
—— quid ausurus.....p 535
Turpis et ridicnla.....k 503

U.

Ubicumque homo est.....o 541
Ubi explorari vera.....u 524
—— mel, ibi apes.....f 503
—— plura nitent.....h 575
—— velis nolunt.....s 511
Udum et molle lutum.....u 509
Ultima semper.....n 516
—— talis erit.....g 511
Una salus victis nullam.....q 573
Unde tibi frontem.....w 521
Undique enim ad inf oros....w 515
Uni æquus virtuti.....s 571
Unum est levamentnm.....l 560
Unus homo nobis.....d 518
Urbem lateritiam invenit.....n 510
Urit enim fulgore.....f 520
Usque adeo nulli.....q 518
—— adeone mori.....x 516
—— adeone scire.....h 542
Ut acerbum est.....q 538
—— adversas res.....n 556
—— ameris, amabilis.....d 546
—— desint vires tamen.....q 509
—— fragilis glacies.....t 504
—— homo est, ita.....j 547
—— ignis in aquam.....g 509
—— natura dedit, sic.....r 550
—— sæpe snmma ingenia.....c 531
—— sementem feceris.....t 510
—— sunt humana, nihil.....k 528
—— vellem his potius.....p 568
Utendum est ætate.....b 568
Utilium sagax rerum.....j 553

V.

Vacare culpâ magnum.....j 571
Væ victis.....p 549
Valet ima summis.....w 531
Vana quoque ad.....m 562
Vanescitque absens.....e 546
Variam semper dant.....f 538
Varium et mutabile.....a 575
Velle parum est; cupias.....h 504
—— suum cuique.....v 509
Velocius ac citius.....n 570
Velox consilium sequitur....d 560
Venenum in auro.....s 554
Veni, vidi, vici.....s 572
Vera laus uni virtuti.....k 571
Verbaque dicuntur.....b 575
Veritas nunquam perit.....i 569
—— odit moras.....j 569
——visû et.....m 569
Veritatem dies aperit.....k 569
—— laborare.....c 569
Veritatis absolutus.....e 569
—— simplex oratio.....l 569
Versus inopes rerum.....j 554
Verum illnd est vulgo.....a 556
—— putes haud ægrè.....i 536
—— ubi plura.....i 554
Vetat dominans.....a 516
Vetera extollimus.....l 503
Viamqne insiste.....k 568
Viam qui nescit.....c 558
Victrix fortunæ sapientia.....f 574
Victuros agimus semper.....p 505
Video meliora proboque.....r 509
Vile latens virtus.....p 571
Vino tortus et irâ.....q 504
Vir bonus est quis.....d 533
Viri infelices, procul.....w 549
Virtus est medium.....t 571
—— est vitium fugere.....u 571
—— etiamsi quosdam.....g 572
—— in astra.....m 513
—— in usu sui.....l 571
—— laudatur et.....z 571
—— vocatur.....g 515
Virtute ambire oportet.....a 548
—— retro ire.....m 572
—— enim ipsâ.....m 571
Virtutem incolumem.....v 571
—— nemo unquam.....n 571
—— videant.....a 572
Virtutis expers.....f 514
Vitâ cedat uti conviva.....g 544
—— enim mortuorum.....k 548
—— ipsa quâ fruimur.....o 544
Vitæ est avidus quisquis.....m 560
—— postscenia.....d 511
—— summa brevis.....h 544
Vitaque mancipio.....j 544
Vitam regit fortuna.....i 527
Vitanda est improba.....e 538
Vitiant artus.....j 549
Vitia otii negotio.....n 538
Vitium commune omnium...m 503
—— fuit, nunc.....c 526
Vivendi recte qui.....i 544
Vivendum est recte.....b 572
Vivere est cogitare.....k 567
Vive sine invidiâ.....n 544
Vivimus exiguo melius.....f 544
Vivite felices.....e 512
Vivo et regno, simul.....r 553
Vixere fortes ante.....m 550
Volat ambiguis.....i 568
—— hora per orbem.....t 567
Voluptas mentis.....i 519
Voluptates commendat.....l 519
Vox faucibus hæsit.....m 565
Vulgo dicitur multos.....h 529
Vulgus amicitias.....q 529
—— ex veritate.....b 556
Vulnera nisi tacta.....r 547
Vulnus alit venis.....w 546

THE END

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